For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

213496

JANUARY, 1951

Ladies' Home

JOURNAL

25 CENTS

The Magazine Women Believe In

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

213496



Undiscovered

AMERICAN BEAUTIES



JOAN WESTFALL
Raleigh, North Carolina
"Just like a picture!"

Lily MacLeod's fight to live—**Diagnosis: Cancer—Recovery:**
The Drop-Outs—**Profile of Youth**—*by G. M. White*
Thanks to Noah—Condensed Complete-in-one-Issue—*George and Helen Pape*
Beginning a Page for Children—**The Make-Believe Twins**—*Phyllis McGinley and Rober* *acDonald*



n keep your whole mouth healthier, more wholesome—even your breath cleaner—when you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. So never risk halfway dental care. Always use *doubly-effective* Ipana care for healthier teeth, healthier gums—better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

GEORGE PAUL LEC
LIBRARIAN

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles both—

to keep your Whole Mouth Healthier!



Only one leading tooth paste is specially designed to give you this double protection!*

You want to have a healthier, more wholesome mouth, of course. You *can* if you follow dentists' advice: fight *gum troubles* as well as tooth decay.

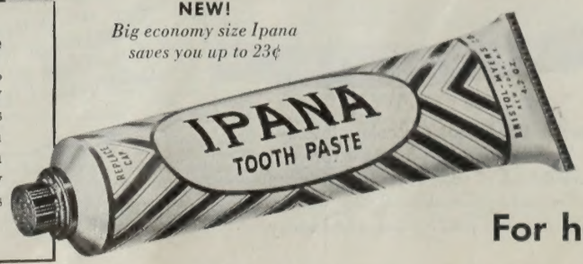
With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to *fight tooth decay*. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—*promote healthier gums.*

Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made specially to give you this doubly-protective, doubly-effective care.

Now, today, start this *double* protection—keep your whole mouth "Ipana healthy." You'll like Ipana's flavor, too—it's so refreshing. Get Ipana!

NEW!
Big economy size Ipana saves you up to 23¢



Teach your children *doubly-effective* Ipana care

To help your youngsters grow up with healthier, cleaner mouths, show them how to fight tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. Remember, tooth decay hits *9 out of 10* children before the age of six. And later in life, gum troubles cause *more than half* of all tooth losses. So start your children today on the Ipana way to healthier teeth and healthier gums *both*. Ipana is another dependable Bristol-Myers product.

IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

LADIES, LADIES, GET SET TO BE DAZZLED!







Swans Down presents its brand-new HIGH-RATIO Instant Cake Mix!



HIGHER CAKES
FINER CAKES
RICHER CAKES
(AND ALL THE COMPLIMENTS THAT GO WITH THEM)
ARE YOURS FROM NOW ON!

Get out your best cake plate! You're going to serve a *miracle* cake—a cake like no other you ever baked before!

It's going to be a *bigger* cake. A *smoother* cake. A more honest-to-gosh wonderful cake than all of the Swans Down Instant beauties of the past!

For Swans Down is bringing you a brand-new Instant Cake Mix—for a brand-new kind of baking triumph. It's a special "high-ratio" cake mix, with the ingredients blended in a very special way. There's never been a cake mix like it . . . just you wait and see!

But don't wait *long*. Why not serve one of these luscious new dazzlers tonight? (Wonderful cake ideas are right on the box of Swans Down Instant Cake Mix!)



Extra-lush Devil's Food, too! Chocolate lovers—Swans Down Devil's Food Mix is meant for you! Never did you dream of such chocolaty richness *from a mix!* Never did you make a lighter, fluffier, moister devil's food—*so quickly!* Get a box today and revel!



Products of General Foods

VOL. LXVIII NO. 1

JOURNAL

CONTENTS

JANUARY, 1951



Jan Weyl

The Sub-Deb (page 28), one of the oldest pages for teen-agers in any magazine, has a new editor. She is Miss Jan Weyl, a vivacious redhead, who has been handling special writing assignments for the JOURNAL since she came to the staff, after being graduated from Mt. Holyoke and the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism, almost five years ago. Now the JOURNAL's youngest associate editor, Miss Weyl oversees the affairs of thousands of Sub-Deb clubs in the United States and other countries (including the Russian Zone of Germany, Japan and South Africa); she edits their newspaper, Scoop, and directs a thriving business in teen-slanted social and career booklets. She must also personally dictate more than 5000 letters annually to young people who want solutions to their problems—immediately! "I'm young enough to remember the problems," she says, "and old enough—I hope—to help solve them."

LIDA MOSER



The Westfalls—off duty.

From time to time the JOURNAL *cover features an Undiscovered American Beauty—a girl who has never previously modeled for money. Nominations are submitted by photographers throughout the country.*

"You look just like a picture in a magazine," wrote a West Point cadet to a Hunter College girl he had met at a dance. This was three years ago, the cadet is now Lt. Fred Westfall, and the girl, our *Undiscovered American Beauty* this month, is now Mrs. Westfall. We are happy, at last, to give Fred some tangible evidence for his sentiment, and to report that the Westfalls are living happily in Raleigh, North Carolina, where Fred studies nuclear engineering.

Book Condensation Complete in This Issue

Thanks to Noah . . . . . *George and Helen Papashvily* 34

Fiction

Love Makes You Special . . . . . *Barbara Reid* 36
One for the Money . . . . . *Elsie Taye* 38
A Breath of Air (Conclusion) . . . . . *Rumer Godden* 52
Baby in the Hand . . . . . *Martha Owen* 58

Special Features

The Woman Poet . . . . . *Dorothy Thompson* 11
There's a Man in the House . . . . . *Harlan Miller* 23
Tell Me Doctor—No. 12 . . . . . *Henry B. Safford, M.D.* 31
Diagnosis: Cancer—Recovery: Probable . . . *Lily MacLeod* 40
Fewer Women Now Die of Cancer
Louis I. Dublin, Ph.D., with Molly Castle 41
When a Boy Quits School . . . . . *G. M. White* 48
The Drop-Outs 50
Baby's First Year . . . . . *Photos by Wayne Miller* 54
How America Lives: Second Marriage *Ruth Shapley Matthews* 106
Too Many Chiefs and No Indians . . . . *Virginia Wetherbee* 121
The Make-Believe Twins
Phyllis McGinley and Roberta MacDonald 130

General Features

Our Readers Write Us 5
Under-Cover Stuff . . . . . *Bernardine Kielty* 14
Diary of Domesticity . . . . . *Gladys Taber* 24
Making Marriage Work . . . . . *Clifford R. Adams* 26
Who's Popular? (The Sub-Deb) . . . . . *Edited by Jan Weyl* 28
Fifty Years Ago in the Journal • Journal About Town 33
Ask Any Woman . . . . . *Marcelene Cox* 68
When Children Quarrel . . . . . *Dr. Herman N. Bundesen* 82

Fashions and Beauty

New Calendar . . . . . *Wilhela Cushman* 42
The Journal's Little Gem of a Year-Round Wardrobe
Nora O'Leary 46
American Beauty Army Wife's $108.75 Wardrobe . *Isabel Phelps* 88
The Way You Walk . . . . . *Dawn Crowell Norman* 111

Food

Off to a Good Start . . . . . *Ann Batchelder* 56
Line a Day . . . . . *Ann Batchelder* 60
My Best Recipes . . . . . *Louella G. Shouer* 112

Poetry

Eucharist . . . . . *Rhina Espaillat* 66
Kinship . . . . . *William Stafford* 95
Web . . . . . *Joseph Auslander* 104
Passage West . . . . . *Elizabeth-Ellen Long* 118
Winter Night . . . . . *Barbara Wilson* 123
Home by Starlight . . . . . *Herbert Merrill* 128
No Qualifications . . . . . *Georgie Starbuck Galbraith* 134

Cover Design by Dawn Crowell Norman
Photograph by Francesco Scavullo

CHANGE OF ADDRESS Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address: LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA 5, PA.
Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The post office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Ladies' Home Journal, copyright 1950 by The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published on last Friday of month preceding date by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second Class Matter May 6, 1911, at the Post Office at Philadelphia under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters in all stories are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S. and Possessions, Canada, Costa Rica, Cuba, Nicaragua, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Panama, Philippine Islands, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America except the Guianas: 1 yr., $3; 2 yrs., $5; 3 yrs., $7; 4 yrs., $9. Other countries, 1 yr., $6. Remit by money order or draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. funds. All prices subject to change without notice. All subscriptions must be paid for in advance.

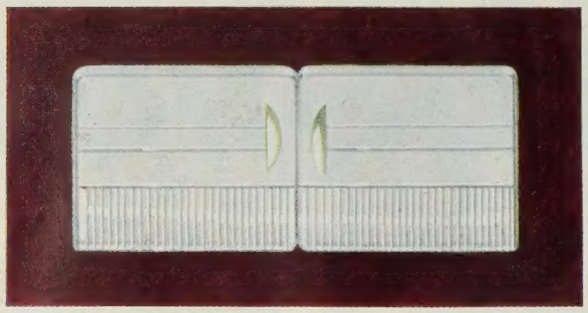
Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

The Curtis Publishing Company. Walter D. Fuller, Chairman of the Board; Robert E. MacNeal, President; Arthur W. Kobler, Vice-President and Advertising Director; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Vice-President; Cary W. Bok, Vice-President; Lewis W. Trayser, Vice-President and Director of Manufacturing; Benjamin Allen, Vice-President and Director of Circulation; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Richard Ziesing, Jr., Manager of Ladies' Home Journal. The Company also publishes The Saturday Evening Post, Country Gentleman, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

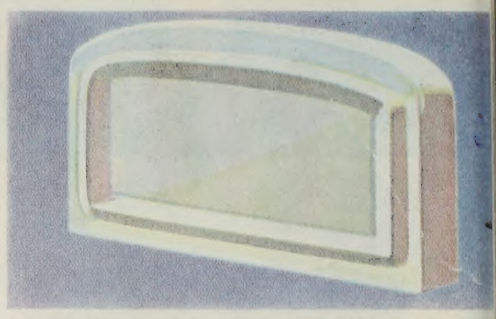




et you
yron is
t food



INSULATED FREEZER DOORS made of Styron maintain constant freezing temperatures that keep your foods fresh and tasty. The excellent insulating qualities of Styron *eliminate frozen doors* by preventing moisture condensation.

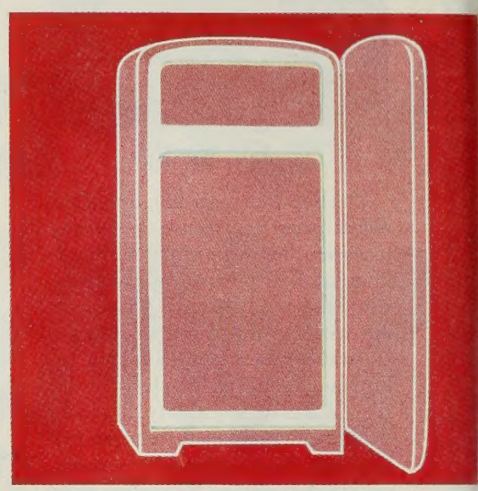


GLEAMING WHITE UPPER DOOR PANELS are made of Styron to give you an easy-to-clean, hard, smooth surface that will not *chip, rust or peel.*

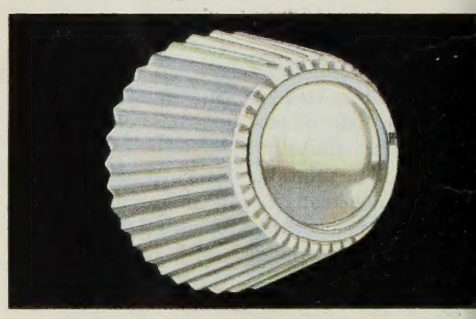
presen

HIGH-RATIO In

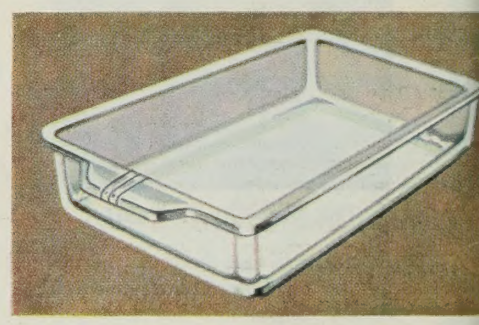




EASY-TO-CLEAN BREAKER FRAME is made o
Styron to give you exceptional insulating properties
unusual strength and flexibility in your refrigerator



BUILT-IN COLOR OF CONTROL KNOBS made
of Styron never changes. And colorful Styron is
always *warm to the touch* even at low temperatures.



EASY-TO-WASH DAIRY DRAWERS made of
Styron *will not stain or absorb moisture.* The smooth,
gleaming surface of transparent Styron is long-
wearing and its light weight permits easy handling.



...look for the STYRON *label*

It's your assurance that refrigerator parts, housewares and many other plastics products have been EVALUATED *for proper application of plastics, sound design and good workmanship.*

today's
ve these
Ex pecialists
Sw l in the
Ne STYRON
fro qualities
mc
an

and characteristics. In modern refrigerators that are far more beautiful and far easier to use than any previous models—parts made of STYRON (Dow polystyrene) have been *Evaluated* by Dow's Product Evaluation Committee—a further assurance that you can buy with confidence and point with pride!

DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY • MIDLAND, MICHIGAN

DOW
plastics

Our Readers Write us

Where Babies Come From

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editors: Today when a child asks where babies come from, he usually gets an accurate answer—as far as it goes. But one kernel of real truth about babies seems to have been thrown out with the harmful Victorian attitudes. Parents themselves seem to have forgotten where babies *truly* come from.

For, of course, babies still come from God, through natural parents. Babies are still born of love—primarily the love of a Creator for His creatures, secondarily the love of men and women. Babies still need the direct infusion of life by the Creator before they can grow in the mother's womb. Scientists cannot explain how life begins in any other way. All they know for sure is that when the sperm cell unites with the ovum under proper conditions, new life does begin.

How many children today ever hear the important answer first, the secondary causes secondly? Where *do* babies come from?

Are *you* sure? Sincerely,
SALLY LEIGHTON

Love and Dirty Dishes

Maywood, Illinois

Dear Editors: So many readers disagreed with the letter Lillian Gould wrote a few months ago that I feel I must confess I share her attitude toward housework.

No two human beings are alike, and most men are given a fair chance to find out what type of work is best suited to their personality. But why should every girl, whether she has a disposition to be a secretary, doctor or dressmaker, be stuck with pots and pans and a dust mop, and what's more, be expected to like it and do it efficiently? Even though I love my two daughters and do the best I can for their physical and mental well-being, by the end of the day I am tired of baby talk, and yearn for adult company. Also, no amount of love can put glamour in diaper washing.

All in all, housework is a boring, unavoidable duty for most married women, and I wish more of them would admit they do not like it. Very sincerely,
JACQUELINE MURPHY

Can You Bake an Apple Pie?

Lemgo, Germany

Dear Editors: I enjoy your JOURNAL so very much, and I can honestly say that it has helped my understanding of America and its people more than all the history books put together. I am British, but I have lived in Germany for over three years and magazines like the JOURNAL are rare jewels. Having finally managed to write and say "Thank you," I will ask one thing: does anyone among your readers have time to tell me how to make *real* American apple pie? Mine just doesn't seem to come out right, somehow!

Sincerely,
GWEN SELIGMAN

Primary Need

Cairo, Egypt

Dear Editors: We were extremely interested in Dorothy Thompson's Primer on the Cold War. My husband read it, too, and we discussed it endlessly. It seemed to us that the most telling "answer" was relevant to whether the sympathies of the people of the world are with the U. S. Here in Egypt there is not a threat of communism, but Americans are not especially popular either. People abroad don't feel comfortable at being constantly reminded that their standard of living is lower than ours, that their technical development is negligible by comparison, that their citizens are ignorant and diseased. All this is

Baby Binge



Act I: *Aggression*
(David Balfour and Roger Pellegrini of Sewaren, New Jersey.)



Act II: *Conquest*



Act III: *The Spoils*



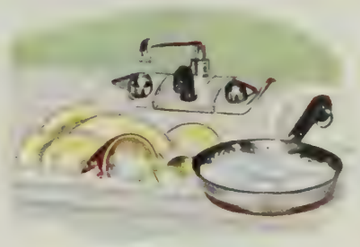
Act IV: *The Penalty*



Epilogue

NEW *Self-Washing* DREFT WASHES DISHES FOR YOU

JUST SOAK



...RINSE



and YOU'RE THROUGH!



Amazing "FLOATAWAY" action

SAVES WASHING–SAVES WIPING–SAVES SCOURING

Yet! Dishes and glasses shine —even without wiping!

With new self-washing Dreft you simply let your dishes stand in warm Dreft suds for 2 minutes—give a swish of the cloth as you rinse—and you're through. Dishes and glasses shine . . . even without wiping.

Pots and pans soak clean without scouring.

These self-washing suds also work their magic on pots and pans. Have an amazing "float-away" action that gets under grease—floats away grease—better than any soap in the world. Even stubborn grease rinses away without scouring. Yet! self-washing Dreft is so mild it leaves hands beautifully smooth and white. Get self-washing Dreft today.





NEW SELF WASHING **dreft**

Dreft is safer for dainty washables than the mildest soap flakes.

PRACTICALLY WASHES YOUR DISHES FOR YOU



undoubtedly the case in many countries, to lesser or greater extent, but the thing Americans must learn is to talk less and *do* more.

A sea captain, who travels a great deal around the world and observes much, told me, "Poor people in the world aren't interested in American washing machines and refrigerators; their chief interest is in rice for their children. Whoever understands this primary need, and *provides* it, and that quickly, is the friend of the poor people."

We Americans have much to learn!

Sincerely,
BETTY JANE PECKHAM

Where Else in the World?

Tujunga, California

Dear Editors: I am happy that I was persuaded by a door-to-door salesman last year to subscribe for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Truly this year has been enlivened by the monthly arrival of the magazine.

The account of The Little Princesses by Marion Crawford, the one about the Gilbreths, Belles on Their Toes, and Ethel Waters' autobiography, His Eye is on the Sparrow, were delightful reading. They gently chip off prejudices by showing how others live. Not only are they fascinating stories, but they inspire courageous living. Marion Crawford stood by her accepted responsibilities in spite of her personal desire to marry; Mrs. Gilbreth, in seeing each child through college, won out against great odds; Ethel Waters exemplifies America and Americans. Where else in the world could an individual make such a phenomenal rise to success?

Sincerely yours,
MARGARET P. NELSON

Shakespeare Was Good Too

Levittown, Long Island, New York

Dear Editors: There seems to be plagiarism involved in your latest serial, A Breath of Air, by Rumer Godden. I am certain she will say, at the end, "This is a modernized novelization of Shakespeare's The Tempest." Why, the circumstances aren't changed in the least!

Puzzled, but still admiring,
YVETTE CURRAN

Right, but no plagiarism—just fun for readers to discover for themselves. ED.

Men Fear Marriage?

McDonald, Pennsylvania

Dear Kitty Van Den Berg: I can understand how you would get the impression that American women are a man-sick lot. I guess it is a little disconcerting to know that we have such a hard time getting our man. Let me tell you what we're up against:

In Europe, Kitty, men married for practical things like dowries, a home and children. In America any man who marries for money is a cad. To furnish a home with a modern stove, washing machine, refrigerator, ironer, cabinet sink, radio-phonograph, television and a new car—not to mention the exorbitant cost of raising children—is a lifetime job in which his personal pleasures are often forfeited. The mere thought of turning over his freedom and his hard-earned money to another frightens him so much that the average man avoids matrimony like the plague.

Love seems to be the only force that overcomes this masculine aversion toward marriage. So if our girls can bring on this natural phenomenon by the strength of their perfume or the aroma of their cooking, that's not a trick. It's just civilization forcing Nature's hand!

Very truly yours,
MRS. JOSEPH TOMM

P.S. A bride of three years.

Never Too Old to Help

Lakewood, Ohio

Dear Editors: After many years in professional life, followed by a happy marriage, I find myself one of those aged persons (only 71, to be sure!) about whom everyone seems too concerned. What to do about it? Well, after years of serving on boards and committees, I came to feel more and more that firsthand contacts with the individuals to be found in institutions for the elderly was, for me, the answer. Nine years of continuous service as a volunteer nurse's aide in a county nursing

(Continued on Page 8)





Scotties* are softies!

Scotties are thrifties too!

Here is the cleansing tissue that meets the tissue requirements of the whole family! Scotties are soft and snowy white yet they have 2-way strength for practical family use. You can sneeze and "blow" into Scotties and they don't go to pieces. Scotties don't crumble when you remove make-up. And you'll see how thrifty they are for children and grownups when you compare their value with all others.

*another tissue by **Scott** that's "soft as old linen"

"Scotties," "Soft as old linen," Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NOW—Your Quick, Easy Way to Slender Beauty

The Famous DuBarry Success Course

with Introductory Supply of DuBarry Beauty Preparations

Only $12.95



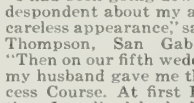
Now you can have the benefits of the DuBarry Success Course—the famous Course you have read and heard so much about—at the lowest price at which it ever has been offered. Yes, the same Course, the same easy lessons, the same individual guidance that more than 360,000 women and girls have found the easy, safe, successful way to slender, well-groomed loveliness. In response to hundreds of requests, Richard Hudnut has now found a way to bring the world's most famous beauty plan within the reach of every woman and girl.

30 Cents a Day for 6 Exciting Weeks!

The tuition for the DuBarry Success Course, including twenty beauty, make-up and hair preparations, has been—and still is—$28.50. But through this special plan you may enroll and receive with your Course the *three* DuBarry Beauty Preparations you start using at once in your daily beauty ritual. Then you may buy other preparations as you need them at your local store. On this plan your tuition is only $12.95. That's just about 30 cents a day for six weeks.

Like a Salon at Home

The very day your lessons arrive, it's just like stepping into the famous Richard Hudnut Salon on Fifth Avenue, New York, where beauty-maker Ann Delafield works her "miracles." You get an individual analysis of your needs. You eat delicious foods while pounds fade away, learn to glamorize your skin, your eyes, your lips, your hair. The rewards? Compliments, admiring eyes, and pride in what your mirror tells you.



Before *After*

"I had been going down hill until I was despondent about my added weight and careless appearance," says Mrs. Virginia Thompson, San Gabriel, California. "Then on our fifth wedding anniversary my husband gave me the DuBarry Success Course. At first I was angry, but then I realized he had done it because he really cared. Taking the Course was the most exciting experience of my life. Pounds and depression vanished together. I went from a size 18 dress to 14. Now I know my husband is proud of me, slender and attractive as the girl he married. My one regret is the years I wasted before taking the DuBarry Success Course."

Mrs. Thompson's Measurements

	Before	After	Change
Height	5'5"	5'5¼"	+ ¼
Weight	156	126	—30
Bust	40½	35	— 5½
Waist	33	26	— 7
Abdomen	37	30½	— 6½
Hips	41	34½	— 6½



Included with your Course under PLAN A

DuBarry Special Cleansing Preparation
DuBarry Cleansing Cream
DuBarry Skin Freshener

Here's How Easy It Is To Start

Simply mail the coupon below. Back to you will come your first lessons, your Success-O-Scope to enable the Salon to give you an individual analysis, an ideal to work for and a plan for achieving it. You also receive your supply of Preparations (3 if you enroll on Plan A, 20 if you enroll on Plan B).

And *now* is the time to start. Results come quickly. So, for the *new year*, resolve that you are going to be the lovelier, more attractive woman you want to be. Enroll *today* for the DuBarry Success Course at the lowest price ever!

DuBarry Success Course

Ann Delafield, *Directing*
Richard Hudnut Salon, Dept. SN-2, 693 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Your New Year Resolution Coupon

Richard Hudnut Salon, Dept. SN-2, 693 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

This Year I resolve to become a lovelier and more attractive person. Please enroll me in the DuBarry Success Course on the plan before which I have marked X.

☐ **PLAN A**—DuBarry Success Course, with introductory supply of three DuBarry Preparations.

☐ **PLAN B**—DuBarry Success Course with twenty DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations and Richard Hudnut Hair Preparations.

☐ I enclose $12.95 full payment.

☐ I enclose $28.50 full payment.

☐ I enclose $6.95 and will send $6.95 in one month

☐ I enclose $7.50 and will send $7.50 a month for three more months.

(Send all payment by check or money order payable to Richard Hudnut Salon. Do not send currency.)

Miss _____
Mrs
Street _____
City _____ Zone ___ State ___
(If under 21, have your school parent or guardian before taking this Course.)

Accepted for Advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

Whether you enroll under Plan A or Plan B, please let us have the following important information so that we may send you DuBarry Beauty Preparations for your type.

Color of Hair _____
Eyes _____
Lashes _____
Skin: Dry ☐ Oily ☐
Age _____ Height _____
Weight _____
Skin Color: Cream ☐ Fair ☐ Med. ☐ Dark ☐

If you want more information before enrolling, fill in only name and address and mark an x here ☐

(Continued from Page 6)

home for the chronically ill (indigents) and four years at a state hospital for the mentally ill have been rich, rewarding years. And I'm still going strong! These chronically and mentally ill patients have become my dear friends. Women of my generation still have a work to do in which they can find deep and lasting satisfaction.

Sincerely yours,
GERTRUDE GRIFFITH MOORE

How to Thank Strangers

St. Paul, Minnesota

Dear Editors: For several years I have been sending a letter of praise to someone almost every day. It may go to a waitress, harassed by the rush but courteous and pleasant, or to a bus driver who slows down on a rainy day to avoid splashing pedestrians, or to a newspaper carrier who makes a special effort to place a paper just where the customer desires it.

I have lots of fun figuring out how to get a letter to the person without asking his name and address. I addressed one letter "To the red-haired bus boy with freckles, Blank Café." It reached him and he proudly showed it to the floor captain who showed it to the maitre d'hôtel and the kid got a raise. Many people who get one of my letters tell me it was the only letter of thanks they have ever received.

One time I addressed a letter to an old colored lady—"The courteous woman in charge of clean floors, 11th floor, Such-and-Such Office Building." A few days later I received a tightly written answer. Part of it read, "Yu kin no I am ful of lov for yu. I am tiry, al alon sins boy died. Man died long tim. Yu lovli man."

Sincerely,
THAD HARRISON

Victims of Cerebral Palsy

Tacoma, Washington

Dear Editor: Statistics now tend to show more victims of spastic paralysis, or cerebral palsy, than infantile paralysis.

Cerebral palsy is usually caused by an injury to the brain at birth or shortly after. Seventy per cent of its victims are normal or above normal mentally, but its physical and emotional effects are piteous. More than anything they need the public to understand that their lurching, staggering bodies are not a reflection but a travesty of their minds and hearts.

Cerebral palsy cannot be *cured*, but it can be improved greatly under treatment. And many new methods are being developed. My daughter, 3½, is receiving occupational, physical and speech therapy. This snapshot shows her in her specially

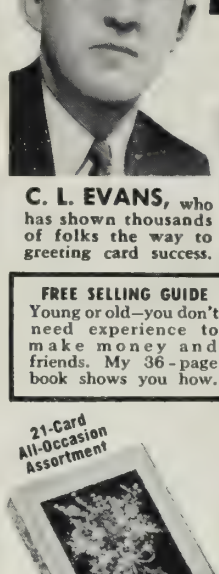


Janet rides despite handicap.

constructed (or reconstructed) tricycle. It has a curved sheet-iron back with a six-inch leather belt riveted to the back and buckled under her coat. Her feet are strapped to the wooden soles which take the place of the regular pedals. Her right leg has a brace to the knee. Her hands are tied to the handle bars. Sounds pathetic, doesn't it? But there is nothing pathetic about Janet on this "trike." She begs for rides every day. And everyone who sees her, though they may feel a tug at their heart for the braces and the bandages binding her body in, feel also the inspiration that her warmth and brightness and hope engender.

Sincerely,
BARBARA FOX

Let me send You for FREE TRIAL Everything You need to make EXTRA MONEY



C. L. EVANS, who has shown thousands of folks the way to greeting card success.



FREE SELLING GUIDE
Young or old—you don't need experience to make money and friends. My 36-page book shows you how.

SHOW YOUR FRIENDS AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING VALUES IN LOVELY GREETING CARDS GIFT WRAPPINGS AND STATIONERY

It's easy — profitable — fun! Take orders for complete low cost high profit line Extra cash bonus FREE Gift Offers Raise money quickly for yourself, your Club or Church through neighborly Party Plans and Extra Money Clubs.

MRS. FISHER says:
"... a pleasure to show and sell your beautiful line ... helped me support our family."—
Mrs. L. Fisher
Evansville, Ind.

MRS. EARL says:
"Received my bonus check for $40.01 ... thank you for being so prompt."
Mrs. O. N. Earl
Los Angeles, Cal.



RUSH COUPON for FREE TRIAL outfit of actual samples and FREE Surprise Gift Offer. If outfit does not make money for you quickly, return it at our expense.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping or Money Refunded if not as advertised therein

also **FREE 48-PAGE Illustrated CATALOG**

New England ART PUBLISHERS
North Abington 405, Mass.

Our 25th Year of Friendly Service

Send No Money — Mail Coupon Now To:

C. L. EVANS
NEW ENGLAND ART PUBLISHERS
North Abington 405, Mass.

Please rush me your money-making outfit for FREE TRIAL approval and all details of your plan.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

You Take No Risk



When a COLD threatens to run through a family

...it's Listerine Antiseptic for Everybody!



A safe, direct way to fight infection

IF SOMEONE in your home has a cold don't let it become a "family epidemic".

Prompt and repeated use of Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle may keep the infection from spreading . . . protect the person who hasn't a cold from the one who has. It's a safe, direct way to help avoid infection.

Kills Secondary Invaders

You see, Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs called Secondary Invaders.

They are the very germs that many authorities say cause much of the misery of colds when they invade the tissue.

Listerine Antiseptic often halts such an invasion, attacks the germs before they can attack you.

Tests showed germ reductions up to 96.7% even 15 minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle; up to 80% even one hour after.

Whatever else you do

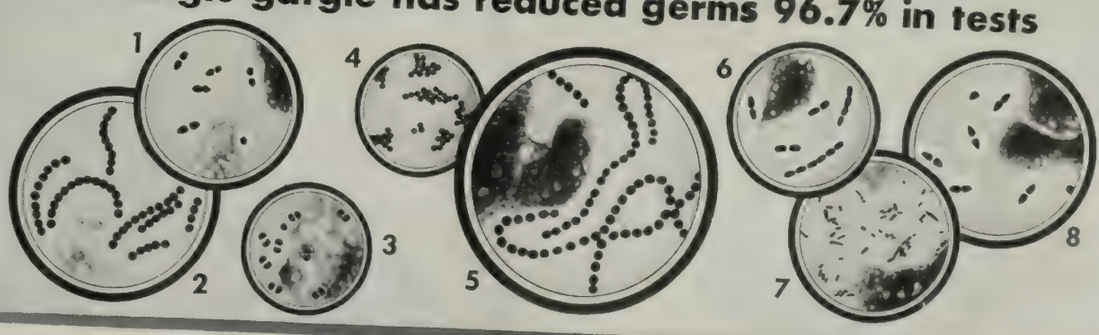
So, whatever else you do, start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic at the first sign of a sneeze, cough or sniffle. It's a safe, direct way to attack the invasion—no dangerous side effects.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Among the SECONDARY INVADERS are the following:

(1) Pneumococcus Type IV, (2) Streptococcus viridans, (3) Micrococcus catarrhalis, (4) Staphylococcus aureus, (5) Streptococcus hemolyticus, (6) Friedlander's bacillus, (7) Bacillus influenzae, (8) Pneumococcus Type III.

A single gargle has reduced germs 96.7% in tests



NOW YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK

"Radiantly Alive"!



Prell leaves hair so Radiant, Soft, Smooth—Younger-Looking!

"RADIANTLY ALIVE!" Prell leaves your hair looking *glorious*—so *radiant* and "alive"! That's because Prell's amazing (patented) cleansing ingredient gives true *free rinsing* action which leaves no dulling film to cloud your hair's loveliest and most sparkling beauty.

"RADIANTLY ALIVE!" When you look vital and radiant—you *feel* more wonderful! That's why so many glamorous women *love* Prell . . . it leaves your hair with so much "spring" and "body"—leaves it so much *younger*-looking—so much softer and smoother. Even hair that seems dull and "lifeless" shines with lovelier, brighter radiance after Prell. Try wonderful Prell Shampoo today, you'll just *love* it!



Different! Emerald-clear for that "Radiantly Alive" look!

Created by Procter & Gamble

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould
Editors

The Woman Poet

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

ON October seventh we drove toward Austerlitz, New York, going back to New York City from our home in Vermont. My husband was driving, and I said, "Maxim, let's stop and see Edna Millay."

"No," said Maxim, not slowing down at all. "She does not want to see us. She has locked herself in to write as long as she can—and to die. She is going to die because she cannot live without Eugen and, even more importantly, she cannot live without writing poetry."

"But she still writes lovely poetry."

"By whose standards?" asked Maxim, who is an artist. "She has written reams she never published. She is a craftsman and no one can deceive her about her work—not to surpass herself is failure. She thinks she cannot surpass herself."

"But I am *terribly* worried about her. I don't know why. . . . I have some sort of premonition."

"If you insist," said Maxim. "But I have a premonition, too, and it tells me to let Edna alone."

Maxim's premonitions are better than mine, and so I did not insist he stop at the narrow dirt road that winds rockily up to Steepletop, where Edna St. Vincent Millay lived. We had been together at Steepletop some five years ago, when Maxim painted her portrait—not at all a conventional portrait, but a most arresting one. She had liked the portrait very much. Afterward it had been sold to the Syracuse Museum and I had written to tell her that. She was very ill, then, very near one of those breakdowns into which she periodically sank, and from which she periodically emerged, apparently unscathed, with the extraordinary vitality which was inbred. One could see her pushing a wheelbarrow up a steep hill, running, in shorts, like a barefoot boy, her red hair that never grayed streaming in the wind, looking timeless and ageless, although she had seen fifty years.

In moods of discouragement—for whatever reason—she abused herself abominably. It was the despair of her friends, and must have been of her husband. If so, he never showed it before others.

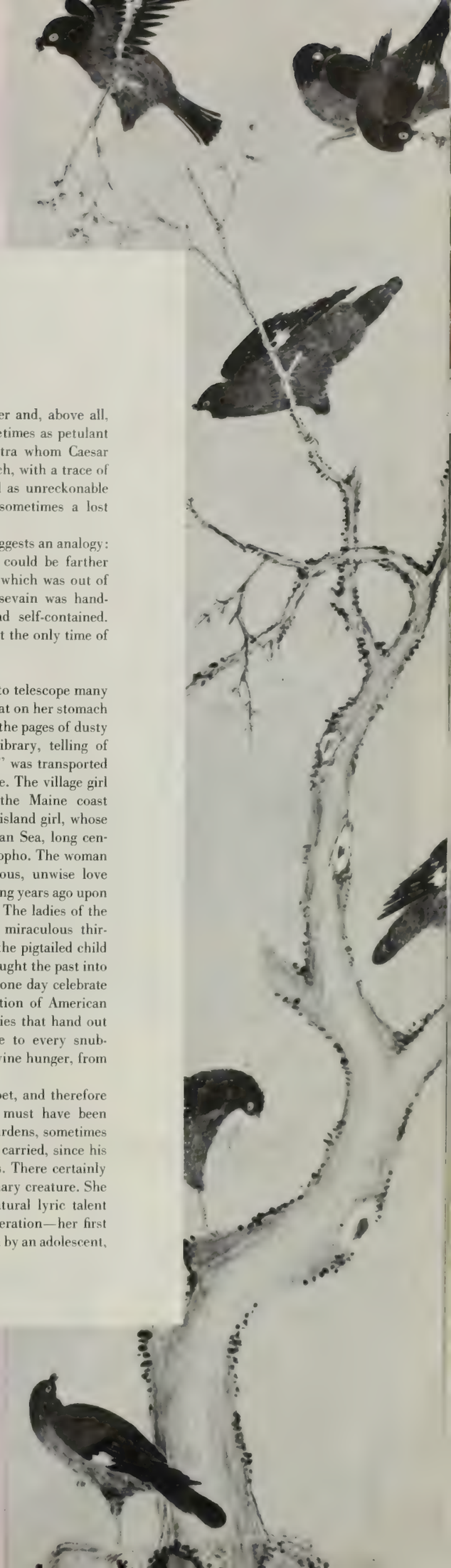
Eugen Jan Boissevain was a remarkable man, and their marriage a remarkable relationship. It is not sufficient to record that for the best twenty-five years of his life, he devoted himself entirely to his poet wife, waiting on her hand and foot, acting as husband, nurse, cook, business manager and, above all, friend, to a whimsical genius, sometimes as petulant and imperious as the child Cleopatra whom Caesar first met in Egypt; sometimes a witch, with a trace of the sinister; stormy, turbulent and as unreckonable as the sea—her native element; sometimes a lost and tragic soul.

The role of the poet's husband suggests an analogy: a meek and servile man. Nothing could be farther from the truth of this relationship which was out of another era and time. Eugen Boissevain was handsome, virile, cultivated, proud and self-contained. This hard and cruel century was not the only time of either of them.

What *was* her time?

It is the peculiar gift of the poet to telescope many times into one. The little girl who, flat on her stomach in a bare Maine cottage, had turned the pages of dusty books drawn from a small-town library, telling of "rose-red cities half as old as time," was transported out of that town and out of that age. The village girl striding a wind-swept island off the Maine coast walked hand in hand with another island girl, whose eyes had looked out upon the Ionian Sea, long centuries ago, and whose name was Sappho. The woman who broke her heart in tempestuous, unwise love broke it with a woman who, dying long years ago upon a Cornish coast, was named Isolde. The ladies of the courts of love and beauty of the miraculous thirteenth century held converse with the pigtailed child who did not live in the past, but brought the past into the present. And a biographer may one day celebrate that unique but little-noted institution of American life—the big and little public libraries that hand out their magic of thought and rhyme to every snub-nosed urchin with some spark of divine hunger, from Maine to California.

Eugen Boissevain lived with a poet, and therefore lived with an imagination. There must have been enormous compensations for the burdens, sometimes of grief and always of care, that he carried, since his spirit remained blithe as a skylark's. There certainly were. Miss Millay was an extraordinary creature. She not only possessed the greatest natural lyric talent given to any American in this generation—her first published poem Renascence, written by an adolescent,



Executive Editor, Mary Bass • *Managing Editor*, Laura Lou Brookman • *Associate Editors:* Hugh MacNair Kahler, Bernardine Kielty, Ann Batchelder, Wilhela Cushman, William E. Fink, Alice Blinn, Richard Pratt, Henrietta Murdock, Louella G. Shouer, Mary Lea Page, Dawn Crowell Norman, John Godfrey Morris, Joan Younger, Margaret Davidson, Nora O'Leary, Jan Weyl • *Contributing Editors:* Gladys Taber, Louise Paine Benjamin, Gladys Denny Shultz, Barbara Benson, Margaret Hickey • *Assistant Editors:* John Werner, Charlotte Johnson, Donald Stuart, Ruth Mary Packard, Ruth Shapley Matthews, Alice Conkling, June Torrey, Lily Glendinning, Joseph Di Pietro, Anne Einselen, Glenn Matthew White, Betty Niles Gray, Elizabeth Goetsch, Robert N. Taylor, Elizabeth McFarland, Marthedith F. Stauffer, Charles Stryker Ingerman, Elizabeth Crawford • *Editorial Assistants:* Alice Kastberg, Iris Wilken, Betty Coe, Jeanne Lenton Tracey, Adrina Casparian, Virginia Price, Marion Wilson, Jeanne Stiles, Victoria Harris, Helen Schmidt Kennedy, Helen O'Donnell, Cornelia S. McCook, Rosemary Jones, Virginia Carr.

CHINESE PAINTING, COLORS ON PAPER, CH'ING DYNASTY (1644–1912 AD)
COURTESY METRO. MUS. OF ART

Millions of housewives have acclaimed it

THE BIGGEST NEWS IN CHICKENDOM!



SWIFT'S PREMIUM CHICKEN

the dream chicken that came true!

HOME-MAKERS from coast to coast are demanding this new-type chicken to the tune of millions of pounds a week.

Specially raised for fresh springtime flavor and tenderness every month in the year . . . because this chicken is a *whole month younger* than the ordinary chicken of equal size.

Planned just for superior eating, it took more than ten years of research by the poultry industry to produce this special type chicken.

To be sure you're getting *tender-grown* Swift's Premium . . . chicken at its finest . . . look for the tag on every chicken you buy. At better dealers everywhere.

Also Quick-Frozen *tender-grown* Swift's Premium Chicken . . . cut up, ready-to-cook. Look for the blue and white picture package.



You've never tasted chicken so good as *tender-grown* Swift's Premium.

was pure inspiration, poured out in one gush, with hardly a word to change—but she had a most penetrating intelligence, and the gift of evoking the most passionate and tender love. When she was happy, charmed or enchanted, she had an indescribable radiance. She lit up, incandescent as a Christmas tree. She was a most exciting conversationalist, whose mind could roam through music, philosophy, art and even politics. On the last she was somber, with a prophetic premonition of coming times of troubles. Long before there was talk of atom bombs she wrote of a reeling planet, absolutely destroyed, in The Blue Flag in the Bog. And long before World War II, in one of the finest of her cycles of Sonnets, she wrote Epitaph for the Race of Man, knowing that none of the catastrophes of Nature—not flood, nor fire, nor earthquake, nor the erupting volcano—would lay low man's dauntless, stubborn brow, but only his own hand against his brothers and himself.

She was not beautiful; she was a great deal more than that. She could create the illusion of beauty. She did not create it as an actress creates it. If she *felt* beautiful, she became beautiful. She was always beautiful when she was in love. And she was in love a great many times.

I suppose no woman has written more daringly of love than Edna St. Vincent Millay. She broke into song in the twenties at a time when a whole flock of novelists and poets were defying the American Puritan tradition, challenging the Philistines and scandalizing the bourgeoisie. She wrote of love honestly, beautifully, cleanly, with both a passion and a delicacy unsurpassed. She spoke for every woman who has ever broken her heart—and what woman has not? Furthermore, she really loved, and the price she paid was not gossip and scandal; she was famous enough to live that down—and indeed, it enhanced her sales. The price she paid was anguish. The only reward she had, and we have, too, was that out of often unrequited love, like Heine, "she has written these songs."

> **Take away from our hearts the love of the beautiful and you take away the charm of life.** —ROUSSEAU.

And this must be said. Miss Millay wrote as a woman. It would have been as futile as for Sappho or Emily Dickinson or Elinor Wylie, to have sought to hide her sex under some man's name—as "George" Eliot or "George" Sand. She saw things with a womanly mind and womanly intuition. Even the things she noticed were things that men pass by—the homely jelly glass, the kettle, the broom and the ways of men that men themselves never see. And she wrote of *woman's* love.

In the summer of 1949 Eugen Boissevain suddenly died, and it was that which was implicit in the conversation with my husband as we drove through Austerlitz. The poet went back to the empty house, remote in the mountains, with no servant, no telephone, nothing but a caretaker who did not live in the house. Two weeks after our hesitation in Austerlitz, she was found dead, struck down by a heart attack, immediately fatal. She had written that she would liefer be a cripple in a wheelchair than die; she would struggle with death; she would "take it hard." But death was swifter—and more merciful—than she imagined this enemy.

SHE was conscious of the anguish of the world in this most cruel century. The consciousness was present from the beginning—in the very first poem through which she attracted fame. She was hardly more than a child when she wrote that, living on the Maine coast, in dire poverty, with a mother who went out doing practical nursing to support three daughters deserted by a feckless father, and she herself working out, waiting on table, in the inns when they overflowed with summer folk. She told me herself that once guests and "help" had a common party and everyone was invited to perform a stunt, and she sat down at the piano and played a tune and sang a little song. Upon inquiry she confessed she had written words and music herself and, when pressed, confessed she had written other things. Yes, she was willing to recite one. And sitting on the piano stool (in a starched childish dress), with her auburn hair streaming down her back, she began:

"All I could see from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wood . . ."

the opening lines of Renascence.

One of the guests on this extraordinary occasion was Miss Caroline B. Dow, who promptly decided to take the young genius out of her limited and impoverished surroundings and give her a college education. The poem she had recited was later acclaimed by the critic Louis Untermeyer as the greatest poem written in America since Whitman's When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed. I do not agree with Mr. Untermeyer, nor think it anything like the finest of Miss Millay's poems. But there is in it, as there is in so many of her poems, a cosmic sense of human suffering, and incomparable singing lines.

AND there is something else to note. The generation of the twenties, in which she emerged, was decrying the United States. The American intellectual elite was on the left bank of the Seine. Miss Millay also went to Paris; it was there that I met her, and in Vienna and Budapest that I came to know her best. But she hardly wrote a lyric which derived its central inspiration from anything but American sights, sounds, smells, tastes and ideas.

She traveled widely and was always homesick, and never for brilliant cities, but for the mountains or the sea—not the Alps but the Berkshires; not the tideless Mediterranean but the rocky coast of Maine. However tall and wide the tree of her spirit might grow and spread, its roots dug deep in American soil.

What shall one write in elegy of her to whom this humdrum writer—for so I feel myself to be—owes so much of beauty and of insight?

No epitaph.

I am not willing you should go
Into the earth where Helen went.

But rather a response to the urgent cry she uttered in The Poet and His Book: *Do not let me die!*

Stranger, pause and look;
From the dust of ages
Lift this little book,
Turn the tattered pages.
Read me, do not let me die!
Search the fading letters, finding
Steadfast in the broken binding
All that once was I! . . .

Women at your toil,
Women at your leisure
Till the kettle boil,
Snatch of me your pleasure,
Where the broom-straw marks the leaf,
Women quiet with your weeping,
Lest you wake a workman sleeping,
Mix me with your grief. . . .

Suns that shine by night,
Mountains made from valleys—
Bear me to the light;
Flat upon your bellies
By the webby window lie,
Where the little flies are crawling—
Read me, margin me with scrawling,
Do not let me die!

Dear poet, as long as hearts love and mouths laugh, and flowers blossom and the rain washes the pane, and the young spring breaks, and hearts being hungry search for solace, and minds for insight, and the ear for song—these will not let you die!

THE END



Wake Up to — America's Best-Loved Pancakes



Let your fork sink lightly into a stack of golden Aunt Jemimas, running with butter and dripping with syrup. See for yourself how *really* light and tender pancakes can be! Your first fluffy fork-full will tell you why women all over America vote Aunt Jemimas "Lightest Pancakes you can bake!"

See for yourself why...

More Women Prefer

AUNT JEMIMAS

than all other brands combined!



Get both kinds! The red box for Pancakes —the yellow box for Buckwheats. *Both kinds* for crisp, delicious waffles.

Quaker Oats helps grow "STARS OF THE FUTURE"

Doctors say the more often youngsters eat a good oatmeal breakfast, the better they grow! They say that because a recent survey shows only 1 school child in 5 gets enough breakfast.

THE GIANT OF THE CEREALS IS QUAKER OATS!

A GIANT in Nutrition! Yes, mother, your youngsters get more growth, more endurance from oatmeal than from any other whole-grain cereal! To help your boy or girl become a success—serve good, hot, nourishing Quaker Oats several times a week!

A GIANT in Value! It's less than 1¢ a serving! Penny for penny, oatmeal is the richest source of all leading types of cereals in 4 vital food elements: Protein, Vitamin B_1, Food-Energy, and Food-Iron.

A GIANT in Flavor! People eat more Quaker Oats than any other cereal in the world. That's because THEY LOVE THAT QUAKER OATS FLAVOR!



Tomorrow morning serve hot

QUAKER OATS

Less than 1¢ a serving

This beauty makes cooking easier —



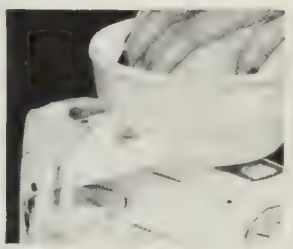
The New General Electric Triple-Whip Mixer!

3 powerful beaters... No-clog juicer...

save you time and work!



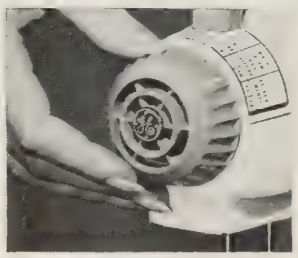
For faster, more thorough mixing, you get *3* easy-to-clean beaters. No center shafts, no hard-to-reach corners. Mix thoroughly from center to side of bowl.



New no-clog juicer comes with each new Triple-Whip Mixer. You'll love it. It lets you squeeze more than a dozen oranges with *no* clogging.



Built-in light shines directly down into bowl so you can really see what you're mixing. (A four-quart and a two-quart bowl accompany each mixer.)



New, improved speed selector is in front where it's easy to read. You get *lots* of power no matter *what* you mix! General Electric Co., Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

See your G-E dealer.

$39.95

Price subject to change without notice.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY



WALTER SANDERS

At the stroke of twelve, a new half century will begin.

MAYBE you thought, as we did, that the new half century began on January 1, 1950. Well, we were all wrong. The Naval Observatory at Washington tells us that as there was no year "0," the century runs fully through the year ending "00," and the Romans, who gave us the calendar in the first place, didn't even have a figure for zero. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary lists the first century A.D. as the years 1 to 100 inclusive; the nineteenth century as A.D. 1801 to 1900 inclusive.

"Pin money," incidentally, was an old New Year's custom. Pins used to be so scarce in England that they were sold only on January 1 and 2, and English husbands gave their wives sufficient money on those days to buy pins for the year. Which brings up the ever-recurring question: What happens to pins? And the further conjecture as to whether or not the wives who had saved their pins told their husbands.

•

In his fine book, THE ART OF TEACHING, *Gilbert Highet* pays high tribute to the profession: "To teach a boy the difference between the truth and lies in print, to start him thinking

(Continued on Page 16)



REPRODUCED FROM THE NEW YORKER BY PERMISSION
COPYRIGHT, 1950, THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

***Flash news! Dole Fruit Cocktail!**

Yes. Dole has blended its famous pineapple with four other perfect fruits—firm juicy grapes, red cherries, and whole peaches and pears gem-cut into gleaming cubelets. Ready to serve in simple splendor, or turn into quick dishes with a "company" flair. Like this colorful salad of green pepper rings piled high with gay Fruit Cocktail. Get Dole Fruit Cocktail—it's delicious!

there's a helping of Hawaii

***Chunk-studded Ham**

What's more popular than baked ham? Why, baked ham with Dole Pineapple Chunks—those sunny spoon-size cuts with the smile of Hawaii on them! After removing the baked ham to the platter, heat the Chunks quickly in the pan of hot fat. Then, set with a toothpick, a glowing Dole Pineapple Chunk in each square of the ham's scored surface.

in these DOLE pineapple bits



***Dole Upside-Down Square**

Every square inch of this square cake tastes scrumptious—for it's covered all over with Dole *crisp-cut* Crushed Pineapple—the true Hawaiian treasure-fruit! Use your favorite white-cake recipe or ready-mix. Pour the batter over the drained golden cubelets which have been spread in the pan with melted butter, brown sugar, nutmeats, bright cherries. Then bake.

*By *Patricia Collier*, DOLE HOME ECONOMIST

DOLE • 215 Market Street • San Francisco 6, California

BUY LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE'S NEW THRIFT-PAK...

SAVE $3.00 A YEAR!



DO WHATEVER YOU WANT with the three dollars you save on Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Thrift-Pak!

The Thrift-Pak (*two* regular 45¢ tubes for 59¢!) contains enough Tooth Paste to last the average family a whole month . . . and saves you 30¢ every time you buy. Within a year the average family's *bound* to save as much as $3 or more.

As makers of Listerine Antiseptic, we would never put our name on a product that isn't top quality. No dentifrice you can buy beats Listerine Tooth Paste for:

- **Reducing tooth decay**
- **Thorough polishing**
- **Sparkling flavor**
- **Cleaning teeth and breath** (*"Listerine" means breath control.*)

Only modern machinery, mass production, and more than sixty years of "know-how" make the low price possible. So change today to Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Thrift-Pak.



...UP TO 60% LESS TOOTH DECAY!

Research at a famous university definitely showed that modern dentifrices like Listerine Tooth Paste, used regularly immediately after eating, can reduce cavities as much as 60%. When it comes to cleaning, no tooth paste... not a single one... beats Listerine Tooth Paste.

(Continued from Page 14)

about the meaning of poetry or patriotism, to hear him hammering back at you with the facts and arguments you have helped him to find, sharpened by himself and fitted to his own powers, gives the sort of satisfaction that an artist has when he makes a picture out of blank canvas and chemical colorings, or a doctor when he hears a sick pulse pick up and carry the energies of new life under his hands."

•

Brigham Young, we have read, ate at the same table every day with all but one of his 27 wives, but the 27th held out for a house of her own, a table of her own, and prairie chicken, all of which she got. She was 25, and her husband 61. But of course the story may be apocryphal.

•

A good sneeze can send 20,000 infection-laden droplets shooting as far as 12 feet at a speed of 150 feet a second. After half an hour, 4000 of them will still be in the air.

•

THE MAUGHAM READER is the best value for a single book that we know, speaking in a literaturely way. It contains THE SUMMING UP, two clever plays, two novels and a dozen or more short stories, plus an excellent introduction by ***Glenway Westcott***, which will one day be regarded as the definitive estimate of ***Somerset Maugham***, man and writer.

•

If you want to know about life in an office, read MAKE MINE SUCCESS, by ***Beatrice Vincent***, practical advice for the career girl (also for her milder sister, the housewife). To the question, "Should the lady in business ever have lunch with her boss?" Miss Vincent says there are two answers. NO—if she is eighteen. No—if she is a balanced twenty-five.

REPRINTED COURTESY OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"We're taking up a collection for one of the girls in the office, who is not going to get married or leave but feels that she is stuck here for the rest of her life."

Another way to find out about how it is in an office, is to read a novel about office life, the conspicuous one this season being THE REST THEY NEED, *by* ***Herbert Lyons****, and a year or so back,* THE PRICE IS RIGHT, *by* ***Jerome Weidman****. Both are vitriolic—and fascinating. Apparently the worst in one's nature comes to the surface in the office atmosphere. Beside the ambitious business girls here pictured, the chorus girl of fiction—and without doubt of true life also—is virtuous, kind and comparatively shy. There are lovely girls in offices. We know many of them. But they*

(Continued on Page 18)



CHAPPED HANDS?



Try this famous Canadian lotion. (1) Nothing soothes and softens a chapped, dry skin *more* quickly—(2) aids its healing *more rapidly*—(3) *protects* skin more *surely* against chapping, roughness and dryness!

At cosmetic counters—25c, 50c and $1 bottles



Campana
Italian Balm

The New Sleep... an exclusive Englander idea



he Log



Angel Pie

ONLY ENGLANDER brings you an Airfoam* MATTRESS with the RED-LINE* FOUNDATION

...floating comfort with healthful support

The New Sleep is another way of saying that the age-old sleep problem of Comfort vs. Support has been solved.

You sleep on the most gloriously comforting surface in the world—a mattress of Goodyear's Airfoam (which only Englander makes). Your body floats on a network of millions of tiny air cells that give with your every move, follow your every curve, as only *air* can.

Such pampering comfort as this has to be combined with firm, healthful support. Englander's special Red-Line Foundation brilliantly achieves this. So scientifically matched are they that we guarantee both mattress and foundation for 20 years against any defect in materials or workmanship, when used together.



Bird Dog



NON-ALLERGIC, DUSTLESS
COOL SLEEPING
ALWAYS ODORLESS
NEVER NEEDS TURNING
HELPS PREVENT BODY ACHES
NEVER SAGS OR LUMPS

Englander
SLEEP PRODUCTS

2 great companies join forces for your sleeping comfort



Just press down on Airfoam. Feel how it molds itself to your hand, responds with a buoyant "uplift." Millions of tiny air cells cradle you, allow the mattress to breathe.

No other foundation looks like this inside. The Red-Line is designed especially for an Airfoam mattress. Springs are not joined at the top in any way, only in the middle by flexible steel bands. Top half adjusts automatically to your every move. Lower part acts as stabilizer for firm, healthful support.



GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

*TM The Englander Company, Inc. *TM The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company ©1950 The Englander Company, Inc., Chicago, Illinois

ONE name quality price

The LESTER GRAND PIANO is the Official Piano of the Philadelphia Orchestra

LESTER Betsy Ross Spinet

Do Your Children Have Everything?

a beautiful piano with magnificent tone

All parents want their children to have the best of everything . . . yet many of you overlook the lasting advantages that come from learning to play the piano. The boy or girl who plays is always popular . . . always poised and self reliant.

Start your child's musical education now on the genuine Betsy Ross Spinet:

it is a quality piano with full 88 note keyboard
it is famous for exquisite tone and responsive touch
it is decorator designed and compactly sized
it is guaranteed for ten years

Look for the Dampp-Chaser . . . only Lester offers this moisture control feature.

sold by America's foremost piano dealers

Priced from $687.00; model pictured $729.00 f.o.b. Lester, Pa. Your dealer will arrange convenient terms.

Made ONLY by the Lester Piano Manufacturing Company, Inc., builders of world renowned Lester Grand Pianos.



MAIL THIS COUPON FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

LESTER PIANO MANUFACTURING CO., Inc., LESTER 13, PA.

Send me your 24 page illustrated book showing piano arrangement in the home. (Enclose 10c for postage.)

Name

Address

City Zone No. State LHJ 6A

Foreign Sales Representatives: M. A. ASTLETT & CO., 39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 16)

don't get into the fiction versions. And the men are worse.

•

With *Scott's* TALES OF A GRANDFATHER and *Boswell's* TOUR OF THE HEBRIDES in hand, this department last summer paid a visit to Scotland. We mention it now—in January—because the temperature reminds

KEYSTONE PICTURES, INC.



Loch Affaric, Inverness-shire.

us of it so strongly. We slept under four blankets and a quilt—all of the warmest lamb's wool—and wore last winter's clothes. If you've read the Boswell-Johnson trip, you know what we mean when we say it rained every day: 1773 and 1950—just the same. But it didn't matter. The heather was thicker and more purple than at any time within the memory of the oldest Scot—just because there had been so little sun, and summer was so late in coming. In fact, it never did come. But again—*it didn't matter!* The beauty of those rolling purple moors and the great stone mountains on the horizon, and the bracing crisp, cool air, were spiritual invigoration to a city dweller. One small thatched-roof cottage made the great spacious stretches seem older and more beautifully lonely than any place on earth—only ourselves and a few scattered black-faced sheep standing stiff on their thin little black legs.

The Scots are a strange people. Plain, unsmiling, apparently non-giving, they've always been heroes in the grand style. They've given themselves ruthlessly and dramatically, all through history. We shall never forget the battlefield of Culloden where the Highlanders took a last stand against Cumberland and the British, and fought their way to death for Bonnie Prince Charlie. Big rough stones mark the graves—one stone for a whole clan: the Mackintoshes, the Frasers, the MacLeods.

And the chapel built into the old castle walls of Edinburgh. This is Edinburgh's monument to the Scots who died in World War I, and one of the most devastating of all modern war memorials. "The whole earth is the tomb of heroic men and their story is not graven only on stone over their clay but abides everywhere, without visible symbol, woven into the stuff of other men's lives."

•

In London we paid a visit to Berry Bros. Wine Shop, not for wine but to get weighed. Berry Bros. has been in the same spot in the same shop—diagonally away from St. James's Palace—for a good 200 years. It was there when Pall Mall was a bridle path and Trafalgar was in the village of Charing Cross. Right behind the shop is Pickering Place, smallest square in London, where Emma Hamilton and

(Continued on Page 21)



CHASE THE "Ghost of the Past" FAST!

Make bathroom air Fresh and Fragrant

Get rid of this embarrassing pest fast with Double-Action VANiSH. It is *the* toilet bowl cleaner that you can *see* go to work as soon as it hits the water. Its immediate bubbling action (1) cleans, as it (2) releases a pleasant fragrance that *quickly* freshens bathroom air. A household necessity. Buy VANiSH today.

Double-Action VANISH KILLS TOILET ODORS AS IT CLEANS



FOR OPENING DRAINS use ELF—New, different, triple-action drain opener. It clears . . . cleans . . . deodorizes. At grocers everywhere.

JUDSON DUNAWAY CORPORATION, Dover, New Hampshire

Don't let "Lazy Windows" mar your home



You can't hide your window shades from *anybody*.

What sort of impression do they make? Have they stretched and curled and sagged out of shape? Are they cracked or torn? Do they have that "limp look" so unflattering to your decorating scheme? These things don't happen to window shades of oil-painted or plastic-coated **CLOTH.** Made with a strong, flexible base of firmly woven cotton fabric . . . as easy to clean as your curtains . . . **CLOTH** window shades have the body and weight it takes to stay trim, crisp and straight-hanging year after year after year. Substitute materials come and go, but only **CLOTH** window shades are a positive cure for "lazy windows."

Feel that fabric! At your dealer's, the Joanna Western Quality Demonstrator turns window shades "inside out" . . . lets you *feel the difference* between **CLOTH** and substitute materials.

Joanna Western Cloth Window Shades

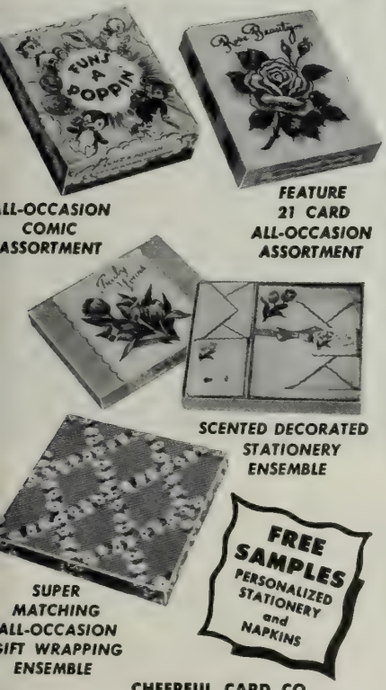
. . . tell the world you're a smart housekeeper!

JOANNA WESTERN MILLS CO. • CHICAGO

DO YOU NEED MONEY?

$40.00 IS YOURS

for selling only 50 boxes of our 200 greeting card line. And this can be done in a single day. Free samples. Other leading boxes on approval. Many surprise items. It costs nothing to try. Mail coupon below today.



ALL-OCCASION COMIC ASSORTMENT

FEATURE 21 CARD ALL-OCCASION ASSORTMENT

SCENTED DECORATED STATIONERY ENSEMBLE

SUPER MATCHING ALL-OCCASION GIFT WRAPPING ENSEMBLE

FREE SAMPLES PERSONALIZED STATIONERY and NAPKINS

CHEERFUL CARD CO.
Dept. G-1, White Plains, N. Y.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

CHEERFUL CARD CO.
Dept. G-1, White Plains, N. Y.

Please rush samples and full details of your money-making plan.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

(Continued from Page 18)

Lord Nelson lived, and also the ladies in waiting from St. James's.

Berry Bros. was originally a coffee shop, and the customers, seeing the coffee weighed out on big scales, thought to have themselves weighed too. The Register of Weights of the Customers, recorded in neat handwriting in well-indexed books, dates from 1765—a period when gentlemen had occasion to watch their weight. Churchill's weight is recorded, Anthony Eden's, the Duke of Windsor's, the Aga Khan's, and hundreds and hundreds of the great and small of the land.

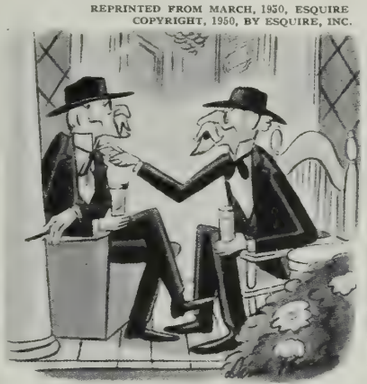
•

The good storyteller is a rare bird indeed—the storyteller who can spell-bind a roomful of people—and the very best we know is ***Basil Davenport,*** whom we've heard more than once tell stories in a darkened room with the firelight throwing weird shadows, his listeners tense to the point of fright. Mr. Davenport has specialized in the tale that sends shivers down your spine. Over a period of years he has collected the best of these—beyond a doubt—that have ever been written, and now he has them out in a book: GHOSTLY TALES TO BE TOLD—sixteen little masterpieces of horror, with some knowing comments on how to handle them for an audience. (They're only a little less terrifying when read.)

•

HISTORY CAN BE FUN, by ***Munro Leaf,*** is a delight. Anyone from five to seventy-five will enjoy it. It tells the whole story from pyramids to the U. N., with those priceless, very funny line drawings (funny to us, understandable to children), all in 63 pages of big black type.

REPRINTED FROM MARCH, 1950, ESQUIRE
COPYRIGHT, 1950, BY ESQUIRE, INC.



"Just imagine, Cuhnul Defoe, what the world would be like today, if General Lee had had one atom bomb."

•

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST CARTOONS, *edited by* ***John Bailey,*** *is also fun, and very cheering to have about the house. While* THE LADIES, GOD BLESS 'EM! *is probably the last look we'll ever have at those inimitable stylish stouts of the late* ***Helen Hokinson,*** *those "benevolent creatures," as John Mason Brown calls them, who, "regardless of the shadows they cast, were girls at heart." No later imitations will ever have the same understanding or the same hilarity.*

•

You can find advice and information about how to sell your writing in the 1951 edition of THE WRITER'S MARKET. ***All the editorial requirements of publishers and magazine editors in their own words, the rates of payment, word lengths, style rules, and so on.***

Are you in the know?



If you're conversation-shy in a crowd, what helps overcome it?

☐ *Take a public-speaking course* ☐ *Avoid gang gatherings* ☐ *Go in for sports*

Your sound track fails you in "parlor" chatter? Join a sports group. Go skating. Bowling . . . (who can be a dumb belle when she scores a strike?) Hop on a snow train . . . and look who's talking! *You,* leading the yacketty-yak about ski lessons, boots, waxes. Once in the sports whirl don't be a quitter.

On difficult days, choose Kotex for comfort . . . downy softness that *holds its shape* because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. (Comfort and confidence are team-mates!) And to top your poise-rating, those *flat, pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. You're minus a single qualm!



Can you remedy cold, red hands with —

☐ *Open air workouts*
☐ *Mittens*
☐ *Lotion*

If Winter turns your mitts to icy "lobster claws"—chances are, your circulation needs nudging. Get more outdoor exercise. Swap tight gloves for warm wool mittens that give your fingers wiggle-room. And use hand lotion, faithfully. (Did you guess all 3 answers were right?) On certain days, you don't have to guess which Kotex absorbency's right for you. Try *all 3;* and see which answers *your* needs completely!



How to straighten out a feud you started?

☐ *Make the first move*
☐ *Wait for him to call*
☐ *Try the weeping technique*

You're sorry—even before you hear the door slam. Well, *tell* him so, in a little note. Or ask the crowd over and include your bitter half. If that doesn't fetch him, why knock yourself out? 'Tain't worth it . . . any more than it is to fret over trying days' woes. You needn't, for Kotex gives you the *extra* protection of a special *safety center* that guards against accidents . . . spares you "those" nagging cares.



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

*T M REG. U S PAT. OFF

What assures daintiness on problem days?

☐ *Bath salts* ☐ *Powder* ☐ *Occasional showers*



Takes more than daily tubbings to stay dainty at "that" time. So, smart gals sprinkle a *powder* deodorant on their sanitary napkins. Choose Quest powder! You'll find Quest best for napkin use, because, unlike most creams or liquids, this deodorant powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. It's safe. Soothing. Unscented. *Positively destroys* odors. To avoid offending, buy a can of Quest* deodorant powder today! Ask for it by name.

P.S. **Have you tried Delsey*?** Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.) Won't you try Delsey, next time?



Something for Grandparents to GET UP IN THE AIR about...

No LONGER do grandparents have to get to know their grandchildren by photo and by phone. Today they go by Flagship for a real honest-to-goodness visit.

And, what a wonderfully easy trip they have! Meals served right to them, no waiting and no charge, thank you. Luggage stowed and no bother.

All they do is lean back and relax while each carefree mile slips magically by. And, in almost no time they're with the family... rested and refreshed, ready to enjoy those wonderful grandchildren.

Flagship travel is like that... try it sometime and you'll agree.

America's Leading Airline **AMERICAN AIRLINES** INC.

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

BY HARLAN MILLER

From my memory of written agreements with the children, I think maybe I'd better let a lawyer draw up the ground rules to prevail if I buy a television set. So far they've been able to find loopholes in my most skillful household documents, and our youngest is as snake-hipped as a Boston lawyer.

•

Some evening at a PTA supper I'm going to catch up with the fellah who always gives his kids bigger allowances than I give mine. When they disengage him from a pan of meat loaf he'll be eager to cut his brats' weekly swag in half.

•

Our crowd can't decide whether husbands and wives should play bridge as partners. I favor opposite sides for 'em; it encourages such outbursts as that by the wife around the corner whose mate had just made a small slam, doubled. "If you'd played it right," she said bitterly, "you couldn't have made it!"

•

Why is it that, on an evening when you and your wife are going out to dinner, the food the kids are eating in the kitchen seems to smell—and taste—better than anything you can possibly hope to eat where you're going? (Especially liver and onions.)

•

"My husband is utterly mad!" exclaims Betty Comfort, breaking the ice in the birdbath. "He insists that if I really want his opinion of my new clothes I must ask for it before it's too late to return 'em!"

•

Our crusty neighbor in the fur collar argues that TV will finish addling that part of the American brain which survived radio and comic books. "If I were dictator," he grumbles, "I'd force every owner of a TV set to read one good magazine or book a month, or padlock his machine!"

•

"Our town's natives," reflects Peter Comfort, sprinkling rock salt on the ice in his driveway, "enjoy watching newcomers try to get into local society. It's like trying to board a streetcar that isn't there."

•

If I shovel the walks on New Year's Day and skip the eggnog parties I do better with my 1951 vows. . . . But a few ribald taunts from passing friends usually tempt me to turn the shovel over to Junior and begin my annual rassle with sin.

•

Our neighbor who's restored the big front porch he removed from his house ten years ago confides that he's taking $50 worth of dancing lessons, to give him courage to ask his coed daughter for a dance New Year's Eve. (Don't try any too fancy steps, sport!)

•

Spurred on by our eleven-year-old, we've just charcoaled some hot dogs at the grill in our back-yard aluminum cabin, with the temperature below 30°. (The second time I dropped one it dawned on me that this might be the ideal winter location for our TV set.)

•

Our milkman (a college grad, incidentally) has talked me into trying yoghurt in my diet as a substitute for ice cream. Yoghurt seems to be a sourish Bulgarian idea, a clabbered skimmed milk, and if anybody had suggested such a deviation to me when I was fourteen I'd have treated it as a reflection on my good sense.

•

Apparently my Dream Girl's telling it around that I hide all her hats that I don't like. . . . Well, that's a bit of an exaggeration; so far I've hidden only three.



Our pangs of envy when our next-door neighbors take off for the South on their winter vacation are now under control. But it does irk us when they troop over at the eleventh hour with their cat, canary, goldfish, dog and plants for us to tend till they return, tanned as tennis champs.

My wife and daughter took me to Sunday-noon dinner (by candlelight) at their Kappa sorority house at the state university, and even sat me next to the Dolphin Queen, and I saw a "pinned" girl pass a big box of bonbons. (From the talk around the campus I gather the most popular college degree is not B.A. but MRS.)

•

I overheard the youngsters in the front yard ranking the families in our block, and the blue ribbon seemed to go to a family of newcomers with a station wagon, a convertible and a TV set. "What's more," summarized a little girl with blond bangs, "their pop and mom both play tennis and she wears shorts to the shopping center!"

•

I'd advise newlyweds who're building a house to give up the dining room, if necessary, for the sake of a 100-foot lot instead of a 50-footer. It's more fun to eat in the living room or kitchen, anyhow, and a bigger yard is more important than a dining room.

•

One of my deep regrets when I wander around our yard is for the trees and shrubs I didn't plant 9 or 14 years ago. (Of course it's fortunate that I can enjoy the shrubs and trees of my more far-sighted neighbors almost as much as they do.)

•

The man next door confides that after a few years of marriage he developed a sixth sense: He can tell instantly when he's in the doghouse with his wife, the minute he comes in the front door, or by certain electric currents as she enters a room. (Myself, I can tell by the way my wife's snub nose shifts 1/16th of an inch northeast.)

•

Junior reports, as a preliminary estimate, that he'll probably need thirty-six photographs of himself to exchange with friends (male and female, I assume) when he graduates from high school. I wish I had the nerve to ask him if snapshots won't do.

•

Why is it that my strongest impulse to walk all the way downtown comes when there's a foot of snow on the ground? During good weather it seems I always have a vacuum cleaner to take downtown for quick emergency repairs, which prevents a relaxing stroll.

•

When your youngest voices enthusiasm each evening when you announce you're staying home . . . and you overhear your daughter voice scorn for the ultrafashionable . . . or Junior in a burst of philosophical detachment admits that other qualities in a woman are important besides beauty . . . and you accidentally realize the hundreds of little things your Beloved Woman does for you of which you're supremely unconscious . . . and the swift flow of dinner-table conversation reveals that your family faces the world as a singular and cohesive and clannish flock . . . then you're so certain that family life is the ultimate joy that you're willing to agree even to buy a TV set, or yield smilingly in every family debate.

How the new protein cereal helps your child have

a fine body



KELLOGG'S CORN SOYA —
more body-building protein than any other well-known cereal—hot or cold!

You've noticed how much bigger, stronger and finer-looking youngsters are today. And you've read that this is largely because they get more protein foods. But government experts say that your children still don't get enough protein at breakfast.

To meet this need, Kellogg's has created a great new protein cereal—Corn-Soya. You never tasted a more delicious cereal in all your life. Full of vitamins, minerals and energy value, too.

No other leading cereal—no, not one—is so rich in the protein you need so much at breakfast. Protein that helps build fine bodies. And can you think of a more enjoyable way to build one?



BODY-BUILDING PROTEIN—RIGHT IN THE BREAKFAST BOWL!

Percentage of daily protein needs provided by a standard portion (1 ounce) of Kellogg's Corn-Soya when served with 4 ounces (½ cup) of milk or cream.*

Average Man (154 lbs.)	13.36%
Average Woman (123 lbs.)	15.58%
Child (78 lbs.—10-12 yrs.)	13.36%
Child (58 lbs.—7-9 yrs.)	15.58%

*Recommended dietary allowance (revised 1948), National Research Council

Silverware with your own initial!
Four initialed teaspoons for 75¢! See complete offer on Corn-Soya package.



Looking back over the year is like sorting out treasures. How many good moments life gives us!

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

LOOKING back over the year, I like to add up the happy moments. The grave and sorrowful hours belong in the account, too, but there are always happy ones, and as the New Year comes in it is good to remember them.

There was the moment when Susie settled down with her six newborn babies, small satin packages of life, wonderfully perfect to the last minute thimble paw. Our first black-and-tan was there, and we named him TrailBlazer.

There was the blue heron wading in the dusk in the pond, wild and beautiful; he walked by himself, creating a special beauty for me.

There were the first white tulips as pure and clear as white coral in the glimmering spring morning.

And George coming in with a basket of wild mushrooms he had picked when he took the cows up to pasture.

Down by the brook at sunset in early autumn, Alice and Steve and I were picking water cress. Steve was kneeling almost in the cold flowing water, pulling out great clumps of dripping crisp green. Alice, farther down, dipped her hands and expertly lifted the translucent stems. Olive looked out the lighted kitchen window, smiling, the light on her hair. I stood idly nibbling a spicy leaf, looking at the luminous color of the sky, the damp dark grass spattered with gold coins from the maples. Suddenly I was almost too happy. To be there, at that instant, with dear friends was pure enchantment.

Afterward we wandered up the hill, into the house, and smelled Olive's Onion Soup simmering for supper. Oh, divine fragrance of onions! It is the best onion soup in the world and to make it, you cook a lot of onions, which you have sliced thin, in butter or margarine, adding a quantity of celery seed and 1 teaspoon sugar. Cook until golden brown. The quantity varies according to how many hungry folk are standing around sniffing. Add 1 can condensed consommé, 2 bouillon cubes and 1 can water. (You can increase this if you need a larger quantity, but keep the proportions approximately equal.) Simmer until well blended. It is better cooked ahead of time and reheated. Serve in hot bowls and lay pieces of toasted French bread on top of each bowl, then sprinkle thickly with a mixture of grated domestic and Parmesan cheese.

We like this for supper during the holidays when everyone comes in from skating or when we have been up in the snowy woods after greens.

In an old house like ours, the problem of where to put furniture is pretty complicated. Windows and doors are casually stuck in anywhere, and early builders never gave a thought to where the sofa or the table might go. But it is more exciting than a house with built-ins, I think. For you keep working at it and every change seems fascinating. Our house is further complicated by the dogs and cats. I have to have a big easy chair just the right distance from my bed for the smaller dogs to take off from when they jump on the bed.

But there is nothing better for a tired house than to move everything around to a new place. Especially in midwinter when one has been shut in overmuch, I think rearranging the furniture gives a nice, fresh look to everything. Regrouping the chairs and sofas, bringing down an extra small table from upstairs, changing the pictures—these give a lift.

We might well resolve as this new year begins to make our own small efforts to create beauty in whatever medium we may. The great poets and artists give such largess, but to everyone is given opportunity to live with grace. There is loveliness in the kindness of a friend, in the small services a mother may give her children. Never belittle the bouquet carried to a sick friend, or the extra cake baked for a neighbor who has company, or the letter of appreciation for some kindness. These have their beauty, too, and we live by them.

The world is filled with conflict; we have inherited a heavy burden in our day. But we also inherit the poetry and music and the faith in God and a belief in the common goodness of mankind.

After a heavy blizzard I like to walk down the snow-deep country road with a couple of cockers and think these thoughts. The snow lies even and deep in the meadows, and the trees lift their branches strong and dark against the winter sky. The countryside is quiet and filled with peace. When the sun comes briefly out, the shadows are long and blue on the white purity of snow.

And as I shake the starry snowflakes from my mittens, I look up to the clean low line of hills and say with all my heart, "Happy New Year to all!" THE END

Cheeselovers! Here at last...

the perfect way to buy SLICES!



8 PERFECT SLICES cut, wrapped, sealed by Kraft right after the fine process cheese is pasteurized

Extra delicious, extra mellow process cheese in absolutely perfect, sandwich-size slices!

A wonderful new invention makes possible these Kraft De Luxe Slices that are cut, wrapped and sealed right after pasteurization. They're Kraft-protected all the way to your own kitchen!

The handiest thing you've ever had for grand cheese sandwiches and snacks. Discover the extra delicious and perfect Kraft De Luxe Slices and you'll never buy ordinary sliced cheese again. Try all five delicious Kraft kinds soon.



Kraft De Luxe Slices

Try all 5 favorites! Kraft American • Kraft Pimento
Kraft Swiss • Kraft Brick • sharp Old English Brand



THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY KRAFT

Making Marriage Work

"My husband's mother is coming to live with us. How can we handle the situation so our home will not be disrupted by her presence?"

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

If Grandma Comes to Stay

"THE couple next door are close friends of ours. They were extremely happy until the wife's mother came to live with them. Since then they've grown quarrelsome and dissatisfied, and recently the husband asked for a divorce. Now my husband's mother is coming to live with us. How can we handle the situation so that our home will not be disrupted like our neighbor's?"

This letter reflects a problem confronting a growing number of married couples. The lengthening life span has greatly increased the proportion of old people in our population; many of them, physically or financially handicapped, must look to their children for help. Because dependent widows greatly outnumber dependent widowers, the situation most often involves a mother-in-law.

Few husbands and wives deny their obligation to both sets of parents. But if the obligation entails providing a home for an in-law, a difficult dilemma arises. The ideal solution avoids the couple's sharing their home with the mother-in-law. Living with another widow or elderly couple in her community is one possibility; so is a well-run old-people's home, if financially possible and acceptable to her. No disloyalty is implied in considering such plans, for often they offer the happiest arrangement for all concerned.

But sometimes there's no alternative to having Grandma come to stay. If that is your problem, your first step is to formulate your own policy. Yours must always be a middle-of-the-road position, avoiding two undesirable extremes.

On the one hand, recognize that the interests of your husband and children come first, whether Grandma is your parent or your husband's. To let her pleasures govern the household is mistaken, however well meant.

On the other hand, and equally important, it is to your interest to make Grandma feel at home. As an unwelcome outsider, she can't help disturbing the harmony of the household; as a rightful member, she will try not to.

Keep these principles in mind as you consider the following suggestions:

- Agree in advance on whatever money or services are to be provided by you or by her. Tension develops if anyone "feels put upon"; it can be minimized if everybody knows from the beginning what to expect.
- Arrangements for shared household facilities, as well as her sleeping quarters, should be definite and specific. Otherwise Grandma's nap in the living room during the children's favorite radio program will create a series of crises.
- Acquaint her with your household routine and how she is expected to observe it. If she knows your husband wants to sleep late Sundays, she won't wake him for the special breakfast she's prepared.
- When a difference in standards is involved—she disapproves of bridge or cocktails—explain that you respect her beliefs, but must follow your established customs. She is welcome to join your guests, but can withdraw if the entertainment is distasteful.
- Encourage and promote as many activities and interests for her as possible. If you can't accompany her to church, arrange transportation for her. Invite friends her own age to call, and if possible provide her with her own radio. The greater her personal interests, the more privacy you will enjoy.
- Finally, be generous enough to give her the luxury of feeling useful, even though her "help" is sometimes a hindrance. This may be the hardest part of your assignment, but it's vital to her.

In-laws *can* make a difference in the wrong direction. But if you and your husband tackle the problem together, it may not be so big after all. For no "other woman"—not even a mother-in-law—can break up a truly happy marriage.

Male Parasites

EITHER firsthand or in the newspapers, all of us have encountered the pathological parasitic male whose scheme of living is to find a wife or series of wives to support him. Attractive in manner and appearance, he often succeeds in beguiling even a fairly astute woman. Little can be done to protect her; but fortunately, such men are rather rare.

Another and less obvious type of dependent male, though less vicious, is a menace to happiness because he monopolizes a girl's time and prevents her meeting more desirable men. A perennial bachelor, he enjoys dating and may "go steady" with one girl after another. Feminine companionship is essential to him—but he doesn't want to marry to get it.

A third type of dependent male resembles the first in that he seeks marriage, the second in that he is not actually vicious. But he is willful, weak and selfish to such a degree that no normal girl can be happy as his wife. Himself easily dominated by a strong personality, he marries a girl so passive and submissive that she will be wholly subservient to him and his family.

For his family is responsible for his inadequacy. All his life he has been spoiled by his doting mother or, less often, by an aunt or older sister. She or they have made excuses for him, protected him from his mistakes, blamed his poor job and school record on others. He is usually an only child or youngest or only son, and the influence of his father (whether dead, divorced or merely henpecked) is negligible.

His mother, sensing his inability to stand on his own feet, concludes that marriage is the solution. So she selects a suitable docile candidate; and, as usual, he accepts his mother's choice. Once married, he will continue to let her make the decisions and expect his wife to abide by them.

When you are dating a man more than occasionally, try to make sure that he is not a leaner. Here are some characteristics which reveal dangerous dependence:

- He is dominated by a female relative.
- His life seems aimless, his job record mediocre, his plans for the future vague.
- His family takes the initiative in promoting his friendship with you.
- He is selfish, inconsiderate and wrapped up in himself.
- His preferences and convenience govern his dates with you.
- He takes it for granted that you would continue working after marriage.

It requires real effort for you to be objective about this, but any one of these traits is a warning; if he exhibits more than two, you would be wise to disregard him as a possible husband.

Is Your Husband Happy?

Happiness depends not only upon the person one is, but also upon the associations he has with others. Job, friends and marriage—and particularly you—have much to do with your husband's happiness. Answer these questions only after careful thought.

Is Your Husband

1. **Usually cheerful and pleasant?**
2. **Eager to please you in most things?**
3. **Moderate in habits of living?**
4. **Interested in both his job and his home?**

Does He

1. **Often show you that he loves you?**
2. **Prefer being at home rather than elsewhere?**
3. **Rarely get disturbed or angry?**
4. **Seem to make and keep friends easily?**
5. **Believe that you are happy with him?**

Do You

1. **See that he gets enough rest and sleep?**
2. **Usually approve his actions?**
3. **Help him to keep the budget balanced?**
4. **Find him easy to live with?**
5. **Frequently praise him?**

If you can give yourself 11 or more "Yes" answers, your husband is probably happy and content. With a score of 9 or less, something is lacking. Examine your wrong answers to see what *you* can do to increase his happiness—and your own.

Marriage Course by Mail

In our community, there is no marriage course offered. Do any colleges give courses by mail that can be taken by parents or others interested in making good marriages?

Yes. Full particulars about such a course can be obtained by writing to the Correspondence Study Division, Education Extension Department, Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pennsylvania.

Because there's nobody quite like Mary...

Nothing in the world matters quite so much as Mary—except Mary in trouble. And though a scraped knee is not a life-or-death matter . . . it *could* be. So Mother is following the first rule of first aid: "Get it clean and keep it clean." To do this, she uses the same kind of a first aid dressing that most leading hospitals use—*Curity*. Because, she feels about Mary as you do about your little girl—there's nobody quite like her!

Use the Same First-aid Dressings Most Leading Hospitals Use



Most of America's leading hospitals use *Curity* Dressings as a standard of protection. Isn't it good to know that you can get these same famous dressings packaged for home use at any leading drugstore?



Curity

REG. U. S PAT OFF

BAUER & BLACK

Over Half a Century of Adhesive Tape Leadership
Bauer & Black,
Division of The Kendall Company



Jan Weyl, Sub-Deb editor.

the sub-deb

edited by JAN WEYL

Who's Popular?



. . . by Sue Keeler, age 19.

the girls who date say:—

1. "There's no point in denying that boys go for good looks. They do . . . at first—before they get to know your personality. Try to look interesting. Play up your best feature—your big brown eyes or naturally curly hair—and *stop worrying about your looks.* Once a boy gets to know you, he will too."

2. "It helps to be witty, but never carry this too far. Laugh *with* the boy when he says something funny, but never laugh *at* him if he makes a mistake. Boys like to be the more amusing—and you'll get further letting him be funny than being funny yourself."

3. "A girl *must* learn to be teased. Boys love to ask a tall girl if she's 'walking on stilts' or a short girl if she's 'crawling on her knees'—and two boys made one shy girl miserable teasing her about a 'daring' dress that wasn't daring at all. Laugh and kid them back—'That's what *you* think.'"

4. "If you get the reputation of being a 'brain,' boys are often afraid you'll put them to shame. Play a little dumb and let the boy be the authority. If he brings up schoolwork, pass it off with, 'Oh, you don't want to talk about *that*'; or if he asks what mark you got on the math quiz (and you came through with 95), just say, 'Tell me yours first.' Few boys will take *that* chance."

5. "If you like a boy, let him *know* it. Talk about the things that interest him. Give a party and invite him. It flatters a boy to know you like him. But don't carry things too far. If you give him opportunities to know how you feel, and he still doesn't single you out, be wise and lay off. Boys don't like to be chased. They like to think dating you is their own idea."

6. "Don't be surprised if boys don't always seem human. They can act pretty stupid and silly, and it's hard to be a good sport when, for instance, they toss you out of a boat with your clothes on. Cultivate a sense of humor—you will find that you *need* it."

the boys they date say:—

1. "Good looks make boys anxious for introductions to a girl, but some girls with good looks turn out to be snobbish. A girl should be able to talk to boys and act as if she's having fun."

2. "Girls shouldn't act too helpless or too independent. Take a hot-dog roast. Some girls send you off for wood and insist on doing everything else themselves. A *smart girl* lets the boy take over. She does the little jobs, he does the big ones—and he's happy because he's managing things."

3. "Sometimes girls are hard to understand. Supposedly they all want dates, but some run and hide when a boy tries to talk to them, and you can't tell if they like you or not. In fact, you can't even tell whether you like *them* or not. Girls should let you know they like you by acting interested in you."

4. "Boys worry about being liked for their money or their car. If they get any idea that's why she's being nice to them, she's through. A girl should let the boy set the pace on where to go and how much to spend—and above all, she should *never* offer to pay her own way. That makes a boy feel foolish."

5. "Girls should learn sports that are easy for a woman—swimming, tennis and skating—and know how to talk about other sports, like baseball and football. Some girls make the mistake of trying to know *too* much about these sports, however. That's the boy's business. Know enough to ask intelligent questions, but let *him* be the authority."

6. "Girls should dress for the occasion. If you definitely specify the movies, and the girl shows up in her best black taffeta dress and high heels, you feel like a fool. And it's even worse when she spends half of the date primping her hair or checking on her lipstick. When a boy asks a girl for a date, he's looking for a good companion—someone who likes and appreciates him."

Three Pictures—and a Purchase



Ed and "friend."

Edward Wallowitch was just a blond eighteen-year-old with a camera and dreams of being a professional photographer "someday"—until he showed his best pictures to Edward Steichen at New York's Museum of Modern Art. The results "shocked" Ed. Mr. Steichen bought *three* of his pictures—making Ed the youngest photographer ever exhibited at the museum—and helped him win a scholarship because, he told Ed, "You see slices of life that most people miss. Improve your technique—but don't lose your insight." Today Ed, who goes to school all day and takes pictures on the "el" mornings, in the park at noon, and at home week ends, uses a $50 camera and is learning real photographic techniques. But his museum pictures were taken with a regular $7.50 Brownie; he tacked up a blanket over his bedroom window for a darkroom. He had no training, learned everything he knew from books and magazines, hopes when he finishes school to "take pictures all the time of all types of people."

What do you know about perfume?



Perfume is the strongest scent, toilet water the next, and cologne the lightest. . . . We like to use cologne with an atomizer which sprays our hair, neck and arms *lightly* . . . or apply a few drops of perfume to: the inside of your wrists, the bend of your arms, the hollow of your throat, and on each shoulder. . . . And take it easy! *Too little* is better than *too much.*



A picture tells a story.

What do the boys call YOU?

If you stay at home and never dat you're a "houseplant";while if you dat anyone who asks you, you may be calle a "drifter." . . . If you have sex appea you're a "match," or an "Eiffel" (ey ful), but if you neck with everyon



the boys will call yo a "locomotive." . . A teacher's pet is a "abject object," bookworm is a "mid night oiler," and prude is a "chicken or "dead beat."... blonde is a "blizzar head," an athleti type is a C.B.R. (*Cut But Rugged*), a girl with a terrific figur is a "smash-up" or "Dagmar." . . . you're in love, you're "melted," you're jilted, you're "shafted," "dumped" or "up the river."... And if the boys say "Louder and we'll dance to it," that means you've been talking *too* much.... The worst thing you can be called is "beast" or "poison ivy" (call *him* a "poison oak"). . . . And the *bes* thing you can be called is "queen," "live one," "clever number," "clock stopper" or "my natural-born female."



This is YOUR page and we want *your* contributions. We want to know what you like, what you think, what you do for fun. We want to know what you're talking about—and what you're dreaming about. If you have a cartoon, a drawing, a poem, an article, a party suggestion, a good slang expression, a problem, an idea—send it along to us (addressed to Jan Weyl, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania). Don't forget—we'll be waiting to hear from you!

NEW PILL STOPS ALL FEAR OF OFFENDING IN CLOSE CONTACT



NULLO KILLS BODY ODORS and BAD BREATH!

Take it like a Vitamin!

Never "back away" from close contact again because you're not sure of your deodorant or your breath. Nullo not only stops underarm perspiration odor—it kills all body odors, including odors of the feet, scalp, and breath!

Take one or two Nullo tablets daily! Then no amount of rushing or nervous excitement can produce the slightest body odor. Women's special odor problems—during the menstrual period, for instance—are stopped! Even your socks and underwear carry no odor. And your winter wools . . . dresses and sweaters . . . never pick up a trace of unpleasant perspiration odor. That's because you have no odors when you take Nullo regularly.

Easy to Carry! Easy to Take!

Carry new Pocket-Size Nullo with you as a protection against emergencies. Garlic, alcohol, and tobacco are no match for Nullo. Just chew one Nullo tablet and your breath won't be the least bit offensive—even in contact as intimate as a kiss! Try Nullo today! If not delighted, your money back!

THE DE PREE COMPANY • HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

Established 1906—Manufacturers of Nurse Brand Drugs and Wheatamin Vitamins

NULLO IS THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY ADVERTISED PRODUCT FEATURED BY PAUL DE KRUIF IN READER'S DIGEST!

Readers Digest featured NULLO

"Nullo is the consumer-advertised product made according to the Westcott process and investigated and referred to by me in my recent article in the Reader's Digest. It is the only one privileged to proclaim this fact."

Paul de Kruif

Absolutely Harmless

NULLO is made according to standards as reported in the New York State Journal of Medicine by Dr. F. Howard Westcott.

Nullo is specially prepared chlorophyll . . . made only from ingredients you eat in your food every day!

At drug and deodorant counters everywhere

FOR HEAD TO FOOT PROTECTION INSIST ON THE ORIGINAL →

nullo*

IT REALLY WORKS!



NEW POCKET SIZE 29¢
30 Day Supply $1.25
Economical Family Size (100 tablets) $2.95

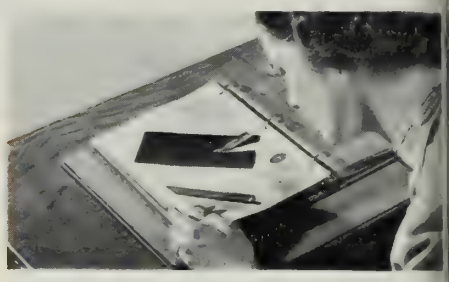
© 1950



PHOTOS BY VICTOR KEPPLER



When you purchase a White Rotary, you wil
given free all the fabrics and instructions
making an apron. You'll applique, make a butt
hole, shirr, hem and bind . . . all on a Wh



You'll be shown all the White Magic touches
how to insert a slide fastener quickly . . . h
to make and use cording in a dress or
as well as a slipcover . . . lots of time-sav
techniques for a professional tou



One-stop shopping when you purchase a Wh
Rotary. Fabrics, patterns, notions
and the best-known sewing machine s
through department stores . .
conveniently located under one r



QUEEN ANNE—MODEL 155

Look in the Yellow P
of your telephone direct
for the name of
department stores wh
White Sewing Machines are s

not John's raise...but my White

Custom-made clothes . . . in the fabrics I like, in my very best colors, fitted to perfection . . . and not one dip into John's raise! It's like magic! White Magic! I chose a White Rotary Sewing Machine because I've long known its matchless quality. I chose a cabinet styled in the same tradition as my finest furniture. I chose White because it made sewing more pleasant and convenient. No stopping to adjust it when I back-tack a seam. No basting, for I sew right over pins. No glare with White's crinkle finish.

White SEWING MACHINES Since 1876

for 75 years the aristocrat of sewing machines

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CORPORATION • CLEVELAND 1 • OHIO • • • IN CANADA: TORONTO 2B

AMERICAN MADE



Doctor —PART 12

"I thought I shouldn't do certain things—
like going to the dentist—while I'm pregnant.
Couldn't it mark the baby?"

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

RIGHT up on the table, young woman," the doctor ordered, "and we'll start from the crown of the head and go to the soles of the feet. . . . air—normal and healthy. Eyes—ou've never had any trouble with your es, have you? I thought not. You haven't en any specks, spangles or stars recently, ve you?"

"Why, no, Doctor. Should I have?"

"I should say not—I merely asked as a atter of habit. Now the teeth—they seem be very good."

"I think I'm getting a cavity back here."

"See your dentist immediately about it."

"But Mrs. Gabbler said I shouldn't—in y present condition."

"Who is Mrs. Gabbler?"

"She's my next-door neighbor."

"Is she a doctor?"

"Of course not. But she said ——"

"That's all rot. Why shouldn't you see ur dentist?"

"Well, couldn't it mark the baby, or hurt e?"

"Certainly not. There's more nonsense sseminated regarding birthmarks than al-ost anything else I know. What are ordi-arily referred to as *birthmarks* are really thing of the kind."

"How about those horrible red things ve sometimes seen upon a person's face?"

"Not a birthmark at all—probably what known as a *port-wine* mole. Bad enough, course, but fixing the teeth could have thing whatever to do with it."

"I heard of a woman, once, who had one aped like a cat's head, and people said at her mother had been scared by a wild t."

"Yes, and I know a woman who had one e shape and color of a strawberry. I sup-se your Mrs. Gabbler would say that she d been scared by a wild strawberry."

"Doctor!"

"One is as ridiculous as the other, I assure u."

"How about a harelip, then?"

"Just as ridiculous. Harelip is caused the two halves of the tiny embryo not sing properly. We develop in halves. Put ur finger between your eyes, on the tip of ur nose, in the center of your upper lip, at e point of your chin, at the top of your eastbone, at the crest of the pubis, and u will note in each case a depression hich indicates the junction-line of the two halves. In harelip the resulting fusion is not complete, that's all.

"Now let's get back to your teeth. They must have careful attention all during your pregnancy, or I promise you will regret it. I have known a woman to develop a cavity in practically every tooth in her jaws during her carrying period."

"I knew a girl who had a lot of tooth trouble, and they said it was because some of the tooth structure was being drawn off for the baby."

"By *they* referring to Mrs. Gabbler again?"

"No-o-o, it was lots of people. Anyhow, wouldn't it go to make up bones?"

"It is true that many believe so. However, the prime cause for the teeth decaying during pregnancy is probably due to a change in the reaction of the normally alkaline saliva. Not that it has to become truly acid, but, let us say, less highly alkaline. Go to your dentist, young woman, as regularly as you come here, and let him do anything for your teeth that he feels necessary—even to extraction. Modern dentistry is mostly painless, and any slight upset to you that might happen from it would be far outweighed by the damage from neglect—starting a septic process that might come to involve your heart and jeopardize your life."

"I'll promise to follow your advice, Doctor."

"Good. Now, we come to your tonsils, or where they used to be—I see they've been removed."

"That was years ago."

"Throat negative, then. Now, the thyroid gland, just below your small Adam's apple—yes, it is slightly enlarged, as usual in pregnancy."

"Is that what they call a *goiter*, Doctor?"

"No, this is no goiter. Simply a physiological enlargement due to pregnancy. It will recede, after your baby is born. Of course, if you really had a toxic goiter, it might become enlarged and aggravated by pregnancy."

"That would be bad, wouldn't it?"

"Very bad. So bad that it might be impossible for you to continue with your pregnancy. You have nothing to worry about here, however. This will take care of itself. Now, the heart—rate, seventy-two—sounds clear—no murmurs—I think we may call the heart normal."

"You have to be a specialist in everything, don't you?"

"Sort of a *general specialist?* No, but if I found anything seriously the matter with

(Continued on Page 119)

Copyright, 1950, by Henry B. Safford, M.D. This is the twelfth of a series of articles taken from the book soon to be published by Renbayle House, Publishers, Inc., New York, N. Y.

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!



Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!

Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!



Modess .... *because*

Journal about Town

Gossip about people you know, editors you like, and what goes on in New York

Fifty Years Ago In The Journal



IN January, 1901, Queen Victoria and the famous Italian composer Verdi died. Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven, was a top Broadway tune, and Carrie Nation, carrying loaded revolvers as well as her hatchet, was clamped into jail after wrecking two Kansas saloons.

"What the twentieth century holds out for the Ladies' Home Journal no one can tell," writes Editor Bok in the January, 1901, issue, remarking that the year 1900 saw 10,200,000 copies of the magazine printed and sold. "The probability is that the measure of success will be proportionate to the magazine's merits." (As always, Editor Bok was right—in 1950 more than 50,000,000 copies will be sold—nearly half of them on newsstands. Ed.)

"Rope jumping is an excellent thing to shake up a torpid liver," believes the JOURNAL Health Editor.

"Children's furs: A neck scarf of chinchilla, beaver, mink or Russian ermine varies in price from $2.50 to $20."

"Housekeeping in a Millionaire's Family: In the laundry room three or four women are busy from early in the morning until evening. Sometimes nine p.m. finds them hard at work. Fortunately they have Sundays to themselves. They earn from $18 to $30 a month."

Fashion: "Black velvet and accordion pleats are in again. A touch of gold is absolutely indispensable, but one must be chary in its use or a tawdry effect is given."

"Paper fans, adorned with college colors and flags, prettily grouped, are an appropriate decoration for a boy's room."

Food note: "Raisins have considerable food value," writes Mrs. Rorer, "but they should be well cooked and thoroughly masticated. Soak them overnight before cooking and serve them as any other stewed fruit."

"Stamp collecting is steadily growing in popularity as a pastime for women. It is restful and quieting and has no unpleasant features."





OLD CASTLE

U.N. cafeteria: customers from around the world. Sell-out—curry.

LOUELLA SHOUER had a little chat the other day with *John Boese*, steward of the cafeteria at the United Nations, by far the most international and democratic cafeteria anywhere, though Mr. B. claimed the kitchen was "American." The chef is Swiss, the cooks French, Italian, American, Polish; the customers everyone from cleaning women to delegates, and from every country in the world. The line for lunch the day we took the picture was typical. The tall man in the English-tailored jacket and skirt is the U.N. adviser from the Fiji Islands, the young lady in the *aingyi* and *longye* (blouse and skirt) is the only Burmese girl at U.N. Mr. B. told Louella they don't attempt to cook for all national tastes. Unnecessary. Most customers love to try other countries' cooking. One staple dish is rice. And the one dish that's always a complete sell-out is any good curry.

Down below us in the building here are quite a number of theatrical, movie, radio and television offices, and one little JOURNAL *girl in particular keeps tabs on the celebrities with whom she rides in the elevators. Here are a few of her notes for recent weeks: **Ray Bolger,** quiet and inconspicuous; **Milton Berle,** talking loud; **José Ferrer,** wearing his Cyrano beard; **Monty Woolley** wearing his permanent one; **Perry Como,** colorful clothes; **Spike Jones,** quietly dressed; **Billie Burke,** very pretty and feminine; **Danny Kaye** and **Eddie Cantor,** never still; **Joan Blondell,** very bleached and conversational; **John Garfield, Conrad Nagel, Eric Blore,** and finally the favorite of all fellow passengers, the one and only—about whom our little girl says, "Everybody seems waiting for **Ed Wynn** to do something absolutely ludicrous."*

Report on the autograph seekers here in town . . . they're still going strong. Our informant, ***Humphrey Bogart,*** who found them waiting for him en masse outside the Waldorf, and outside 21 Club after lunch. "I asked them how they knew I was in town," he told us. "They said, 'We're like the Army now—we have our spies.'"

A handy booklet to hang near the phone is one put out by the Children's Medical Center, 300 Longwood Avenue, Boston. It tells quickly, clearly, what and what not to do for household accidents, until the doctor comes—if serious . . . 25 cents, and worth it.

*On a recent late afternoon up in the Entertainment Room of the Workshop, the **Goulds** were listening to some weird and wonderful music being run off on the phonograph by **Arthur S. Alberts** from the remarkable recordings made by him and his wife last year in the wilds of West Africa. They had first heard about them through the columns of Holiday. The tribal chants were everything from the terrifying drumbeats and chorus of an entire village invocating an eclipse of the moon to the fishermen's plaintive laments on the coast from which clearly came the popular calypso songs of Trinidad. Mr. A. also had photographs of the natives making music, their great "male" and "female" drums and other primitive instruments, all weird and wonderful too. "Here is a picture," he said, "that will interest **Richard Pratt**" (sitting by). It was an enormous Moorish-appearing mosque, dreamed up and erected single-handed by a native artisan with clay blocks he'd baked in the sun, reinforced with bamboo. Didn't cost him a penny just his spare time for a couple of years. Sort of a "sweat-equity" mosque.*

We've been asking our editors about their hobbies. *Hugh Kahler* makes arrows and shoots them; *Joan Younger* paints water-color portraits of her children awake, her husband asleep; *Henrietta Murdock's* is amateur medicine, diagnosing her friends' ailments (once saw a man on an Indianapolis streetcar she was sure didn't know he had TB, followed him home and persuaded him and his wife to go to Tucson); *Alice Blinn* is a passionate mender; *Mary Lea Page* hybridizes iris; *William Fink* plays Schubert sonatas and does needlepoint pictures; and *Charles Ingerman* weaves his own linens, tweeds and woolens, assuring his popularity in the Philadelphia office, where all the girls would like some of his tweeds.

J. DI PIETRO



William Fink: sonatas, needlepoint.

hard as I could."

"How about a Newfoundland?
"Too big."

Waite Papashvily. This is taken from the book soon to be published by Harper

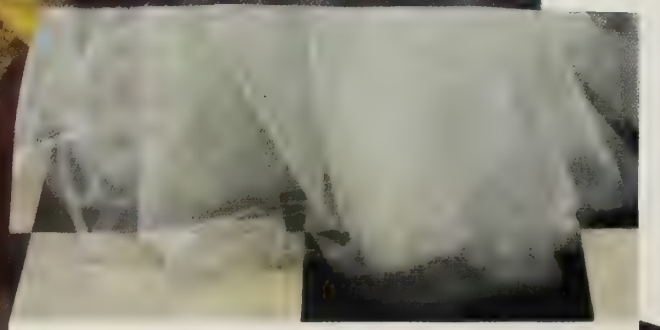
pset lives . . . and take away

Of the men who were asked which they would choose for a bride—a young girl who is very pretty or a young girl who is not pretty but has a lot of money"—33 per cent took the pretty girl, 23 per cent the wealthy girl, 18 per cent chose other qualities, 26 per cent couldn't decide. . . . The cost of sending a pupil to the public schools averaged $206 in 1949, an increase of 134 per cent over the $88 in 1940. . . . One hundred thousand children are born out of wedlock each year, according to a recent survey. Six million children are members of families disrupted by divorce, death or desertion; more than 100,000 children are born each year without benefit of proper medical care; more than 1,900,000 children under 15 suffer from some chronic disease or impairment; 1,000,000 children suffer behavior disorders, and each year between 250,000 and 400,000 appear in juvenile courts.



Thanks to Noah

By George and
Helen Papashvily



Modess . . . .



He turned on the noise and gave it a baby bark. "He's the one," we said together.

AS soon as I was married I said to Helena, "Now we have a home, we need a dog to go with it." She agreed because she was still missing her old friend, Duke, that died little while before. Our only problem was what kind to get.

"I don't want a dog," I said, "like those I see on the street sometimes—dogs in jackets, dogs in raincoats and sweaters, dogs with jewelry on their collars and, even worse, with overshoes on their feet. Poor things, they have sense to feel ashamed even if their owners don't."

"What kind do you want?" Helena asked.

"I want a plain sensible businesslike dog that knows his trade, and sticks to his species. Not one that's trying to work his way up to an assistant human being."

"In that case," Helena said, "the best thing is to buy a puppy and train him to suit us."

"Seems funny," I said, "to buy a puppy. Home nobody ever bought a dog. They had dogs. How did you get Duke?"

"Through prayer. Indirectly. Uncle Harry, the one that played ball for the Cardinals, was brought home dreadfully ill. Pneumonia, I think. Duchess, Uncle Harry's setter, lay outside his door and mourned and every night and morning mamma reminded me to pray. And I did, as hard as I could."

"Then what happened?"

"Oh, Uncle Harry improved and sat up and finally came to the table. Mamma told him I'd prayed every day—for him to get better. I was astounded because that wasn't what I prayed for at all. 'No, no, Uncle Harry,' I said, 'I prayed for you to *die* so I'd have Duchess to keep for my own.' Uncle Harry laughed so hard he almost had a relapse. The next Christmas he sent me Duke in a crate with a notice attached, 'My name is Duke. Treat me kindly and give me fresh water to drink.'"

"And Duke didn't leave any descendants, I suppose, that we can track down?"

"None that *I* ever heard of. It wasn't a subject we discussed at home."

I got the newspaper and Helena read me from the pet ads:

"Corgi? Samoyed? Afghan hound? Bedlington? Schipperke?"

"Don't they have any ordinary kinds?"

"Collies?"

"Too humoristic. They're always laughing at some joke of their own."

"Bull?"

"Snore all night."

"How about a Newfoundland?"

"Too big."

(Continued on Page 90)

Copyright, 1950, by George and Helen Waite Papashvily. This is taken from the book soon to be published by Harper & Brothers.

Puppies chew things... upset lives... and take away your heart

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON



She suddenly reached up,
put her arms around his n
and kissed him on the mouth.

Being sixteen gets all mixed up with perfume and lipstick and boys wh

By BARBARA REID

DAYS are common, all alike, like beads on a string, and then there comes one which is different from its beginning, not like the others. And being sixteen tomorrow was like that—different and special from its beginning.

Lying in bed, Rosemary watched the rain falling on the window screen. Sometimes a shower, a thin, shining waterfall, would spill; even the rain was different today.

She kicked the covers down, got up and hurried to the door. It was almost nine-thirty! She stood listening a moment. The household was already awake: Linda practicing on the piano, the twins talking to each other in the library. She took her dungarees off the chair—she had worn them so often they were stiff and bumped out at the knees and back. She put on a blouse, combed her hair and went downstairs.

Mother was in the kitchen with Marie. "Now we need soap flakes, sugar —— Hello, darling," she said to Rosemary. Then seeing the dungarees, "Oh, you're not wearing those things!"

"They look all right, mother," said Rosemary.

"Well"—her mother smiled—"but you'll have to change later on."

Rosemary watched Marie, the slow-moving elderly cook, who was married to the hired man, Jim, carry the tall glasses of milk and orange juice to the dining-room table. Everything was exactly the same, and yet different, as if she hadn't seen these things before for what they were.

She ate her breakfast swiftly, the heady anticipation filling her until she could hardly bear it. Marie was breaking eggs into a mixing bowl. Marie was baking the birthday cake!

Her father walked into the room. Doctor Stewart was a professor of history at Yale, and when he was not teaching he was writing. This



Love makes you Special

hink you're pretty.

year, while taking his leave of absence, he was writing The Sequel to the Civil War. Rosemary sometimes felt as if she and Linda and even the twins, who were six, were present for her father to test his theories on.

Rosemary went to the closet, found her raincoat and hat, and stepped outside. It was misty and gray and veiled in rain. A leaf tore itself loose and came down. *Poor leaf, still only green, you didn't want to come down yet.* The trees were reflected in the puddles on the road—all the world seemed watery and mirroring.

She leaned over the fence and called softly into the enclosure, "Augustus; here, Augustus." They kept Augustus all by himself now, in the barn enclosure or tethered in the far end of the pasture. The bull came over to her, lifted his head and licked the ends of her bright hair. "Augustus, you're growing

(Continued on Page 83)

ILLUSTRATED BY

He had known her a week, he had seen her four times, he had talked to her every morning on the phone, and it was too soon.

One for the Money



Every time Matt saw her he loved her more . . . and walked out sooner.

By ELSIE TAYE

THEY sat holding on to their cards, three people who thought they were hallowed because they had been born rich. The fourth, Matt Abbott, was not one of them. He swallowed a yawn as he waited for the girl across from him to make a mistake. Blanche Howe made the mistake. The seven spot she put down gave their opponents a natural and the pack, which meant the game.

Sara and Jerome Colburn did not conceal their glee. Another dollar or two was always welcome to them. Jerome was a good-enough guy, a bit dull and stuffy, but friendly. His wife, pretty in a dark way, was efficient and arrogant. Her blunt fingernails indicated great strength of character. She no longer bit them.

It had been a duty to invite Matt Abbott for dinner, but he was not to presume. Weeks ago, when she first met him, Sara had found out that he did not know any of the people she knew in Newark, his home town. That was bad.

Since Jerome was his boss, it had been as much of a duty for Matt to accept as it had been for Sara to ask him. And the colorless Blanche made it clear that he must not expect anything to come of this one date.

At twenty-nine Matt was as well adjusted as the next one. He had always got along easily with people, in college and in the Army and in business, and girls had rather spoiled him. But Matt considered being long and lean and light-haired gave him an objectionably boyish look.

Jerome figured up the score. The two girls again took up income taxes and high brackets, stock-market trends, and a wicked couple named Fran and Freddy who were again invading principal, all of which Blanche Howe understood better than she did canasta.

Without announcement the front door opened and a beguiling voice cried, "Can I butt into whatever's going on here?"

"Vickie, darling!" Sara jumped up and ran into the hall.

Blanche showed a glimmer of animation, exclaiming, "Vickie Poole—now when did *she* get back?"

Matt had a glimpse and then a full view of a girl with short dark gold hair, sooty-lashed eyes and a smile. Oh, well, she could not be this good. Beautiful, yes, but she could not be as warm and as real and as vibrant as she seemed—not in this atmosphere.

"Just this afternoon on the five-o'clock plane," the low-register voice was saying. "I had a couple of letters to get in the mail tonight so I drove around to say hello."

"The coat," said Sara. "Navy-blue Persian—it costs the earth!" *(Continued on Page 123)*

ILLUSTRATED BY Tom Miller

Diagnosis: Cancer

The woman who wrote this was told by her doctor,

"There is malignancy. . . . I wish you had come to me earlier."

This is the story of her battle for health.

BY LILY MACLEOD

IT was in March that I went to Dr. H. for my regular quarterly checkup on an underactive thyroid condition.

"By the way," I told him casually, just as I was about to leave, "I think I must be starting change of life. My periods have been acting up."

He asked for details.

"I guess I've caught cold in my uterus. I've a tendency to that," I said. "I've got a vaginal discharge right now; last month I practically spent the whole month menstruating; but in December nothing happened at all."

He picked up the little package of cards that were notes on my case and glanced back through them.

"When you came to me in July you told me that you had been given a vaginal examination fairly recently. At least I understood that you had. When was that examination?"

I said defensively, "About two years ago. Maybe three. I don't really remember."

"And at that time your doctor said things were O.K.?"

"Actually his words were, 'One of these days you'll have to have some work done.'"

"Did he mention a tear or anything like that?"

"No. Just that most women need some slight repairs after having children."

"Was this doctor who made the examination your gynecologist?"

"No, a medical doctor."

"Who is your gynecologist?"

"I don't have one. Why should I? Up until now there's never been the slightest thing wrong."

He ignored the irritation in my voice. "Have you any particular gynecologist in mind that you care to see?"

I said sharply, "I don't care to see any gynecologist. I loathe having them prodding and poking at me. All I'm having are a few simple signs of menopause. After all, I *am* forty-two!"

Copyright, 1950, by Lily MacLeod. This is excerpted from the book, Return to Life, soon to be published by J. B. Lippincott Co.

IT has been authentically established that approximately 80 per cent of patients with extremely early cancer of the uterus can be permanently cured; equally well known is the fact that practically none with extensive cancer can be saved. Unfortunately, at the present time, two thirds of the patients with cancer present themselves for treatment at a stage so late that there is little hope of cure.

Obviously, therefore, effort must be made to educate all women concerning the advisability of routine pelvic examinations at intervals no longer than six months, and, even more important, the absolute necessity of immediate competent investigation of any abnormal vaginal bleeding. The chance of cure is in direct proportion to the promptness with which treatment is instituted.

ROBERT A. KIMBROUGH, M.D.

Gynecologist to the Pennsylvania Hospital
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. H. said quietly, "I'll make an appointment for you with Dr. ——. He's right here in this building."

I looked at him then and saw the gravity in his face. I knew that, whether I wanted it or not, I was to do as he said. But I objected, "No, wait a minute. If I *have* to be examined, I want a doctor connected with the —— Hospital. I think Dr. S. is there."

"Will you make an appointment for yourself, or will I?"

"I will," I said crossly.

Back at my office, I called Dr. S. His nurse informed me that the earliest appointment I could make was a month later. "Is it an emergency?" she asked me.

"Oh, no," I answered blithely. "Just a routine checkup."

I then called Dr. H.

"I just made an apointment with Dr. S. but won't be able to see him until the middle of April."

Dr. H.'s voice rose suddenly, "That's too late. I want you to have that examination right away."

Again I called the nurse in Dr. S.'s office.

By juggling some appointments, she was able to set a time for me two weeks later. I gave no thought at all to Dr. H.'s urging that I see another gynecologist, rather than wait those two weeks. I was *going* for an examination, wasn't I? Well, at least I should be entitled to the doctor of my choice.

Two weeks later I sat in Dr. S.'s waiting room, sorry that I had to disturb so busy a man with such a small matter. It was so obvious to me that all I needed were a few shots of hormones.

When at last I was seated across the desk from him, there was the usual list of questions.

I thought furiously, *How I hate all this rigmarole.*

The examination which followed was startlingly painful. When the doctor touched a certain spot it felt as though he had used a branding iron. I stiffened and cried out.

"There's an ulcer here at the mouth of the womb," he said. "It's been here for a long time. Your whole cervix is raw and inflamed. That's why I am hurting you so much. I've taken a bit of tissue and we'll send it to the laboratory."

A biopsy was routine, I knew.

Then he left the end of the table and came to my side, drawing the sheet away from my breasts. I felt his fingers probing and he gave me a little smile.

"You're safe *there*, anyhow."

I got up from the table and saw that the sheet on which I had been lying was widely stained with blood. My fingers were icy as I dressed myself.

It was on Thursday afternoon, three days after the examination, that the phone on my desk rang. When I answered, it was Dr. S. who spoke to me. His voice was crisp, matter of fact. The biopsy, he said, had shown malignancy.

"We must start X-ray therapy at once. In your case we are fortunate that we can get at the place much more easily than most internal regions. I don't want you to be frightened, but I do want you to appreciate the gravity of the situation. I can't stress too strongly how necessary it is to have your co-operation in regard to these X-ray treatments. *On no account* must you ever miss one. No matter how you feel, no matter how much you may want to put it off, you must not miss a single treatment."

He went on to say that the first appointment had been made for me for next Monday morn-

Recovery: Probable

g. I was to go to the X-ray clinic and there I ould meet Dr. T., who would take over.

As simply, as matter-of-factly as that, I lost ossession of my body. It became the property my doctors—and my cancer.

I grabbed the phone and called Dr. H. "Have ou talked to Dr. S.?" I demanded.

"Yes," he said. "How are you?"

"Just dandy," I answered sarcastically. How'd you expect me to be?" And then my avado crumpled. "It *is* cancer, isn't it? Ma- gnancy means cancer, doesn't it?" I asked. He didn't use the word *cancer*, but that's what e meant, isn't it?"

In the pause I knew he was trying to find the ght words to answer my question.

"Don't answer," I told him. "I know already."

I didn't realize it then, but with those words I ised my own personal banner which I was to rry during the battle between illness and ealth.

That night in the bathroom I drew the deep- t tub I could draw and let the solace of a hot ath steal over me. I looked down, with com- lete detachment, at my naked body and tried to nagine what was going on inside it. I remem- ered the wonder with which I had beheld that me body when I found that it was holding the ed of life, the immensity of awe that I felt ward myself when I was creating a child.

And then I got into bed. Turned out the light, nd closed my eyes. I didn't realize that I had ot said my prayers. I inexplicably felt myself emoved from God. Sleep came swiftly.

It was a strange time to find myself ill. It was oly Week. To me, the most beautiful and re- gious time in all the Christian year.

On Easter Saturday I spent the afternoon in n empty church putting green paper covers ver the clay pots of Easter lilies. I was head of he Flower Committee for the altar.

Soon the flowers were banked in silent eauty. The air was heavy with their perfume. In he morning the row after row of empty pews ould be filled with people who had no way of nowing that their memorial gifts of lilies had een arranged by someone with death in her eart.

I wanted to pray, and yet prayer would not ome. I slipped into a pew at the back of the hurch and knelt down. I didn't pray—I talked o God. I said:

"God, I have the right to come to You. I am l, and frightened, and I know that You care bout those things. God, I've got so much to earn! I've got to understand how to act, and think, and what to feel. I cannot go about being afraid. Open my eyes and mind in the days that lie ahead. There *must* be beauty in sickness. Help me to see it. There *must* be strength, help me to gain it. God, if it is possible—let me look on this time as an *adventure*. Amen."

I got up from my knees. I, who only a few minutes before had been overcome with misery, found that I was happy!

My appointment for my first X-ray treatment was at one o'clock. I thought that Monday morning would never end. I was almost frantic to begin the activity of getting well. I had resented every minute of the past three and a half days of doing nothing toward recovery. I was ready for the battle. I was scared too.

In the outpatient department I thought how every clinic resembled another—for I had been a nurse's aide: always someone on crutches, someone with a bandaged head; the inevitable smell of fried food, drugs, disinfectant and humanity; the patience of those who sat about on the hard, wooden benches! The first lesson one learns when one enters the doors of a clinic is how to wait.

In a cubicle I took off my clothes and donned the shapeless, sizeless robe in which clinics seem to specialize. I had not expected to have to undress.

Then the nurse took me into a small room, only big enough to hold an examining table and an X-ray machine.

Dr. T. came in and smiled at me. "I believe I know your mother," he told me. "My wife and I met her one winter down South. I knew your father too. So you see, you aren't by any means a stranger."

The butterflies left me. Thank God for something that carried me back to my normal self!

Then, very quietly, he began to explain the process of treatment. For cases such as mine, he told me, two kinds of X-ray therapy were usually given. External and internal. Dr. S. and he were agreed that ten of the internal treatments ought to produce an excellent response.

"You mean," I asked nervously, "the X ray goes *inside* of me?"

He laughed. "The *machine* doesn't, but this does."

"This" was a cone-shaped device. He gave me a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

"Don't look so scared. It won't be painful. Unpleasant at first, for it must go in and be carefully adjusted. If, *(Continued on Page 133)*

FEWER WOMEN NOW DIE OF CANCER

By LOUIS I. DUBLIN, PH.D.,
Statistician, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York
Written with MOLLY CASTLE.

EVERY year, now, thousands of cancer patients are being saved for useful lives by a variety of new types of medical care. Education has helped, and so has earlier diagnosis. Both treatment and diagnosis depend on research—which is going forward at an amazing rate. The spirit of pessimism which for far too long has hung over the cancer problem should now give place to one of hope.

The medical profession is both modest and cautious in its estimation of its own achievements, so that you will rarely find physicians using the word "cure." They will say of a particular cancer patient that "the disease has been brought under control and there are no further symptoms." Cured or not, there are a great many people alive today, getting on and feeling perfectly chipper about it, who, not so very long ago, were given up for dead.

Take, for instance, a young woman whom we shall call Mary O'Brien. Mary was under thirty, with five reasons for wanting to live. Four of them were under eight, and the fifth was a devoted husband. It is several years since she first came to the Memorial Hospital, New York, and then it was because she needed treatment for her little boy. On one of her visits, Mary mentioned incidentally that she herself didn't feel so good. The hospital discovered that Mary was a very sick girl indeed. She had an advanced cancer of the uterus.

Within a short time, she went rapidly downhill. Feeling she needed a rest from the demands of her family, she went into a convalescent home. It was obvious to everyone but Mary that she was not convalescing. Mary did not mean to die. Her children needed her, and so did her husband. Mary went home, got on the phone and told the doctors she was ready to have that operation they had recommended.

They performed what was, three years ago, a radically new operation. (It is being done more often now and can be successful only if the cancer has remained within the localized area of the pelvic walls, which happens in about 50 per cent of women with cancer of the uterus.)

In the last weeks of 1947 the surgeon removed all the diseased organs *(Continued on Page 132)*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

South or summer fashion of pale chartreuse shantung with pleated peplum blouse, by Mildred Orrick. Toyo hat trimmed with a silk scarf, by John Frederics. Worn with ropes of beads.

Year-round blue-gray wool suit by Alvin Handmacher. White rough straw hat.



The little shoulder coat in coral wo
over a jersey dress—Nathan Bad



Travel coat, with an easy flare f
winter or summer—Nathan Bad



NEW CALENDAR

...FASHIONS WITH A FUTURE

Fashions from the Southern collections tell a present and a future story. Blues, mauves and grays, brilliant turquoise, coral and yellow-greens are the colors coming in. Gypsy stripes are seen in shantung dresses, taffeta skirts, denim beach coats.

All the shantungs, honan and rajah weaves come in a rainbow of colors. Pastel wool-jersey dresses, especially in blue and pink, are the fashion for North or South, with a year-round importance. Suits for South or summer are made in new cross-weave and pin-checked rayons. Piqué takes on an important new look in cloque weaves and polka dots. Cotton lace is a fashion. The silhouette is softer and more feminine. Tassels and fringe trim shoulder lines and cape collars. Apron overskirts and stoles return. Panama hats are faced with shantung, toyos tied with silk, calots crocheted in silver or gold. Newest bathing suits are elasticized shantung, grosgrain ribbon, black-and-white lace.



Seasonless pin-check rayon suit by Alvin Handmacher. Piqué hat by Mr. Alf.

Pastel sweaters are trimmed with braid and embroidery and crystal beads. Jewelry is coral and turquoise. The bare look is a shoe fashion. Sandals are made of strips, narrow as ribbon. Pumps may be starched white lace or brilliant shantung or lizard, but stockings are paler than pale. • By WILHELA CUSHMAN

Fashion Editor of the Journal

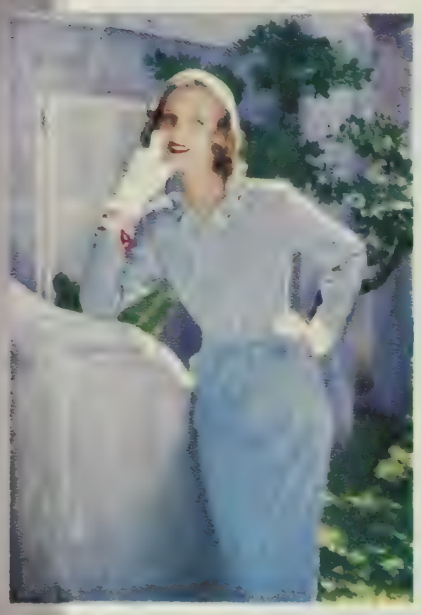


Fashion of shantung and linen, mauve and moss green, apron overskirt with a ribbon pocket over a two-piece dress, by Clare Potter.

Blue wool stole dress by Morgan Fauth. Smocked, pleated jersey.



Striped denim coat, plain denim short slacks and shirt, by Evelyn Pearson.



New cross-weave rayon suit in blue. Alvin Handmacher.





Gypsy-striped shantung dress
Claire McCardell, hat by Mr. A

NEW CALENDAR



ué bathing suit, coat, by Stanley Wyllins.



Cloque pin-dot piqué, resort or summer dress by Morgan Fauth. Umbrella with piqué cover.





Pastel jersey for North or South, winter or summer. The fashion of the cape-yoke dress edged with wool tassels, by Janice Milan. Coral bracelets and a big straw bag.

Pin-dot piqué shirt and shorts trimmed with blue grosgrain ribbon.

THE JOURNAL'S *Little Gem* OF A YEAR-ROUND WARDROBE



Black silk-crepe afternoon dress . . . flattering neckline . . . push-up or long sleeves . . . easy four-gore skirt. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 7170, 12 to 20.

© VOGUE

GENEVIEVE NAYLOR



Beautiful white lace outlined in narrow braid over a white taffeta slip. Slightly off-shoulder neckline edged with cutout lace motifs. Vogue Design No. S-4125, 12 to 20.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; in Canada from 193 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ont. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.)

Back and Other Views, Prices and Sizes on Page 96



Two-piece navy-blue wool dress with crisp white piqué dickey that buttons in . . . make two or three for quick changes. Vogue Design No. 7266, 12 to 40.

MARGARET SOMMERFELD



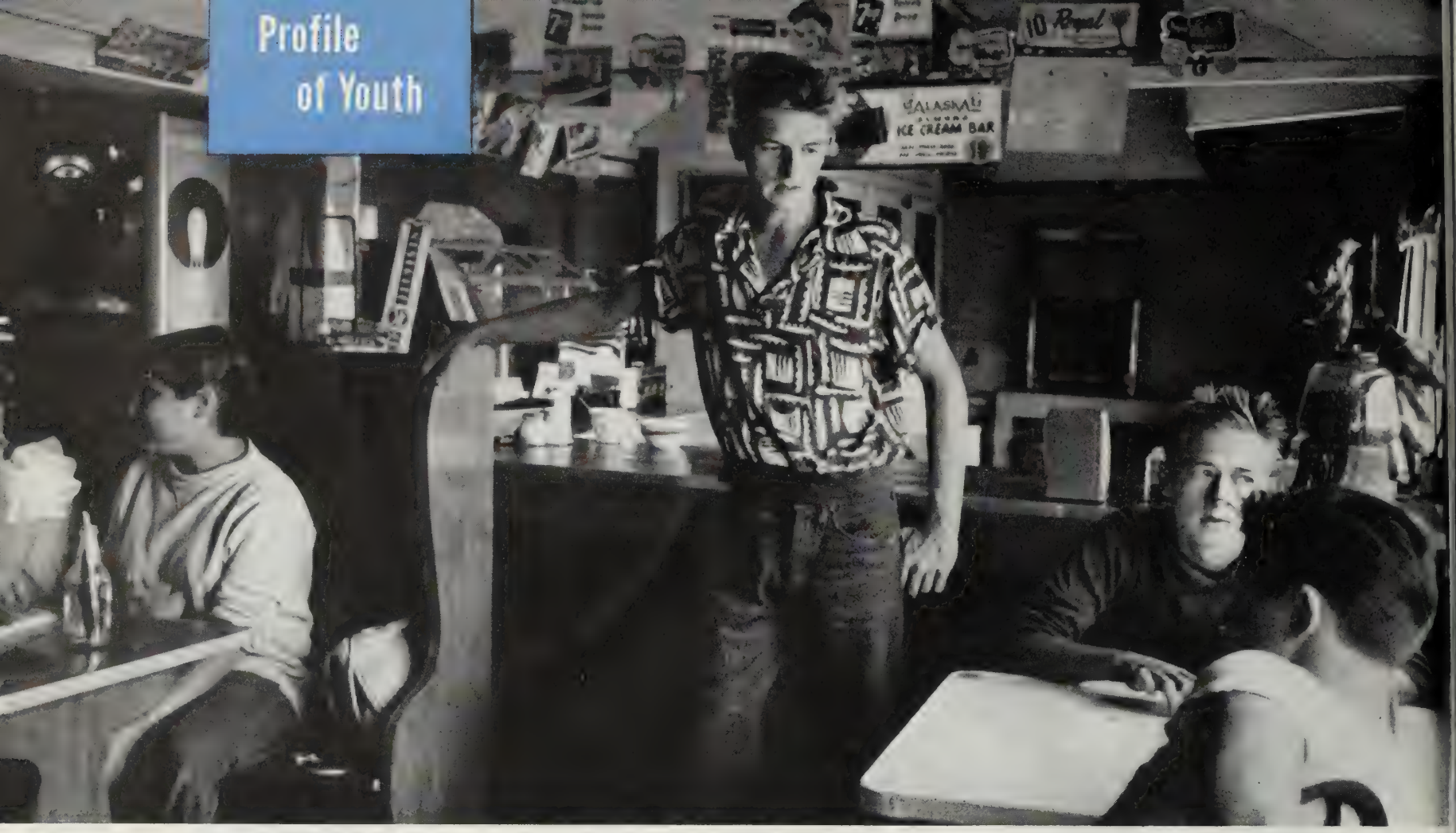
Red tie-silk print casual dress. Neckline scarf ties or may be worn loosely around the neck, pulled through buttonhole slits. Four-gore skirt. Vogue Design No. 7263, 12 to 20.

Wonderful "Easy-to-Make" pyramid coat in natural fleece. Sleeves may be worn pushed up with long gloves, or down. No buttons . . . but may be held with decorative pin. Vogue Design No. 7268.



When we selected the clothes on this page for Mrs. Edward Healey, we purposely chose patterns and fabrics which, with a change of accessories, are seasonless. A natural fleece pyramid coat with sleeves which can be pushed up or worn down . . . perfect for travel . . . good over suit or dress. Our navy-blue wool two-piece dress is springlike with crisp piqué dickey; in the fall it will be replaced with a matching wool or tie-silk one. A white lace evening dress is always in season, always in fashion. Our red tie-silk print is a lovely splash of color under a neutral coat. A black afternoon dress is the answer to many occasions. In the fall, Mrs. Healey might add a small fur beret and muff to this wardrobe. • By Nora O'Leary

Profile of Youth



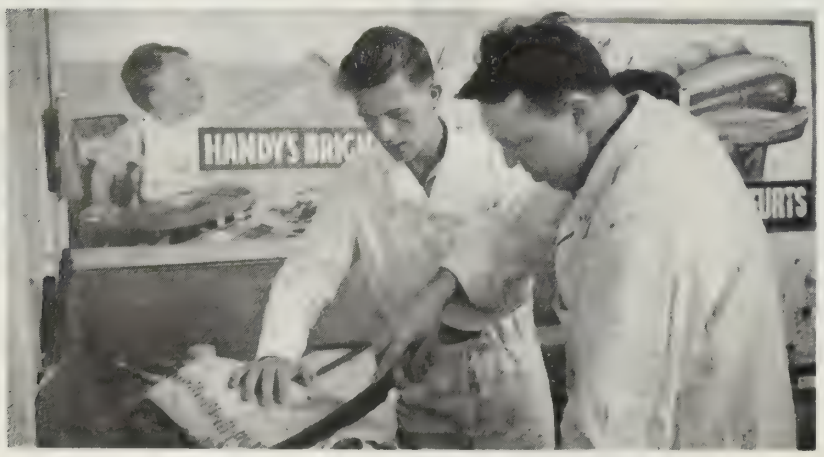
Occasionally Fred visits the Kitten Club, a young people's hangout, to play the juke box and the pinball machines. He is more often a bystander than a participant.

When a Boy quits school

By G. M. WHITE



Every evening, Fred's mother reads the "young men wanted" ads and discusses possible jobs with him. He avoids work involving reading, writing and arithmetic.



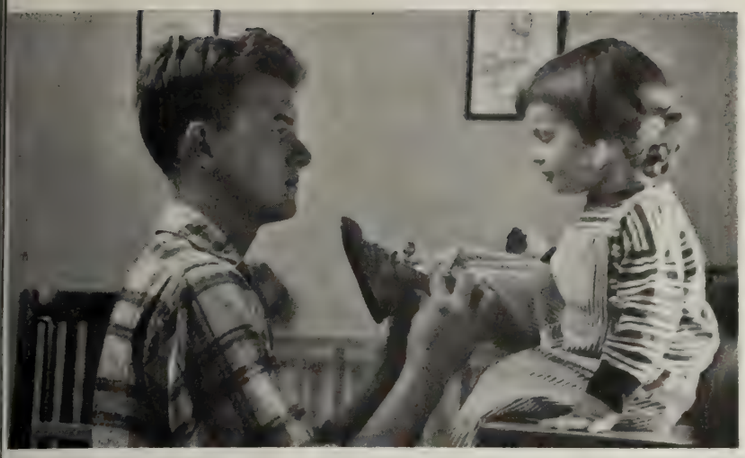
His boss, Will "Bobo" Baxter, head butcher at the Bridgeport Beef and Provision Co., takes time to teach him some of the secrets of the trade.

FIVE days after his sixteenth birthday, Fred Hine banged shut his locker in the Warren G. Harding High School in Bridgeport, Connecticut, tossed a scrawled mess of notebooks into a convenient wastebasket and walked out of the building a free man—he thought at the time. In his nine years of schooling Fred had endured more than any clean-cut, good-natured boy ought to, and so had his teachers. He quit school with little urging from the authorities to stay, but with no hatred in his heart for any of his teachers or classmates.

Everybody who knows Fred likes him. To the boys he is an "all-right guy." Girls are crazy about him. Teachers who can overlook his fatal academic weakness find him charming. But as far as book learning is concerned, Fred suffers a formidable handicap—a handicap shared by more people than educators like to think about.

In reading ability and comprehension tests, Fred's score is in the fifth percentile, indicating that 95 per cent of all high-school freshmen can read better. His score on an Otis intelligence test is low—unbelievably low to anyone in sight of his blond good looks and melting smile. No one can be sure to what extent intelligence tests measure reading ability; but whatever it is that intelligence tests measure, if anything like "social intelligence" could be measured, impartial observers agree Fred Hine would score with the angels if any boy did.

Fred is incapable of hating people, but he has no love for the printed word—big words, little words, it doesn't make any difference: they are all made up of devilish little curlicues that baffle and bewilder him when they are supposed to entertain and instruct. Arithmetic? Well, that's a little better. There are only ten numerals and he can add them all right if he writes them down. But words have troubled him ever since the first grade at Roosevelt Elementary



Whenever he's willing, Fred can baby-sit with his brother's two-year-old Sharon, or his sister's two children. He likes babies—children behave angelically for him.



He has no trouble getting along with girls—has more trouble getting away from them. Shirley Heroux and Carol Porter are doing the talking here. Fred listens.



Fred and his best friend, Donald Vlack, often share each other's chores. Don, who is still in high school, frequently urges Fred to go back and try to get that diploma.



Shirley is Don's date at an amusement park near New Haven, Connecticut. Frances Hoage is with Fred. He does not go steady. Frances was a last-minute blind date.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ESTHER BUBLEY

School—he didn't learn phonics and "couldn't read for nothin'" until the fifth grade. Naturally, he got into a little more than his share of mischief. Fred admits some of the teachers had him bawling many times for misdemeanors—often accusations he thought were unfair.

Spelling was a terrible ordeal as well. After he had spelled correctly only 30 words in a 100-word test, one teacher he had charmed permitted a girl to spell out the words while Fred wrote them down to bring his score on the "spelling test" up to a passing 72. But you can't charm books, and in high school there they were again—stacks of them like so many bricks.

By this time Fred was docile enough, but he strongly disliked anything that resembled a book. He knew only one way to fight them—by passive acceptance of all things in the classroom. He took a good deal of shopwork, but he could not escape the need to be able to read. Fred sat. In almost complete innocence of any learning going on, he attended school with punctual regularity until that magical sixteenth birthday made possible his liberation. He had a vague desire to get a job and "make lots of money." He didn't have a job to go to, but he expected one would be easy to find—hadn't thought much about it, as a matter of fact, and nobody had advised him. Fred began blindly to look for work as soon as the door of Harding swung shut behind him for the last time. A block away from school he glanced back at its imposing façade and said aloud to himself, "Boy, to hell with *that!*"

It was the only satisfaction he had. Four months passed before he found employment—and then for only two days a week. Meanwhile, Fred learned some of the melancholy facts of life.

In the first place, he had to live a lie. Neither his father nor his three elder brothers knew he had quit *(Continued on Page 116)*



An expert sand-lot baseball player, Fred plays ball almost every day during the summer. Last season his team beat the neighborhood dads in a hard-fought game.

Profile of Youth

The drop-outs

Here is the most challenging educational fact of our times: almost half of the young people who start high school drop out before graduation. These, too, are the citizens of tomorrow.



Apathetic Average

In all respects except vitality, Harold McDonald is as near to the statistical average as boys come. His is an average-size family—one brother and one sister, both high-school graduates. His I.Q. is average; his scores on reading tests are in the middle bracket; even his grades were average, usually between 75 and 80. His only failure in high school was a course called American Democracy.

But his teachers gave him the impression that he is much *below* average and they seem to believe it themselves. "He is just one of those slow, dull boys," a woman teacher said. (Many people believe "average" is a great deal higher than it really is.) Harold's health has been below par—he's had a bout or two with rheumatic fever and a twenty-day session with tonsillitis complications that took the last wind out of his sails. He "just didn't feel like going back" to complete his sophomore year, although his family wanted him to. "We even tried bribing," his sister said.



Brilliant Nonconformist

"School is a dull routine," Tom Scott says. He has quit twice. Tennis and dramatics interested him, but not enough to hold him. In his opinion, most teachers are dictators and all of them think they are smarter than he—a demonstrably false assumption. Tom's I.Q. is far above average and his reading ability is superior.

He earns about $45 a week working as "houseman" in a bowling and billiard hall. Last summer, during the slack season, he collected state unemployment compensation, carefully avoided other work. One of five children, he has a twin brother not at all like him. An older brother is an outstanding student at Annapolis. Tom, 18, is a member of the Air Force Reserve and expects to continue formal education, if ever, in military service. A thoughtful and sophisticated reader, he would make a superior college student if he had a high-school diploma. One sympathetic teacher said, "It's not that Tom is a smart aleck. He's just too old for his age."



At home Harold spends much time playing solitaire. He does few chores.



He attends three or four movies a week, usually alone; likes any picture.



During lulls at work, Tom perfects his own game. He's hard to beat at pool.



A young man of many interests, Tom sings baritone in his church choir.

WHEN A BOY QUITS SCHOOL, he takes his place among the appalling statistics of an educational limbo. Each year a million to a million and a quarter young people are dropping out of school without completing a high-school education.

Like Fred Hine, the boys on these pages have quit a Bridgeport, Connecticut, high school. This does not mean that these particular boys or the Bridgeport schools have been singled out for special criticism. They represent merely some aspects of a nationwide problem, the solution of which is basic to the survival of democracy. None of these boys is a "problem delinquent"—they are just boys trying to become men.

There is no single, general reason why boys quit school. The reason they most often give is "to get a job and make some money." In most cases, a variety of factors saps the will of an individual to continue. Providence, Rhode Island, in a recent study of early leavers, found that the ability ratings of students do not indicate that low intelligence is an important factor in withdrawal from school. On the contrary, it was found that nearly two thirds of the early school leavers were making passing grades when they left.

There is no magic formula for keeping a greater share of our young people in school or making it worth while for them to be there, but public schools must serve more of the public. People who are working for better schools in Bridgeport and elsewhere agree that, to provide individual guidance and better facilities, more of the taxpayers' money will be needed, but money is secondary to the personal interest and demands of citizens for better schools and better teaching. When people take an interest, things do happen.



It's no fun to be told, "You're not wanted," in a dozen different ways. After an unsuccessful interview, Harold McDonald mopes at a factory employment gate.



A Stranger and Afraid

Mike Mahigel's troubles began before he was born. He has problem parents and an oversensitive Syrian temperament he inherited from them. He has two sisters, both high-school graduates, and a younger brother. Although above average in ability, he was failing in school and he didn't have any friends, so he just quit. He loathed English courses. "I don't like poetry! I can't understand it," he exclaims in pure anguish. He hates Julius Caesar personally.

"It's not what you know in this world—it's *who* you know that counts," Mike keeps saying. He got a job, after much hunting, as a bus boy in a hotel grill. After two months he quit to take a better job in a small factory where he now earns ninety-two cents an hour. Eighteen years old, Mike lives alone in a rented room and takes his meals at restaurants. He takes a glum view of life, but thinks things may be looking up, now that he has a good job. "If the Army don't get me," he sighs.



DI PIETRO

Undershooter

The principal looks at Bobby Evitts' school record and says, "I don't know why boys like that get away from us." Bob doesn't know either—he would have been a sixteen-year-old senior this year, but he failed three out of five subjects his junior year and it didn't seem worth the effort to him to make them up. "I just don't like school—I don't like anything about it" is his explanation. Yet his I.Q. is above average; he is a healthy, amiable young man. He wants to drive a truck, but he will have to wait until he is twenty-one to drive for big trucking concerns. "At a couple of places they said they wasn't hiring nobody but high-school graduates. I don't know." He really doesn't know what he wants to do or what he can do. But of one thing he is certain: he will never go through that Silas Marner again if he starves to death. He wants his stepmother's permission to join the Navy when he is seventeen. In the meantime he has no steady job. He plays baseball, loafs on street corners.



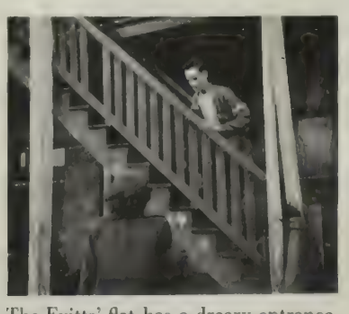
Mike checks time records with Emile Giroux, his foreman at the factory.



Living alone, Mike eats alone. He could live with either of his divorced parents.



Occasionally Bob gets a job washing and polishing cars. He is a willing worker.



The Evitts' flat has a dreary entrance, but it is spotless and homey inside.

A Breath of S

By Rumer Godden

Conclusion

Filipino was very cast down when the plane went away; he had had a taste of the world and he was avid for more. That morning, when he had been in Valentine's bedroom cleaning the English shoes that seemed immensely precious to Filipino (though Valentine had at once taken to the comfortable island grass sandals), he had seen two magazines in Valentine's dispatch case, which was open. Filipino neatly slipped them out; they were a copy of a smart magazine that had an article in it about Valentine, and a copy of an American picture magazine. He discarded Valentine's shoes, and carried the magazines quickly away to his hut on the beach. He read the picture magazine first, and, as he read, his eyes dilated more and more widely and he breathed quickly through his beautifully shaped nostrils. He had not imagined that life could be anything like this.

"Camera explodes on New York," he read, wide-eyed. "This remarkable aerial picture looks as if some smokeless bomb has just burst on the town of Manhattan. . . . Actually no devastating bomb has exploded, and the apparent collapse of the buildings is merely the photographically distorted result of a low-altitude wide-angle picture." This was Greek to Filipino, but he saw that, lower down, it said, "To get an approximate idea of what the midtown area of Manhattan really looks like at 3440 feet, hold the pages on a plane parallel with the floor and place chin on the words, 'New York.'"

Earnestly Filipino placed his chin on the words "New York" and looked. *Is that a town?* asked Filipino. It looked, rather, like a formation of coral to him. He decided he must go up to the house and look up some of these new words in the dictionary.

When Filipino met Charis that afternoon they were both of them brimful of news, but it was characteristic that Charis did not tell hers (in any case it would not have been news to Filipino; the whole island knew it), while Filipino's words tumbled over themselves in his haste to get them out. He asked Charis to come into the garden, and he had the magazines and spread them out before her.

"They are not written like the other newspapers, are they? It isn't like our talk, is it?" he asked. That made them all the more exciting to him, but they seemed to depress Charis.

"It isn't our talk," said Charis despondently.

"But it can be. We can learn it," said the eager Filipino, but she shook her head.

"We could never catch up," she said.

More than at the articles, they looked at the advertisements. If the advertisements in the English papers had puzzled and depressed Charis, these terrified her. *Are women like that?* thought Charis, frightened. *Do I have to be like that?*

She looked hopelessly at the photograph of Valentine. ". . . at thirty he is author, actor, producer and film director. He has a strong sense of reality, a satirical wit and a sensitive eye that goes deep. . . ." Charis sighed. She had said she would not speak or think self-pityingly. *How, how*, she thought, *could he ever have patience with me?*

She turned to a picture of a coat. "Black magic in soft suède," she read, getting more and more frightened.

"It's very cleverly written, isn't it?" said Filipino.

"Yes," said Charis with distaste. *(Continued on Page 62)*

Copyright, 1950, by Rumer Godden. The complete novel is soon to be published by The Viking Press.

Above them, Mr. Van Loomis put his hands on Charis's and Valentine's heads. "My people, I ——" he began. A ripple of sound went around as the crowd jostled and craned.

ILLUSTRATED BY


Air

Baby's 11th Month: UP AND

Photographed by
Dana's father
WAYNE MILLER



Getting meals southpaw style: a wait in the high chair, a cross Dana. Revenge: no eat.

HOW does your baby find life near the end of his first year? Very different from when he was new. Then he had only to whimper and someone picked him up. Meals came at his cry; the whole world seemed bounded by two loving arms and a gentle voice. Close to his mother, he probably believed at first that she was a part of himself. Other people existed to serve him, and his feeling about them was, quite rightly: big me, little you.

Growing up, however, has changed his point of view. Where before he demanded, now demands are made of him. He has learned to wait for cuddling, for food or a change of pants. When he creeps, he's likely to hear "No" or "Don't touch" instead of applause for his valiant attempt. Indeed, the world is a new place, large and often rather frightening. Mothers and fathers are strong, babies are weak. An eleven-monther's philosophy is: big you, little me.

Because of this, he may at times be difficult to live with. Eleven months can be an anxious age. Once when his mother left for the kitchen, he played with his toes for an hour. Now he may feel abandoned and cry for her return. The pen, too, that used to be such fun to roam in may suddenly seem like a prison. Toys get thrown out, but he can't retrieve them. There's a noise in the next room; he can't investigate. Unfamiliar help or a strange visitor in the house may put



A spot of roughhouse makes dressing less of a bore. Dana will take her shoes off, but would rather chew than wear them. Bed is the place she least likes to stay, and having three children asleep at one time seems a lucky coincidence.



Brother and sister play house in the pen—but it's strictly no sale for Dana. An 11-monther's philosophy "Don't Fence Me In" makes closed gates and doors or solitude a very personal grievance. Toys are less fun than company.



Rainy days give the living room a workout. Older Miller children tend to discipline Dana when she tears color books or knocks down castles, are nonetheless proud of her progress. She can now roll a ball, push a doll carriage, make crayon squiggles and stand up alone.

ING AND ON THE GO

m all out of emotional kilter. Such anxieties are natural and easily suaged. Just letting him out when he "wants out" from his crib or om or pen is the quickest way to reassure him. He wants to be near u—maybe "underfoot" near. But the more he feels he can be for a hile, the sooner he'll find his own resources. Of course, some of the sources are sure to be valuables: ash trays, picture frames, a living-om lamp. Heirlooms as well as your nerves are less likely to shatter the baby's not on reaching acquaintance with them. For though e may respond to simple cues from the family, obedience is a whim nd he still has little knowledge of what is right or wrong. Will ower rather than brain power's his forte, and he's quite a few tum-les and tantrums away from the time when the two come together.

As a rule, the tumbles won't worry him so much as they worry you. ecause he has the sense to relax when he's off balance, a baby, like a all, tends to bounce, not reak. In fact, it's his moth-r's panic, not the bump, nat's apt to make him cry. antrums, on the other hand, re harder to take. Some are aused by fear, more by frus-ation. It is vexing to be ttle—to always want to do nore than you can. Toys and free place of his own to play, asy contacts with other chil-ren and other places—all nese will help your baby to row comfortably. The more cans," the fewer "can'ts" here are in his life, the more onfident and happy he will be.



Quick change: eleven-month girls may be dry after naps, ready to begin training.

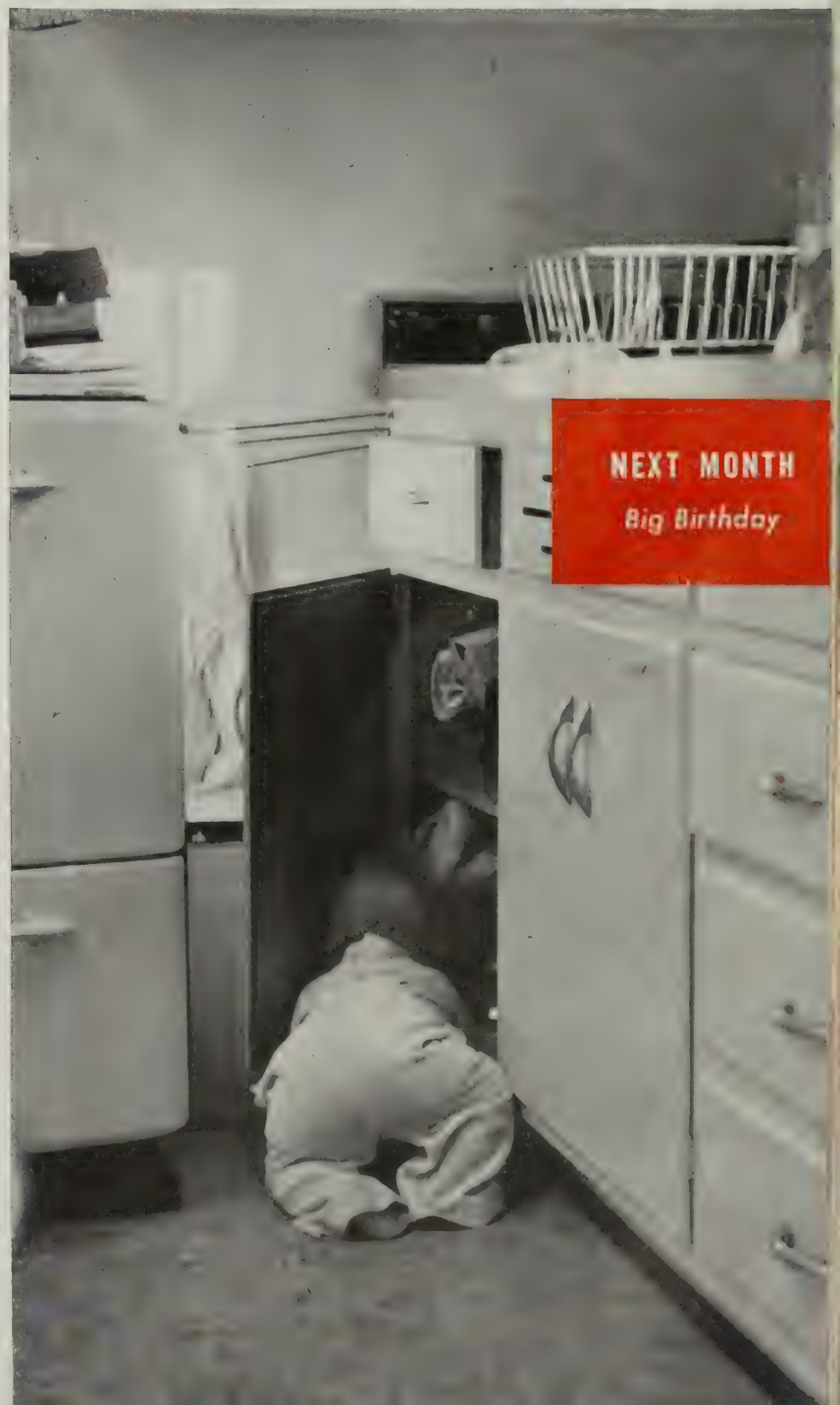


nality plus, and what's better for it than an admiring audience? Dana understands a e command like "Give it to me," is eager to please but has easily hurt feelings. An asant routine is met with a pout; treats bring forth her new word "Yes" and giggles.



More sure in balance, Dana can now turn her head and shoulders without taking a topple. She likes to play with a cup and spoon, is beginning to try to feed herself. On the year's-end visit to doctor, she weighed 19 pounds, had 8 teeth.

A domestic type: toys may come and toys may go, but pots and pans are the best.



Off to a good start

by Ann Batchelder

HOW they measure time has always seemed a mystery to me. One day runs into another. Another year pops up per schedule. It's this New Year's business that set me wondering. We are off to a good start. How do we know? It's like a kettle of maple sap. You don't know you've got sirup till you test it.

It's oysters — not eggs. To start things off for any evening supper or luncheon you may be having during the New Year celebrations, the first thing on the menu agenda is a dish maybe you've never heard of. But you do know about eggs Benedict, and oysters so served are recommended even more highly by me.

As you know, for anything Benedict, it seems necessary to start with English muffins. I'll bet you have always wanted to make some yourself. So did I until I learned how by watching the girls in the restaurant windows make batter cakes. This is it. Now you can have these muffins split and toasted for tea as well as for our supper menu.

OYSTERS BENEDICT

For this dish, you will need oysters, ham and English muffins, which you can make or buy, as you can the hollandaise sauce.

English Muffins: Scald 1½ cups milk. Add 1½ teaspoons salt, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and 2 tablespoons sugar. Cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile, soften 2 packages yeast, compressed or dry, in ½ cup lukewarm water. Let stand 5 minutes, then stir until dissolved and smooth. Add to milk mixture. Then add 4½ cups flour. Beat until smooth. Put in clean greased bowl and let rise until very light—about twice its bulk. Drop spoonfuls from large spoon onto a medium-hot griddle—not so hot as for griddlecakes, as these take longer to cook. Bake until bottom crust is brown and muffins are well risen. Turn with pancake turner. It takes about 10 minutes to get a good, crisp, golden-brown crust on both sides. Now you should have a dozen muffins—enough for the supper and breakfast the next morning. These may be torn apart and buttered to eat hot; but for this dish cool, split and toast them, top with ham, oysters and a good spoonful of hollandaise sauce.

For the ham: Broil or sauté 6–8 not-too-thick and not-too-thin slices baked ham on both sides. Don't cook enough to make the ham dry, but enough to heat it through. About two minutes on each side should do it. If you don't have baked ham left from Christmas, buy 2–3 slices of raw ham, but have the butcher cut it thin. Butchers have a tendency to cut it ½" thick or more. Fry on both sides and cut into serving pieces. Nice if you sort of take the measurements and fit the pieces on the muffins. Neat, but not too noticeably so.

For the oysters: Heat 2 dozen large oysters with ¼ cup butter or margarine over low heat, just until the edges begin to curl. Season well with salt and pepper. Then arrange 3 or 4 oysters (and be sure they're hot) on the ham and muffins. Add the hot hollandaise sauce. And if that isn't a Benedict, it must be oysters bachelor!

And just to make sure that you do get off to a good start, I'm going to give you our newest and latest foolproof hollandaise. Though easy, this will never go back on you.

Easy Hollandaise Sauce: Heat ½ cup butter or margarine in the top of a double boiler until just melted. Set over boiling water. Separate 4 eggs. To the yolks, add ¼ teaspoon salt and *(Continued on Page 80)*




Menu
Oysters Benedict
Spiced-Peach-and-
Cranberry Salad
Relishes
Harlequin Pie
Coffee
(Serves 6)
STUART-FOWLER

The Journal Presents MARTHA OWEN FIRST APPEARANCE IN ANY MAGAZINE

By MARTHA OWEN

OUR peaceful tour of duty in Westlawn came to a close with the skipper's announcement at dinner on Tuesday that the transfer had come and that, the crew willing, we would leave for Pensacola the following Friday.

Sandy, regular Navy in his bones, leaped up from his chair. "Water!" he cried, and did the crawl in mid-air.

The twins, Jack and Finley, started yammering simultaneously for an upper berth apiece and Juliet expressed her six-month-old approval by banging her spoon against her high chair.

"Knock it off!" Bill said, and the room grew quiet the way it always does when he barks that command. (After all, with five children you have to have *some* rules that are obeyed.) Bill turned to me and grinned. "What about you, Mrs. Pendleton?"

"I'm crazy about Pensacola," I said. Which was the truth, because I like anyplace that Bill is, and I'll be happy as long as he doesn't have to go to sea.

"And you, son?" Bill looked down the long table to "the one before the last."

Whitmore stopped pushing his food morosely around his plate, got up from his chair and walked to the window from which he could see the carriage house.

"Will there," he quavered, "be a nice garage for my fire truck?"

Bill cleared his throat, and when he spoke avoided Whitmore's eyes. "I'm afraid we can't take the fire truck, son. It's a long way from Westlawn to Pensacola. Maybe later on."

A man's answer to a baby's question, I thought. Big, fat tears rolled down Whitmore's cheeks and, excusing himself, he left the room.

As sorry as I felt for Whitmore, however, I felt a good deal of sympathy for Bill. The question he asked had been a good deal harder for his father to answer than if it had concerned tactical naval warfare. For it wasn't any child's fire truck that Whitmore wanted to take to Pensacola.

I shuddered, remembering the evening six months before. Having entertained a dozen youngsters that afternoon—it was Whitmore's fourth birthday—I was lying on the porch swing in a state of near collapse, when I heard the thin wail of a fire engine and the excited cries of the neighborhood children. I struggled to my feet just as Bill appeared *(Continued on Page 127)*

A monstrous and decrepit fire engine, draped with ladders and covered with children, came to a stop. There was dad, his face beaming.

All sorts of things disappear on moving day, but mamma didn't expect to misplace the baby—

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON



Baby



n the Hand

Line a Day

JOHN STRANG



Church at Glastonbury, Connecticut.

By ANN BATCHELDER

1 Someday, if it hasn't happened already, that great lady and great actress, Ethel Waters, may come your way. No matter what role she plays, go to see her. It will be a great experience. You may read her autobiography, meanwhile, if you missed it in the JOURNAL, entitled HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW. That will be a great experience too. Take my word for both.

2 This has come to my belated attention. Over a big scoop of vanilla ice cream pour a few tablespoons of maple sirup. Then cover it with finely rolled gingersnaps. Started out for the bib set. Better watch the napkin-on-the-knee crowd.

3 From some of the best places in France and Italy, an hors-d'oeuvre plate is simple elegance. Curls of sweet butter. Little radish roses. A hot and crusty salt roll. Three or four superior sardines, lemon, and a little bouquet of cress. It's delicious. And you may do the same.

4 About butter curlers. Go to the shop that sells gadgets. Ask for a butter curler. Doesn't cost much. Dip it in hot water. Take a square of very cold butter in *one* hand. Apply the edge of your curler and draw it toward you and have a curl. Better than a permanent. Toss the curls in ice water or serve on a bed of ice.

5 To make a sort of surprise soup or one-dish-meal combination, try this: Have rich and racy chicken broth. Slice into it some small cooked sausages, very thin, highly seasoned and brown. Add minced peas, Lima beans and onions, all cooked. Taste and season well. At the last, drop in enough egg balls to do good, and serve with pulled bread, hot and buttered.

6 Just to make it clear, by egg balls I mean that soup garnish made by moistening the sieved and seasoned yolks of two hard-boiled eggs with enough raw egg white to moisten—shaping into balls and sautéing until brown.

7 Deviled ham is as versatile as a safety pin. And you know what *that* can do. Well, add a can of it—the ham, I mean—to a cup or so of mayonnaise, beat it up and serve with egg or tomato salad. Makes a real meal—that is, with rolls and coffee. Dessert? That's up to you.

8 If you are still looking for something simple to serve with tea, I give you this: It's small, crisp gingersnaps, made into sandwiches with creamed cottage cheese laced with diced, crystallized ginger or orange peel. Very attractive.

9 Holiday parties are in the air. Some of the best are the buffet parties where the guests come at six and stay until eleven like a movable feast. For these, you need something you didn't serve last year. Also that your friends hadn't thought up either. So here's help. Make the most of it.

10 Hot hors d'oeuvres go like a forest fire at evening parties, and you can't have too many. Little brown round fish cakes made of lobster, shrimp or crab meat, by themselves or in every combination you make up yourself, are set upon by hungry folks. You can follow the trail of the toothpick to prove where the provender went.

11 Then there is the "regular" fish-ball mixture made into balls or finger-shaped cakes. If balls, one comes on a little pickled onion tucked away inside; and in the case of the fingerlings, let folks find chopped pickle and you won't be wrong.

12 Tiny rolls filled with creamed chicken or chicken salad melt like frost on the pane when the noonday sun is up. Little egg-shaped balls of *pâté de foie gras*, with its liberal black jewels of truffle, are "set" in aspic—or not, as you please. Small hot soft rolls on one side, toasted salt crackers on the other, and the line forms on the right.

13 Platters of hot apple turnovers with a cheese crust, and that elegant sweet, Banbury tarts, one of the few really delicious things out of old England—or open-faced pastry tarts filled with currant or currant-and-raspberry or beach-plum jelly take over when the time for coffee comes.

14 Above all—keep everything small. What the French call the *bonne bouchée*—the mouthful, the temptation to repeat—is the idea. See to your replenishing. Once over won't be enough.

15 Do you know about cooked chicken livers chopped very fine and sautéed and used to fill small mushroom caps (broiled or fried)? Another filling for mushrooms is made with chopped bacon and minced almonds cooked in butter. And all these must follow the toothpick route.

16 Sometime roll some of your fish cakes in very finely chopped nuts before you fry them. This is special for crab meat.

17 Why not have this hot-and-hearty dish in the oven, with a caldron of coffee and fresh fried doughnuts and cheese to cheer the frostbitten skaters and skiers and send them out for one last fling? It's called a four-star special.

18 Spread a can of baked beans on the bottom of a deep casserole. Cover with two cups of peas, two of kernel corn, either canned or frozen. Add half a pound of frankfurters, sliced. Mix a cup of catchup with a quarter of a cup of the liquor from the vegetables and two tablespoons of prepared horse-radish-flavored mustard. Cover and bake at 375° F. for about twenty minutes. Uncover and bake ten minutes longer. Better have pickles, hot rolls and a salad too.

19 Good weather for that delicacy I used to play hearts with—fried bread. Fix yourself a batch of roll dough from one of the ready-to-go-places mixes, let it rise, pull off uneven pieces and fry them, in hot fat, a nice tempting brown. These are great with maple sirup for dunking.

20 These are the days when the rarebits are useful in a dozen different ways. None better than the old-fashioned ones our folks used to whip up of a Sunday night. The chafing dish was like a lonely old dowager without its rarebit.

21 Make, then, a rarebit, with good sharp cheese. Serve it on toast, buttered, and, if you like it "goot," spread with a little anchovy paste. Smack in the middle of each serving put a good spoon of chutney. Somebody's dream.

22 Chutney is the gourmet's idea of the perfect condiment. See what it does folded in an omelet. Its behavior with a roast or with a perfect curry is well known.

23 Not long ago I had this dessert, so delicious I pass it on and hope you'll fall too. It's just a large scoop of coffee ice cream, *real* coffee flavor, sitting primly in a deep saucedish surrounded with heavily flavored boiled custard, as smooth as a candidate's promise. And more reliable.

24 *Answer to query:* "Mamie, patience is like a stream that dries up in August, and mine has run out in January. *Scrapple* is *not*, and does not refer to, a family fight. It's a kind of meat-and-corn-meal hash that the early fathers had for breakfast—and fathers still do."

25 A snappy little salad is done with drained halves of canned pears in lettuce cups. Each half is filled with very ripe Camembert cheese and masked with mayonnaise mixed with salted whipped cream. Scatter this plate of pleasure with chopped pistachio or walnut meats.

26 At last you can open an oyster yourself, and easily. Here's how. Place the oysters in a shallow pan in a 400° F. oven for six to eight minutes. Watch, and when they just begin to open take from the oven and plunge each one into a bowl of ice and water for just a second. Insert a knife at the large round edge—that's all.

27 Making cupcakes for a children's party? Here's their frosting. Moisten a butter-and-powdered-sugar mixture with a little orange juice and add grated orange rind. Wholesome—what?

28 Another quick but different frosting trick: use peanut butter with cocoa instead of butter.

29 Cold grapes stuffed with creamed Roquefort cheese, and giant pecan halves sandwiched with this cheese. Very popular on the appetizer tray.

30 I haven't served garlic-buttered popcorn in a long time, have you? It's one of the best quick homemade nibbles for the nibblers.

31 During these holidays, I'm going to be lazy, just sit quietly by the fire and send you my New Year's wishes. All the best—from the heart.



SOUP'S ON

hot and hearty

SO WELCOME FOR THESE WINTER DAYS



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

BY Anne Marshall

IF ANY DISH speaks a cordial winter-day welcome straight from its steaming depths, I'm sure it's a bowl of good hot soup! First of all you catch its fragrant aroma. Then you dip your spoon, take a sip . . . and this favorite American warmer-upper goes right to work, cheering you up and setting you up.

As an editorial in the New York Times says: "What can surpass the leisurely delight of a steaming bowl of full-bodied soup after a brisk day in the open? Not as an appetizer. Not as a prelude to a meal. Simply as a meal in itself."

Your choice of soups

And what a choice of fine ready-prepared soups you have, nowadays, to build your family meals around. You've tomato, "the soup most folks like best". You've vegetable, "almost a meal in itself". You've old-fashioned vegetable-beef, and chicken with rice, chicken gumbo, chicken noodle, cream of chicken. . . . And let's not forget hearty beef soup, rich cream of mushroom, velvety green pea, spring-tasting cream of asparagus—to name just a few of the appetizing array!

3 of America's favorite lunches

Yes, around these soups, and many others, you can build delicious, nourishing, varied midwinter lunches and suppers the family will simply delight in. The menus pictured here show you three of America's favorite lunch combinations. Try them; then let your ingenuity and your family's tastes suggest others. In every case, your folks will be well fed indeed, when—SOUP'S ON!



Soup and sandwich

Chicken with rice soup
Deep-flavored chicken broth, fluffy rice and tender pieces of chicken.

Cream Cheese and Olive Sandwich on Whole Wheat Bread



Soup and dessert

Vegetable-beef soup
Pieces of beef—lots of 'em—in a sturdy beef stock, thick with vegetables.

Apple Pie with Cheese





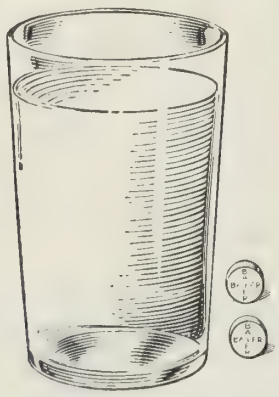
Soup and salad

Cream of asparagus soup
A rich purée of tender, fresh asparagus—smooth, delicious, nourishing.

Fruit Salad
(grapefruit, orange and banana)

To Feel Better Fast When You Have A Cold —You Need Bayer Aspirin

ALL ACROSS AMERICA, DOCTORS TODAY will tell you of all cold treatments, "aspirin and as much rest as possible" is the fastest and one of the most effective.



You *need* BAYER ASPIRIN when you have a cold—because you need quick relief from the headachy, feverish feeling...and the muscular aches and pains ...that invariably accompany a cold.

And because BAYER ASPIRIN brings you this relief—and brings it quickly—it should be taken at the first sign of a cold...*before you do anything else.*

No matter what you do to try to stop or shorten a cold, we believe your doctor will tell you that this is sound advice.

FEEL BETTER FAST

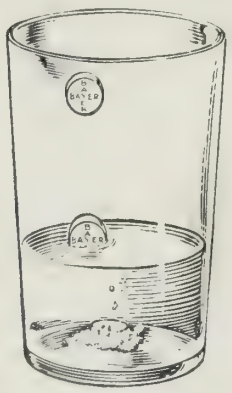
When you follow this advice, you will find that BAYER ASPIRIN relieves your distressing symptoms with remarkable speed. And one reason is that BAYER ASPIRIN is actually ready to go to work in *two seconds.*



This two second speed is something you can prove by dropping a BAYER ASPIRIN tablet in a glass of water, and watching how fast it disintegrates.

WHAT TO DO FOR SORE THROAT

Whenever you have a cold that is accompanied by a sore throat, get welcome relief by gargling with three BAYER ASPIRIN tablets dissolved in one-third of a glass of water. Used this way, BAYER ASPIRIN makes a highly potent medicinal gargle that almost instantly soothes tender throat membranes, relieving pain and irritation.



Besides being effective, BAYER ASPIRIN is gentle, too. Its single active ingredient is so gentle to the system doctors regularly prescribe it even for small children.

Get BAYER ASPIRIN today. When you buy, ask for it by its full name—*Bayer* ASPIRIN—not just for "aspirin" alone.

Because no other pain reliever can match its record of use by millions of normal people, without ill effect, one thing you can take with complete confidence is genuine

BAYER ASPIRIN

A BREATH OF AIR

(Continued from Page 52)

"Do all the women you know wear stockings all the time?" she asked Valentine.

"Not all the time," said Valentine cautiously. "But usually, yes."

"Do they all have handbags?"

Valentine said that, yes, he thought they all had handbags.

And underclothes? What in the world were underclothes? If you had clothes, why did you need other clothes to go under them? On the island you wore your cloth and scarf; if you were cold, you put a shawl over them, but *under*clothes? It was a long time before Charis identified these with Pheasant's petticoats, which she had always thought Pheasant wore to make her skirts rustle.

"Oh, dear," said Charis, and she said it in despair. "How shall I ever be a woman like that?"

"Women are only people," said Valentine.

Charis shook her head. If women were people, that made her less of a person, someone near to an echo or a ghost. *I shall never catch up,* she thought hopelessly. *I shall always be a stranger, the one who is outside.*

"I had better not marry you, Valentine," she said. "I should only disgrace you. How should I understand women like that? I don't know *anything.*"

"I think you do," said Valentine, but she shook her head again. He put out his hand for the magazine. "Let's look at it and find out what you don't understand."

"I understand the articles," said Charis as Valentine turned the pages, and she said it less timidly. "I could—almost—have written that one about you, not in those smart words, of course, but in my words. And the tapestry one," said Charis more cheerfully. "Father and I once traced the history of tapestries, though I have never seen any, of course. And the one about Rabelais—I could follow that ——"

> **The great use of life is to spend it for something which outlasts it.**
>
> —WILLIAM JAMES.

"And you could read the letter in French and the Spanish sonnet without translation," said Valentine gravely, but his eyes were beginning to twinkle. "For someone who doesn't know anything, Charis, you seem to understand a good deal."

"With you to guide me, I ——"

He put his arm round her. "I am here to guide you," he said.

Charis was comforted. In Valentine she had a star to steer by, but Filipino was going round and round, rudderless.

"There are so many things," said Filipino. He catechized Valentine and McGinty.

McGinty was more interested in the magazines than Valentine; he too liked the advertisements.

"That's a nice gadget," he would say, stopping Filipino every now and then. "We have one of those at home."

"One of *those?* In *your* home?" Filipino turned to look at McGinty with eyes of wonder.

HE looked up "gadget" in the dictionary but could find only "Gadge: an instrument of torture."

"Does gadget come from that, do you think?" he asked Charis.

"It's a modern word," said Charis. "You should look in the supplement."

"Gadget: any small ingenious device, a what-d'ye-call-it," read Filipino in the supplement. That delighted him. He looked up with his eyes shining. "Is a coffee machine a gadget?"

"Of course," said Charis.

"Then I have invented a small ingenious device; I have invented a what-d'ye-call-it," said Filipino. "How clever men are!" Now he did not say it with longing but with pride.

In spite of the disappointment over the rescue plane and Mr. van Loomis's inexplicable behavior, the day passed in flashes of wonder. Filipino even went up to the kitchen courtyard before dinner to tell the servants about it, and soon a whole conclave of people had gathered and was listening.

"Think," said Filipino, and he stre his arms high. "Think of tall houses, a on a house on a house. Twenty, thirty, a hundred . . . houses, all one on top another. Twenty, thirty, fifty, a hu houses ——"

"Not a hundred houses," said Niu.

"Tsula Valentine has told me. In York *more* than a hundred houses. So the houses there are made of stone c smooth as the palm of your hand."

"Stone is not meant to be cut," said disagreeably. "It is too hard."

"Out there, nothing is too hard," Filipino. "They could teach us to cut st I shall go there," said Filipino, huggin knees as he sat folded down on his heel shall go and come back, and then *I* teach you."

"Wah!" said all the young men, but smoking his water pipe, took the mouth from his lips and looked coldly at Filip

THAT evening Mr. van Loomis calle Filipino to take a message up to the p in the temple. No one was quicker Filipino with a message; he took it by of mouth and brought the answer back never made a mistake, but now, Mr. Loomis saw, he barely listened.

"Sir," said Filipino, his lips moist longing, his eyes gazing far beyond Mr Loomis. "Sir, if we had a telephone could tell this to the temple by teleph Sir, why shouldn't we have telephone o island? Why shouldn't we have electri Tsula McGinty says we could make tricity from the wate Light from water! Si could have cars. We good roads now on th land. Tsula, did you have a car? Oh, did Tsula?"

"Yes," said Mr. Loomis shortly.

"*Yes?* What kind of car?"

"Well, the last car I had was a pano ——"

"You didn't have a three-and-half- Packard super eight," interrupted Filip "McGinty Tsula says that is a wizard What is a super eight?"

To McGinty, the taking of the cen proved to be only a little less boring t sitting in his room playing cards and prac ing his signaling and trying not to look Flora Annie.

When he had first heard of it he had co to Valentine with an offended face. "S me to take a census! To count the peo the children, and the number each family of cattle and pigs and goats! Go round every stinking village! Why should I?"

To his surprise Valentine did not s pathize. "Why shouldn't you?" asked entine.

McGinty did not like Valentine's t and he said again more sulkily, "Why sho I?"

Valentine was impatient. McGinty's c tinual chafing spoiled the island. "Oh, d be so *stupid!*" said Valentine. "Can't give way to anything?"

"I like that!" said McGinty, trembl with indignation. "Give way! I like t from you! You give way all the time. W we left Rose Bay no one wanted to get ho more than you. Now look at you. He sa 'Wait'—and you wait! 'Go there'—a you go! 'Do this'—and you do it! You ma me sick!"

"Don't be a fool," said Valentine. "Wh we are here we have to give in. What is t good of kicking all the time? It's a frien island. If you belittle things, they ha a way of growing big; if you underestim them, it's then they strike you."

"Rot," said McGinty rudely.

He had to take the census. On foot or boat, he went from village to village. every house he found, monotonously, t

(Continued on Page 61)

La Comtesse Alain de la Falaise

DAUGHTER OF SIR OSWALD BIRLEY, ENGLAND'S COURT PAINTER



Her face radiates the exquisite distinction of her inner Self

You see English charm and French ...an in the fascinating face of ...a Comtesse de la Falaise! To her ...atrician features, perfect com...exion, she gives sharp accent by ...r chic, short-cut hair. She ...actices the French genius for ...autiful distinction—for *looking* ...e radiant, dramatic person ...at is her *real* Inner Self.

La Comtesse de la Falaise—her complexion has a smooth-as-a-pearl quality. "I find Pond's gives my skin the best care," the Countess says.

That charming mystery woman—*your* inner self

can give you the clue to a delightful NEW YOU

TOO MANY WOMEN have an unhappy way of ...ng themselves locked up in a close, intro...ve shell.

...you—and every woman—can truly become ...ne *lovelier*. A magical power within you can ...to re-make you. A power that grows out of ...onstant fusing of your Outer Self and your ...Self—the way you *look*, the way you *feel*.

...s power quickens your face with confidence ...you know you are looking your prettiest. ...when you don't look your best, it lets "in...ity blues" take over. That's why you can't ...afford to be careless about those daily little ...es that make you *look lovelier* and *feel happier*.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

...l quickly discover this "Outside-Inside" Face ...ment with Pond's Cold Cream is beauty help your skin will *love!* It makes faces feel soft, radiant-clean. And because this is *cream* cleansing, it *can't dry* your skin. Do it *always* at bedtime (day face-cleansings, too). *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—give face a quick splash of hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat—to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

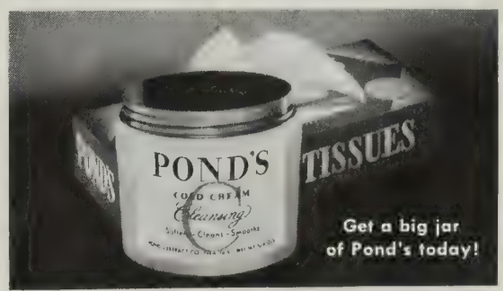
Cream Rinse—do another soft Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue *lightly*.

Cold Stimulation—give face a tonic cold water splash.

This face care acts on *both* sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream cleanses, softens as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates circulation.

The beautiful Comtesse de la Falaise says: "The results are positively glowing. I am delighted with this Pond's treatment."

Remember always—it is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely you gain a new, and very attractive confidence that puts new charm and life into your face—brings other people closer to the *real* Inner You.



You hear it everywhere—
"She's engaged! She's lovely! She uses Pond's!"

a 3¢ stamp made a new woman out of me!



THIS FREE BOOKLET CAN CHANGE YOUR ENTIRE LIFE!

Nagging back, that depressing tired feeling, run down general health—they're so unnecessary if caused by posture imperfections or improper kinds of support! Your doctor will tell you that good health and good posture go hand in hand. Join the thousands who enjoy happy relief because they discovered the gentle, healthful lift of Spencer support. Women's figure problems are discussed in this colorful, illustrated, 24-page booklet—and it's yours for the asking! Just fill out coupon below and mail—or phone your nearest Spencer dealer. See below.

you'll **FEEL BETTER... "MORE ALIVE"** *in your Spencer*

Ugly bulges—so noticeable outwardly—may be nature's warning that inwardly your health is suffering! Get rid of bulges and the danger that goes with them by getting rid of their source — *imperfect posture!* Your Spencer, which will be individually designed *just for you*, protects you by improving your posture. With vital organs in place, your body functions as it should — and you feel as you should—alert, wonderful! Economical too, because Spencer Body and Breast Supports are *guaranteed* never to lose shape!

Ask Your Doctor! Doctors prescribe Spencer Supports to improve general health by improving posture; to aid treatment of back derangements, arthritis, displaced abdominal organs, breast problems, maternity, post-operative and other conditions.

Write or Phone for FREE Information! Mail coupon below — or look in yellow pages under "Corsets" or in white pages under "Spencer Corsetiere" and "Spencer Support Shop." (*Never* sold through department stores.)

Before: Her imperfect posture may mean more than ugly bulges . . . may be a warning of serious health disorders!

After: Shining with health and beauty in her Spencers . . . which improve her posture, glorify her figure for keeps!

To SPENCER DESIGNERS, 141 Derby Ave., New Haven 7, Conn.
(Canadian Address: Rock Island, Quebec) 1/51

Please send your FREE booklet. I have marked my posture problem at left. (Print your name and address.)

MISS
MRS.
ADDRESS
CITY & STATE

Want to Make Money in a professional type of business? Experience not needed — we train you. Profitable — interesting. Check for information ☐

individually designed SPENCER SUPPORTS

(Continued from Page 62)

same few things: the string bed; the wooden tub like a giant mortar and the wooden pestle for threshing the grain; there were the same cocks and hens and pigs, the same gourds coming now into yellow flowers, the same babies crawling among the cocks and hens. Inside the houses, though McGinty never went into them, but did his duty by peering in through the door, was the same dim shadowed light from the bamboo walls and slatted windows, and, in it, an occasional gleam of dark eyes or the glint of an anklet or an earring. None of it, to McGinty, was interesting; he brought out his red book and, going from house to house, Mario called out the Terraquenese Mānoese words that Mr. van Loomis had tried to teach McGinty, who had not been able to remember them for five minutes.

"I must have someone with me who speaks English," he had said.

"Send Filipino," Niu had suggested, but Mr. van Loomis shook his head. Filipino was troublesome enough already.

"There is Mario Fernandes. He speaks English," said Niu.

"Yes," said Mr. van Loomis. "Take McGinty Tsula to Mario Fernandes. Let them get to know each other." No one told him that they knew each other already.

McGinty did the counting while Mario called out the words. "Men?" and Mario would hold up his finger, usually only one finger. "Women?" perhaps one or two, or three, occasionally four. McGinty would go through it as quickly as he could and then stride out again.

"Do they have more than one wife?" he asked Charis, not because he was interested but because he had to write "wife" in his book and did not know how to designate the others.

"Write the first woman as 'wife,'" said Charis. "The rest are the concubines." She saw McGinty looked surprised and said, "Of course you don't have concubines in England, do you?"

"Here on the island," said Mr. van Loomis, "we have more women than men. That is so everywhere, I believe, except, perhaps, Tibet. We are not immoral. On the contrary, we are far more moral than most countries. Here, when a man takes a wife, it is indissolvable. Even if one dies the other cannot take another husband or another wife. Nor can a man change his concubines."

"Doesn't the wife resent them?" asked Valentine.

"Not at all; having entered into her husband's flesh, she recognizes the need for them."

"How could a woman, a young woman, be expected to enter into a man's flesh?" asked Valentine. "An experienced, older man?"

"Couldn't she—by faith?" asked Charis uncertainly.

"Oh, faith," said Valentine as if that were nothing.

"Charis is right," said Mr. van Loomis. "More right than she knows. If husband and wife are one, what he feels he needs, she feels he needs."

"That would be too Utopian," said Valentine. If this were island training he was not sure he was pleased. "It would be too easy. A man looks to his wife to have a standard."

"But he may not be able to keep to it," said Charis.

"H'm," said Valentine. Charis had a way, without meaning it, of neatly turning the tables on him.

McGinty was really shocked. "It's not her fault," said McGinty. "Poor little kid. That's what she has been taught. How could she help it, brought up here away from everything?"

For two days now McGinty had had a never-ceasing headache; he felt sick, and his skin, even his bones, felt tender; he had noticed how pale he looked, with dark marks under his eyes. *It's this native food*, he said. *It's upset my stomach.* Running down the beach in the sun to try to catch the plane had made the headache worse; now he could hardly see the figures in his book. In the afternoon, taking Mario back to the lighthouse, he stopped paddling and his handkerchief in the sea and put i head, so that the ends dripped coolne his neck. The sun was very hot; the s of the sea struck brilliant points of li McGinty's eyes; the pain grew wor when they reached the light he felt t to go back to the house and paddle ou always did, later, when the lamp There was no shade on the rocks exc the shadow of the pillbox on th McGinty lay down in it and shut h Mario looked at him in surprise.

"Give me some water," said McG Mario brought his water bottle a Ginty drank, but the water was wa would have given anything for a cool He was burningly hot.

"When I get a little cooler I'll bathe," said McGinty, but he did cooler.

He was acutely uncomfortable. Th was gritty and the rock was hard un aching head. Round the corner, on a dung and driftwood, Jéo was cooki evening meal which he and Mario eat before he went to the mainland; rice and fish, boiling in sea water, a soned with garlic. The smell came in to McGinty. He wished Jéo would fini eat and then light the lamp and go.

"Sir, you-a hungry?" asked Mar McGinty shuddered.

Mario squatted down not far fro and watched him, puzzled. Presently dipped down to the sea and the sk red. McGinty opened his eyes and "You-a better?" asked Mario.

McGinty was still hot, but he thou might as well bathe; he longed for t water to close round him; he stood found he was giddy. Mario had jump too, and now he had to put out his ha steady him. McGinty shook off arm without knowing what he was and went swaying a little down sea and stripped and plunged in. A it was better in the water; he float his back, looking at the darkening sk the island where points of light were ning to appear; then the pain becam bad to be borne in the water, and he that he was shivering; he swam in and d but he was shivering still. That was st because now he was hotter than ev burned and shivered at the same tim there was a twanging in his ears.

Have I got fever? thought McGint tried to feel his pulse, but his pulse ha appeared, and, in any case, he was shi too violently to feel it. *It's a chill,* sa Ginty, and he said to Mario, who still uneasily by, "Give me a drink." brought him his water bottle. "No! Drink. Wine, stingo, arrack," said Mc

Mario would not have dared to ask for self, but now, without a word, he went asked Jéo. Jéo shook his head. growled something at Jéo and clench fists and scowled; and, unwillingly, bamboo that he was about to take a Jéo poured a little arrack into a bowl. Mario brought it to McGinty Ginty drank it, though it felt lik fire to him; he felt it burning through Then he lay down in the sand again an his eyes. In a few moments he was sick

Mario sat puzzled and dismayed. was what he did himself when he was d but what he did and what McGinty did surely different things? Mario sat again on the rocks by McGinty and s at him, the question going round and in his poor muddled head.

"The moon is full tonight," said Mr. Loomis. "It's the night of the ritual d up in the temple. All the people will celebration of the marriages. It's the e the courtship month. I think you two sh go with me."

Valentine had just broken to Mr. Loomis what he already knew. "You want to part with her, I know," said V tine.

"I do," Mr. van Loomis could have but it was not altogether true. This was

shed, but he did not want it. He was unreasonably depressed. He sent for s and kissed her on the forehead. delighted," he said, but he could not elighted. "It was what I hoped." That ue, but, as he said it, he felt "hoped" n understatement. He caught Valen- eye and, for a young man, Valentine's as stern. "We shall have to go into s," he murmured to Valentine.

"hat things?" said Valentine, but Mr. oomis waved his hand and said, "Later. . There is perhaps a good deal ——" o be cleared up," Valentine finished it m. "I agree." And he said, "I heard the rescue plane. You didn't stop it." o. It didn't stop."

was on Valentine's tongue to revert e matter of the signal. "Did you put signal?" "You have asked me that y times," had been Mr. van Loomis's answer, which, of course, did not say " or "no." Then the matter of the r Star. *Yes!* thought Valentine grimly. *are several things!* Then he looked s at Charis, and she looked back at him miled.

h, well! Never mind," said Valentine. lt he forgave Mr. van Loomis.

treated you badly, Valentine," said Mr. Loomis. "But I wanted to find out what were made of, and I was gratified, grati- Don't think," he said severely to Charis, t the outside world is peopled with Val- es."

Nor McDugdales of McDugdale," said is.

r. van Loomis looked at her sharply, but is was perfectly demure.

he world today is peopled with Mc- ys," said Mr. van Loomis. At his tone ino, standing beside with a tray of drinks, ed his lips to say, "Is anything wrong with McGinty?" but Mr. Loomis went on. "Mc- y is the mob. Well, me forget McGinty onight. I don't want poil it. We shall drink to your hap- ss."

Equality of opportunity is an equal opportunity to prove unequal talents.
—VISCOUNT SAMUEL.

And then," said Charis to Valentine, ll we stay here or shall we ask father to us a hut and go to it now? It's getting " said Charis.

How was I to know?" she asked Pheas- tearfully later. "Father was angry."

Should jest think he was! Massa Vala'- *will* think we's brought you up a nice count chile," said Pheasant bitterly. 's 'shamed!"

No one on the island is married except that. How was I to know that it mat- ?" said Charis rebelliously.

the moment she wished very much that nother were alive. "If she had been here would have . . . foreseen," said Charis, she thought, resentfully, that fathers e very bad mothers.

still thought it did not matter and that sland way was best. There was a new l hut built on a promontory high up on ill above the sea; it was empty, clean waiting, with palm trees and a small a tree in the garden. She still thought tting and more honest, altogether r, that they, having declared them- s, should have asked for some quilts cloths, some pots and pans, and gone e to set up house until they left.

ther could have given us all we need, ght Charis. *He is the richest man on the d, and all the girls are given things when go to their new homes.* The thought of g alone with Valentine made her blood There, she and Valentine would have alone with the moonlight and the scent he chema tree and the sound of the Her head reeled a little as she thought but ——

You are not an islander," Mr. van Loomis said to her severely when he called her the study. "I am," Charis might have "What do you expect me to be?" In- d she had stood with hot cheeks, burning shame, as Mr. van Loomis explained to her coldly and clearly what she had said and Pheasant expostulated. "Shame! Shame!" said Pheasant. Charis looked at her; she had never heard of shame before. Now they were talking of things like marriage settlements and special licenses and church weddings, strange cold things, as if this were a contract.

"Marriage is a contract," said Valentine.

To Charis, everything Valentine did was wonderful, but she could not help the feeling that their love was being spoiled. In a way she could not explain she did not like this talking and arrangement. She wanted a more simple love. Valentine saw she was not happy and talked to her.

"We don't want a love like that," he said, "Flash-in-the-pan love."

"It needn't be flash-in-the-pan."

"Not with simple people, but we are complicated," said Valentine, and again he said, "We don't want a love like that. We want a good one that will last. We shall have to wait for a ship."

"It will be a long time to wait," said Charis, and Pheasant, who overheard, told her no lady would talk like that.

"How should I know? I have never seen a lady," said Charis sulkily.

THEY started up the path to the temple after dinner. Walking by Charis on Dominion, Valentine had the same sense of music that he had had before, on his first day. Drums had been beating all evening from the hill, but now music seemed to rise again from the island verges as if the sea itself, with its coral and its sand, its rocks and caves, were music.

He was aware of Charis' silence as she rode, sitting still in the saddle with her head bent. Charis still felt out of place in this world of talking, of contracts and settlements and traditional rings. "I have a ring of my grandmother's," Valentine had said. "I should like to give it to Charis; my grandfather gave it to my grandmother as an engagement ring, a diamond set in diamonds." Charis had never seen a diamond. She longed to see one, but she felt there was much in this that Valentine forgot. It was all strange and new and outside her horizon.

Valentine walked with his hand on the pommel of her saddle. Now the moon was coming up and its first light touched the tops of the trees. Valentine could feel something trembling in him as if he were its sheath; he was grateful to Charis for not speaking. Mr. van Loomis walked ahead, and accompanying them were islanders, soft-footed, some carrying torches, all climbing the hill.

They climbed higher than Valentine had been before and coolness met them. There was a new feeling in the air: it felt no longer tropical but light and cool and filled with the dampness of mist. Here were Mr. van Loomis's apples and peach trees and plums. They came in sight of a building round which all the torches on the island seemed to be gathered, and beyond it was a stretch of beaten earth that made a courtyard like a shelf on the hill. Here there was a fire from which the sparks flew up and tall torches alight, with their ends driven into the ground. At the far end, away from the building, seats had been made, covered with deerskins for Mr. van Loomis and Charis and Valentine; around them and on each side of the space the islanders squatted or stood; in front of the temple three men, their faces covered with masks, sat cross-legged; beside them, standing in the moonlight and the torchlight, were the drummers, their faces painted white and vermilion.

Charis had slipped off Dominion before he could help her; she seemed not to want him to touch her, and she went forward with her father and sat down on the stool between him and Valentine's seat. Valentine felt dizzied by the noise and the lights in the crowd; then he felt a cool hand in his, friendly and slim.

"Come, I take you," said Filipino. He led Valentine to his place and squatted down beside him.



Now!..
wear your most delicate washables as often as you like!

New IVORY FLAKES
with Radiant Action
keeps lovely clothes lovely far longer

Now your loveliest washables can lead a longer life of loveliness! You can wear them oftener, wash them oftener, enjoy them more! Because new Ivory Flakes with "Radiant Action" keeps your clothes lovely longer than any soap . . . even wonderful Ivory Flakes . . . ever did before!

You see, new Ivory Flakes gives fine washables an amazing new kind of protection that keeps them radiantly lovely . . . and lovable . . . washing after washing! When you wash your nice things gently in pure, mild Ivory Flakes with "Radiant Action," they'll keep their brand-new beauty longer than you ever thought was *possible!*

Longer wear for nylons, too! Change from strong soap to gentle, nightly care with new Ivory Flakes and keep stockings looking fresh up to *twice as long!*

The mildest, safest soap you can buy—Ivory Flakes is the only flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory. So kind to hands in the dishpan, too! Get a box today!



If it's lovely to wear...
it's worth Ivory Flakes care
99 44/100% Pure!

"You must tell me what it means," said Valentine.

"*Ohé*," said Filipino abstractedly.

The dances began.

Into the circle, on the floor of beaten earth, came a boy dressed with a scarf of feathers in bands of color with sleeves so that they formed an arc when he held his arms out. The music changed to a cadence that Valentine recognized as having heard continuously all over the island since he came. Then he remembered it was Filipino's song, the song he had sung that first day. The boy's dance was a posturing, a walk and a stamping, beating with his heels and toes with flexible small feet; he held his arms wide, flexing his hands, and stooped, laying his palm flat to the earth and then holding it over his head; round his wrists and ankles were bells and shells; his face was quite expressionless; only he breathed quickly through his nose, and Valentine could see his eyes turning and shining.

"He rainbow," said Filipino. "He touch earth. He shine. He bring earth to heaven."

Now came smaller boys with banners on bamboo poles; they wore catskins round their waists and necklaces of shells and tufted cotton; and after them came the goddess Earth; she was a thickset man, his body oiled so that it glistened and shone, his skirt pleated so that it swung in a circle as he spun and danced; he had four shields that the boys carried in, and they had curious feather devices that Valentine could not make out, but the goddess opposed them, one after the other, to the four corners of the court as he sang; Valentine thought they were the winds.

Earth circled with his or her feather shields, and now the sun came on; the sun on the island was as fierce and as harmful as it was beneficent; the sun in the dances was a great snake, its mouth stretched on bamboos, a forked cotton tongue wriggling out from its mouth at the end of a brown arm, and its body mounted on several men whose legs rushed and ran under it. "Aaaah!" came in a breath from the islanders.

Charis had been a little nervous that Valentine might laugh at the dances; she had a regard for them and would have felt it if he had laughed. She looked at him and saw a response in his face that surprised and pleased her. "Then . . . you like them as much as that?"

He did not answer. He took her hand and held it on his knee, pressing her fingers to tell her to be quiet. He needed to be quiet. Something was struggling to find life in Valentine, and he remembered how, in the first morning he had come to the island, he had felt as if it were the morning of a new world, that morning light its first light.

When the Water Star disappeared he had felt the first crack in his certainty; it had left him open and defenseless, and since he had landed on the island, life had come into him in a way it had not done for years and he was freshened. *It may be purely physical*, thought Valentine. *I was tired, I needed rest*, but it seemed to him to be more than that. Charis, of course, had had her effect, but this, though it had to do with Charis, was something apart from her; this was something in Valentine alone. *What was wrong with me before?* thought Valentine. *Why was I drying up?* And he thought that perhaps Charis had been right and he had forgotten how to live. He pressed her fingers again as they lay under his hand on his knee, and she looked sideways at him and smiled.

Now the sun was devouring the shields of earth, shield after shield. "He take all wind away," said Filipino. "Burn up all harvest, all fruits and corn." In the nick of time the rain came, a giant green frog who moved in front of Earth and battled with the snake. The drums beat frantically, the pipes shrilled, the gong clanged with the drums, and the people drummed too with their heels and slapped their thighs and shouted until the rain and the sun were embroiled together and sank each side of Earth in legs and arms and cotton coils and the rainbow stepped over them and held out his arms and shone. "He friend to both," said Filipino. "He join heaven and earth. On the island we believe we related to the rainbow."

Related to the rainbow; to air and earth and fire and water; *strange*, thought Valentine, *how we forget that when we are made of clay and go back to dust*, and it came to him that for years he had lived in a fifth, a false element; for years he had touched nothing, seen nothing, heard and tasted and smelled nothing that was not made by man. *I had forgotten who I am*, thought Valentine, and he remembered how, once, he used to say, "I want my head in the clouds but my feet on the ground." *I did not know what I was saying*, thought Valentine, *but I was right.* Then into his mind came a thought that had nothing to do with the elements or the island or the night or Charis; it was a title. Utterly incongruous, it came into his mind and stayed plainly there. *I can't write a play from a title*, he objected. *I have no idea* —— But immediately it had started off: *It begins in Lossiemouth. Why Lossiemouth of all places? I don't know anything about Lossiemouth. Why Lossiemouth?*

He looked up and saw how the light from the torches and fire went up into the night, and he felt the stool he sat on vibrate with the dancing and the drumming, and he felt as if the dances had invaded earth and sky and were passing through him. He felt a peculiar response; he was tingling with life, and then he ceased to think of himself; the



Eucharist

By Rhina Espaillat

Loveliness is made in me,
Eve's plain and graceless
daughter,
As light was made in darkness,
once,
And wine from water.



life or force at this particular moment was rushing into this idea that was scarcely born and that was to begin in Lossiemouth. *Yes, Lossiemouth*, said Valentine firmly. *Though really it doesn't matter where it is. I must go home.* Then he saw he could not go yet, he had to discipline himself as he had once been disciplined by his grandmother and would yet be disciplined by Charis; he had to wait.

Dancers and priests and boys carrying garlands had come up to them. "They make your marriage speech," said Filipino and rose to his feet. Scarfs and garlands were put round their necks. There was a speech from the priest, echoed with running murmurs from the crowd, and Charis stood up, holding out her hand to Valentine, who rose, too, beside her. He could feel her hand quivering in his, and he realized, all at once, that in the island eyes this was their marriage. He tightened his hand on Charis's hand and felt her fingers immediately respond. Hand in hand they stood, like king and queen, in a dream of clouds and music and torches and beaming brown faces. Then Charis spoke; though he did not understand a word she said, he approved her clear quiet way of speaking; she was speaking for him as well as for herself, and it came to him that she would often do that. They sat down, and there was a running murmur, from the islanders, of unmistakable warmth and pleasure.

"Now I shall speak," said Mr. van Loomis. He put his hands on Charis's and Valentine's heads. "My people," he began, and his voice rang down the mountain, "my people, I ——" His hands stiffened on their heads. He was looking far over their heads, down to the sea.

He released them abruptly. A ripple of sound went round the courtyard as the people whispered and jostled and craned and stood on tiptoe trying to see what Mr. van Loomis saw. Now they could all see, and, at once, the meaning of McGinty's shadow play dawned on even the most simple of the islanders. They saw the beam of the lighthouse shine steadily and then break into flashes as McGinty's patient message was flashed across the sea: "SOS. VAL. SOS. VAL," spelled Valentine, and he cried out, "It's McGinty!"

There was a pause, and from the far horizon a pin point of light began to wink back.

"It's an answer," cried Charis, startled.

"They are answering him," said Valentine, and he shouted, "Good man, McGinty! Stout man!" Charis saw, with a pang, how his eyes were shining and how excited he looked; involuntarily her hand went out to him, and Valentine paused. *Charis?* thought Valentine. *The island? I had meant to stay here longer.* He hovered, as he felt, between two worlds. "Oh, *bother* McGinty!" said Valentine.

The far light went out and the beam of the lighthouse shone steadily and unbroken. The people stirred and blinked. They could not believe they had seen what they had seen until they looked at Mr. van Loomis. Mr. van Loomis still stood towering, he had not moved.

"Father."

"They have played a trick on me," said Mr. van Loomis, and his lips trembled. He seemed to swell and his eyes blazed. "I shall skin them alive for this! How dare they?"

"Father!"

"McGinty and Mario!" said Mr. van Loomis through his teeth. "An oaf and an oaf!"

"You have to hand it to them," said Valentine.

Mr. van Loomis snorted and glared at Valentine. "You take Charis home," he said. He jerked Filipino off the seat to the ground. "Go through the crowd and find Jéo and Luck and a crew for the canoe," he ordered Filipino. "Go down to the beach and get it ready, and don't bring me anyone who is drunk. I want to go fast."

"*Ohé*," said Filipino.

Mr. van Loomis held up his hand, the ring flashed in the torchlight, but it was only to tell the drummers to begin again for the next dance.

The drums obediently began to throb, the people obediently sank down, but all the heads turned to follow Mr. van Loomis as he strode out from the courtyard. The drums beat intermittently, the dancers looked over their shoulders, the people whispered and stood up again as soon as he had gone. "*Wé!* What will he do to the young Tsula who made the light to talk. What will Tsula Loomis do?"

Almost unnoticed, Valentine and Charis walked out among the whispers and found themselves on the quiet road. Filipino had taken Dominion with him. Behind them the fitful drumming grew steadier, and the priest, perhaps to calm the people, had started the rainbow song.

As Valentine and Charis walked away from the music, the whole island seemed to quieten. The air grew warmer; the cool cloud air was gone, but a breeze came up from the sea to meet them. They came down into the valley, walking hand in hand, Valentine peaceful, his mind busy.

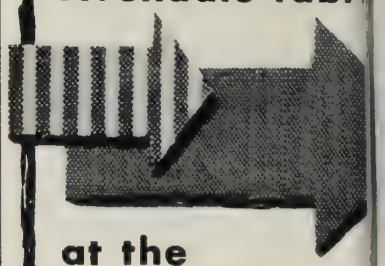
All at once Charis stopped, pulling at his hand. She had stopped at a hut that lay just off the path, so that, through the open door, they could see the four walls turned to a deep glow by the light of an oil-wick lamp that stood on the floor; it was not Charis's hut—this was inhabited. On a string bed lay three children asleep. As Charis and Valentine watched, the mother came in with a saucer light and took it to the door, shading it from the breeze with her hand, looking up the road where the flickering shine of the lamp prevented her from seeing Charis and Valentine.

"She is waiting for her man," whispered Charis. "He would be with the others up at the temple."

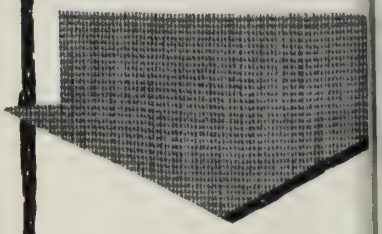
The woman went to the children and stood looking down at them.

(Continued on Page 68)

You'll find Avondale fabri



at the following store



ALABAMA
Burger-Phillips Co. *Birmingham*
Loveman, Joseph & Loeb *Birmingham*
Louis Pizitz D. G. Co. *Birmingham*
C. J. Gayfer & Co. *Mobile*
L. Hammel D. G. Co. *Mobile*
Montgomery Fair *Montgomery*

ARIZONA
Korrick's Inc. *Phoenix*
Jacome's Dept. Store, Inc. *Tucson*

CALIFORNIA
The Broadway *Crenshaw Hollywood Los Angeles Pasadena Westchester*
The Emporium *San Francisco*

COLORADO
The Denver Dry Goods Co. *Denver*

CONNECTICUT
The D. M. Read Co. *Bridgeport*
Sage-Allen & Co. *Hartford*
Shartenberg's, Inc. *New Haven*

DIST. OF COLUMBIA
Woodward & Lothrop *Washington*

FLORIDA
Burdine's, Inc. *Fort Lauderdale*
Phelps & Co. *Jacksonville*
Burdine's, Inc. *Miami*
Maas Bros. *St. Petersburg*
Maas Bros. *Tampa*
Burdine's, Inc. *West Palm Beach*

GEORGIA
Rich's, Inc. *Atlanta*
J. A. Kirven Co. *Columbus*

ILLINOIS
The Fair *Chicago*
P. Bergner & Co. *Peoria*
Westenberger's *Springfield*

INDIANA
L. S. Ayres & Co., Inc. *Indianapolis*
Wm. H. Block Co. *Indianapolis*

IOWA
M. L. Parker Co. *Davenport*
Younker Bros., Inc. *Des Moines*

KANSAS
Buck's, Inc. *Wichita*

KENTUCKY
Purcell Co., Inc. *Lexington*
Miles Silk Shop *Louisville*

MARYLAND
Hochschild, Kohn & Co. Main Store Belvedere Store Edmondson Store *Baltimore*
Stewart & Co. *Baltimore*

MASSACHUSETTS
Thresher Fabrics *Boston*
R. H. White Corp. *Boston*
Forbes & Wallace *Springfield*
Denholm & McKay Co. *Worcester*

MICHIGAN
J. L. Hudson Co. *Detroit*

MINNESOTA
Duluth Glass Blo Store Co. *Duluth*
Dayton Co. *Minneapolis*
Powers D. G. Co *Minneapolis*

MISSOURI
The Jones Store *Kansas City*
Stix, Baer & Ful *St. Louis*

NEBRASKA
Gold & Co. *Lincoln*
J. L. Brandeis & *Omaha*

NEW JERSEY
L. Bamberger & *Newark*

NEW YORK
Abraham & Stra *Brooklyn*
The Wm. Hengel *Buffalo*
B. Gertz, Inc. *Jamaica, L. I.*
B. Altman & Co. *New York City*
Bloomingdale Bro *New York City*
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co. *Rochester*

NORTH CAROL
J. B. Ivey & Co. *Charlotte*

OHIO
M. O'Neil Co. *Akron*
The John Shillito *Cincinnati*
Higbee Company *Cleveland*
F. & R. Lazarus *Columbus*
Rike-Kumler Co. *Dayton*
Lion Dry Goods C *Toledo*

OKLAHOMA
J. A. Brown Co. *Oklahoma City*
Vandever D. G. C *Tulsa*

OREGON
Meier & Frank Co *Portland*

PENNSYLVANIA
Gimbel Bros. *Philadelphia*
Joseph Horne Co. *Pittsburgh*

RHODE ISLAND
Shepard Co. *Providence*

TENNESSEE
Miller's, Inc. *Knoxville*
J. Goldsmith & Sc *Memphis*
The Harvey Co. *Nashville*

TEXAS
The Fair *Beaumont*
W. A. Green Co. *Dallas*
A. Harris & Co. *Dallas*
Felix Brunschwig *El Paso*
R. E. Cox & Co. *Ft. Worth*
W. C. Stripling C *Ft. Worth*
Joske's of Texas *San Antonio*

UTAH
The Paris Co. *Salt Lake City*

VIRGINIA
Smith & Welton *Norfolk*
Thalhimer Bros. *Richmond*

WASHINGTON
Frederick & Nelso *Seattle*
The Crescent *Spokane*

They're new—they're magic—Avondale

***PERMA-PRESSED* Chambrays**

in

Companion Colors

Because Avondale matching cotton fabrics are dyed-in-the-yarn, you get the exact same stay-fast colors in solid shades and stripes.

They're new . . . Avondale Mignonne Chambrays come in 37 wonderful dyed-in-the-yarn patterns . . . in jewel-tone solid shades, classic stripes, and gay stripes that can be used horizontally. Many of the stripes are in multi-colors, to match with several shades. *They're magic* . . . Avondale Mignonne Chambrays are all-combed for feather-softness, and their Superset® finish makes them PERMA-PRESSED . . . they need less pressing, wrinkles hang out overnight, shrinkage is controlled*, your clothes stay clean longer, and NEVER need starching. Look for the Avondale label in ready-to-wear, and fabrics-by-the-yard.

*Residual shrinkage no more than 2%

AVONDALE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

chambrays, novelty weaves, cords, seersuckers, denims, tickings—
dyed-in-the-yarn fabrics—the stay-fast colors are woven-in

58 Worth Street, New York 13



o shine in the sun, and dance
neath the stars . . . a 4-piece
vardrobe in Avondale Mignonne
Chambray . . . combining 2 solid
hades and 2 smart stripes.

—dark green wing
collared halter

—a magnificent evening
skirt using stripes
horizontally

—day-length skirt in
lime, green, and yellow
classic stripe

—lime jacket

All in one McCall pattern, No. 8375.

VONDALE FABRIC



weather rain
weather fair

VENIDAS ALWAYS HOLD YOUR HAIR

Daily use saves hours of redoing time—keeps your hair the way you set it. Buy Venidas by the dozen and economize!

Colors 20c 12 for $2.25 single or double mesh Grey, white 25c 12 for $2.75

Hand made of human hair, there's a Venida net for every hairdo, every hair shade, every occasion *every day*. An indispensable accessory. Yet only YOU know you're wearing it!

At drug and dept. stores

VENIDA *The Guaranteed* HAIR NET *rules the waves*

Nurses! Teachers! Businesswomen! Housewives!

Here is the shoe of the century for you—a dignified oxford with play-shoe comfort built in—you walk on air and cork.

Cross section of platform sole

Air Cork

WHITE, BLACK OR BROWN—SOFT ELK LEATHER

$4.95 prepaid



Like Wearing Your Slippers to Work

BETTER FITTING TOO. This new oxford comes in S, N, M widths, fits AAAA to C feet, sizes 3 to 11.

Soft unlined elk leather on top of a buoyant cork platform takes the jar out of your bones and sends you home refreshed after an active day. Available only at Home Trade, Minneapolis, but we are fitting thousands of customers successfully by mail. We will fit you too or your money back. No C.O.D.'s please.

——————POSTAGE PREPAID——————

Enclosed find $4.95 for nurses' type oxfords.

SIZE_____ WIDTH_____ COLOR _____

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

HOME TRADE SHOE STORE

Since 1894, one of America's best known retail shoe stores

MINNEAPOLIS 2, MINNESOTA

(Continued from Page 66)

"I had thought of children," said Charis softly. "Children, but not of our children. Our children," she said, listening to the sound of it. *If you have children*, she said, but to herself, not Valentine, *you won't be strange to them, at least it isn't likely, nor will they be strange to you.*

They watched as the light from the moving saucer lamp fell on the man's bow and arrows set down against the wall, on a basket of grain and a hen tethered by its leg to a bamboo pole of the door; all the while a small pot bubbled on the fire with a savory smell. The woman set down the light and pulled a quilt out from the bed and covered the three children. Then she took the light up again and stood and watched while the children slept and the drums beat far away up on the mountain.

Charis's hand tightened on Valentine's. "That is what I mean," said Charis. "It doesn't matter where we are or what we are; that is what I mean."

"It is what I mean too," said Valentine.

McGinty had been lying for a long while on Jéo's bed. That was, in itself, surprising. Even Mario had noticed how he would never touch anything native, not go into the huts or touch the children or drink from their cups. Now he lay on Jéo's bed, his eyes shut, his head moving restlessly, and occasionally a sound that was not a word but a groan burst from his lips. Mario had not seen anyone ill before, and he did not like it. He wanted to do something for him; he remembered that McGinty had soaked his handkerchief and put it on his head to cool himself; now he cautiously pulled the handkerchief out and took it down to the sea.

It was dusk, and on the mainland he could see lights and more and more lights moving up the mountain to the temple, which showed as a small blaze of red light on the mountainside. All at once Mario felt miserable; every other man on the whole island had gone to the dances. He shook his head miserably and dipped the handkerchief in a pool and carried it to McGinty and put it on his head.

As if that had started an idea, McGinty called for water. Mario tilted the water bottle. It was empty. "No more-a water."

"Water. Water."

"You got-a no water. You not-a drink our water."

"Water. Water."

He did not seem to understand what was said to him. Mario peered into McGinty's face and shook his head again and timidly offered McGinty some of their own water in a bowl; to his relief McGinty drank it eagerly, but in a moment or two he began again, as if he had never had it, "Water. Water." Mario grew more and more disturbed.

He sat down on the foot of McGinty's bed and leaned his elbows on his knees, his matted head on his great fists, and wished Jéo would come back. When it was dark he lit the small saucer lamp, though the storehouse was lit already from the reflection of the great light that, as the dusk deepened, shone more and more strongly. He felt the handkerchief that now lay askew on McGinty's head; it had dried, but Mario did not dare to take it down to the sea; in the dark that evening Mario was afraid of spirits.

THEN McGinty suddenly sat up and called out, "What's the time?"

"Night-a time," said Mario.

"Why didn't you wake me?" said McGinty savagely.

Mario drew back, and his eyes, looking at McGinty, shone with slow tears. McGinty took no notice of him; he heaved himself from the bed and staggered, because the pain in his head almost blinded him.

"Lie-a down. Lie-a down," said Mario.

McGinty lay down again helplessly. On the rough string bed, if he lay still, the pain ebbed away and was bearable. He closed his eyes; he could feel sleep or unconsciousness mercifully stealing over him, but, with a new effort, he struggled up, braving the pain that came as he moved. He sat up dizzily and struggled over the edge of his bed and stood up, the pain shooting in his head and back.

"Lie-a down. Lie-a down," pleaded Mario again, but McGinty was stubborn.

"Must signal," he croaked and shook his head blunderingly; it was a movement very like Mario's familiar one. McGinty turned round to the doorway and held his head, but he still did not sit down; blindly, feeling with his fingers against the wall, he found the steps and, leaning on the rail, went up to the light. McGinty began his evening's signaling. Painfully, his hands jerking, his face burning but, oddly, not sweating, his breath coming in a curious loud gasping that he could not help, he went on. "Got to get it . . . through," said McGinty, "if it's . . . last thing I do. Got to get it through."

How long he stood there he did not know. The lamp seemed to swell and dwindle in front of his eyes; sometimes he could scarcely find the cover, to put it on and off; his hands slipped and fumbled. His throat and tongue felt dry, and twice he sent Mario for water and did not seem to notice how much he drank or that he was drinking it from a native bowl. He had lost sight of everything but this one thing, that the signal must be sent and he must send it.

In the next pause he thought suddenly of Eunice; he thought her hand was on his arm; he felt her hand vividly, and he wanted to do something he had never done with Eunice's hand—press it to his eyes, press his hot lids against it, feel its coolness with his lips; then he found he was holding Mario's hand, where Mario had stolen up to stand beside him, and he cast it away with such venom that Mario was sent reeling and he himself fell against the light, scorching his shoulder and chest; the burning pain made him think there was another hand, a hot brown snake of a hand in his shirt, and he thought the throbbing came from his ear and that the bite had festered and spread all through him, but when he put up his hand to his ear all he could feel was the last dry skin of the scab. "I don't know," said McGinty and dropped to the stool near the rail and leaned his head on it, looking out with eyes through which the pain was shooting across the sea that rolled in quiet moonlight.

The moon track glimmered in a wide gold band; near the lighthouse, as they hit the rocks, the waves were lit with phos cence in the spray; it hurt McGinty and he turned them away, back out and far out, on the horizon, he saw thing stab and shine and disappear, st shine and disappear. It was a full min fore he understood that it was a sig swering his own.

HE leaped for his board and began nal back; he tried desperately to b He waited, but he was too dizzy wit to read the signal, nor could he think anything to send back to acknowledg his own, and he went on, painsta SOS, VAL, SOS, VAL, while the winked back and presently went out, l only moonlight. He dropped the boa sank back on the stool, his breath in such loud gasps that Mario thought crying. "They . . . got it," said Mc "It . . . got through." Then he was sick over the rail.

"You-a sick! Sick!" cried Mario cally.

"No. Better now I puked," said Mc For a moment his skin felt cold and cl and he shivered; he felt wetness on his c not, surely, tears? His head was eased sickness; he felt weak and very tired. H done what he could and had an answe task was finished. Perhaps, soon, he be on his way home. Home and Eunic

Thinking of Eunice made more tea down his cheeks and, for the first tim gave in and sobbed on the rail. It was s brought the burning back and all the but he could not help it. *Must have a fl bad chill!* he said.

Then he felt Mario stiffen beside hin across the water, clearly, came the sou many paddles and a chanting: "*Hé, h* "Loomis," breathed Mario, and he be pull at McGinty. "Come-a down," cried frantically. "*Qué voy a hacer si te enc aquí! Baja!*" McGinty did not move. *amor de Dios!*" begged Mario. "*Baja!* Hide! Hide! Hide!" begged Mario.

McGinty shook him off. "I'm not goi hide. Let him come. Let them all, the v boilin' of them, come."

Mario was still with a sudden stillnes had remembered that he was with McG

(Continued on Page 70)

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

IN an overcrowded schoolroom, a teacher's morning attendance report to her principal started off with, "Help! They're all here!"

The "controlled vocabulary" may be a pretty dull thing to the child with a lively mind, who is as capable of learning *locomotive* and *hippopotamus* as *car* and *cow*.

Small boy's philosophy: "The more friends you have, the more you own of the world."

When parents have a baby christened, they should consider how the name will sound when called out in full before his graduating class.

Nomination for the stingiest woman: the grandmother who baked one fourth of a cooky recipe for her granddaughter and gave her one cooky for each day in the week.

The child's comment: "I'll never have any friends on a cooky a day."

Small boy: "She's too lazy to shake a catchup bottle."

It is easy, in an elevator, to tell which women will get off at Household Furnishings, which at the French Room.

One family's colorful food vocabular
Roly-polies (potatoes)
Sleeve fluid (gravy)
The flesh (meat)
Run and solid (pudding)
Gwaffle (milk)
Sproggle (small amount)
Ideologies (desserts—what the w lives on)

Cautious suitor: "You must cons that I've said all the things which are ally said at a time like this."

"There's nothing my husband ad more," says a gentle wife, "than put on his best clothes and going out to the chickens."

Giving the adolescent child advice is pouring hot water on delicate glasse can be done . . . after a warming-up pe

When there are children in the house only kind of bar to own is one in the yard.

Mother's heart—soft as a bicycle ti winter.

In every schoolroom there is the boy who cannot roll a ball across the without breaking a window.



YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion
n 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

NO MATTER WHAT YOUR AGE OR TYPE OF SKIN!

OT JUST A PROMISE . . .
t actual proof from 36 leading
n specialists that Palmolive Soap
cials can bring new complexion
auty to 2 out of 3 women

er before these tests have there been such sational beauty results! Yes, scientifically ducted tests on 1285 women—supervised by leading skin specialists—have proved consively that *in just 14 days* a new method of nsing with Palmolive Soap . . . using nothing Palmolive . . . brings lovelier complexions 2 out of every 3 women.

Here's the easy method:

Just wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap, massaging Palmolive's remarkable beautifying lather onto your skin for 60 seconds each time . . . as you would a cream.

Now rinse and dry—that's all.

these 60-second facials with Palmolive's n and gentle lather that work such wonders.

Here's proof it works!

In 1285 tests on all types of skin—older and younger, dry and oily—2 out of every 3 women showed astonishing complexion improvement in just 14 days. Conclusive proof of what you have been seeking—a way to beautify your complexion that really works. Start this new Palmolive way to beauty tonight.



Look For These Complexion Improvements in 14 days!

- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
- Less oiliness!
- Added softness, smoothness even for dry skin!
- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
- Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!



For Tub or Shower Get Big Bath Size Palmolive!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

PEQUOT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PLUS-SERVICE
SHEETS
PILLOW CASES

PEQUOT
Fine-Combed
PERCALE

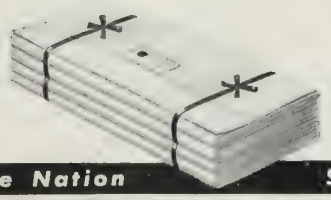
Where price and budget have to meet;

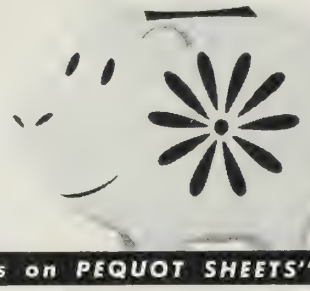
The answer is a PEQUOT SHEET

Such pleasant saving too! Because you enjoy the luxury of Pequots all their extra long life!

Send for the "Do's and Don'ts of sheet care"—*it's free.* PEQUOT MILLS, Dept. L, Salem, Mass.

More than 40 million PEQUOT SHEETS are continuously in use





"The Nation Sleeps on PEQUOT SHEETS"



LOOK TWICE...Yes, It's Easy To MAKE MONEY!

Sell Midwest Everyday Cards

Turn your spare time into cash. Show Midwest All-Occasion Cards to friends. They'll buy 21-card big value $1 Assortment fast. Your profit up to 50c! EXCLUSIVE Secret Pal, Eastern Star Cards. Also Pop-Up Books, Scented Stationery, other money-makers. CASH BONUS. Party Plan. Club fund-raising plan, too. Get Samples on approval. Write at once.

MIDWEST CARD CO., 1113 WASHINGTON AVE., DEPT. F-5, ST. LOUIS 1, MO.

I Have $50 For You!



Make $50 fast! Sell only 100 new 21-Card $1 Greeting Card Assortments!

FREE Book tells you how to sell sensational value Assortments for Birthdays, other occasions. Also show Gift Wraps, Stationery, Children's Books, Address Book, many other fast selling items for all members of the family. Start earning with Assortments on approval. Extra Profit Bonus Plan!

PHILLIPS CARD CO. *Write now!* Send no money. 16 Hunt St., Newton, Mass.

NEW! COLORFUL! EASY TO CROCHET! BUTTERFLIES and HANDKERCHIEF EDGINGS!



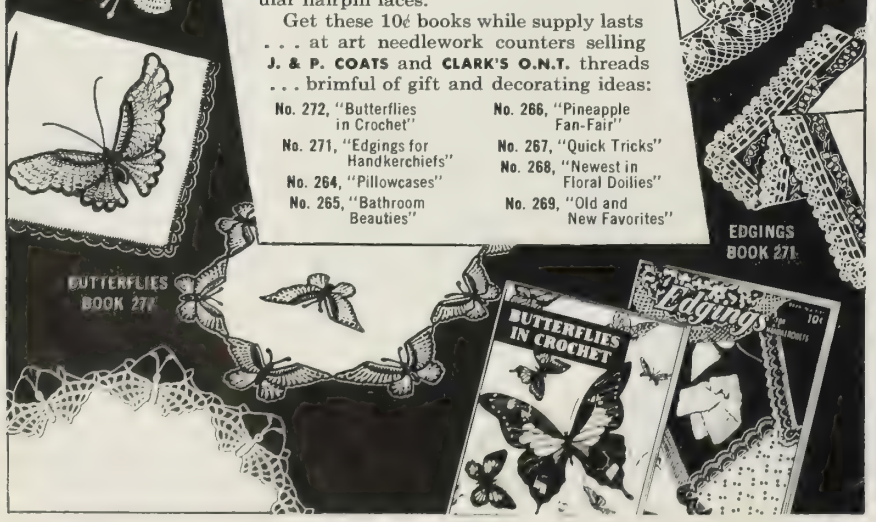


Butterflies in *beautiful colors* . . . the newest rage! Wonderful on hats, dresses, handkerchiefs, doilies, curtains, etc. New book features them in full, glowing colors.

New! Deep crochet edgings in exquisite patterns transform simple, colored handkerchiefs into works of art. New book features them in crochet and popular hairpin laces.

Get these 10¢ books while supply lasts . . . at art needlework counters selling J. & P. COATS and CLARK'S O.N.T. threads . . . brimful of gift and decorating ideas:

No. 272, "Butterflies in Crochet"
No. 271, "Edgings for Handkerchiefs"
No. 264, "Pillowcases"
No. 265, "Bathroom Beauties"
No. 266, "Pineapple Fan-Fair"
No. 267, "Quick Tricks"
No. 268, "Newest in Floral Doilies"
No. 269, "Old and New Favorites"



(Continued from Page 68)

he remembered what McGinty had said. "You-a not afraid," he breathed. "*Dios mío, no tienes miede!* You-a knock Loomis down. You-a more than anyone!" cried Mario, and he seized McGinty's hand and covered it with kisses.

McGinty snatched his hand away and rubbed it on his trousers. "I hate you slobbering all over me. Now go. Go away. Do you hear? Scram."

Mario did not go, but stood there, lowering in his surprise. He could not understand why McGinty did not want his adoration. For the first time he wavered; he did not like this sickness in his god. "You-a sick," he said as if it were an excuse. McGinty did not answer, but turned his head away on the rail.

That was how Mr. van Loomis saw him, crumpled and forlorn, his head against the rail, framed by the light, his hair tumbled. It looked a boy's rough head, and, for a moment, Mr. van Loomis's anger was stayed. He landed and crossed the rocks by the light of Jéo's lantern and climbed the stair with Jéo and Luck and Filipino and the boatmen crowding after him. Mario shrank into the shadows, but McGinty did not move. Mr. van Loomis stood and looked down on him as he sat huddled on the stool by the rail, and when Mr. van Loomis spoke he spoke far more gently than he would have believed possible when he had seen the signal from the temple.

"What have you been doing?" he asked as he might have asked a schoolboy.

"That's my business," said McGinty.

Mr. van Loomis's anger blazed again. "You have no business here," he said. "Here or on the island. You have broken your word."

"Didn't give you . . . any word."

"It was understood," thundered Mr. van Loomis. "You took advantage of it. You have had my hospitality."

"Didn't want your . . . hospitality," said McGinty wearily.

"I could have you deported for this."

McGinty's eyes flew open, bright in his strange-looking face. "Deported! You'll have us deported all right, *and* sooner than you think. Then you'll lose your precious Valentine. He'll come to his senses then. You didn't see ——"

"I saw," said Mr. van Loomis.

"They'll send a boat or a plane," boasted McGinty, his breath coming faster. It was odd what a noise his breathing made; it came in long, loud breaths, interrupting him. "Val's a V.I.P. even if you treat him like dirt. He's news! They'll be after him at once. They'll have been looking for him. They'll be here any time after dawn, I should think."

"That is unlikely," said Mr. van Loomis. "You had an answer, yes, but she may be a small ship without wireless, probably a fishing boat, in which case she will fish all night, perhaps for two nights, before she goes in, or she may have been a route steamer, in which case she may wireless but more likely will wait till she makes port. Valentine's name will mean nothing to them. There will be plenty of time for me to deal with you first. I confined you to the island ——"

"Confined nothing!" said McGinty. "Just because the dumb clucks here think you're God, don't kid yourself ——" He did not think he could go on with this talking; the words seemed to explode like signals, like rockets, in front of his eyes.

Jéo had come on the platform and examined his light as if McGinty had stolen it and then picked up his knacker board with a look of reproach; and Luck and Mario and the boatmen kept their eyes on Mr. van Loomis, but Filipino kept his on McGinty. He thought McGinty looked extremely strange and wondered that Mr. van Loomis did not notice it; McGinty's skin, even in the yellow light, was too yellow, his eyes were dark-ringed as if they were bruised, his lips were cracked, and he looked as if his skin might crack, too, but now he began to hurl abuse at Mr. van Loomis, and Mr. van Loomis stopped and looked at him sharply. It was incoherent abuse, mixed up with obscenities and strange sobbing breaths; even Mario could tell it meant nothing. He went round, behind the lamp, to McGinty, pulled his sleeve.

"No-a! No-a," whispered Mario. "no-a *good!*"

McGinty shook him off and stood swaying. "Who do you think you a he hurled at Mr. van Loomis. "You t you're God. You're not God, you old postor, you God squatter! You can't kee off the light, you don't own the light. can't keep me off the sea, you don't ow sea. You don't own anything. You c push everyone around, we're not all a of sheep." Mr. van Loomis seemed to in front of his eyes into a monstrous size he put up his hands to ward him off.

In the beam of the light, insects spatte harmlessly against him, with his height white clothes and white beard and fine w head, to Mario, Jéo, Luck, Filipino and boatmen, Mr. van Loomis did indeed loo god, the incarnation of the wrath of G Mario pulled McGinty's sleeve more gently. Mr. van Loomis's eyes flashed w anger and he lifted his hand; his ring flash Mario quailed and hid his eyes, and Filip cried out, "*Tsula!* What you do!" But van Loomis did not hit McGinty. Instead took him firmly by the shoulder and lowe him onto the stool and laid his other ha over McGinty's eyes, across his forehead

"You must be quiet," said Mr. van Loo to McGinty. "You are very ill."

At the touch of that firm, authorita hand McGinty crumpled. His body sag and tears ran down his face and he shudde from head to foot. He made one more effor get up, but he could not find the rail, or own feet; pain ran up his back to his h and he screamed; he felt hands grip him tried to fight them off, but they held hin the stool; he tried to speak, but his sick choked him; he retched and shuddered, the effort of retching hurt him so that screamed again. Mr. van Loomis held and he began to sob.

"Take me home," sobbed McGin "Please take me home. I want to go ba I want to go home."

Mr. van Loomis jerked his head for L and Jéo to come. "Take him to the boa

But before Jéo could touch McGin Mario gave a sudden cry. "No-a!" bellow Mario. "No-a!" He had stood dumb watching; now he leaped past Mr. v Loomis at McGinty. "You-a said. Yo promised!" They thought he would t McGinty off the stool; Filipino and a bo man caught his arms, but he beat them like flies. "He-a said!" sobbed Mar "*Ayúdame, Virgen santa! Madre de D ampárame!* Now-a what I do? What I do

He stood, stricken, while he saw Lu and Jéo pick McGinty up from the stool a carry him off the platform and down t steps and over the rocks to the canoe as he had been a child.

Mr. van Loomis sat at his desk and he w once more, terribly uneasy; "terribly" the right word: he had a feeling of guilt t almost amounted to terror. He heard wo like an echo of something he had heard fore. Where? He was afraid it was in t impediment, his conscience. *Ridiculo* said Mr. van Loomis. *I have not let it worry before. Why now? And in any case, I nothing to do with this. Nothing!* That w true, but the feeling remained.

He tried to think of gentle, peaceful thin he thought of peaceful voices rising from t shore, of picnic laughter, of girls coiling their blue-black hair with flowers, of nec laces of shells; he thought of the fishing ne glittering in the sun and the sound of w cloths being slapped on the wash stones the river; of the games of knacker and smo ing in the evening, the sleep at midday und the palms, the smell of cooking, the sma carefully husbanded stacks of corn and t basketloads of fruit; of the sleepy babi nodding on their mothers' backs and the he boys singing; but he knew that to think the island as only like that was to be deli erately wishful; "charming and innocent a murderously cruel," remembered Mr. v Loomis, *but what is that to do with me?*

rned him we had a tiger sun. He still knew at, to the islanders, he and not the sun d struck McGinty. *But I didn't. I did thing at all. I am only a man,* he said help- sly. They knew otherwise; there were the rs, clearly to be seen, fixed in daylight to ark the triumph of the Water Star. He had en humbled himself to explain how, from at distance down, from any well or deep- nk shaft, stars could always be seen. They iled. "We saw them. You showed them us. They were not there before." McGinty d disobeyed Mr. van Loomis. "It's sun- roke," said Mr. van Loomis. The islanders niled again. "It happened at night," they id. "At night there is no sun." It was terri- e not to be believed. "I am more conjured ainst than conjuring," Mr. van Loomis ight have said, and yet there was a grain truth in it; he remembered how he had id that he abjured magic and had won- red if magic had abjured him.

Last night when he had brought McGinty , the house had hummed with this last roke. He remembered Valentine's shocked ce.

"I told him to wear a hat," said Mr. van oomis brusquely, "but he wouldn't be ld."

"And there isn't a doctor," said Valentine, palled. He was white with dismay. "There n't even a thermometer." He felt a ther- ometer would have been comforting.

Charis could not share this feeling; she had ever seen a thermometer, but she could see alentine felt the island and all of them were adequate; that hurt her, but still she tried comfort him. "Pheasant and Niu know hat to do," she said.

Pheasant ran her hands over McGinty and ut her lips. "Too much ver," said Pheasant. Niu ame and stood at the foot f the bed and watched him r a long time; he too ursed his lips and shook is head.

"If there is anything to e done they will do it," said Charis, but er eyes were frightened.

"They can only cool him and cleanse him," aid Mr. van Loomis. "No one could do more han that."

It was dreadful to Valentine to see the ontained, limited McGinty broken apart ke this. McGinty, who had so few words nd those only the words of his kind, now sed strange ones; he babbled of snakes and ainbows and picnics and fires and drums. He held Charis's hand to his head and his racked purple lips and then flung it away rom him; he counted men and women and hildren and chickens in the island words hat Mr. van Loomis had tried to teach him nd that he could not remember before; they were on his tongue now, and then he went back to drums and rainbows and snakes again.

"Will he . . . die?" asked Valentine.

"It will be very bad luck if he does," said Mr. van Loomis. "Leave him to Pheasant nd Niu. They know best what to do."

TOWARD dawn, on the next night, the priest or whom Niu had sent Filipino came down with a draught in a horn; it was pungent dark tuff that Charis said was made of a bark nd animal urine. Valentine thought it was, n any case, a strange medicine to be admin- stered to McGinty, who trusted in prescrip- ions in hygienic glass bottles that he bought t a qualified chemist's or got from the hos- ital dispensary. Valentine could not help eeling that he would have been very angry f he could have known, but, after it, he gradually lay more still, and, presently, small drops, like body dew, began to break out on his face and neck, and Pheasant quickly pulled off the wet sheets he had been packed n and began to fold him in blankets.

"Blankets! For that heat of fever?" asked Valentine.

"Fever goin'," said Pheasant shortly; her hands worked quickly. "Danger time, Massa Vala'tine. Him very weak. Help me, Massa Vala'tine." She called to Niu to come, and she and Valentine began to rub McGinty's feet and legs, rubbing upward while Niu massaged his heart and gave him small sips from a cup that stood by the bed. This time Valentine did not ask what was in it. Imperceptibly McGinty's limbs relaxed and the sweat came more easily. Pheasant sponged him off and brought fresh blankets. Presently Niu brought another draught, and this time McGinty drank it. He opened his eyes and sighed and shut them again. "Soon," said Pheasant, "soon he sleep nat'ral. Thank th' Lawd!"

VALENTINE stood up, cramped and stiff, his arms aching. He looked down at McGinty and thought his face looked younger than he had ever seen it, wiped clean of all expression; though it looked young and peaceful, something in McGinty's face disturbed Valentine. He called Mr. van Loomis. "Is he all right?" asked Valentine. Mr. van Loomis spoke to Niu, who answered quietly. Valentine could tell it was a noncommittal answer.

"It's too early to tell yet," said Mr. van Loomis. "Niu says he is weak, but we all know that."

"He looks different."

"He is very ill," said Mr. van Loomis.

Pheasant motioned them to go away, and they left the room where Niu was closing the slats to keep the growing daylight out.

Mr. van Loomis went back to his room. Mario padded after him. When they had left the lighthouse Mario had followed Mr. van Loomis into the boat and sat down at his feet. Mr. van Loomis had not sent him back. Mario had not spoken, but slow tears ran down his face. Now his eyes had great red rims and his tears oozed if anyone spoke to him. The servants looked at him and silently offered him a cigar or a drink or an orange, but Mario shook his head at these things he would have prized before and he refused them all; even the boys left him alone. He followed Mr. van Loomis wherever he went, and if Mr. van Loomis went into the study he sat on the floor outside the door. Mr. van Loomis could hear him sniffing and wished he would go away.

The dogs bark, but the caravan goes on. —INDIAN PROVERB.

"McGinty will get better, you know," said Mr. van Loomis.

"I hope he-a die!" said Mario fiercely. More tears came out of his swollen lids and ran down his cheeks. *Could any creature have so many tears?* thought Mr. van Loomis. "Mario been *fool!*" said Mario and wept.

Mr. van Loomis began his letters. He refused to give time or room to this ridiculous feeling of guilt, but he could not write sense. He tore up the sheet he had written. Niu came to say that breakfast was ready. Mr. van Loomis went out to join a silent Valentine and Charis. He drank some coffee; he did not feel like eating, but, when he saw how they all looked at him, even little Webster, he shook his shoulders and smoothed his beard and ate fish and ham and eggs and toast and marmalade and fruit. *I shall not have people staring at me,* said Mr. van Loomis. Afterward he went back and shut himself in the study.

On his desk still lay the letters from London. He had not broken their news to Charis or Valentine. There was much to be done, much, as Valentine said, to be made clear, and it was immediate; at any moment the rescue might come. *But I was right; it must have been a fishing boat or they would have been here by now.*

He had a curious distaste for the idea of beginning anything, either to settle his affairs in Scotland and England or on the island. *I want no more places,* thought Mr. van Loomis. Not Spey, nor the island. *I can't manage them. I'm tired. I'm getting old. I need a little place in which to end my days. There is no more fight in me.* Still, there were these arrangements to be made; arrangements at any rate for Charis, who would have a considerable dowry apart from Spey and the estate; there were the arrangements of Archie's, the affairs of the firms and the administration of the estate. *I shall have to go to London. Faugh!* said Mr. van Loomis. Suddenly he felt angry with Charis; it was Charis, he felt, who had brought all this on him; but it was not Charis; it was that pulse

Don't give a Cold a chance!

This Man Did...



This man caught a cold . . . he ignored it and went to work as usual . . . he developed a fever on the third day . . . yet delayed calling a doctor.

RESULT: *Pneumonia had set in . . . and he lost several weeks' time from work.*

This Woman Didn't...



This woman caught a cold . . . when her temperature went up she called the doctor promptly . . . on the doctor's advice she went to bed . . . ate lightly and drank plenty of liquids.

RESULT: *The cold cleared up . . . and she was back on the job in three days.*

To speed recovery from a cold and to help hasten relief from its discomforts, doctors recommend rest and a light nourishing diet, including plenty of water and fruit juices. This helps the body overcome the infection.

The danger of neglecting a cold lies chiefly in the fact that body resistance is lowered and serious infections such as sinusitis, bronchitis, and ear trouble may develop.

Pneumonia, especially, is likely to strike when a person is tired or run-down because of a persistent cold. In fact, it has been estimated that colds are the starting point for nine out of ten cases of pneumonia.

Although the death rate for pneumonia has been greatly reduced, this disease—and its ally, influenza—still claim about 50,000 lives each year in our country. Authorities say that the toll from pneumonia could be reduced still further if everyone would call the doctor immediately if any of these symptoms appear:

A severe shaking chill followed by fever.

Pain in the chest after coughing or deep breathing.

Coughing, particularly with the appearance of rust-colored sputum.

If pneumonia is discovered early, the chances for rapid recovery are much better now than in the past. This is because the new drugs which doctors prescribe usually are most effective when given at the start of the disease. For instance, virus pneumonia can usually be treated successfully with certain antibiotic drugs.

Immunization against some types of influenza and pneumonia has likewise helped to combat these diseases. Other respiratory ailments have also been brought under better control.

While medical science can now bring about more and quicker recoveries from the chief health hazards of winter, it is wise to be on guard against them. Here are some measures which may help:

Always take care of a cold promptly . . . if fever develops, call a doctor at once.

Keep physically fit, particularly during the winter months.

Get sufficient rest and sleep and eat a balanced daily diet.

Dress warmly when going out-of-doors and avoid damp, inclement weather whenever possible.

Stay away from people who cough or sneeze carelessly.

For more information about how to enjoy good health during the winter season by guarding against colds, influenza, and pneumonia, write for Metropolitan's free booklet, 11-J, "Respiratory Diseases."

COPYRIGHT 1950—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

A MUTUAL COMPANY

1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.



Please send me a copy of your booklet, 11-J, "Respiratory Diseases."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

beating, underneath the busy clicking, it was time, and time was growth.

Do I have to grow, even at my age? and he had a vision of a small quiet room where there was time for quiet and meditation. *That is how I should grow,* groaned Mr. van Loomis. *How can I grow?* said Mr. van Loomis. *If I had my room in the south tower —— That is what I want,* thought Mr. van Loomis. He thought again and said, *That, now, is the only thing I want.* But the little room seemed impossibly far away. To reach it, he remembered, one had to climb up a long, steep, winding stair. That seemed to him fitting; he had all these papers on his desk, all these problems to resolve, all these . . . obscurities, thought Mr. van Loomis (that seemed a good name for them), to be made clear. He drummed his fingers and then, reluctantly, began to work.

When Niu called him for luncheon he found only Charis at the table. "Where is Valentine?" he asked.

"Writing," said Charis. "He mustn't be disturbed." She said it with an air of importance that annoyed Mr. van Loomis.

"He shouldn't be writing now," he said. *How hard and indifferent they all are,* thought Mr. van Loomis. *All bent on their own little schemes.* He scowled jealously, but Charis was so absorbed that she did not see him scowl. "There you are," said Mr. van Loomis. "That is gratitude. Phaugh! I have done with all of you."

He went back to his study and shut himself in. Charis went to sit with McGinty while Pheasant snatched a little sleep. Mr. van Loomis could hear McGinty muttering those tangled words and then he caught Charis' soothing voice and McGinty was quiet. Mario was stretched on the matting by the door, at last and ungracefully asleep, hair tousled, his breathing stertorous.

I once said to Kreisler, "Why do you spend your genius on trifles instead of using it in the service of great or less familiar music, which is worthy of it?"

Kreisler said to me: "There is, in my opinion, as much artistic merit and satisfaction in doing a little thing perfectly as in doing a big thing; in writing a perfect sonnet as in building Milan Cathedral."

—STEPHEN WILLIAMS.

Perhaps Mr. van Loomis slept a little, too, in his chair, a troubled sleep of dreams, but Filipino seemed to be suddenly in the room, opening the slats, and on his desk was a tray of tea. Then Pheasant came rustling in, freshly dressed and starched, to tell him that McGinty was in a natural sleep.

"Thank God!" said Mr. van Loomis. He felt as if a weight had slipped off his shoulders. "I thought I had killed him," said Mr. van Loomis and caught himself up. "I thought *it* had killed him. Thank God!"

The house was very quiet while McGinty slept. He slept through a hushed night and through the next morning, past noon. They began to wonder if he would ever wake again.

Mr. van Loomis went and looked at him several times; he still could not get McGinty off his mind, and, as it had surprised Valentine, McGinty's face surprised Mr. van Loomis. McGinty's face looked young and empty, its cocksure look and hardness gone; it was the emptiness that haunted Mr. van Loomis; it was now a curiously innocent face; curiously, thought Mr. van Loomis, no grown-up person has a face like that, and, as he had not wanted anything before, Mr. van Loomis suddenly wanted the haven of that room high up, shut, in the turret of the tower.

He waited, drumming his fingers against his thigh, and stepped out into the full noon glare of the garden. He found a garden boy under a bush asleep, and, pushing him with his toe, he woke him and sent him to fetch Niu and Filipino.

"In the island we have rainbows," said Mr. van Loomis to Niu and Filipino. Why he began like this he did not know, except that in his tiredness and general heartache he saw ideas as rainbows, phantoms of color, ephemeral, that were flung up and glittered and dissolved away. "Yes, rainbows," said Mr. van Loomis.

"Between earth and heaven like a bridge," said Filipino glibly. "I wrote a song about it once," he said. "I called it Rainbow Bridge. It would have been a beautiful song, only the lines didn't come right and I couldn't think of the music." He and Niu waited. After a few minutes, though they both stood politely, Niu moved his feet in his slippers and coughed and Filipino curled his bare toes on the matting and hid a little yawn. Mr. van Loomis had sent for them in siesta time; they had thought he must have something important to tell them; instead he talked of rainbows.

Niu was tired. He had been up for two nights and he had been asleep when the garden boy had woken him; he was old to be woken like that and he felt shaken. Filipino had not been sleeping; lately he had not slept well; he was worrying because he found it too hard to learn the names of all the myriad things in the magazines. *I shall know what they are when I use them,* said Filipino firmly (he firmly believed he would come to use them). *Then I shall know them; why, a child knows them then, but now —— That is electric razor,* said Filipino. *That is potato masher.* The worry came back, *How dreadful if I should say, "That is potato masher," and it is a telephone.*

He saw now that he was far from understanding the magazines, and suddenly he regretted the days when his hut was empty and he lay on his bed unencumbered, free to dream and think of his songs. Then he thought of what McGinty had told him about driving a car and took heart again.

"Could I drive a car?" he had asked dizzily.

"Why not?" McGinty had said. "Plenty of native boys do, and you are eighteen."

"Am I?" Filipino hardly knew how old he was.

"Of course you could drive a car, if there was a car," said McGinty. That dazzling thought chased all others from Filipino's mind. *I should be the first driver on the island,* thought Filipino in ecstasy.

Meanwhile Mr. van Loomis had begun again. "Very soon now, a rescue ship or a wind machine will come."

"Plane," rapped out Filipino. "Last one was a Catalina flying boat. Mr. McGinty told me."

Mr. van Loomis ignored him. "They will bring petrol, and we shall get Tsula Valentine's plane out of the cave and he will go away. Tsuli Charis will go with him, and McGinty Tsula if he is well enough. Pheasant shall go if she wishes and . . . I shall go with them," said Mr. van Loomis with a sharp breath. He had decided now.

"You, Tsula!" Niu breathed. His eyes flickered. "But . . . you will come back?"

"No," said Mr. van Loomis. It was in his mind before, but now he had crystallized it and he had crystallized something else. "I shall not come back, and I shall leave the island to you."

"*Wé!*" said Filipino, but for a moment Niu did not understand. He was old and he had been woken suddenly. He stared at Mr. van Loomis and said nothing. Filipino jerked his arm. "*Listen!*" said Filipino. "Don't you hear what Tsula says?" Niu hissed at him and moved his arm away, and Filipino began a long explanation. Slowly Niu's eyes came round to Mr. van Loomis and he looked at him as if his eyes would pierce him. "Tsula will leave the island to *us!*" finished Filipino triumphantly.

"How, Tsula?" asked Niu.

"That is what I wanted to ask you," said Mr. van Loomis. "The island should belong to its own people, its own spirits. Your father was chief, your grandfather, all your line, but if I go, can you rule it? Or will you let someone, like Mario's mother, take it from you again?"

The muscles in Niu's throat worked and his hands clenched on his cloth. "Tsula is

(Continued on Page 74)

YOUR BES

. . . With the greatest helper a housewife ever had the Youngstown Kitchens

JET-TOWER DISHWASHER

You'll find the new, revolutionary Youngstown Kitchens Automatic washer the most helpful of *all* your labor-saving appliances.

Think! Just 9¾ minutes after you close the lid, it has your dishes lessly clean . . . even cooking utensils that don't obviously need s soaking or scouring! Why work harder than you have to? Ask Youngstown dealer to demonstrate the



JET-TOWER

WITH *HYDRO-BRUSH* ACTION

Revolutionary new principle complet modernizes dishwashing

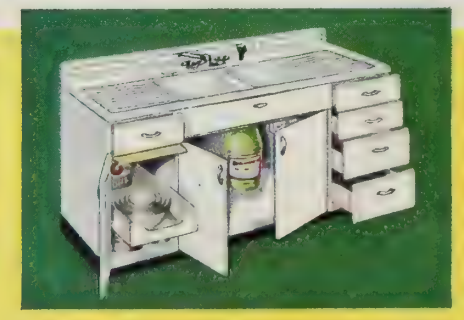
Water is "booster-heated" above the faucet t ture to the ideal washing temperature. Then, 6 ing, swirling jets brush-flush every corner and of every dish, glass and utensil. Hydro-Brush from top to bottom, and a piping-hot *doubl* Presto! Dishwasher stops and pops open cover self-drying. All in 9¾ minutes (average water p . . . all automatically, electrically!



Youngstown Kitchens Electric Sink combines timesaving, work-saving features of Youngstown Kitchens Cabinet Sinks and Youngstown Jet-Tower Dishwasher in one beautiful unit 48" wide. Youngstown Kitchens Food Waste Disposer (extra) lets you realize full labor-saving convenience.



Youngstown Kitchens Automatic D in a trim, tidy, white-ename cabinet, 27" wide. Easily ins any kitchen. Matches all Yo units. Modernize your home pletely modernizing dishwashi



66" DeLuxe Twin-Bowl Youngstown Cabinet Sink. One of 13 models. Designed for easiest possible Straight-Line Dishwashing. No-splash bowls; positive-draining, no-tip drainboards. One-piece, acid-resisting porcelain-enameled steel top. Swinging mixing-faucet swings freely to either bowl. Handy, flexible rinse spray.



54" DeLuxe Youngstown Kitchens Cabi Massive double drainboards spaced flutes. Graceful, round tours. Ruggedly built of lo STEEL, with one-piece, acid-r porcelain-enameled steel top. finished in gleaming Hi-Bake

KITCHEN VALUES EVER!



A gorgeous, practical Youngstown Kitchen, featuring Youngstown Kitchens Electric Sink . . . built of long-life steel!

Save time! Save work! One look, and you'll see why NOW is the time to enjoy your new Youngstown Kitchen.

Exciting new savings in time and work—new units, exclusive new features! And so easy to plan, so easy to own: just select the right Cabinet Sink (or Electric Sink)—add base and wall cabinets and accessories. *Presto!* Your Youngstown Kitchen is complete—tailored to your needs and your budget!

In your STEEL Youngstown Kitchen, you'll save more time . . . more energy . . . *enjoy* your work more than you ever believed possible! Let your factory-trained Youngstown dealer show you *your* dream kitchen in perfect miniature, show you how to save on installation and how easy it is to finance. If building, specify Youngstown—you'll *save!*

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
WARREN, OHIO
World's Largest Makers of Steel Kitchens

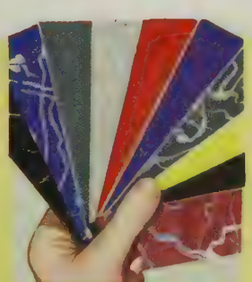
Youngstown Kitchens®

Call Western Union, Operator 25, and without charge get the name of a nearby dealer.

Exciting New Ideas in Kitchen Planning, Automatic Dishwashing



Youngstown Kitchens Food Waste Disposer keeps your kitchen clean as you go. Self-reversing motor permits complete self-cleaning; two sets of shredding edges double shredder life. Shreds food waste down the drain *continuously* (no "stop-and-go" feeding).



Exclusive Youngstown Cusheen Cabinet Top material has amazing resistance to abrasion, heat, sunlight, food acids, alkalies, solvents, hot greases and oils. Ten glamorous, basic colors for any color scheme.



New Rotary Corner Base Cabinet has shelves that turn to bring everything up front within easy reach. Worlds of storage; room for as many as 78 packages or cans! Puts otherwise wasted corner space to work.



Youngstown Kitchens
Mullins Manufacturing Corporation
Dept. L-151, Warren, Ohio

Get these latest kitchen-planning ideas. Complete information on Youngstown Kitchens, including new Automatic Dishwasher and Electric Sink. Send ten cents in cash to cover cost of mailing; no stamps, please.

I plan to build ☐ I plan to remodel ☐

NAME _____ (Please Print)

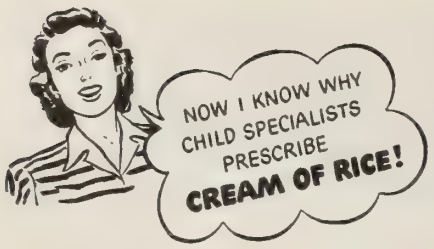
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

COUNTY _____ ZONE _____

STATE _____

© 1951 Mullins Manufacturing Corporation



1. QUICKER NUTRITION

2. MORE ENERGY

3. EASIER TO DIGEST



3 advantages over any wheat, oat, or baby cereal*

Gives more nutrition faster. New life begins to pour into the system *in a few minutes! Gives more energy!* And . . . Vitamins B_1 B_2 and Niacin are added—*plus iron*—for rich, red blood and better growth! *Is easier to digest!* Many doctors recommend Cream of Rice as one of baby's first cereals.



*Test data available upon professional request.

READY IN ONLY 5 MINUTES!

USE **KITCHEN Bouquet**



TO MAKE GRAVY *EXTRA* **RICH· BROWN·DELICIOUS**

It's easy to make your gravy *extra*-rich, *extra*-brown, *extra*-delicious every time. Just stir in Kitchen Bouquet! Ah! What rich, brown color and how it brings out that true meat taste! Adds no artificial flavor. Good cooks have used Kitchen Bouquet for over 70 years.

COSTS SO LITTLE —ADDS SO MUCH!

(Continued from Page 72)

speaking to you," said Filipino shrilly. "You must answer him. Answer."

"Where are your manners?" said Mr. van Loomis to Filipino sharply. "You must not interrupt your grandfather like that."

Filipino fell back, chafing and impatient.

Niu's eyes had been smoldering with anger, but as he looked at Mr. van Loomis, they grew clear and glowed. After a few moments he spoke.

"Tsula, now I know you are a great man," said Niu.

That was the true island courtesy, thought Mr. van Loomis, to think of the other person even when you were alight with your own happenings. He hoped Filipino, in the background, had marked it, but Filipino was busy trying to spur Niu on.

"You have been a great man to us," said Niu. "Now you are a greater man," and he gave Mr. van Loomis the island obeisance, his hands joined together in front of his face, his head bowed. Mr. van Loomis had not seen Niu make it before. Filipino fidgeted. "We are chiefs," said Niu in his slow, sepulchral voice. "I am a chief. For twenty-five years we have been servants and children." Niu's eyes flashed. "We shall not let anyone take it again."

"But you understand, I shall be gone. There will be no one to protect you. If you are chief, you will be alone."

"*Ohé*," said Niu.

But he has forgotten what that means, thought Mr. van Loomis. "You are not afraid?" asked Mr. van Loomis.

"Tsula was not afraid."

"I wish I had been," said Mr. van Loomis, and he felt the weight of all he had done dragging on him still. He began to explain the plans he had tentatively made. As he talked, Filipino drew nearer, almost pushing Niu out of the way in his excitement. Mr. van Loomis spoke of the transferring of the island rights, the transport of Charis's dowry, his own goods, his books, of what he proposed to leave behind. He spoke of the arranging of a magistrate to help Niu, of internal government. "I leave you a better island than I found it," said Mr. van Loomis.

"And we shall make it more better," said Filipino. Niu made a movement as if he would slap him, but Filipino edged past him. His face was kindled with enthusiasm. "We shall make it *much* more better," he cried. "Look!" And from his waist knot he untied something small and round and held it out on his palm. It was the Australian sixpence McGinty had given him. "It's *money!*" said Filipino.

Niu looked at it and from it to Mr. van Loomis. "What does it mean? Money," he said, trying the word. "What is money?" Filipino opened his lips impatiently, Niu checked him, but Filipino swept on.

"*I* shall tell you what it means," said Filipino. "I shall show you. Tsula, when you leave the island to us, will you leave the things that are here? Will the pearls be ours and the gold? And the fishing and the fruit and the wood in the forest?" He sounded as if he were bargaining. "Will we have all the cattle? And the fields and plantations? Will you leave us the house?" Niu began to breathe quickly, too, and a further weariness fell on Mr. van Loomis. "Will they all be ours?" bargained Filipino.

"Yes, if you want them," said Mr. van Loomis.

"We want," said Filipino, and his eyes were bright and greedy.

"They will all be yours."

"Then," Filipino drew a deep breath, "*if* we had a steamer to come and get them and we sent them away on the steamer, we would get money?"

"You would get money."

"Much money?"

"A great deal of money."

"*Wé!*" said Filipino in triumph. "That is what Mr. McGinty said." He turned to Niu. "You see. You heard. We shall *trade!*" said Filipino. "I shall go away with the Tsulas, and Tsula van Loomis will send me to college. I shall go to commercial college and agricultural and engineering and mines," boasted Filipino. "I shall go to them all, and then I shall come back and teach you."

Niu shook his head, bewildered.

"Then we shall trade," said Filipino. "We shall have our own trade. You don't know what is trade, but I shall teach you. We shall buy and sell," said Filipino, trembling with excitement. "We shall buy . . . *things!*" said Filipino reverently. He turned to Mr. van Loomis. "Steamers would come, wouldn't they, Tsula?" he pleaded. "People would come? We could have a hotel. Tsula McGinty told me about hotels. Don't you think people would come?"

"They would come," said Mr. van Loomis.

"Mr. McGinty said we could have an airfield. He said ships might come here for pleasure."

"You don't know what people are," said Mr. van Loomis.

Filipino stopped, puzzled.

"People are like McGinty Tsula," said Mr. van Loomis. "Here on the island, you do not like McGinty."

"But he is clever," said Filipino.

"Clever!"

"Isn't it . . . a good thing to be clever?"

Mr. van Loomis did not answer that. He felt defeated. No matter what he answered, he saw he would not convince Filipino. Filipino had gone beyond him.He did not know how to deal with Filipino. He saw Niu looking at him attentively and he stirred himself again.

"If you let people come here ——" he began when Filipino interrupted him.

"Not 'let people come,' Tsula. We *want* that they come. We shall welcome them."

Mr. van Loomis shook his head. He felt Niu's look searching him and saw Niu's hands working on his cloth. "You don't want them," said Mr. van Loomis. "If you let people come, they will bring things."

"That is what I said," said Filipino joyfully.

"That is what you said," Mr. van Loomis agreed gravely. Niu noticed how grave his voice was. "It is true they will bring you things. For instance, they will bring radio."

"Radio!" cried Filipino. He knew now about radio.

"They will bring cars."

"Cars!" Filipino nodded. "I shall be the first on Mānoa, the first Terraquenese, to drive a car. Oh, I want to drive a car!"

"They will bring cinemas and shops, shops full of things for sale."

Filipino nodded ecstatically.

"They will bring people to keep the shops, white men and Chinese and Indians. They will keep the shops for money."

"Could I buy a watch?" interrupted Filipino, looking at his sixpence. "Tsula Valentine has a gold watch. I should want that mine is a gold watch too."

"You could buy a watch ——"

"With my own money?"

"You can buy anything for money," said Mr. van Loomis, and he said it so gravely that even Filipino this time was struck by his gravity. "You will begin to want th Your women will begin to want them. will have to get money to buy them. your lives will be getting and spending."

Filipino did not see anything wrong that.

"One day," said Mr. van Loomis, " will sell a little piece of island land- money."

There was a small hiss. Niu had un stood. He withdrew his gaze from Mr. Loomis. He looked at Filipino as if he had seen him before and his face hardened.

Mr. van Loomis went on. "Everything be different. The cars will want roads," Mr. van Loomis. "Not roads like ours, hard roads, that will take a hundred mer their lives to keep; the islanders will m the roads for money. The people will w houses, not island houses, but houses of st and concrete."

"I will explain you 'concrete,'" murmu Filipino aside to Niu.

"Stone and concrete and corruga iron ——"

"What is corrugated iron?"

"Hideous and cheap," said Mr. Loomis briefly. "Soon the whole look of island will be changed. They will bring t foreign drink. Ask Pheasant about drink," he said to Niu. "The men will w girls, not their girls, but yours. You h heard what McGinty Tsula calls them."

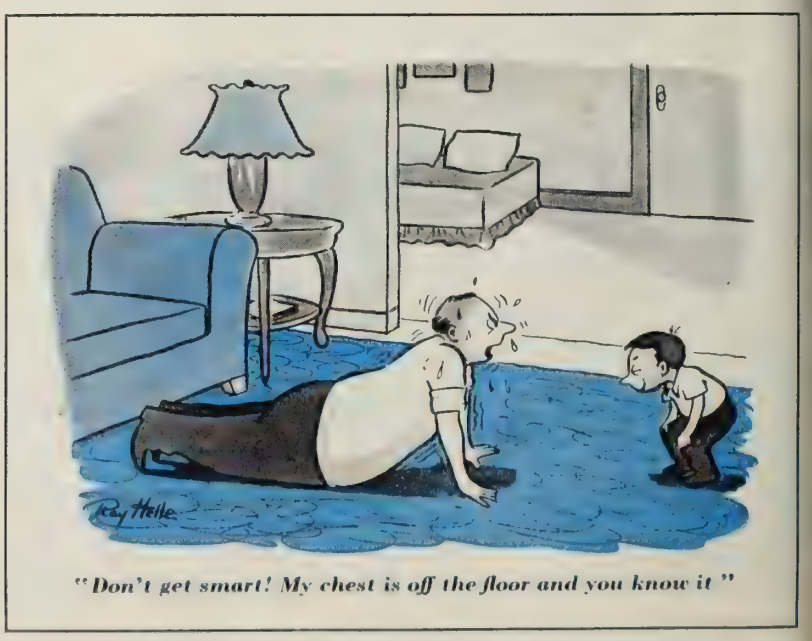
"Bints," said Filipino promptly. He not think it mattered what you called g they were still girls, but even he did much like the sound of it; still, girls we small part of life to Filipino, and he went "We could have electricity," he said, " telephone service and cars. We should h petrol. Think," said Filipino, "if Tsula entine had landed on the island then should have given him petrol and he co have flown straight away and no trou How good!" cried Filipino in admiration

"Listen to me," said Mr. van Loom Filipino raised his head dutifully, but van Loomis knew he was not hearing wh Mr. van Loomis meant him to hear. "I ten," said Mr. van Loomis, speaking d perately. "I could have had all those thin I could have brought them all here. Why you think I didn't? Because I knew wh they were," said Mr. van Loomis. "Mot and people bring radio and cars ——"

"And gadgets," interrupted Filipino re erently. "Gadget," was now his favo word.

"Yes, gadgets," said Mr. van Loomis a gadgets were not important. "But th bring other things as well." He was speak earnestly. "They will bring noise and d and disease and unhappiness." He had f gotten he was speaking to Filipino; he w speaking for the island. "Disease. Mise Squalor." He saw that Niu's eyes were on face. Niu was trying to piece out his mea ing. "Don't bring them," said Mr. v

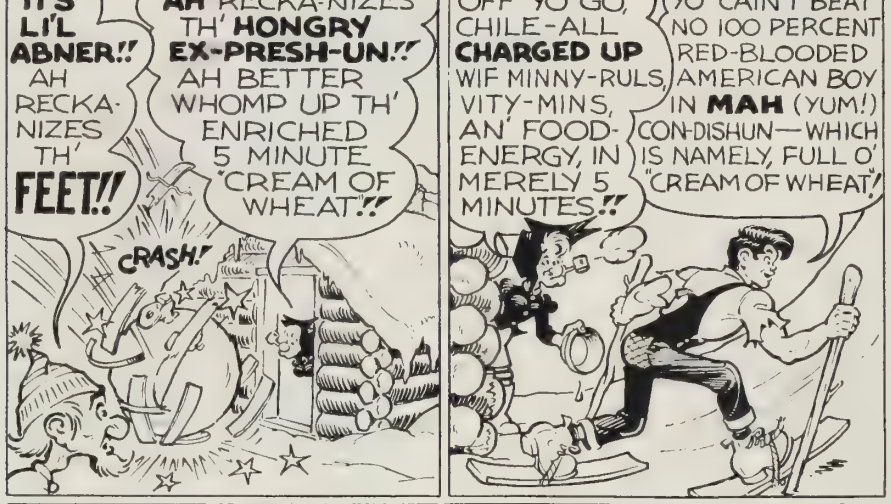
(Continued on Page 76)



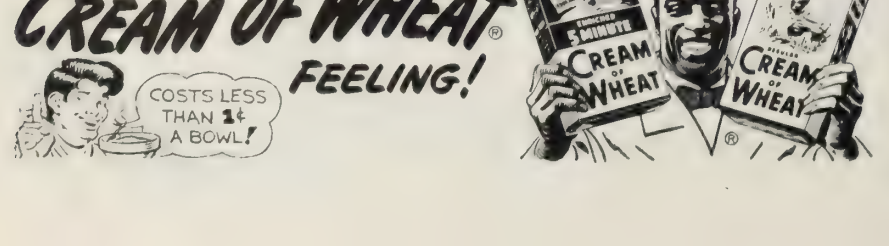
"Don't get smart! My chest is off the floor and you know it"


Have a sweet slice of summer
the best-liked peaches in the whole wide world!
Have some DEL MONTE Peaches!
Who could resist their tender orchard ripeness in a dish of ice cream, in a crisp salad—or just plain, in all their golden beauty.
Rich mellow flavor haunts these peaches like your fondest memories of summer. They're raised that way—with nothing spared to bring you everything you find so tempting in a juicy, sunny peach.
Little wonder DEL MONTE is the best-liked brand of peaches in the whole wide world.
Del Monte
BRAND
QUALITY
SLICED PEACHES
Del Monte Peaches
BRAND
—the brand that puts flavor first









(Continued from Page 74)

Loomis. "Be wise. Leave it as it is. Think. Listen. They won't speak your language, you will learn to speak theirs. They won't understand your gods, they will bring theirs. Soon you will have missionary Tsulas teaching you; you don't know missionary Tsulas but you soon will; they will teach you and tell you of their God and you will forget your own, your sun and rain, your rainbow. Ships will come, people will come, and your people will go away. I have told you they will take your girls; the girls will go to them, and soon there will be new islanders, half islanders, halfbreeds." As he said that he had a twinge of guilt; he remembered some fine but blue-eyed islanders; even Charis knew of them. He wavered and went on weakly, "Your villages will be pushed farther and farther away. The beaches will be good for their wharves and cafés and bathing places. They will take the beaches. The mountain will be cool for their houses, they will take the mountain." Now Niu was looking at Filipino. "You are not listening to me," said Mr. van Loomis, and he said in despair, "You don't understand."

Niu's eyes went from Mr. van Loomis to Filipino, from Filipino to Mr. van Loomis; his face was seamed with lines of worry. Mr. van Loomis felt he could almost see the thoughts whirling in the old man's head, backward and forward, up and down, like a shuttlecock, round and round. "Niu!" he cried sharply, and Niu's eyes came up to look at him again. Niu stared deeply, and the lines of his face hardened into pain.

"It will be their island," said Niu.

But Filipino was looking at the sixpence in hand. "It will be our money," said Filipino.

For three days now the house had been keyed to McGinty, and yet, all round him, schemes and life had gone on in which he had no part; even Flora Annie, as she carried the sheets he had been wrapped in away to the washhouse, had ceased to bother her head about him. She had been chosen by, and had decided to choose, a fine young boatman, grandnephew of Luck and with some of his prestige; in a day or two she would be going to her new home.

No one really missed McGinty.

"If you found your plane you could fly it without Mr. McGinty, couldn't you?" Filipino asked Valentine.

"Yes, but I should be sorry."

"You could get another Mr. McGinty," Filipino pointed out. That was true; there were other McGintys. There had been something machine-made in McGinty, and yet —— "We and the others, the different ones, are founded on McGintys," said Valentine. "He is good, faithful, reliable and skilled—isn't that enough?" But it was not enough. It was good, it was excellent, but it was not enough; even in the little tumbling baby, Golden Treasury, playing in the servants' courtyard, it was not enough. "There has to be something else," said Valentine slowly. "There has to be a response."

"Response, Tsula?"

"Yes," said Valentine, "between you and everyone, between you and everything. You make it and it is life." And he said, "I didn't understand that before."

Filipino did not understand, not even enough to ask Valentine to explain.

Valentine went back to his writing.

THROUGH the shock of McGinty's collapse, through the delirium and nursing and anxiety, through the newness of his relations with Charis, in his own tiredness, the idea of the new play had steadily taken shape. Now he had begun to write it.

"I can't help it," he said crossly to Charis when she looked surprised. "It's no use looking at me like that. Perhaps I am heartless, but it always comes at the most inconvenient times; it always will." And he added defensively, "It won't make McGinty better or you happier if I refuse to write."

He wrote while he should have slept. He wrote all morning; Filipino interrupted him with tea, he let the tea get cold; Niu brought him luncheon and clucked to see the untouched tea tray; Valentine ate a few mouthfuls of chicken and rice and let the cold. Charis came in and looked at l crept out again, but Pheasant wa with a sandwich and a glass of hot m stood her ground while he ate it. "' eat with one han'," said Pheasant, u Valentine wrote on while the sun clim grew hot and everybody slept again; off his shirt and threw it on the bed a on writing; when his elbows grew sti his forearms stuck to the table, h and took his bath towel and spread i table and wrote with his arms on th

In the afternoon Mr. van Loomis k at his door.

WEARILY, steadily, with a pain at hi Mr. van Loomis had gone on with the of his affairs. Now Niu and Filipino h and the letters were ready for writing to speak to Valentine. *I shall make breast of it*, said Mr. van Loomis. It not be pleasant, but he felt noble; he slightly pressed. He had his eyes a and every sense alert for a plane *Even with a fishing boat, someone mu soon*, said Mr. van Loomis. *I must settlement with Valentine*, and he kno Valentine's door. There was no answ van Loomis knocked again and oper door and went in. Valentine was writ looked up angrily.

"Valentine, I want to speak to yo

"Does it have to be now?" asked tine's look, but he said "Yes" dutifu put down his pen. He looked down paper, a word caught his eye and he up the pen and altered the word and to write.

"I have something to tell you. A gr to tell you," said Mr. van Loomis.

Valentine sighed and looked up, moment he was reading again. He out a line.

"I don't find it easy to tell you," s van Loomis.

"Mmmmm?" said Valentine.

"I had better go back to the begi said Mr. van Loomis. "I ——" He his throat. "First the Water Star. I I played a trick on you, Valentine."

"Mmmm?" said Valentine.

"If you don't want to hear I wo you," said Mr. van Loomis with ac

"Mmmmmmmmm?" said Valen

Mr. van Loomis went out and sh door. Valentine did not know he hac "Act Two. Scene One," wrote Val "Emily's bedroom, the same evening

Mr. van Loomis found Mario wait him, awake and looking calmer an kempt. Pheasant had sent him to wa get a fresh cloth and comb his hair. N followed Mr. van Loomis into the stu stood by his desk. "Loomis?"

"Yes?" Mr. van Loomis spoke gently now than he used to speak to

"Sir ——"

Mr. van Loomis wondered who had Mario to call him "sir."

"Filipino say you-a go away. Ta with you," said Mario. "Not-a lea here."

Mr. van Loomis thought for a m and then h saw that he could, not Mario, not to Niu, not alone here. power would be even more cruel th Mr. van Loomis, had unwittingly, tingly, been. *Have I to keep Mario for of my life?* thought Mr. van Loomis. I posed that he had. "I shall take you," with a sigh.

"Mario been fool," said Mario bi "Now I-a wise. I-a come with you. *I tigo y estaré contigo para siempre! G* Thank you, sir. Thank you, Loomis." were changing. Mario had not been kn thank anyone before.

Mr. van Loomis went back to his l He had a great many letters to write, to get ready, lists and accounts and He was glad that he had kept the isl such perfect order, kept all his books date, books of estimated figures and stocks. He told Mario, "Don't let a disturb me." But Mario did not know "disturb" meant. The first person he was Pheasant.

"
now," said Mr. van Loomis like Val-
out Pheasant was insistent and said,
lease!"
t *is* it, Pheasant?" He saw she had
McGinty. "Well, has he woken?"
Ir. van Loomis. "How is he?"
ant drew a deep breath. "He isn'!"

an Loomis spun round in his chair.
u mean he is *dead?*" Sweat broke out
and he was cold with horror, but
t rolled her eyes and shook her head.
ght he was better," said Mr. van

m body bettah," said Pheasant,
ah, his sense don' gone. Him lak a
e jes' don' remembah."
van Loomis turned his chair away
r, back to his desk. She was telling
at he had known and did not want to
Nonsense!" he said, and more loudly,
ense." He pushed back his chair and
wn the corridor and into McGinty's
Pheasant hurried after him.
," said Pheasant. "Jes' look."
room was not shaded now, the slats
en and the evening breeze came in;
ty had been washed and his hair
l; his bed was scrupulously neat. He
te still, looking at his finger.
Ginty."
inty looked up at Mr. van Loomis and

fronds of the orange creeper stirred
round the window and tapped and
. Pheasant went to the door and took
iu a steaming bowl of soup. Webster
behind with a dish of fruit. McGinty
at Webster, who
back. He seemed
in good will and
but Mr. van Loomis
here appalled.
cGinty," he said
y, but McGinty only
up and smiled at
ain, much as he had
at Webster. "Are you . . . quite
?" asked Mr. van Loomis. He did not
why he asked that except that
ty looked happy.
s, thank you," said McGinty politely
turned to look at his fingers.
come back," said Pheasant. "Fo' sho'
' las'."
van Loomis noticed that someone had
little pot of marigolds by McGinty's
He knew the islanders believed that
e touched with madness was holy, and
olds were sacred flowers. "Take those
" he said sharply to Pheasant.
asant took them away, but next time
an Loomis came to see McGinty, they
here again.
van Loomis saw the servants and
ers glance at him and quickly away
when he met them; they scurried out
way. "I am so potent," said Mr. van
is, "that they will be glad to be rid of
But it did not sound like a joke. He had
t aloud so that Mario stared at him.
an Loomis leaned his head on his hand
earily shut his eyes. He felt he wanted
le.
sula."

VAN LOOMIS gave a snort of exaspera-
nd opened his eyes. Niu was standing
nt of him. "Is it only Tsula Valentine
nust not be disturbed?"
sula."
What do you *want?*" said Mr. van
is irritably. "Is it something for the
who brought medicine? Give him two
ns."
have given him one pigeon, Tsula."
hen?"
u swallowed, his lips moved silently, and
he said, "I can do everything but one
," and he broke out, "Tsula, send
no to Zambun."
ipino to Zambun! Mr. van Loomis sat
his pen in his hand, staring at Niu.
n he spoke his voice was thin with aston-
ent. "Filipino? *Filipino!* To Zambun?
ou out of your mind, Niu? You ask me
that?"

"Tsula, you once said ——"
"I was only trying to frighten him."
"Don't frighten him, Tsula. Do it. Send him." Niu's breast heaved. "Send him away."
"But . . . he is the best boy on the island. There is no one like Filipino!"
"There is no one like Filipino." For the first time there was feeling in Niu's voice, a feeling of passionate alarm. "You heard him, Tsula. How can I stop him?"

"NOTHING can stop Filipinos," said Mr. van Loomis. He heard an echo, a slow inexorable beat. "*Nothing can stop Filipinos.*"
"There is Resurrection," pleaded Niu. "That is a good quiet boy. Everybody loves him and trusts him, but Filipino is nothing but trouble. Trouble! Trouble! Trouble!" cried Niu passionately. "No quiet. No rest. Nothing but mischief. He is an uneasy boy, he stir us all up, all the time. To the young men he is like yeast. How can I stop that?"
"I will take him with me," said Mr. van Loomis.
"If you take him, Tsula, he will come back. You heard him. Nobody comes back from Zambun," said Niu.
"But he is your grandson!" said Mr. van Loomis. Niu did not answer. Mr. van Loomis said, "You can't be afraid of a boy."
"I am afraid," said Niu calmly. "I am an old man and a boy is strong. You told us, we shall lose the island."
"He is only a boy. He will quieten."
"Resurrection is the quiet one, Tsula."
"But Filipino is a good boy."
"He is good." The admission fluttered from Niu like a sigh. Mr. van Loomis knew what that sigh meant. He had felt it with Filipino himself. He remembered the trousers; he remembered the coffee machine which Filipino had made. "He is good but he makes bad," said Niu, and Mr. van Loomis had to agree. "If he goes while you are still here, Tsula ——"

Enthusiasm is the leaping lightning, not to be measured by the horsepower of understanding. —EMERSON.

"I have told you, no!" said Mr. van Loomis. "You must learn to deal with Filipino. It's no good trying to stop him. If you put your hand on a water spring to stop it rising, what happens? It comes up somewhere else. What you ask is wicked, wicked!" said Mr. van Loomis with heat. "I'm not a devil or a witch doctor. Nor are you." Niu did not answer, and Mr. van Loomis said sharply, "You hear me, Niu." Niu nodded, but there was no change in the hardness of his face. "You must deal with Filipino in your own way," said Mr. van Loomis, "when I put the island in your hands." And he looked at Niu's hands, thin and dark against his white cloth. He remembered with a feeling of coldness how he had thought of them peeling the silk-thin apple skins, rigging those cobweb boats, sending those arrows steadily to their dead-line mark. He saw the cock flapping its wings on the stone and the small dead hand.
"Niu!" he said sharply.
"Yes, Tsula."
Don't be absurd, thought Mr. van Loomis, but his spine crept and he began to talk eloquently and earnestly to Niu of how he was to manage Filipino. Niu stood in front of him and said, "Yes, Tsula" . . . "No, Tsula," but his face did not change or relax. The bones stood out under his dark skin and caught the light as if they were polished. *He looks like a skull,* thought Mr. van Loomis and shuddered.

The afternoon had drawn out, the sun began to sink toward the sea, and the fantails flew down in the garden for the evening grain. The gardeners were watering the garden when Valentine stood up and stretched and went down to the beach and bathed. He came in and dressed, went into McGinty's room to look at him, but McGinty seemed to be asleep, and Valentine came out on the veranda and called to Charis.
"Come and play a game with me. I need something to clear my head. I have worked myself blind."



Got an urge to splurge? An occasional shopping spree can be good for your soul! Just remember this—feed your husband his favorite dessert and *then* break the news. He'll be meek as a lamb if you've given him creamy-smooth, super-luscious Minute Tapioca—the *real, genuine* homemade kind. Try this

Dessert delight

Simple to fix...simply luscious...made the real Minute Tapioca way!



CRANBERRY HALF-AND-HALF

Wash and grind 2 cups cranberries. Add 1 cup water and simmer 10 minutes. Add 1¼ cups sugar; bring to a boil. Drain cranberries; add enough water to juice to make 2 cups. Combine 3 tablespoons Minute Tapioca, ¼ teaspoon salt, and juice and water in saucepan. Mix well. Cook over medium heat until mixture comes to a full boil, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add cranberries and ½ teaspoon grated orange rind. Cool; stir occasionally. Chill. Divide pudding in half and fold ⅓ cup cream, whipped, into one half. Serve plain and cream puddings side by side in sherbet glasses. Serves 6. For "country-kitchen" desserts no ready-made dessert can match, get real, genuine Minute Tapioca today!

REAL TAPIOCA! MINUTE BRAND TAPIOCA

FULL OF COUNTRY-KITCHEN GOODNESS!



FREE! Wonderful New Recipe Book! Over 50 recipes for delicious Minute Tapioca dishes: creamy desserts, omelets and soufflés that stand up, meat loaves that slice without crumbling, juicy fruit pies that don't run over, and many other chefs' secrets. Get your FREE copy—send your name and address to Minute Tapioca, Box 815, New York 46, N. Y.

Offer expires June 1, 1951. Good only in U. S. A.

A product of General Foods





Gentler bleaching action.....

added protection for linens! There's more than one "Mother's little helper" here. The other is Clorox, which makes white and color-fast cottons and linens snowy-white, color-bright... deodorizes, removes stains, makes linens sanitary ... even when dried indoors! Clorox *conserves* your linens, too... it's free from caustic, *extra gentle.* Give your laundry *all* these benefits with Clorox!



Greater disinfecting efficiency...

added protection for health! Home germ centers can threaten family health. Not only garbage cans, but sinks, drainboards, wash basins, tubs and toilet bowls require disinfecting. Protect *your* family with the type of disinfection recommended by public health departments. Use Clorox in routine household cleaning. It *kills germs quicker* than any other product of its kind! Directions on label.

CLOROX AMERICA'S FAVORITE BLEACH AND HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT

"I should think so," said Charis. "It poured out, didn't it?"

"I always work like a vomit," said Valentine cheerfully. He stood looking down at her. "I shall finish it now," he said contentedly. "I can see the end. Well, are you pleased with me?"

"How can I tell till I have seen the play?" said Charis, but she could not hide the pleased smile that touched the corners of her mouth.

Valentine bent down and kissed her. "It's a real play, Charis," he said and drew a deep, satisfied breath. "Be a good child and give me a stingo, a strong one, and then come and play with me."

They played chess; they had played every evening with the set in red and white ivory that Mr. van Loomis had brought from Spey. He and her mother, he told Charis, had played with it. *Her hands touched these pieces,* thought Charis. *My mother!* She remembered how she had wanted her that morning before Valentine came . . . *almost as if I knew he were coming,* she thought. She had needed her the night she and Valentine became engaged. *I shall always need her,* thought Charis. She hoped she herself would not die young. *I want my children to have a mother . . . and a father,* she thought, looking at the top of Valentine's head as he bent over the board. Her mother could not have felt about her father as she, Charis, felt for Valentine. That was not possible, decided Charis. *Poor little mother, married to father, not married to Valentine!* She picked up a knight and held it against her cheek.

"Come along," said Valentine.

Charis's bliss seemed too great for her to hold. She had to make a prick and let it out. "When I play chess with you, you cheat," she said severely.

"My dear love, I don't!"

Charis put her hand on his. "I don't mind if you cheat," she said, and Valentine leaned across the board and kissed her.

Mr. van Loomis, looking at them from the doorway, forgot his worries and heartache. *I don't care,* said Mr. van Loomis. *I don't care what happens or what I did or didn't do. It was worth it,* said Mr. van Loomis, and he added, like a pat on the back, *Sheer magic!*

On his way back from the house, Niu met Filipino. "Where are you going?" asked Niu.

"To swim."

Niu opened his mouth to forbid it and suddenly closed his lips. A spasm went over his face, but he said nothing angry. "Go then," he said gently.

When Filipino had gone Niu went back into the courtyard and sat down on his heels under the litchi tree and finished his water pipe. He did not speak and there was no expression in his eyes; they were looking on the ground or else past the garden and the house out to the glimpse of sea that could be seen from the courtyard; only once did he raise them, and that was when Resurrection came up from the garden carrying a basket of short-headed jasmine flowers for the evening garlands. Pheasant, tired out by watching McGinty, shocked by what had happened to him, exhilarated and sad at the prospect of parting from the island, was a little drunk on rum; Flora Annie, filled with the tremblings and speculations of a bride, had drunk too; they were laughing and weeping and making a good deal of noise. Pheasant had sent Webster in to sit with McGinty; she laughed and drank at will. Resurrection filled her lap with flowers and waited for her permission to go.

Flora Annie looked at him and wondered if she should change her mind about the young boatman. Resurrection had never courted her, but he was old enough to marry.

"When will you get a wife?" asked Flora Annie, and she said softly, "Why not now?" But Resurrection only smiled. He looked tall and strong, standing there in his white cloth, his skin gold in the last sun. "Ask your grandfather," coaxed Flora Annie.

Niu looked appraisingly at his second grandson; as Charis had seen, he saw how like Filipino the younger twin was; Filipino, but quiet, gentle, strong. He could not bear it and told Resurrection to go back to his work so curtly that Flora Annie thought he was angry with her and stopped giggling. Presently Niu put down the mouthpiece of his pipe, coiling it carefully on its holder, and went into his hut. The sun was getting low and the inside of the hut was dim, but Niu did not need a light. He went to the string bed in the corner and pulled a peg of wood out from one of the back posts, where it fitted so evenly that it might have been part of the post. In the hollow it hid was a tube made of bamboo stoppered with grass. He opened it and took out from it a tinier tube and three darts, each infinitesimal as an insect's leg, each feathered, with its end wrapped round in a long, thin bamboo leaf. Delicately Niu unwound the leaf from one of them, taking care not to touch its quivering end, and fitted it to the tiny tube. He did not take more than one dart and, holding it like a cigarette, he stepped out of his hut and walked through the courtyard.

"Where are you going?" Pheasant called to him, her voice rollicking, and Golden Treasury stood up unsteadily and held out his arms.

But Niu shook his head. "I'm going to call Filipino," he said, and he went down to the beach.

"Did you notice?" said Flora Annie. "Niu was not wearing his slippers."

Filipino was exhausted with talking and planning and thinking; he was in a maze, a whirl, a heat of thought; if Niu had not let him go down and bathe he felt he would have broken apart. He wanted to lie in the sea and cool himself, to dive and forget with nothing but water in front of his eyes; to tumble and be tumbled and roll and stretch.

He let the great waves sweep over him and beat down on him; he rested on them and was borne in on their crests and plunged under them; he dived and rose and plunged and floated, let himself be swept out and swept in, be soaked and pounded, until his body began to overtake his mind and soothe it with real tiredness. He was glad Valentine was not with him; he felt he needed the whole sea, nothing less; he was filled with prowess and strength and glee. At last he swam in and lay exhausted but still tingling on the sand.

A little later he stood up and went to his hut and rubbed himself down; then he carefully and completely oiled his body and his hair and combed it, standing in front of the polished shell that served him as a mirror; then he put on a clean cloth; presently he would go up and fetch his garland.

In the growing dusk his cutout pictures on the hut posts were hard to see. He was glad. They were wonderful, but now he was not in the mood for them. *I don't want them always,* thought Filipino. For some reason he was thinking of the song he had been making long ago when he went to meet Valentine and McGinty . . . *but it wasn't long ago,* thought Filipino in surprise; *it was only a few days ago.* What a way he had come since then. He picked his sitar off its peg where it had hung silent all these days and tuned it and gently ran his hand over the strings.

A song about snow did not seem to fit him now. He looked at the sun that was turning red as it neared the margin of the sea. *I shall make a song about fire,* thought Filipino, b he seemed to have lost his knack; no wor would come, no melody, and he sighed. had to finish dressing—Niu would be callin him to serve dinner—and he laid down t sitar and stepped outside his hut to pick flower from the chema bush that grew ther The first flower he picked had a long sha thorn, and he threw it away on the sand b hind the hut and picked another, putting behind his ear.

Feeling clean and neat and at peace, t warm sand between his toes and his fre cloth round his thighs, he sat down on h bed outside his hut, facing the sea, and lit cigar, one of the island green rolled ones th smelled pungent and satisfied his nostri that were used to island smells. He laid h sitar across his knees and ran his hand ov the strings. He put his cigar down carefull on the edge of the bed and began to pla words came easily into his mind, then: *Wh is a liter? On the telephone you say, "Hull Hullo." The World's Best Books. Do you f K.L.M.?* Filipino sighed. The song was lo and the sitar was silent. He took up h cigar again, but left it smoking in his han Gradually peace stole into him again.

Niu heard the music as he came up behin the hut and paused. It was a long time sinc he had heard the sitar of Filipino singin and he smiled. Then he lifted his head sharpl Through the music came a small noise th was growing familiar on the island now, t insect droning of an airplane. His face ha ened and he raised the little pipe.

Charis heard the plane too; she had at th moment lifted her queen to take Valentin bishop; all her life she was to remember t feel of the small embossed carving of t little queen's crown, the smoothness of t head, its red color against her white hand. S put the queen down. "Listen," she said.

Valentine listened. At first he heard on the sound of the surf; then he heard t sound of the airplane in the surf; then heard the plane distinctly and alone.

McGinty heard it and did not hear Webster had run out and left him alon McGinty lay looking at the vase of marigol and they seemed to him a pretty color. H heard the whirring, droning sound and thought, an uneasy pain, reared itself in h head and he struggled to be clear, but h head was too tender and he let it go. Perha the noise was from Webster's grasshopper his fighting grasshoppers, that he had brough in their cage to show McGinty. Webster ha promised McGinty a grasshopper for his ow McGinty lay and waited. Presently he forg Webster and looked at the marigolds agai

In the courtyard Pheasant was singin but more loudly than usual.

"Swi-ing loah, sweet Char-ariot
Comin' foah to carry me ho-oame."

sang Pheasant most suitably.

"Swing loah ——"

She, too, heard and looked up at the sk and, with a cry to Flora Annie, she jump from her stool and a whole lapful of flowe showered down over Golden Treasury, w sat up and began to put them in his mout

In the study Mr. van Loomis sat uprig and still in his chair. He had not yet calle for a light and the study, with its shadowe walls and its faint smell of incense from th evening insect-smoking, seemed small, qui and sanctified. Outside, the noise of th airplane filled the sky. Mario crept in an knelt down nervously by Mr. van Loomis feet. He rolled alarmed eyes at Mr. va Loomis, who did not speak but put out h left hand without looking and patted Mari reassuringly on the shoulder, as McGint had once patted him. Then he felt somethin touch his foot: Mario had bent and laid h great forehead on Mr. van Loomis's shoe.

Down on the beach Niu knew that he mu hurry. At any moment Filipino might cea playing and hear the plane. Standing in th shadow of the hut, he lifted the blowpipe t his lips and filled his cheeks.

(Continued on Page 80)

POVERTY
THAT IS POVERTY

You can have no idea of real poverty until you read the essay written by the little girl in a Hollywood school. Out there, there is an exclusive school attended by the children of movie stars, producers and directors. One day their teacher discussed with them the religious significance of charity. She then asked her pupils to write a composition on the subject. One little girl started her literary piece as follows: "Once there was a poor little girl. Her father was poor, her mother was poor, her governess was poor, her chauffeur was poor, her butler was poor. In fact, everybody in the house was very, very poor."

"Fair flower did never whiter grow...."

Fieldcrest sheets are whiter than the whitest rose... the whitest white you will ever see. Fine cotton and careful bleaching is the secret, and the reason Fieldcrest sheets are also famous for long wear. Indulge your love of sleeping luxury with Fieldcrest sheets. In better department stores in most cities.



® Fieldcrest SHEETS

Bedspreads • Blankets • Towels • Lace Tablecloths
Electric Blankets • Curtains • La France Hosiery • Rayons

FIELDCREST MILLS, Division of Marshall Field & Company, Inc., 88 Worth Street, New York 13, New York



makes a WOW of a tomato juice cocktail

It's a WOW—this new tomato juice cocktail with zip and sparkle. Easy to make—just add a pinch of salt and pepper, and a teaspoonful of French's Worcestershire Sauce to each glass of tomato juice—mix well—serve very cold. The blend of choice ingredients in this famous Worcestershire, aged and mellowed, adds wonderful rich flavor. Before dinner tonight—serve a WOW!

TOPNOTCH QUALITY ...COSTS LESS!

(Continued from Page 78)

The droning of the plane grew louder. The sunset rays were far across the sky, and now they caught the brightness of a speck that shone silver and grew larger every second as it neared the island and took the shape of an airplane.

But Filipino still had not heard it. He was absorbed in his music; he seemed to have passed these tormenting objects by and his song was growing in his head. *Perhaps, after all,* thought Filipino, *I shall write songs.*

The shape of Filipino seemed to swell in front of Niu's eyes as he held his breath. "You can't stop Filipinos." He heard Mr. van Loomis say it, and he shifted his feet in the sand to stand more firmly and trod on the flower Filipino had thrown down, and the thorn went into his slipperless foot. "Ouch!" said Niu, stung. A ping sounded in the air, and he stood looking down at the little dart, upright and quivering, fixed harmlessly in the sand.

The music of the sitar had stopped. Filipino raised his head. The air all around him was filled with the sound of the airplane's great hum as she circled round the bay, her huge wings shining. "A Catalina flying boat!" cried Filipino and dropped the sitar and sped for his canoe.

Niu let him go. He stood and looked at the spent dart and a thought quivered in his mind that was tense and hurt with the thing he had tried to do. He did not know what the thought was, but he had failed to kill Filipino, and he looked at the dart with puzzled eyes. It was the first time he had missed; he did not understand it. The thought quivered in his mind: on the island they believed that a spirit was more potent when it was dead; in that case, was it better not to have killed Filipino? Should he have killed Resurrection? *I don't know,* thought Niu. *Perhaps I shall not live long enough to know; perhaps I shall see it before I die.* Baffled, he nodded his head, which meant, in the island way, that he did not know. *What will happen now?* he thought. The breeze blew in the palms and the scent of the chema flowers filled the breeze. *What will happen will happen,* thought Niu. He bent and picked up the dart.

A sound behind him made him turn. It was Resurrection, who had come after him with his slippers. A great irritation filled Niu.

"Who told you to come down here?" he said. "Who said you could leave your work? Lazy, tiresome boy!" He slipped the dart back into the blowpipe for safety; having been blown, it was out of true and could never be used again. He had wasted it for nothing. Filipino's flying figure had reached the sea. Muttering to himself, Niu put the pipe away into his sleeve and looked sharply at Resurrection. He could not tell what Resurrection had seen; the boy did not speak

Truly I'd find the young people unendurable if I hadn't been unendurable myself. —GOETHE.

but knelt down and, submissively but firmly, fitted the slippers onto Niu's feet. In spite of himself, Niu felt soothed. He stood, resting his knuckles on Resurrection's shoulder, and together they watched the flying boat circle to the sea.

"Serendipity asks for you," said Resurrection. "He says what shall we do?"

"We must get the welcome ready," said Niu, but he did not move. He stayed leaning on the broad young shoulder; then he gave Resurrection a sharp kick. "Get up. Why are you kneeling there like an owl?" he said. "Tell Serendipity to blow up the fires. Tell Orange Flower to open the rooms. Pheasant and Flora Annie must see to the beds and towels; you must bring flowers. There are the fish I was keeping for tomorrow in the kitchen pool; catch them and clean t Three chickens will do," said Niu, cons ing. "Jéo is having a feast; he will ha stuffed kid at least. Send one of the bo Jéo. Webster must go for fresh curd must have fruit. Wait! I shall come. W Send Filipino ——" He checked himself Resurrection waited. "No. Leave Filip said Niu.

The Catalina came down on the sea, s ing up a shower of water; the drops shon in the sunset light as they fell, and as plane with its great wings rocked on the she was stained, too, from nose to tail.

In the study Mr. van Loomis stood up went to the window. After a moment he to Mario, "Go down to the jetty and b the new Tsulas to me."

He could make out dots of men on the ing boat and could see the island boats ting out to her. A hubbub of excited vo came to him from the shore, and once a the servants were running the forbidden through the garden. He heard Niu scol and calling and knew that rooms would prepared, the cooking fires blaze up, that there would be a fit dinner for the gue

He saw Mario go lumbering past morning-glory to the steps. *Am I,* thou Mr. van Loomis, *to exchange my quick messenger for this poor shambling creatu* He sighed and supposed he was. "But I not need Filipino," said Mr. van Loo aloud. "I have nothing to order now. N ing to create." He went back to his desk fetched his glasses, and he saw Charis Valentine walking arm in arm along jetty, waiting to greet the strangers from plane. *Charis,* he thought with satisfact *is almost experienced now.* Through his gla he could see the first canoe reach the fl boat and a man climb down from her to it. He put the glasses on the table.

It is over, said Mr. van Loomis. *Thi where I put down my little stick.* THE E

OFF TO A GOOD START

(Continued from Page 56)

the juice of 1 lemon (¼ cup). Mix well. The eggs are not beaten first. Stir the egg mixture into the butter or margarine. Turn down the heat so the water underneath is just under boiling. Beat egg mixture with a rotary beater until thickened. Add ¼ cup light cream and continue beating 2 minutes longer. Pour some over the oysters. Serve the rest separately in a hot sauce boat. This new trick will be pretty cute to spring on the girls. They'll be asking.

What is a supper without a salad? I can remember, and so can a lot of you, when a salad posed quite a problem to the anxious menu maker. To salad or not to salad? That was her question. Whether it was better to suffer the veiled smiles of her family and other folks, or keep up with the O'Keefes down the street. Well, she won. Salads are in, and here is one to convert the still skeptical, if any. You can see what a picture it makes.

SPICED-PEACH-AND-CRANBERRY SALAD

Spiced-Peach Layer: Drain 1 No. 2½ can peach halves. Measure 1¼ cups of the sirup. Tie 1 tablespoon mixed pickling spices, 12 whole cloves and 2 two-inch pieces stick cinnamon in a cheesecloth bag. Add to the sirup with ⅓ cup light brown sugar and 3 tablespoons vinegar. Simmer 10 minutes. Add peaches and simmer 5 minutes. Remove the spice bag. Meanwhile, soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water 5 minutes. Lift the peaches from the sirup and arrange, hollow side up, in a 1-quart ring mold. Dissolve the softened gelatin in the boiling peach sirup and add enough cold water to make 1½ cups. Chill until thickened. Pour over the peaches, lifting them so that some of the gelatin mixture can get underneath them. Chill until firm.

Cranberry Layer: Take all the seeds from half of a medium-sized orange. Cut it into pieces and put through a food grinder with 1½ cups raw cranberries. Add ½ cup sugar and let stand an hour or so. (This can be started whenever you like.) Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water 5 minutes and dissolve gelatin in 1 cup hot water. Add to cranberry mixture with 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Cool to lukewarm. Pour over peach layer.

Chill the whole mold until firm—might do it overnight. Serve with lettuce and mayonnaise dressing.

No question about it. There's no question about it, I am a lover of pies. I remember saving out of my scanty allowance, when I was in boarding school, enough money to repair to a lady up the wood road. Her name was Mrs. Rohrer and she knew her pies. Especially apple, mince, chocolate, lemon and a curious and perfectly delicious thing called a *quince* pie. You had to sneak up and order *that* one a day ahead. Her meringues were heavenly, her crusts divine, her pies sort of oversize as became her clients, and her price was—twenty-five cents, "and return the pie plate, please." We did.

Well, I haven't changed. I love pie. A chocolate meringue goes well with me. An apple, spiced just right, does wonders to my disposition. And I'm still regretting that I didn't ask for a second piece of my friend's lemon pie. A better pie I'll not be knowing, unless it's this harlequin pie, which is modeled after a favorite of one of our editors.

HARLEQUIN PIE

Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water 5 minutes. Scald 1½ cups milk in top of double boiler. Add ½ cup sugar that has been mixed with 1 tablespoon cornstarch, ¼ cup cold milk and a pinch of salt. Separate 4 eggs and beat the egg yolks slightly. Add the beaten egg yolks to the milk and cook in the top of the double boiler over hot water, stirring constantly, until the custard coats the spoon. Take off the ra Add softened gelatin and stir until dissolv

Divide the filling in half. To one half, a 1½ squares unsweetened chocolate, melte and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Chill slightly a pour into a 9" pie plate, lined with a ginge snap crust made this way:

Crush and roll 24 gingersnaps very fi Mix with 5 tablespoons melted butte margarine. Pack into the pie plate, press it evenly over the bottom and up the sid with your lily-white hands.

Chill the pie with the chocolate lay while you prepare the top layer this wa Cool the other half of the custard mixtu until thickened slightly. Beat 4 egg whi until stiff with ½ teaspoon cream of tart Add ½ cup sugar gradually, adding a spoo ful at a time. Add 1 teaspoon or more, if y like, of rum extract. Taste for right amou of flavor. Chill a little longer and pile on t of chocolate layer.

Chill overnight. Top with whipped crea and sprinkle with gingersnap crumbs, grate unsweetened chocolate or chocolate curls. *To make chocolate curls:* Let a bar of dippi chocolate stand out at room temperatu for a while and shave off curls with the veg table peeler—the kind you use to make ca rot curls (if you make carrot curls). Chill th curls and sprinkle over the pie. Cold choco late won't curl. But we found a way to mak it behave. There are few things you can' lick—if you know how!

Time will not wait. It's New Year' again, and all the cards and presents you for got to do something about should have bee attended to by this time.

Been a nice fall up our way. How abou you? Bound to be cold, and snow is guaran teed. If *I* ran the weather, things would b different.

Have a happy New Year. That's my wis for you who through all these years hav been my good friends. THE END

H-HH-H- Company Pot Roast

WITH THAT French's flavor!



For a savory pot roast that's *different:* Brush entire surface of a 3 or 4 lb. rump roast with 4 tablespoons French's Mustard. Dredge with ½ cup flour. Brown in 2 tablespoons hot fat in heavy kettle. Add 2 teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Add ½ cup water. Cover tightly and cook over low heat for about 60 min. per pound (3 to 4 hours).

Only French's has that special flavor!
a blend of the finest spices, mustard seed and vinegar money can buy

od cooks know the importance of seasoning ot roast *just right.* To add the subtle, deli- us flavor you want, there's nothing like nch's—the famous golden mustard millions fer. Its smooth blend of delicate spices, fine stard seed and vinegar, permeates the meat le cooking—adds the savory richness and that make *this* pot roast a royal dish.

erve French's, too, with hot or cold meats—special flavor always makes a hit!



TASTY TURNOVERS—Roll pastry ¼" thick. Spread with French's Mustard and cut in 4" squares. Place ground leftover beef, lightly moistened with cream or gravy, in center of squares. Fold over to form triangles. Press edges together. Bake in hot oven about 20 minutes or until brown.



FREE!

Hot Dan's new recipe book... "DINING DELIGHTS"

Send name, address, to The R. T. French Co., 1651 Mustard St., Rochester 9, N. Y.

Name _____

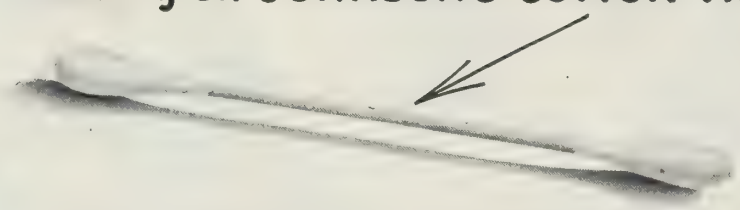
Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

GEST SELLING PREPARED MUSTARD IN THE U. S. A. ... (Also made in Canada)



Best reason in the world...
for insisting on JOHNSON'S COTTON TIPS



Only Johnson's cotton tips give you all these advantages!

- Baby-soft—made of finest, purest hospital-quality cotton.
- Baby-safe—sterilized right in the box by the famous Johnson & Johnson quality-control method.
- Cotton firmly anchored—spun directly on the sticks. Stays firm, doesn't twist in use.
- Double tips—*both* ends of stick are cotton-tipped for extra convenience and economy.
- Handy drawer box—easy to open. Fits on narrow shelf. Protects tips till the last one is used.
- Unvarying dependability—the only cotton tips made by Johnson & Johnson, makers of America's most trusted baby products.

Don't ask for cotton tips...ASK FOR...



JOHNSON'S COTTON TIPS
29¢ and 49¢ sizes
Johnson & Johnson



If they are healthy children they will quarrel; normally the argument is quickly over, the play together afterward peaceful and undisturbed.

When Children Quarrel

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen
President, Chicago Board of Health

I THINK I am safe in saying that quarreling among the children of a family has existed as long as there have been families as we know them today. It is often annoying to the parents, but what we may call normal quarreling is nothing to be disturbed about.

Most of us who had brothers and sisters can remember that we, too, quarreled as children, and this did not interfere with strong brother-and-sister attachments in later life. Normal quarreling, in fact, is considered to have a healthy part in the child's character and personality development. He gets rid of his feelings of animosity, instead of keeping them pent up. And in getting back as stoutly as he gives, he learns valuable lessons in dealing with his fellows. This kind of educational give-and-take is one of the advantages a child with brothers and sisters has over the only child.

When quarrelsomeness becomes extreme, however—that is, when the children of a family are so antagonistic toward one another that bickering is constant and bitter—something is wrong. If the underlying cause is not found and corrected, personalities can be warped, and the feuds may be continued throughout adult life.

Naturally you will want to know how you can tell whether the quarreling that goes on among your children is just the normal amount that must be expected in every family, or whether it is the result of deep-seated antagonisms that should be investigated. It is difficult to answer this question in broad terms, but in general I should say that it is a matter of the frequency and duration of hostilities, rather than of their vehemence. If quarrels are followed by periods of happy playing together and evidences of affection, there is probably nothing to worry about, even if in anger Junior threatens ferociously to "cut sister's heart out!" and sister retaliates by biting, scratching and kicking. I have seen this sort of thing, and worse, with my own six children, and later with my ten grandchildren. I have not been alarmed. For I have seen that after the bitterest of quarrels the combatants w be playing together amicably, even ingly, their difference forgotten as soo it was settled.

Unless the contestants are too unequ matched, parents would usually be w to stay out of these brief embroilments. keep them to a minimum, and save w and tear on parental nerves, it has b my experience, both as a doctor an parent, that the best thing is to have children as fully occupied as possi principally, of course, with their own terests and occupations, but also to great an extent as can be managed w family pastimes that demand a cert amount of planning and working toget

This requires some self-discipline sacrifices on the part of the parents. Th is no gainsaying that a family outing, s as a picnic or camping trip, will m along more efficiently if mother and dad all the planning and preparing. But I thi you will find that if sister is allowed to h with the lunch, and Junior to pack the

Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of great help in caring for babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. A complete book on the care of the baby, a necessary supplement to the monthly booklets, Our Babies, No. 1345, is 50 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A Doctor's First Duty to the Mother, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Information on prenatal care is given in Before the Baby Comes, No. 2383, which is priced at 50 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

k the camp site, they are much less to fight bitterly about who is to sit in ont seat!

ilarly, I have found that regular famsponsibilities are a great preventive of ickering, especially if tasks can be ed so that children must work together the best and speediest results. These s should not be "made work," but real s, seriously performed. They should be tioned justly and fairly, and each child understand that the comfort or pride e whole family will depend upon how he does the cleaning, or bedmaking, or ashing, or lawn mowing, or whatever have been assigned to him. It might be o shift tasks from time to time, as well, at charges of favoritism cannot arise. t let us imagine now that in your family, els are not interlaced with friendly les, but are followed instead by periods spended hostilities," during which the en are indifferent or shun one another. at is the case, study and action are l for.

action, however, I do not mean simply g the children to "stop that bickering!" reatening them with punishment. This ot do any good. In the first place, if uinely antagonistic brother and sister, say, are punished for quarreling, each blame the other for "getting me into le," and a solid foundation on which the next quarrel is provided. Moreover, if disciplinary measures should succeed ppressing outward evidence of con- this method would never get at the of the trouble. It would simply drive ostile feelings underground, and might ately result in much more serious emol upsets in the children.

the solutions I have suggested do not , some outside help should be sought. rstandably, parents are often reluctant the doctor's advice about quarreling. ever, there should be no hesitation on arents' part to seek professional advice. doctor will not be surprised—he knows ren quarrel, even if he hasn't seen yours actually at it. Don't let pride keep you from talking the whole situation over with him. Displays of extreme bitterness toward other children in the family may be evidence of underlying anxiety or insecurity. Such feelings require careful study by the family doctor, and possibly by a psychologist or psychiatrist.

You may find that unconsciously you have been favoring one child, or discriminating against one. More than once I have seen a mother's face light up as she sang to me the praises of the child who, in her eyes, could do no wrong. Then I have seen it grow flushed and indignant, her voice shrill, as she described the crimes of another child. Right there, without being aware of it, she was giving me the reason for the bitter antagonism between her children.

Hostilities in the children quite often grow out of hostile parental feelings, which in their turn are the result of childhood experiences. In such cases, parents should understand that they themselves bring about the situation, that the children are merely reacting to their attitudes. Loving and approving all one's children in equal measure is the solution of abnormal quarreling, but some parents need help to accomplish this.

Fortunately, most cases of quarrelsome children are not this complicated, and can be reduced to manageable proportions by parents who are willing to make the attempt. And remember that success will depend upon a real and sustained effort to set a good example. Recently I heard a mother say pleasantly and politely to her three-year-old, "Would you please stand aside, dear, so I can come through?" A moment later the three-year-old turned to her year-old sister. In exactly the same tones, she requested, "Would you please stand aside, dear, so I can come through?"

Parents who are quick with sharp retorts and criticisms of each other and of the children can hardly expect their offspring to ignore this example. "A soft answer turneth away wrath" is a good doctrine for parents as well as for their quarrelsome children!

LOVE MAKES YOU SPECIAL

(Continued from Page 37)

st," she said softly. "Soon you won't be ."

e moved off to a corner where cornhusks piled, and began eating. The light rain silvery as it fell. Steam rose from his . Rosemary sat on the fence and hed him; she threw her hat on the side e road. The fine, sprinkling rain felt good er hair, good as taking a shampoo, only ner wouldn't think so. She rolled up the es of her raincoat, half hearing her her's disapproving sigh, and began to on the railed fence in an intoxication of of bliss. She felt impelled to move about, ng, give expression to her emotion; she s she did when it began to snow and the flake came down from a dark sky. Oh, s wonderful out!

gustus stopped munching the corn- s and came over to her and she reached and caught him around the neck and her cheek next to him.

You smell so good!" she whispered. gustus!" Whenever she went horseback g or milked the cows, or stroked their p redolent hides, she never washed her is, but kept as long as she could the n animal smell on them.

he gazed over the bull's head to the barn, wn and lopsided and old-fashioned. An ine tree was growing in the corner of the osure, and a crow called lonesomely on very top branch. Rosemary listened. The ation within her settled, became still. he was not thinking of anything in par- lar when Jim came out, but feeling the on her hair and against her face, so fine, t, it was like being brushed by little wet rs of grass . . . and the rough. furry, ling moist feel of Augustus' neck, these gs; and Jim calling her made her start. Rosemary, you want to break my fence n?" He was short and stocky, quick as a cottontail, and now he came running. His voice was urgent, irritable. "In the rain like this! You'll catch your death of cold."

"I love rain!" she replied.

"Now, Rosemary," he said, "tomorrow you're sixteen. When you're sixteen you know pretty well what you should do. Augustus is too big to play with. And he's going to be sold. We got no place for another bull on this farm."

"They'll sell him for beef!" she cried, grabbing his arm. "Jim, you can't."

"It's just because you like Augustus so much and teased your mother and daddy to give him to you when they didn't want to get the horse you asked for; you know what trouble bulls can be."

"But he's my bull, and comes to me."

"Stand outside that pen and pet him, but not inside."

She stared at him, climbed down from the fence. "Augustus is gentle," she said.

Rosemary walked to the barn with him. Jim moved his hand along the rail where the cows lined up for milking. "You've got to have more sense, Rosemary."

"I know, mother's always telling me."

He went on, half apologetically, still gently, "And then, Rosemary, you're not like a young lady. I know it ain't my business telling you, but I seen you from this high——"

Her eyes softened. She remembered how Jim used to bring candy from the village, licorice sticks that twisted and pulled, and big pieces of soft sweet store fudge; how he taught her to milk cows and know animals—those things had been so good.

"You're like a little heifer yourself, running around till you get used to people—what you want to run for, Rosemary?"

She shook her head. "Do I?"

"I never did see one so bashful as you." It was true, she was very shy. "Your cousin



DON'T LET IMPETIGO, RAWNESS, OR RASHES SPOIL IT—EVER!

MOTHERS! Because you cherish your baby's lovely petal-smooth skin, you'll be glad to know that now you can give it wonderful, new protection from these irritations — with Johnson's Baby Lotion.

This new and remarkable lotion is scientifically formulated to help prevent impetigo, cradle cap, diaper rash (ammoniacal dermatitis) and heat rash. Hospital tests have proved its great effectiveness.

In one hospital, for example, an impetigo epidemic had existed for months. All ordinary methods of treatment had failed. Ten days of routine care with Johnson's Baby Lotion stopped the epidemic! No other baby product assures you such hospital-proved protection.

Johnson's Baby Lotion *actually kills germs*. Yet it is gently soothing, non-irritating, pleasant to use.

Give your baby this scientific protection daily. Smooth Johnson's Baby Lotion all over his body after his bath, apply at each diaper change. It prevents "ammonia" diaper odor, too.

Let this Lotion help *you* have a happier baby by keeping his skin clear and velvet-smooth!



JOHNSON'S BABY LOTION

Johnson & Johnson

Pie champion says: "You'll make better pies with Armour Star Lard!"



1 *Better crusts are the secret* of making better pies — and it takes *lard* to make pie crusts really tender and flaky! That's what Miss Jacqueline Hanneman of Indianapolis, Indiana, says—and she has won state and national awards for her pies. You'll be quick to agree with Miss Hanneman after you've made a pie with MARIE GIFFORD'S famous 5-minute pie crust recipe, as she is doing here. For a 2-crust apple pie, first measure 2 cups of all-purpose flour, then sift with 1 tsp. of salt. Next add ⅔ cup of Armour Lard. Stop mixing when lard is cut to size of small peas. Add 4 tablespoons of tap water. Mix lightly and press dough together with knife. Divide into two portions. (This famous recipe is on all Armour Lard cartons.)



2 "*A trick worth knowing,*" says Miss Hanneman, "is to fill the lower crust *very* full of apple slices since fresh fruits will shrink when baked. Another trick is to roll the top crust onto the rolling pin first —then unroll it over the filling. Crusts will never break this way."



3 *Try it yourself!* Use the pie-champion's lard in *your* next pie crust. See how rich, tender and flaky Armour Lard makes the crust. And see for yourself how Armour Lard makes hot breads tastier, fried foods more digestible, too. You'll find Armour Star Lard at your grocer's—in the *self-measuring* green and white carton!



For free booklet of MARIE GIFFORD'S apple pie and other choice baking recipes, write Dept. 451, Box 2053, Armour and Company, Chicago 9, Illinois.

—the all-pure lard that stays fresh without refrigeration

used to come play with you till you were both done up. Then when he came last summer to stay, you were just like a heifer or a calf running away, not staying with him, timid, and crazy moods."

"Oh-h!" Tears filled her eyes. Duffy had asked what was the matter, too, before he finally left, and she had pretended she hadn't understood. She had slammed the door and run out into the golden hay-mown meadow, with the air as heavy as a dream; there she had not felt divided inside, but soothed and sure of herself.

"You're going to be a mighty fine lady," Jim said.

She didn't want to hear any more. Her fingers tightened, she started to button her coat. "I'm starved! Guess I'll go get lunch."

The rain had stopped as she walked along the wet sleek road, but the weather hadn't cleared yet; it was suspended in a sort of gray fall mist. Rosemary remembered the summer before and how the thick heat had slowed her steps, and how Duffy had kept up the conversation, talking and talking and talking. Now it was October. Duffy was at Choate.

Gradually her concern over what Jim had said left her, and she wasn't thinking at all but was conscious only of her body and the feeling of the damp air against her face and the hard macadam under her feet. She could feel her heart beating. All of a sudden the world was not the world, everything was changed—why was today so different? It was so still out. Time was so still. Time was rain falling into a bucket, filling it up. Soon it would spill over. . . . She was almost sixteen.

She saw Ted bouncing a ball outside the window. He had jumpers on, and a raincoat that was new and too big for him.

"Not like that, Ted," she said, "like this."

"Like this?" said Ted. He threw the ball down the road.

Tommy was hugging a toy dog. "*Don't* cry," he murmured, bending his head over it. "*Don't* cry."

"You're sweet," said Rosemary, the strange bliss stabbing at her again, and she picked a chrysanthemum that fell over the walk and put it in his collar. Then she opened the door.

"Where were you, Rosemary?" her father asked. "Your mother has been looking for you." He was eating a sandwich.

"Outside," she answered, "just outside." If they knew where she had been they might censure her, try to get her to read or do their sort of things.

Linda was sitting on the couch, cutting up magazines. Presently she spoke, her voice distant and calm. "Rosemary, mother says I can wear your blue coat because I'm tall enough and have no coat."

"My coat?" Linda was acting as if it were *her* birthday. Rosemary looked at her mother, who had entered with Rosemary's blue velveteen dress over her arm.

"Wherever have you been, Rosemary?" she asked. "The wedding is at four o'clock, and I want you to try on your dress."

ROSEMARY slowly took off her coat, shook her hair. Wedding! She had forgotten about the wedding. Why, after lunch she was going to Green Hollow, the Weatherbees' farm, and find Bill, the hired boy, and talk with him, the only boy she was not shy with. Talking with Bill, listening to his careful slow voice as he explained about rain clouds, grasshoppers spitting tobacco, a mare foaling, when ice was thick enough to skate on, she never felt bewildered. She hadn't thought she would see Bill until this moment, but now that the idea had come it seemed she had made the plan early this morning.

"I don't have to go, do I?" she said.

"Yes. We're all going. I thought we had told you, Rosemary."

Doctor Stewart said, "Judy would be disappointed if you didn't come. And Duffy, Aunt Ann and Uncle George are coming over for dinner afterward."

Rosemary stood before the square mirror on her dressing table. She had put her hair up in curlers after lunch, and now she took the curlers out, combed her hair and stared at herself. She had a delicate complexion which never tanned, but pink tints like t in a sea shell colored her cheeks and forel When she was at all tired her eyelids an skin just below became faintly blue.

She powdered her face with a down der puff her mother had given her and p lipstick which had been a present from L It was strange how different she loo "*You're going to be a mighty fine lady. . . .*" put on the new blue dress which her m had had to take in—the velvet felt soft flattering against her body; but once started wearing dressy dresses and lip you were forever changed.

"Ready, Rosemary?" Mrs. Stew voice came gently upstairs.

"Yes, mother." The dress enclosed changed her.

Doctor Stewart leaned lightly against piano. He had his usual abstracted ex sion, watching them, as though he seeing them significantly in memoirs. Stewart seemed fragile next to him, loo swiftly from one daughter to the other.

A CATCH came into Rosemary's throa she caught a whiff of her mother's perf *I never knew mother was so little,* she thou "I forgot something," she said suddenly, upstairs and held her mother's Chanel t dress, and her wet fingers over her wrist she had seen her mother do. Then glanced in the mirror which reached floor. *I look a little like mother now,* thought. *No, I look quite different.*

The sun had come out, and the int golden light fell over the great old trees hilly meadow. The Stewarts rolled down car windows for the warm fragrant already smelling of ripe apples.

Mrs. Stewart smiled. "I don't know you can't always look like this, Rosema

"It's a pretty dress," Doctor Stewart thoughtfully. "'Maid of Athens, ere part ——'"

"Who's she?" Rosemary asked.

"She was someone Byron wrote ab She was a pretty, soft thing, had eyes li roe's. It's a bad poem, but it shows —

She didn't listen. He was lecturing ag she thought, and soon he would be listing books she must read to be "well read, bred, and well balanced in the world toda The hills were not vivid yet, but a si maple blazed in rampant glory by the Ind mound at the end of the meadow. It wo be fun to walk along there, and be with I and look for arrowheads and bowls Indians had buried.

She leaned over the front seat. "Are going to sell Augustus, daddy?"

"Well, not just now," Doctor Stewart s reassuringly.

"You'll be going away to college next y anyway, and you won't have time for pet Mrs. Stewart said.

"On vacations I will," Rosemary s "And I'm showing him at the Danbury F Besides"—she looked at her mother to how safe it was to say—"I don't think going to college."

"Rosemary, we've been through all before." Doctor Stewart's voice was firm

Rosemary rolled her handkerchief int little ball, unrolled it. She knew what campus looked like, because her parents taken her two years ago to meet the dean women. But college was far away. It wo never happen. A strange roommate; girls talking like silly birds—worse than th talked at high school.

"You'll love it," Mrs. Stewart s warmly.

"I like the farm best," said Rosema There was a pale new moon in the sky, a she had made a wish.

The church was close to the road. With delicate tracing of lintel and molding, looked like a piece of wedding cake, and li everything touched by the late sun, it ha shimmering, chaste, dreamed look. Fo people were ahead of the Stewarts. S stepped into the cool fragrant church w her father. An usher offered his arm. She down in a white pew with her family, and w conscious of the music, louder than it w outside, but quieting and gentle and scor with languor.

ne green, green note, in the robin's
at. That was poetry! She reached in her
etbook for a pencil and paper to write it
n, but when she had done so the wedding
ch commenced and she heard, above the
c and rustling clothes and whispered
s, the slow steps of the bridal procession.
wanted terribly to turn around and saw
others were looking only at the aisle
tly to the right or left of them. She felt
s prick her eyes, she didn't know why, as
walked past with her father; Judy, fair
pale, stepped to the man who was wait-
at the end of the aisle, and they took each
r's hand.

osemary did not hear the minister, for
was thinking of Judy as she had seen her
summer: sitting on the back doorstep in
garees and T shirt, saying, "I don't care
it any of the men I know. Of course,
e's Phil, but he's ——" *It's been such a
time,* Rosemary thought.

he saw that everybody rose when the
ple came down the aisle together, and she
d up. The bridegroom was Philip Haines.
had never seen him, not even his picture.
was wonderful! Something hurt and
eezed inside her at the sight of him, and
n't go away. He was tall and protective
his face was alight. His eyes squinted a
e. He had been a bomber pilot in the
. Judy had her head turned to him and
face was alight, too, and eager, and Rose-
y wished she could look like that . . . *For
one like Philip,* she decided. *Someone
him.*

the Stewarts drove to the reception at
country club, Rosemary heard her
her talking about the bride and the
ndants. She listened and felt not the
e as this morning, but light and as though
were walking on a dance floor in a
tling dress, in light, tapping shoes—she
ld tell herself to go over to the tall young
n by the door, and she could hear herself
king to him.

he reception line was forming by the
place in the big room, where all the
diolus and chrysanthemums were heaped.
semary stood behind her father. The line
ved forward slightly, and moved forward
in. She was near the wedding party so
t she could see the flowers tremble in the
desmaids' arms. Judy was smiling as
ugh she had never done anything in her
but smile; she was laughing and pretty
l excited, and all the men were kissing
. Philip—he was standing next to her and
w he was holding her hand and whispering
her. Oh, to meet someone like him! The lovely wakeful hurt came softly back, and twisted inside with a closeness, and then it fanned brighter and brighter. She would do anything he asked, oh, anything. The line moved forward again, with a little jump, and as Rosemary stood in front of him, she suddenly reached up, put her arms around his neck and kissed him on his mouth. He stepped back, astonished. Then he took Rosemary's arms from his neck, still with the startled look on his face, and Judy cried:

"Why, Rosemary, you're so pretty and grown up. I didn't know you! You're sixteen, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Rosemary wonderingly. His lips had felt soft, sugary—she hadn't known that. He had smelled clean, nice, like pine soap. A light cloud rose inside her—she could have taken a breath, like that. The cloud shivered and remained.

Philip gave a fleeting look at his bride. "What did you say your name is?" he asked.

"Rosemary Stewart."

"Rosemary for Remembrance Stewart. Well, come see us sometimes, will you, Rosemary?"

Judy whispered, "He has a younger brother you'll have to meet!"

Doctor Stewart made no comment as they moved along. Almost everyone was smiling. Even the minister was smiling delightedly at her. Still out of breath, dimly aware of the floor she walked on and the room she was in, Rosemary went over to the couch where she thought she had seen her mother.

She noticed, then, that everyone was staring. They were staring at her, all of them, in the fond way that her parents sometimes had. *Maybe my slip shows,* she thought, and looked down. No, it wasn't her slip. What was the matter with them? Except —— She began to flush as she remembered, and she remembered, and she saw, shaken, that no one was kissing Philip. A dark-haired girl in a black dress was holding his hand, that was all; her escort was kissing Judy. *I kissed him!* Rosemary slowly told herself. Her chin began to tremble. She could feel her cheeks flame, then her forehead, and she looked at the French doors which opened on the parking field; there were people standing there, too, and she could not run away without passing closely by or hearing them talk.

Two young men came up. "Hello, honey," said one of them in a friendly voice. "And I thought I knew everyone in this town!" She had an impression of rather gentle dark eyes.

A flush came over Rosemary's face for the second time. Her hand shook slightly as one

JENNIFER



Isabella Gross

"Good night, Marge, stop stackin' 'em! Do you think we've got time to wash all the bottoms too?"

masland Duran* all plastic upholstery covering



Dinette manufactured by Progressive Furniture Co., Inc., Phila., Pa.

Yes, on furniture for every room, pliant colorful Masland Duran all-plastic looks lovely. Plenty comfortable too—and so easy to keep clean even in the lightest color. A quick once-over with a damp cloth does the trick.

SEE DURAN IN Scalloft DESIGNS

All plastics are not the same! Only MASLAND makes DURAN. This tag is your protection.

Upholstered with masland Duran all plastic

SEND FOR FREE DURAN FOLDER WITH SAMPLE

THE MASLAND DURALEATHER CO.
Dept. L, Philadelphia 34, Pa.

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MAKE A LUSCIOUS
HOME-MADE LEMON PIE
With My-T-Fine Lemon Flavor Pie Filling



Made by the makers of Vermont Maid Syrup and Brer Rabbit Molasses

MY-T-FINE
Lemon Flavor Pie Filling

of the young men handed her a plate of ice cream and cake. "Yes, that's my daughter Rosemary." She heard her mother's light, rapid voice. Her mother—was she ashamed too? *Oh, God*, she prayed, *I've got to get away!*

Judy and Philip were dancing now, smiling at each other with a tenderness that told what their thoughts were. *Love makes you special, individual, it isn't lonely, although it is, a little, and you are so important to him. . . .* Rosemary looked dreamily at them. If she shut her eyes she could see them and never forget how they looked. One of the young men sat next to her, watching Judy and Philip. Somehow she couldn't speak to him, although she was thankful for his rescue in the middle of the room.

The young man was finishing his cake. Looking intently at her, he took her plate and put it down on the table and said, "Would you care to dance?"

She looked around to see if her mother were still discussing her, half thinking, *I must thank mother and dad for dancing school.* She put her hand on the boy's shoulder, and they moved off.

"You're quite beautiful," he said quietly. His words shocked her; she had never been told she was beautiful before. But his remark was sincere, she felt, not flattery. She rather liked his serious, attentive face. She couldn't tell if his eyes were black or brown, which was odd because his eyes were looking right into her own all the time they danced. He didn't talk further, but continued to lead her in an uninvolved, smooth manner almost like walking. He guided her out on the terrace. "I've never seen a girl who acted from her instincts like that. Do you know you're really beautiful?"

He's confusing! she thought. She started to reply, but forgot what she was going to say, and instead smiled at him and leaned lightly against his shoulder.

"So Rosemary's your name, and what's your last name, Rosemary?"

"Stewart," she said softly.

"Stewart—I'll make a note of it. I'll make careful note. My name is Maury McKay."

The music stopped. Another young man came up. His name was Bob Newcombe, Maury said. He was a good deal older, he must be at least twenty-four, and he was wearing an Army uniform.

"Well, hello," he said smoothly. "You're the little girl I've been hearing big stories about."

"Oh," she said, and added in a rush, "You're Bob Newcombe, Maury told me."

"Come along, Rosemary," Bob said. "I've some champagne picked out for you." He had an unabashed manner and a way of pressing her arm, without doing or saying anything to explain it, that made her uncomfortable. His cool blue eyes appraised her face, her figure. "I'd say you were about eighteen. About eighteen—but quite young."

"I'm quite young?" Her hand flew to her face. Of course she wouldn't tell him.

"Well, aren't you?" He was smiling with his eyes, not his mouth. "Champagne, Rosemary?" he asked, handing her a glass. "We'll drink to the happy couple and all that." He had led her to a table where waiters were popping bottles and most of the guests were gathering. He was wondering what approach to use, Rosemary guessed, he was waiting for her to give him a lead.

"I don't drink," she said unsteadily. As she spoke she felt lost: as she always felt among boys. The lost feeling came with a pull at her heart at how suddenly complex and insisting the day had become. Was it wrong to wonder like this? Love would be so queer, for instance. Your dreams became all mixed up with it, and dreams were deep.

With a nervous cadenza from the violin, the small orchestra struck up Make Believe. Judy and Philip were sitting down at the wedding table. Rosemary could hear Judy's voice, intense, tremulous, then Philip interrupted. Rosemary tried to follow the words, but Bob had begun to talk and his easy volubility interposed.

"I've heard more stories about you in the past half hour," he was saying, in a gay low tone, looking down at her.

She was not certain what he meant, b she felt she was being treated in an ad way, so she said, "Don't believe them."

"Oh, I did!" He made a gesture of dism

How could she stop this conversation, t competing with each other? She had notic it before, boys and girls talking to each oth in a spirited rivalry; and most of the time t girls seemed to get as much satisfaction o of it as the boys. Boys trying to make gi say a thing, girls trying not to admit to "But you shouldn't have," she said, stari into the cool, direct eyes. Did it just go and on? It was so exhausting!

Then a friend of Bob's joined them, good-looking blond youth, and as he, t addressed her with a kind of flattery- queer sort of flattery because it seemed refer to and include himself—the terri embarrassment disappeared. A new idea ca to her. *Men have to pay attention to girls,* s thought, *and they can't refuse, but girls c Girls can walk away and flirt and be m terious, and men have to come to them.* It ma girls surer. Then, men were not so overawi if they had to show how they needed yo They were all like that, even sure young m like Bob Newcombe.

The two were talking to each other. "I a nice wedding, isn't it?" Bob's friend sa "The bride is a fetching little package."

Rosemary felt a sudden tender joy r through her, a brightness within that ma her foot move to the music and her eyes wi The mood that had come upon her all d at times gently, at other times swift a exacting, was importunate now. Rosem saw Judy slip away upstairs; shortly, Ph followed. Everyone was dancing, and talk in a gay, animated way, and looking, just she was, at the stairs where Judy and Ph went. Then Bob was stroking her hand gen and she thought, *It will be fun to go ac the floor and know that he will watch me a leave. And his friend will watch, too, will s talking and then lose me in the crowd.*

"Good-by," she said. "I must find r parents. They've probably . . . probably given up!" she added, struggling for a wo to express a feeling of immensity. "Guess see you soon!" And she walked over to t couch where her parents were sitting.

Mrs. Stewart said, "You look very pret Rosemary ——" and paused, leaving son thing unsaid.

"They've been telling me that," Rosema answered.

"Who is they?" her mother asked quick

"Boys," said Rosemary, "just boys."

The Stewarts collected their coats, sa good-by to Judy's family. Rosemary trail after her mother. *In a little while Linda u use lipstick and perfume. But I'm the first know,* she sighed. As she walked into t hall, she looked around to see if Philip mig have come down the stairs. At the door s looked around again, and there he stoo erect, his hand on the banister, in a dark bl coat with a carnation in the buttonhole. had a hat on now, and the elation in his fa was undisguised.

He took her arm, drew her aside. "Lo here, Rosemary, don't you ever care wh people say or expect of you; do what you f like doing—it was very sweet. And we happy to have you at our wedding." He he her hand tightly a moment, leaned over a kissed her hair; and Rosemary, feeling s would never like anyone so well aga watched him go with tears in her ey Tomorrow she might make a wish on birthday, but today she would not!

She sat down in the back seat of the car she wanted to be by herself and think. The was a noticeable chill in the air now; Ros mary shivered. You couldn't see the sun a more. Suddenly street lights went on. The would be school on Monday with its famili school smell of varnished lockers and lin leum and waxed brown desks. The teache said she was Professor Stewart's daught *Yet*, she told herself, *these things I'll forg* Her father was walking to the car, pulling his hat and whistling. Watching him, Ros mary felt as though something hadn't be finished; she felt this way in examinatio sometimes when there was more to write

ok when the bell rang. But this emo-
as more like early in the morning be-
nyone was up, with a quiet which
red so many things.
hey waved good-by to Philip and Judy,
ere running to their car, Rosemary
down the window, almost cried out to
her, "Not fast, daddy." She couldn't
hy. "Let's stop a moment. So much
ppened, oh, wait."
air was still and cool. Sounds echoed
gly: good-bys, motors starting, a dog
g, a faint stir of wind in the leaves.
's face was thin and tender. She looked
ly out the window until her mother

semary, Judy went to Lakewood."
d she?" Where had Philip gone? Girls
away to college, sometimes.
s was the first time she had worn these
hoes. Her feet felt cramped. Oh, she
d to change her clothes and then walk,
dn't know where.
n they were out of the town and in the
ning country with its sharply chill air,
nt as night moisture released the odors
th. Fall was gathering sweetness. Rose-
wondered if they would take the long
ome, on the even, graded highway,
her father could drive fast; he al-
drove fast as they neared the farm.
was the long gray-shingled house, with
imneys at both ends, and chrysanthe-
s blooming by the door. And the car.
unt and uncle and her cousin, who had
asked to dinner.
was opening the
door as they
up; he waved
and and shouted
em.
h, hello, Duffy,"
Rosemary. She
ed out of the car
dignity and held
er hand.
ffy, with his long-
ark face and way
cking his chin out,
d. "Hi, Rose-
. You've been to
edding?"
es. It was beautiful," she said.
ou look good."
hank you, Duffy."
id you get all emotional and cry?" he
. "You look a little damp."
e drew her coat carefully over her shoul-
They walked together down the mac-
road. He took her hand.
m going to Yale next year, did I tell
I'll probably have your father."
He's awful strict," Rosemary said.
He'll be harder on me than any of the
s because I'm his nephew. But don't
think that's good? I was scared stiff I
dn't make it. That is, if my marks hold
nd I don't get married. Then I'd have to
job."
Oh, Duffy, are you thinking of getting
ied?"
Vell, there's a girl I'm going with—she's
lerful. She's like you," he said suddenly.
Oh!" she laughed. "Then ——"
Then what?"
don't know. Except I get all mixed up,
y."
Yes," he said. "But all you'll have to do
ok at the guy, Rosemary. The way you
his afternoon. And love is really simple."
Then will you teach me, Duffy? Because
n't know a thing about it." She looked
his face intently, waiting for an answer.
e held her hand tighter. "Love may be
le, but I don't think you are, Rose-
y!"

WN by the barn, now, it was dark, but
emary knew where to step, where the
s put out tangled roots, where the fence
And the warm, damp, tangy barn smell
raced them. She lifted herself up on the
e, where she had sat this morning, and
d to make out the shapes of cows in the
osure.
Won't you get runs in your stockings?"
d Duffy.
I don't care," she said.

The black-and-white kittens were in the enclosure, lapping milk in a tin pan. She could hear one of them mew, and the lapping sound. They were new and timid, and quivered with fright if you touched them. The cows were not there. Augustus was not there. The enclosure was empty. She stared into the darkened yard, her eyes felt sleepy; she rubbed them. What was it? she wondered. She sat up straight. There was something *gone*, things weren't the same as they had been. She sat very still on the fence, trying to listen to the change. Maybe if she was still —— But there was nothing else there. It was just Duffy who was sitting on the fence. *Oh, gosh, Duffy!* It seemed to her that the breathless moments of the morning and the promise that had touched the afternoon with uncertain beauty, now that she remembered them, had gone.

SHE hated her dress suddenly, tight, warm. Tomorrow was her birthday—mother was going to give her a comb-and-brush set; she knew because she had seen it in her mother's closet, when she was looking for a sweater.

Then, as quickly as she had climbed up on the fence, she jumped down. "Come on, Duffy," she said impatiently. Her cousin thought she wanted to sit on a fence!

Duffy began to sing: "*On top of old Smoky, all covered with snow* ——" His voice was husky and soft—he was singing for her, Rosemary decided. It was fun to hear Duffy sing. She took his arm and they walked back to the house. Night was a strangeness around them, a country silence that had come alive; it made the lane seem narrower and the hillside suddenly close.

"Silly old cows," Rosemary said. "We don't want to see 'em, do we?"

"Not especially," Duffy said, "except I like 'em."

What did she want to play in the barn for? She wasn't Linda or Tom or Ted, who still were little. It had been a different day in the morning, and she must keep it different, not the same. Not Augustus any more. The secret places on the farm she had found: the apple tree which never yielded apples but had low, hanging branches marvelous to sit on; the hollow where the blue asters grew. Not those things. She thought she knew what the most wonderful moments of the day had been. She began to sing too. "*For a false-hearted lover is worse than a thief. . . .* You're a slowpoke, Duff," she whispered; "people'll worry, people'll wonder."

Another car was at the door—more guests. It looked like a station wagon in the lemon-colored light from the door. Rosemary felt breathless. She shut her eyes; when she opened them, the station wagon was still there! The light feeling invaded her, the shock of joy. Forever and ever she would feel like this. Forever and ever. She tried not to laugh at Duffy humming: "*I lost my true lover*"; she would laugh till she cried! She wondered who the guests might be. Then she thought, *Judy and Philip must be far away by now, far away.* Tears had been in her eyes when Philip had kissed her.

As they walked to the house the night came closer, with a sweetness, a surfeit of cool sweetness. The bitter smell of hay, of marigolds, chrysanthemums—that wasn't sweet, though. *Augustus knows his name and comes to me—he needs a new stall in the barn,* Rosemary thought. When was it you started to change, stopped saying the things you longed to say?

"Let's hurry, Duffy!" She leaned closer to him and said, "Someday I want to meet your girl, Duffy!" And as she said this she felt as though she had built up some mysterious barrier which had let go, but what it was she could not tell. "I'll be sixteen tomorrow. They're sure to let me blow out the candles. And I'll wish—and wish—I'll wish ——"

THE END

When we say a man has gone to the devil we pronounce sentence on him as a ruined character. The phrase was not always so final. In London there was, long years ago, a tavern, The Devil and St. Dunstan, very popular with barristers. When a lawyer joined his friends there he left a note in his door, "Gone to the Devil." When a man gave more attention to drinking than to business, the expression acquired its serious meaning.



AMERICAN BEAUT



Army Wife's $108.75 Wardro



Navy blue rayon-faille suit with rhinestone-studded blouse, by Madeleine Fauth, $30. Velvet-trimmed mesh hat by Mr. Alf, $6. Circle pin by N. Bishop, $1.95.

• When asked what type clothes she really needed, Joan Westfa twenty-two, from Raleigh, North Carolina, replied, "Cloth that will look different every time I wear them and that I c wear almost anywhere." With this in mind, we chose cloth with a flair and originality of their own, but which change th ways with a new blouse, a hat and gloves, a twinkling of rhi stones, or a few flowers tucked in the bow of a sash. Her coat a rainproofed fabric dressed up by black velvet touches. H suit can be worn with a variety of blouses and accessories. H taffeta dancing dress worn over layers of crinoline petticoa is tightly sashed to accent a tiny waistline. • By Isabel Phe

LEOMBRUNO • BODI



Gray flannel-textured rayon, black velvet accents, $29.95, by Sam Sherman. Black calf satchel, $7.95.

Pastel jersey with a tweed scarf clasped by a gold pin, $8.95. By Raissa Masket.





The new covered-up look in two shades of blue taffeta, with wide sash. Dress, $22.95, by Frank Perullo. For a touch of glitter she adds a jeweled leaf pin by N. Bishop, $1.00.

For every woman who leads a double life...



LESS PARTY DISHES keep your hands endlessly busy "washing up." But even ou needn't have dry, red, rough hands! Not if you guard them with Trushay, the orehand" lotion. So different, so oil-rich, Trushay protects hands even in hot, water. Use Trushay BEFORE every wash-up task. Then, at party time, it's . . .

PARTY-DRESS HANDS—lovely hostess hands, so soft and feminine. You can have them, no matter how busy you are—with Trushay's beauty insurance. And remember, Trushay's "beforehand" protection is only *part* of its magic. It's a luxurious, quick softener, too—a finishing touch you'll want to use any time. Begin today to use Trushay!

TRUSHAY... *the "beforehand" lotion... guards your hands even in hot, sudsy water!*



ulous skin softener, too! Trushay's liquid smooths away roughness on elbows, heels nees—keeps them baby-soft.



A delightfully flattering powder base! Just stroke on Trushay—see how your powder clings for *hours* without that streaky, made-up look!



Wonderful for chapped hands! What soothing relief! Oil-rich Trushay rescues hands from rough redness. Keeps them comfortable!



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

BUY-LINES

AN ADVERTISING P

FASHION IS FICKLE, they say . . . but I can name one fashion that's always tops—the fashion for soft, natural-looking curls! And Y-O-U can always have them if you use TONI HOME PERMANENT. I've never seen anything like it . . . for a wave that's actually as lovely as naturally curly hair . . . right from the very first day, too. I mean that . . . from the moment you unwind your curls, your TONI looks soft and natural. TONI even *guarantees* it . . . for TONI has the gentlest wave lotion known plus the new wonder neutralizer, Permafix. It conditions your wave . . . not only leaves your wave silken-soft at first combing but more beautifully natural month after month. Seems too good to be true . . . that you'll "escape" all frizziness? Then give yourself a TONI Home Permanent for just $1 . . . and see if your wave isn't silky . . . looks and feels like naturally curly hair. I know you'll be pleased . . . so make tonight the night you look your loveliest.





GETTING back into the swing of normal living is a let-down after the gay festivities of the holidays . . . and all of us need something special to perk-up our "droopy" spirits. And a new face is the best "tonic" I know . . . so experiment with newest shades of powder, rouge and lipstick just announced for early Spring. Try a new hair-do, too . . . even if it's no more than parting your locks on the other side. And finally "crown" your success with a new chapeau . . . one of those tiny straw playthings, or a satin or velvet darling with rich jewel and metal embroideries that are the fashion forecast for Spring.

I'M TREADING ON AIR . . . and it's such a delightful sensation I know you'll want to try it. And you can . . . by just slipping a pair of DR. SCHOLL'S AIR-PILLO INSOLES into your shoes. The minute you do you'll think you're walking on clouds . . . for they're made of Latex Foam (actually 90% air!) and are air-ventilating air-cushions that pillow your feet from toe to heel in heavenly walking ease. That's why these Air-Pillo Insoles perform all kinds of foot comforting "miracles" . . . *instantly* relieve painful callouses, burning, tenderness and sore heels . . . as well as ease pressure on nerves and arteries in your feet. You can depend on it . . . so get a pair of DR. SCHOLL'S Air-Pillo Insoles at your Drug, Shoe, Dept. or 5-10¢ store today. Come in all sizes and colors . . . in white for men and in white, red, black, brown, gray and green to harmonize with women's open-toe and open-heel dress, sport and casual shoes.



HERE'S THE BEST NEWS IN YEARS for cold and hay-fever sufferers . . . I've discovered something wonderful that can help bring you quick, comforting relief . . . *as near as your purse or pocket!* It's the amazing new DeVILBISS Pocket Atomizer . . . so neat, efficient, and compact you can carry it right with you on the job, at school, on train, plane or while you're shopping. And don't think this is just an ordinary atomizer . . . the DeVILBISS has been especially engineered to meet the needs of cold and hay-fever sufferers. It's not only leak-proof, sanitary and inconspicuous . . . but you fill it *yourself* with your *own* doctor's prescription. And that's important . . . because naturally you may recover *quicker* if you can keep up the regular applications your doctor recommends. So get a DeVILBISS Pocket Atomizer *today* and carry it with you wherever you go . . . for you never know when a cold will "strike" or hay fever "attack". Costs only $1.50 . . . at all Drug Counters.



ARE YOU AN ARTIST AT HEART . . . lik



draw, sketch and p
If so, you may
really valuable art
ent and that's won
ful . . . for artists
needed (especi
women artists!) Th
good money in art.
of it, if you have ta
You can earn at home, too . . . so send
FREE ART TALENT TEST . . . a
derful, easy test, developed as a resu
36 years of experience, by one of
world's great art schools. The test is
to take . . . but a completely reli
scientific way to find out if you have
art talent. And you can take this ama
test at home in your spare time .
write for *your* FREE copy of the *Art T*
Test today. Just send your name, age
address to Nancy Sasser, 271 Ma
Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
You have nothing to lose and every
to gain . . . because artists are i
demand now. That's why I urge y
ACT NOW . . . find out if you ha
talent for art that you can turn into m

GOOD COOKS AGREE WITH ME . . . a
range is the best friend they can
That's why I want to call your atte
to the complete line of FRIGIDA
Electric Ranges . . . for no matter w
of the many new models you ch
you simply can't match it anywhere
for beauty, performance and econ
They all have exclusive features "gal
. . . such as new, improved Radian
Cooking Units that
are faster than ever
. . . yet actually
use less current.
Then there's
FRIGIDAIRE'S
big oven with auto-
matic controls that
assure the baking or
roasting temperature
desired, plus FRIGIDAIRE'S "Eveni
that distributes heat evenly within the
to "turn out" foods done just the way
family likes them. I'd like to tell you a
the Cook-Master Control, Deep-
Cooker, and the other wonders that
a FRIGIDAIRE Electric Range a m
less treasure, but I can't. So see
FRIGIDAIRE Dealer soon.



TURN OVER A NEW LEAF this year . . . resolve to try new things and enjoy new pleasures. Let's begin with cigarettes . . . and even though you think you're satisfied with your present brand, at least try a CAVALIER. I'm sure you'll enjoy a king-size measure of smoking pleasure in this distinctive, new cigarette . . . for it combines cool, cool mildness with smooth, mellow flavor. But that's only natural . . . because CAVALIERS are a special, modern blend of fine, light tobaccos which are naturally mild—naturally flavorsome. However, proof of a cigarette is in the smoking . . . which is why I urge you to get a smart, white pack of CAVALIERS and try them today. Your first puff will tell you they're mild—extremely mild! . . . and as you go on smoking, you'll find they're a fresh flavor treat, too. So enjoy the new smoking pleasure of CAVALIERS!



EVERY MOTHER LOVES A BABY . . . but sometimes we lose sight of how important little things can be. Take cotton tips, for instance . . . they're used for such *delicate* purposes in baby care that you want to be sure to choose the very *finest*. And that, of course, means the kind made by Johnson & Johnson . . . for no one else in the world has such experience, such skill in making baby products. You see JOHNSON'S COTTON TIPS are baby-soft . . . made of the world's finest cotton. They're baby-safe, too . . . because they're sterilized right in the box by the famous Johnson & Johnson quality-control method. And I can assure you that the cotton is firmly anchored and stays firm since it's spun directly on the sticks and doesn't twist in use . . . *and* both ends are tipped with cotton for extra convenience and economy. So for your baby's sake, don't ask for "cotton tips" . . . get the finest by insisting on JOHNSON'S COTTON TIPS. Come in 29¢ and 49¢ sizes.



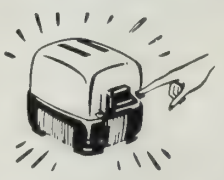
SOUTH, EAST, NORTH AND WEST . . . women everywhere agree that a CO-ET is your best bet for every beauty need. And the reason is this . . . they're little fluted cotton squares . . . feathery-soft, petal-smooth and super-absorbent. That's why a CO-ET is the perfect answer to perfect grooming . . . applying make-up, astringents, foundations, home permanent wave solutions . . . as well as removing excess powder, rouge, creams, and for manicures. And speaking of manicures . . . for a quicker, easier, better-job, do this: Moisten a CO-ET with polish remover and hold over the nail for a few seconds to soften the old polish . . . then a quick, downward stroke takes off the polish. To "groom" cuticle, moisten a clean CO-ET with cuticle oil and press the cuticle back . . . and finally apply polish. Regardless of the wealth of help CO-ETS offer, they're priced surprisingly low. 33¢ for large economy package with 80 fluted cotton squares. At all Drug and Cosmetic Counters.



IT'S WRITTEN IN THE STARS . . . the girl men admire and other women envy is the one with radiantly beautiful hair. So if yours is dry, brittle and unruly from using drying shampoos, make this New Year's resolution right now . . . to switch to new KREML Shampoo and use it regularly. Why KREML Shampoo? For two reasons. First, it has a natural oil base. And it truly works wonders; not only leaves your hair soft as a cloud and an angel to style and manage, but actually encourages the natural curl that drying shampoos tend to destroy. And second, its magic new ingredient "Folisan" has special cleansing qualities, brings out all your hair's highlights and makes it twinkle with glorious, natural, glossy sheen. Think I'm exaggerating . . . that no shampoo could be so wonderful? Then you be the judge. Get KREML Shampoo and see for yourself how your hair sparkles with glamorous beauty like star dust.



APPEARANCES ARE DECEIVING . . . for although all
matic toasters may look
much alike, they don't al
alike. Take the new GENE
ELECTRIC Automatic To
for example . . . it's not o
thing of beauty, but a joy
ever. That's because it "se
toast to your taste time after time . . . whether you
1 slice or 20. And it's so-o-o easy:
Just set the control and every slice comes out exactly a
like it . . . light, dark or in-between. But that's not all
pops the toast up or keeps it down and crisp until you
the breakfast are ready. And "thanks" to its won
Snap-in Crumb Tray, it's a "cinch" to clean . . . simply
it out, wash it with your dishes or brush it off, and snap
again. That's all there is to it!
I can assure you, too, that this marvelous GENE
ELECTRIC Automatic Toaster will stay handsome
keep you toast-happy for years and years; yet it's p
to please your purse. Only $22.95 at your G-E Dea



Nancy Sasser

...ON . . . and yet it makes good common sense to serve what I call my breakfast "treasure of cereals" every morning! I'm talking about POST-TENS . . . with 7 different cereals, all with a varied appetite appeal, individually packed on one tray that contains 10 packages of cereal. This wonderful cereal ...ment permits every member of the family to select a particular favorite ... to pamper their appetites with a DIFFERENT cereal each morning! ...s in this "bumper crop" of POST-TENS cereals you can buy in one ...ge at your Grocer's? 3 Post Toasties, 2 Grape-Nuts Flakes, 1 Post's Sugar ... 1 Post's 40% Bran Flakes, 1 Grape-Nuts, 1 Post's Raisin Bran, 1 Nabisco ...ded Wheat. This POST-TENS assortment is better and more varied than ...too . . . now contains Sugar Crisp, the new candy coated puffed wheat ... that's so wonderful. P. S. Since each package gives one individual serv... there's no waste or spoilage.



...L THE UNIVERSE there's ...one drink that offers so ... delicious,sunny refresh... . . . it's DEL MONTE ...eetened Pineapple Juice. ...hat's easily explained ... DEL MONTE selects ...the juiciest pineapples and picks ...at the exact moment of sun-sweet... ripeness . . . right when natural ...ss and sweetness are in perfect ...r balance. That's why DEL ...TE Pineapple Juice has a rich, ...al flavor all its own . . . *not too tart, not too sweet, the perfect juice for all 'round use.* And I do mean every use . . . for I don't know any other juice (or any other drink for that matter!) that fits so many different occasions or goes so well with so many foods. Another thing. DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice abounds with energy-giving sugars and is a good source of health-protecting Vitamin C. So enjoy the heavenly taste-enticing goodness of DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice often.



...OUT THE NEWS . . . I've discovered a quick-easy way to make doubly delicious refreshments! I just turn the "catering" over to WALTER BAKER . . . for the maker of Premium No. 1, America's favorite cooking chocolate, now gives you BAKER'S new 4 in 1 Instant Sweet Cocoa Mix. And I can't begin to tell you how wonderful it is . . . holds the secret of not just 1, but 4 luscious chocolate treats. All "boast" that famous WALTER BAKER flavor, too . . . and they practically make themselves. I think everything chocolate tastes *best* when it's BAKER'S . . . so get BAKER'S 4 in 1 Instant ...t Cocoa Mix and enjoy: 1. *Better instant cocoa* than most sweet milk cocoa ... grand steaming hot and in cold milk. 2. *Smoother, creamier frosting* . . . ...wink-quick. 3. *Gorgeous chocolate sauce* . . . a perfect topping for ice cream, ... and puddings. 4. *Heavenly fudge* that's better than most fudge mixes . . . ...so easy . . . no long cooking. Success-sure directions right on the package.



...MAGIC TELESCOPE ...s me the future ...or instance, I can ...ou and your fam... ...omorrow morn... ...enjoying a deli... ..., healthful break... ...reat. Whatisit? A dish of prunes... ...ou're wise to the fact that six or ...n prunes a day are good for you in ...y way. And looking closer, I can ...hey're SUNSWEET "*Tenderized*" ...es . . . because you've learned ...t I predicted . . . that they're ...es at their luscious good-for-you ... Here's the proof: SUNSWEETS are fully tree-ripened . . . and the extra days of ripening insure extra sweetness, extra flavor and the extra "plus" that makes the pulp-bulk extra effective. They're "*Tenderized*", too . . . cook jiffy-quick, but are just as good raw as they are cooked. They're sealed in foil and packed by experts . . . the growers themselves. It's good to feel good . . . so give your family a happier, healthier future by serving SUNSWEET "*Tenderized*" Prunes every morning for breakfast.



For better croquettes use Sam-O-Lets

...GING FOR heavenly protein main dishes . . . yet held down to earth by the "gravity" of your budget? Then DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets are for you . . . because salmon is the most economical protein food you can buy . . . and DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets is salmon at its delicious, taste-enticing best. It's really a rare, new treat . . . a delicacy pack of choice, extra tender, light meat salmon. And listen to this . . . since the skin and backbone are removed there's an additional saving of approximately 15%. So keep plenty of DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets on hand . . . and as a special treat tonight, try this luscious Salmon Croquette recipe: ...e Sam-O-Lets (½ lb. can) and add 1 cup cooked rice for 1 cup thick ...te sauce, 2 eggs, juice of 1 lemon, 6 soda crackers rolled fine, 1 tbsp. ...ted butter, salt and pepper to taste. Mix, then form into croquettes. Roll ...read crumbs, dip in beaten egg, and roll in bread crumbs again. Fry in ...p fat at 370° F. Serve at once.



(Continued from Page 90)

feather blow by, scratched an imaginary flea and fell over.

As I bent to pick him up I knocked against a watering can and it banged on the floor. The puppies all jumped. Some cried. Sleepy pushed deeper into his hay. Silver Gray turned on the noise and gave it a baby bark.

"He's the one," we said together, and we bought him, took him home.

We named him Keddana, which means dove-colored, after a dog in a folk story I liked when I was little. Never in the world was there such a dog for mischief as this Keddana. The second day we had him he found a package the butcher left at the door and dug a hole in it with his tiny claws. When I found him all I could see was his tail. The rest of him was living comfortably in the house he made from a pork roast.

Then he tore up a door mat, bit off the tulip heads, pulled the prop from under the clothesline, stole shoes, started a feud with a Scotch terrier that lived across the street, rolled in fresh tar and came home and rolled on the new rug.

Just when we were almost ready to be cross with him he got distemper and lay quiet in his corner, begging us with sad puppy eyes to make him well again.

We took him to the veterinarian and stayed up all night to give him medicine and bought him special beef and fed him milk with whisky. I carried him in and out to lie in the sun until one day he saw his enemy, the Scotch terrier, and jumped from my arms and chased him all the way home.

Keddana was cured—and back to mischief.

Then my neighbor suggested I take Keddana to a dog school to be trained. I never knew such a thing existed. I went to visit it.

> **Don't play with eggs on a rock.** —AFRICAN PROVERB.

The lady in charge—she had a firm chin and a no-for-an-answer expression—explained the different degrees a dog could earn.

"And now," she finished, "follow me and you will have an opportunity to observe our curriculum in action."

She took me to a big hall where twenty dogs were lined up with twenty people—the whole bunch learning to walk attached to leashes.

Keddana and I already had that problem figured out, but I didn't like to mention it for fear I might spoil the lady's pleasure in her students. I just kept still and watched them tangle and untangle themselves until finally we went on to the next class, which was in retrieving. There the owners threw dumbbells and the dogs were to go after them.

Of course, the dogs understood in the first minute that they're supposed to bring the dumbbell back else it can't be thrown again and their fun is over. But they saw, too, that their owners were taking the whole game very serious so they had tact enough not to learn too quick.

"Can your pet do that?" the lady professor asked.

"No," I said, "he can't."

I DIDN'T think it was any use to explain that Keddana wasn't my pet. He was my friend. Or that if I threw a dumbbell away and I would if I had one—I'd just as soon it stayed thrown away.

After this we went back to the big auditorium to see obedience training.

"Sit! Stay! Down!" the owners spoke and the dogs followed the commands immediately.

"What do you think of that?" the lady asked, smiling proudly.

"It might be all right if I'm sure I'm smarter than my dog. Only if that's so, then what use is my dog to me?"

"But you want your dog to obey?" the lady asked.

"That depends. Suppose he graduates from your school. We go walking, my dog and I, in the woods. We hear a rustle in the bushes. He pricks his ears and starts after it. 'No,' I say, 'it's just a squirrel. Down!' He remembers his diploma and sits down. And I'm eaten up!"

"Eaten up?"

"Yes. The noise in the bush wasn't a squirrel at all. It was a wolf."

"A wolf?"

"Yes. So now I'm dead and it serves me right for minding my dog's business. He's not supposed to tell me how I should vote for President and I don't tell him who's making a noise in the bush. We each have to use our own special kind of brains to run our own departments."

"But an untrained dog is destructive."

"MAYBE while he's young and full of play like every young animal—even baby crocodiles frisk, I suppose. But before our dog's grown he'll learn ——"

"But how?"

"From our voice, our movements, from living beside us and watching us," I told her. "A pat here, a word there and he'll understand what we expect from him and he'll do it in his own way, after his own heart, in his own time."

Sure enough, when we moved on the farm Keddy was a year old and he did lose all his puppy tricks and settle down to his responsibilities, and there were plenty of them.

He was Inspector General for the whole seventy-six acres; Special Police to order the chickens out of garden; Reception Committee to escort visitors to the door. In addition he had to keep an eye on a family of squirrels that was wearing out our maple tree, chase the blue jays away from bones he had hidden, and in plowing time lead my tractor up and down the furrows. Altogether there was work for half a dozen dogs.

Beside, to live alone is no good for a human being and not for an animal either. So while we were thinking where to find a mate for Keddana fate, like often happens, decided for us. My friend Kosta came out from New York one day. "You want a puppy?" was first thing he said to me when he pulled in the yard.

"Yes, but not any kind," I told him. "I want German shepherd, a girl, dark-coated, big-boned ——"

Kosta reached in the back seat and like he had made there to my order lifted out a puppy—a little beauty with a smoke-black saddle and muzzle, silver markings on her throat and such creamy light paws and legs she looked dressed for a ball in long kid gloves.

"I can't keep her at the garage with me any more," Kosta said. "The paint sprayer makes her sick and she worries when the car grease spots her fur. She's a good dog. I have papers to prove it if you want them."

"I don't ask about your great-grandfather," I said, "why should I care about hers? I'll take her on her looks, and hope she returns the compliment. Won't she miss you?"

"No, I only had her two weeks. I'll stay until she gets used to you."

He set her down on the ground. Keddy came up to her. She ignored him and took a slow stroll around the yard. Keddy pranced stiff-legged behind her. After that she had a good roll in the grass, got up, shook her coat shiny, and set to polishing her paws with her tongue. When they were bright enough to suit her, she walked up to Keddy. They sniffed each other all over.

Then she saw his ball and reached for it.

"Now watch the trouble begin," I told Kosta. "That's his private-property ball, the same thing for him as the Pennsylvania Railroad is for J. P. Morgan. He'll never let her have it."

But he did. She rolled the ball, caught it, dropped it under his nose, snatched it up again and carried it over to his special rug, lay down and began to chew it. And Keddy was perfectly satisfied to sit on the cold, hard cement and admire her doing it.

In a few days she was one of the family and we named her Murka because it means sooty muzzle.

(Continued on Page 95)



Four boxed corners fit sheet to mattress like a second skin. Shaped tuck-under on all four sides prevents sheet from wrinkling.

Amazing *CONTOUR* sheet won't wrinkle, can't pull out

THE MOST RESTLESS SLEEPER can't pull out this amazing Contour* Sheet! It's the time-saving way to make a bed. A Pacific Contour Sheet needs no smoothing, no retucking. When you get up, your bed is half made!

Four fitted corners, firmly taped and sewed, slip over the mattress like a glove. A generous tuck-under holds the corners in place, keeps the sheet wrinkle-free all night long.

Pacific Contour Sheets are a breeze to launder, too. They weigh less, handle more easily—won't shrink because they're Sanforized**. And they stretch so smoothly over the mattress, ironing is optional.

In your linen closet, half your sheets should be Pacific Contours—the under sheets that give you the smoothest sleep of your life. Available in combed percale or extra-strength muslin in double, twin and crib sizes. Adjust to slight variations in standard mattresses.

Try your favorite store for these sheets or send for folder and name of nearest dealer to Pacific Mills, Dept. DD1, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, New York.

Worth waiting for!

Pacific Contour Sheets are selling so fast that your favorite store may be temporarily out of stock during January. We are doing our best to catch up with the heavy demand by early February. Pacific Contour Sheets are worth waiting for!

*TM Pacific Mills **Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

It's a ***PACIFIC*** *sheet* BY PACIFIC MILLS . . . WEAVERS OF FINE COTTONS, RAYONS, WOOLENS AND WORSTED

(Continued from Page 93)

dy taught her all his favorite games: hake the Stick, Keep, Keep Away and, e he liked best, Chase the Birds.

k and forth they went at dusk follow- the lawn the patterns the birds made air—wheeling, circling, crossing. The just to torment them, to show what creatures they thought dogs were, swoop and dip just out tooth reach hey got tired. Then they sat on a tree n and chattered insults while Keddy on his hind legs and barked them to down and fight like a dog.

night a chimney swift—I don't know er it was disappointed in life and d to commit suicide or what—flew ht into Murka's mouth. She gave a ing gulp and spit it out. The bird sat ied for a minute and then skimmed into hrubbery. Murka shook her head, d, ate some grass to clean her mouth rawled under the porch where no bird ever think to look for her. She never d *that* game again.

er we had Murka a few months we de- it was time to visit our friend Kosta in she might be missing him, and we took ana along too. We stayed with Kosta is wife in their apartment and I put the in Kosta's garage. Murka still objected e grease on the floor.

ou're worse than a cat;" I said.

ft Keddy, who was already scrunching lf under a truck to see what wild ani- lived there, and walked Murka back to ar in the parking lot near Kosta's and l an old rug and took it to the garage r. Then she was satisfied and laid down k imaginary spots from her paws.

r friends made a party for us that night we enjoyed ourselves to eat and drink sing. In the middle of the night when ere sleeping fire engines came clang- -clanging down the street. Helena woke mmediately to tell me maybe Kosta's is burning up.

ertainly not," I said. "Go to sleep."

the next room our friends turned on light and I could hear them talking. know it. I just know it," Vera, Kosta's was saying. "It's your store on fire."

he thing I've noticed about ladies. As as they hear a fire engine they're always something of theirs is burning up.

osta and I tried to convince them every- g is all right. But it seemed the only way that was to go to his store and see. We on our clothes and ran down the street. re enough it *is* Kosta's garage and the tments above blazing to the sky.

hat's another thing I noticed about s. Usually they're right.

ames were shooting out, ladders set up, ready and Kosta's door is busted open axes.

Let me in!" Kosta pushed through the lines with me after him. "This is my e!"

olicemen held him back. "The building come down any minute."

What do I care? I have to get 'em."

went in through the smoke, felt our around the floor, calling the dogs, trying histle. No answer. We ran out.

Find your money and papers?" police- asked us.

Dogs?" Kosta choked. "Dogs? Where the dogs go?"

Something ran out," a man on the side ke up.

Go round the block this way," Kosta l, "and I'll go the other. We'll meet."

began to run, whistling as I went, and ing, "Murka! Murka! Keddana! Here I. Here!"

My heart was breaking for my two friends. t, maybe burned, frightened, hunting the ets, asking in their puppy hearts, "Where e? Why don't he find us?"

Kosta and me met in the center of the ck and did the next one same way. No k. We went back to his shop again, duck- under the ladders, jumping the hoses. l nothing. We took another street.

Wait," I called ahead to Kosta, "we're ng so fast we might pass the dogs and lose them before they can know us. I'll get my flashlight from the car. We'll throw it on both sides of the street."

I ran down to the parking lot and found my car. There lying beside it was Murka and, standing guard over her, Keddana. Their coats were black with smoke and grease and Murka's paw was bleeding. I put my arms around them and they were as happy to find me as I them.

I hollered for Kosta.

"How they ever discovered the car?" he said when he came up.

"Murka remembered, I guess, from when I brought her back for the rug."

We took them to the apartment and then we went back to Kosta's garage and by this time it was through burning up.

"Well, buddy," the policeman said, "I hope you got insurance. You sure took your time coming back."

"I was looking for my friend's dogs," Kosta explained.

"And let twenty-five thousand dollars in merchandise and equipment burn up? They must be *some* dogs!"

"They sure are." The fire marshal came up. "If it wasn't for them, everybody in these apartments would be dead."

Kinship

By William Stafford

All of my life,
All of my life I've known
The piteous look that widens pain
And makes it all my own.

When foxes whine in stealth
And limp when they are chased,
Their piteous faces widen pain
To me across the waste.

The homeless on the earth,
Given a stone for bread,
Widen pain across the air
That I taste when I'm fed.

It seemed that our dogs started to bark about midnight and kept it up until three o'clock. By that time a man upstairs couldn't stand it any more. When he came down to complain to the police he saw the smoke. A fire that started earlier between the floors had finally broken through into the halls.

"Five minutes more!" the marshal said.

"You're real heroes," I told my dogs when we were home again and they were cleaned and brushed and lying on the living-room rug. "Probably if we stayed in town you had your picture in the paper and got medals pinned on you."

It was a cold night and I lit the logs in our fireplace. As soon as the flames leaped up, Murka began to cry and Keddy moved around the room uneasy and whining.

I poked the wood and put up the screen. They both watched me. Then, without a sound, they decided between themselves that this fire was safe because it belonged to us and we kept it in a cage where it couldn't get out. They lay down, one on each side of the hearth, and went to sleep.

In June of that year one of our best friends came to spend the vacation with us. She was eight years old. Her name was Marianne, but she was called, for a family joke, Fox. As much as any human being ever can, she spoke and understood dog language.

Every morning on the porch she talked with the dogs: "Oh the biggy biggy boggy. Oh the wizsha wizsha? Ruggle Ruggle ——"

What it meant I don't know, but the dogs did. They rolled with joy to hear her and answered with purring growls and high sharp barks.

Fox harnessed Keddana to her doll coach and tied hair ribbons on Murka's tail and entertained them at tea parties and they put up with it because they loved her.

One day a lady who was also visiting us from town went for a walk and took Keddana with her. As she passed our neighbor's meadow she saw wild iris in bloom and climbed under the fence to pick some.

A cow grazing there raised her head, chewed a minute and then, to pass the time of day, no doubt, said, "M-a-a-a-ah!"

The lady screamed and began to run, tripped over a furrow; fell crying. "Mad bull! Mad bull! Sic 'em," she said to Keddy. "Get him."

Keddana, like any gentleman escorting a lady, was delighted at an easy chance to be a hero. He ran up, nipped the cow's flank, chased her down the meadow, and bit her again.

NATURALLY our neighbor who owned the cow wasn't any too pleased, but I made apologies the best I could and paid for the veterinarian until the cow got well and altogether he was very nice about the whole thing.

But every neighborhood has to have one professional interferer. We got ours. He heard what happened and though it wasn't his cow or his dog or his field he came over to see me next day very mad.

"That dog of yours oughta be shot. He's a vicious character!"

"He made a mistake," I said. "So did I many times. It's possible even you aren't always perfect."

"He did a terrible thing."

"I admit it, but it was as much my fault as his. When a dog does wrong you have to blame the master, not the animal."

Fox's mother came out of the house and the man started on her.

"Don't you know that dog might eat up your child?"

She shook her head, smiling. "Oh, I don't think so."

"It's no laughing matter. Once an animal tastes blood, it will attack anything. Maybe right now that dog lies in ambush—with jaws foaming ——"

"Certainly not," I said. "My dog knows he's in disgrace so he's probably staying out in the barn or under the hedge. Keddana! Keddana!"

Fox came around the corner of the house pushing her doll carriage.

"Have you seen Keddy?" her mother asked.

I whistled for him, and whistled again. The doll carriage tipped forward and Keddana climbed out of it and crept toward us, ashamed as only a dignified dog can be, and no wonder. On his head, pulled down over his ears, was a bonnet of pink silk, the ribbons tied in a bow under his chin. He wore a flowered dress, his front paws pushed through the puffly sleeves, and on his hind feet were crocheted boots trimmed with pompoms.

The interferer turned and stamped out of the yard madder, if that be possible, than when he came in.

"Take those clothes off Keddana," Fox's mother said to her. "For a punishment like this, he's entitled to bite an elephant."

After that Keddana didn't commit any more crimes except to sleep in a porch chair once in a while or bury his bone in the tulips. His wild-oat crop was all harvested and high time, too, because he was father to thirteen fine puppies. Naturally he had to be respectable and set them the right example.

Murka acted as proud as any mother and licked and polished her kids through all the puppy stages—from wet rats and fuzzy bears to lion cubs until finally she shaped them into little dogs, and beauties they were too.

Up until the time I watched Murka I thought puppies learned to play by themselves and just for their own amusement. I never knew their mothers taught them regular games to make them strong and quick and brave—yes, and gentle too.

But Murka did. For the yard there was Razzle Dazzle with the ball. Run and jump. Run and pull. Run and push. Run and roll over. Anything to get that prize ball. One minute the puppies were crawling under

After 25 drying skin begins to show

IT'S NOTICEABLE how skin begins to *look drier* after 25. Then, natural skin softening oil starts decreasing. Then, you need a *special replacer* to offset this drying out. You need Pond's *lanolin-rich* Dry Skin Cream.

SEE BELOW how this quick *un*-drier works to soften and repair three common dry skin troubles. Begin to get this wonderful help—now!



Tense "Down-Lines" from dry skin by nose and mouth, harden your expression.

To Help Soften Lines—"Knuckle in" Pond's Dry Skin Cream, kneading firmly out, up from nostrils, mouth. Use nightly. See how this lanolin-rich cream softens that dry look.



Flaky, Dry Skin Patches on cheeks rough up skin, spoil make-up.

To Correct—Work in plenty of Pond's Dry Skin Cream nightly. Swirl it from chin line *up* in front of ears. This lanolin-rich cream is homogenized to soak in better. You can feel it softening your dry skin *immediately*.



That Matronly-Looking Sagging starts to show along your chin-line.

To Tone Up Chin-Line—"Pinch along" from point of chin to ear with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. This treatment brings circulation up, and it gives this skin the lift and the *rich lubrication* it needs.

• • • • •

3 features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream effective: 1. It is rich in *lanolin*, very like the skin's own oil. 2. It is *homogenized* to soak in better. 3. It has a softening *emulsifier*. *At night:* work Pond's Dry Skin Cream in richly. *By day:* use lightly under make-up. 89¢, 49¢, 29¢, 10¢ (all plus tax). Get *your* jar. Start this truly *remarkable* correction of dry skin today!

THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND says, "*I've never known a cream to soften skin so beautifully as Pond's Dry Skin Cream.*"



EXQUISITE FORM BRASSIERE, INC. New York 16 • Los Angeles 14 • Toronto, Canada



spring lines of fashion feature lithe wearability.

There is a dealer near you.

TWEEDIE FOOTWEAR CORPORATION • JEFFERSON CITY • MISSOURI

Murka's flank to steal the ball from below; next, they stood up on their hind feet and tried to tease it from her mouth. Murka twisted in and out, dashed forward and back, led them on and then drove them off. It was like a wrestling match and a foot race all in one with some soccer thrown in for good measure.

At night in the house before the fire, floor-show time would start with a puppy pulling Murka's lips, biting her nose, poking needle claws into her eyes. Murka never lost patience or gave them scolding nips when she played this game. She lay down full length to be their height and rolled them over and back, took all of a little head in her great mouth, held a tiny paw between her jaws, put muzzle over muzzle, flashed teeth against teeth. With never a pinch or a scratch she showed them what all puppies must learn before they can grow into good dogs—how to be gentle in their strength.

But much as I enjoy to I can't spend my life watching my dogs play. I had to make some money to support my farm.

That's the trouble with farms. They're always asking for something. One day I needed money to drain the water away from the meadow, and next day I needed again money to bring the same water into the kitchen. Whatever profit I made from cutting hay I spent twice over to sow alfalfa.

Nothing so stirs a man's conscience or excites his curiosity as a woman's dead silence. —W. R. GOLDSMITH: Crumbs of Common Sense.

Some kind of livestock that brings in a big profit, that's what I needed.

So I looked the situation over carefully. First my choice was Brahman cattle. With their dignified humps and draped chests they reminded me of my water buffalo I had home. I could enjoy seeing a few Brahman cattle walking around my yard every day of my life.

But I had only $150 to invest and too soon I found that much money hardly buys the tail and hind legs on a good Brahman. It wasn't enough either to start raising chinchillas, race horses, mink, musk oxen or anything else interesting.

Finally I made my mind up on sheep. They'd give us roast lamb in spring, woolen clothes in winter and keep the grass mowed down the whole year through in the bargain. A good practical all-around animal.

That's what I *thought.*

So they'd feel at home with us right away I bought two relatives, sisters. One was Julia and the other never had a name because she died the day after I got her.

Three weeks later, on the coldest day of March, Julia died, too, lambing out of time in a snowdrift. Sometimes I think there was something the matter with those sheep when I bought them.

Now I'm left with an orphan lamb. I took her home and Helena made her a box under the stove and fed her milk from a nursing bottle. But still the little Lamble shook with cold and couldn't get the snowdrift out her bones.

Murka had this same time a new litter puppies about six weeks old, and it seem the simplest thing to tuck Lamble in w them. For the first minute Murka was s prised and with the tip of her nose inve gated Lamble all over—down her flan around her ears, stopping longest at hoofed paws and the flat tail. Finally she satisfied and with a lick here, another th she began, the best she could, to sli Lamble into a German shepherd.

After that all we had to do was give La ble a few bottles of warm milk each day u she was old enough for grain food. The of the responsibility was Murka's and raised Lamble to be a good, well-beha puppy.

We kept for ourselves from that litter Murka's one little girl—a pretty thing, sil and black, and so beautifully made her s fit her bones like water running over ro

When it came to finding a name for new puppy, our little friend Fox was vi ing us again. We told her she could h the honor of making choice.

"And I can call anything I want?"

"Anything," I sa "It's up to you."

"Then I name her af me. Fox."

That made some d culties. Nobody kn which Fox we were talking about. At Fox's mother solved it by dividing them i Fox Child and Fox Dog.

The Fox Dog and Lamble grew to be two best friends ever in this world. Side side they raced the meadow, they explo the creek, they encouraged each other mutual mischiefs in the garden. They pla Push and Pull, Jump Out and Dashaway Fox nipped, Lamble could butt, and th was no hard feelings when night came they slept curled up together in their box the barn.

Everybody was happy—except maybe

First of all, where's my profits? Certai I can't eat Lamble now any more tha could Fox.

Besides, Lamble never kept the gr trimmed down either. Rosebushes in b made her best meal, and if they're out season she was willing to try any ornamen shrub.

Worse than this, I had no time to do a thing. My whole day was interrupted passerbys driving in to tell me, "There' sheep chasing a dog down in your pastur Usually it took a couple glasses of wine to them over the shock.

Of course when the dogs ran out barki to meet visitors, Lamble went bleating af them, and that needed a lot of explaini too. People are used to watch dogs but not watch sheep.

(Continued on Page 98)

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERN ON PAGES 46 AND 47

Vogue Design No. 7170. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.

Vogue Design No. S-4125. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. $1.00.

Vogue Design No. 7266. Two-piece dress and detachable vestee; 12 to 20, 30 to 40. 60c.

Vogue Design No. 7263. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.

Vogue Design No. 7268. "Easy-to-Make" coat; Small (28–30), Medium (32–34) and Large (36–38). 75c.





Two Woodbury Beauties... 24 years apart

Here's the Beauty Secret of a famous ...er who looks as young as her daughter

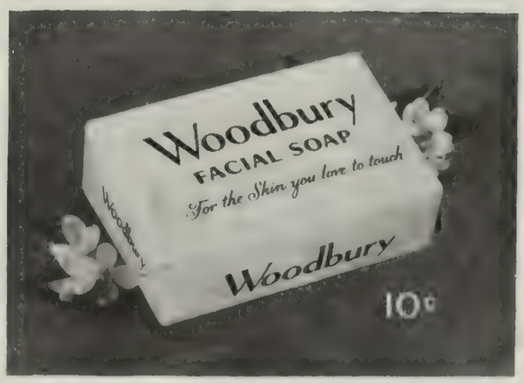
There's a full twenty-four years difference between Harold D. Baker, prominent Washington, D. C. ite and her daughter, Betty. But twenty-four such ding years! Years that transformed Mrs. Baker a pretty girl into an importantly beautiful woman ght her how to bring out the beauty of her wide-set the dark sweep of her hair, and her porcelain- complexion.

What is her secret? What does she do? Mrs. Baker ell you it's no secret—'that her most valuable tic is Woodbury Facial Soap—her *only* soap!'

For Woodbury, you see, is more than a cleanser. It's made by skin scientists who add an emollient face cream ingredient — a rich oil — to every cake of Woodbury. While some soaps may dry delicate skins, Woodbury softens. This rich cream ingredient is intended to help *replace* the natural oils you wash away.

Any complexion is fresher, younger-looking with Woodbury Soap care. Take Mrs. Baker's word for it— or ask her daughter, Betty, another radiant Woodbury deb.

Better still, try Woodbury yourself! Here's a special offer! For *six* full-size 10¢ cakes, send 25¢ and name and address to Woodbury, Box 45, Dept. 420, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Offer expires March 1, 1951. Only 6 cakes to a customer.



Woodbury Facial Soap ... *with the Beauty-Cream Ingredient*

for the skin you love to touch



It's All So Easy! Write today for the Free Olson Rug *Catalog* in colors (with 40 model rooms) that tells how your materials are picked up at your door and sent at our expense to the Olson Factory, where,

By the Scientific Olson Process

we sterilize, shred, merge, reclaim and separate the valuable wools, etc., then bleach, picker, card, spin, redye and weave lovely, deep-textured, new . . .

TWO-SIDED BROADLOOM RUGS

. . . in sizes for all needs up to 16 feet seamless and any length, in all the newest:

Solid Colors	18th Century	Embossed
Two-tone	Early American	Effects
Tweed Blends	Oriental Designs	Florals, Ovals

SAVE! FACTORY-TO-YOU!

Orders Completed in One Week. We Guarantee to please you, or pay for your materials. You risk nothing by a Trial. Our 77th Year! Over 3 million customers. We do not have Agents or sell through stores. Read praise from editors and customers everywhere.

Rich Embossed Effects

OLSON RUG CO.
Chicago New York San Francisco

Mail Coupon or a 1c Postcard for—

Lovely Solid Colors

FREE RUG CATALOG IN COLORS

OLSON RUG CO. E-32, CHICAGO 41, ILL.
Please mail Olson Rug Catalog Free to

Name

Address

Town State

ORC

(Continued from Page 96)

But probably I put up with all these inconveniences and Lamble would be here still, never knowing she wasn't a full-fledged dog, only Mr. Zurcker, my second neighbor over the hill, bought a flock of sheep.

At first when Lamble heard their maa-maaing from the field she only turned a curious head. Then she began more and more to listen to them gossiping over their grass. She wasn't content to stay in our yard any more, but drifted down toward the far field and stood watching them.

One day the ram left his flock and trotted out to meet Lamble at the fence. I guess he made a dazzling sight, all right, standing there, his great horns catching the sun as he tossed his head.

Lamble left us with no good-bys—only a curl of her fleece caught on the fence wire to tell us where she went.

There was nothing to do. I gave her to Mr. Zurcker for his promise she'd never go to the butcher, at least as long as him and me lived.

At first Fox used to jump the fence and coax at Lamble to come home and play again. But Lamble was all sheep now, fussy and timid: "Oh me—oh my—I wish I was where I'm not at. Don't come near me or I'll scream."

The Fox Dog's barking made her nervous. The ram was cross and stamped the ground. Finally Fox gave up.

Once though long, long after when Lamble and Fox were both old and full of dignity I saw them meet by chance again.

I was checking the fence lines, Fox walking beside me. In the far corner where my field runs with my neighbor's we saw Lamble, a little apart from her flock, eating grass.

Fox gave a short bark. Lamble raised her head and came close. Spite the bars between them, they put nose to nose and stood quiet there for a few long minutes. Then Lamble moved off to crop clover, and Fox came after me.

Often and often I wondered what that minute had for them.

Were they thinking of the frosty mornings when their quick feet broke the silver grass—or was it the happy days in the orchard when they snatched ripe apples for their balls? Or maybe they remembered their drowsy sleepings and warm wakings in the sweet hay.

I don't know. Was their secret—the last thing they had together—and they kept it for themselves.

After sheep were a failure, what to do next?

Now Helena had an idea how we could make some money. "A simple practical suggestion," she said, "from the farm paper."

Right away I was suspicious. Already from the simple practical suggestions in that magazine she had made a mattress, raised ginseng, cooked nettles and tried to give me a haircut. Still I tried out all my ideas. Now it's only fair we give hers a chance.

"But one question first," I said. "Is it anything I have to eat?"

"No. It's chickens—but not for meat. We'll keep them just for the eggs."

"Eggs are fine. I can slaughter eggs for omelets, angel cakes, puddings, as many as we need."

We bought fifty laying hens and that gave us almost three dozens eggs every day. For the first few months we made presents to our friends, ate all we could and still had enough left to trade at the store for our groceries.

But toward spring, just when there should be the most eggs, ours dropped off to twenty-five, fifteen, twelve in a day. The chickens looked fine and they were eating more than ever.

A weasel, or a skunk, or maybe a raccoon was stealing them, I decided, so I made an ambush in the high grass and lay there watching the pen.

No sign of anything until about noon Murka came through the meadow. She was just out for a careless walk until she passed the corner of the chicken house. Then she stiffened, took quick sharp look right and another left to see if anybody watched, dipped under the fence, crept across the chicken yard, pushed open the little door with her nose, and slid in.

In a minute she was out again with an egg in her mouth and trotted off. I shadowed her to the barn where she had a new family of puppies, her third litter. She stopped beside the big wide flagstone near the door and passed a secret high sign to her children inside. When they all came tumbling out she dropped the egg on the stone to break it open for them. It disappeared shell and all, down ten puppy throats, while Murka stood back with her face full of smile.

But how *I* felt in that minute? My heart almost stopped to beat. I could taste salt in my mouth. Never again, I hope, in my whole life will I feel so ashamed.

My friend, my dog that trusted me, by my carelessness I let her go hungry and, even worse, made her to a thief.

The best I could I apologized with extra milk and meat and eggs—all she would eat and her kids too.

"Looks to me like you ain't a man that's overly lucky with livestock," Mr. Zurcker said when he heard the story. "Tell you what I'll do for you. Suppose I plant your back ten acres to collard greens on shares? Kinda late in the season, but they'll still make a crop."

I agreed.

"Perfectly safe now," I said to Helena. "We don't eat collard greens. Our dogs don't eat collard greens. In fact, I'm curious to know who does eat collard greens."

As soon as they grew two inches above the ground, I found out.

For some time before this a buck had spent his winters in our woods. He wasn't a special friend of mine—just an acquaintance I knew by the mark of his hoof near the pond, the flash of his tail through the thicket. With fall he was back again and he discovered the collard field. I guess it was the same thing for him as for me when I find nice fresh hot loaves of bread on the table. He ate and ate and still ate.

Of course Mr. Zurcker was mad and he tried every way he could to scare the buck off, but no use. At last one night he came over to say he had the game warden's permission to shoot the buck.

"I'm gonna lay for him," he told me. "I'm gonna get him if it takes all night!"

"Yes, but you're tired. You been working hard all day," I said. "We'll take turns. You stay here by the radio. I'll go and watch the first hour."

I took my gun down from the fireplace and went out. I made my mind up that if I see the buck I'm gonna shoot—to miss him, not to hit him. Maybe he'll take the hint and leave the collards alone and Mr. Zurcker will be satisfied.

I sat on a log watching and what happened, of course, was just my usual luck.

I went home.

"How much clear profit would share of that field?" I asked Mr.

He had to think it over like farmer do. At last he said, "'Bout thirty

"If I give you that will you leave field like it is?"

"And be glad to."

I scraped together my money and Mr. Zurcker left.

"What's up?" Helena asked.

"Wait until Mr. Zurcker gets ou lane." I watched through the window come to the end of the yard. Don't m sound."

The collard field was white with light.

"Look, beyond the oak trees! You them."

"Who?"

"The buck, and he's not alon brought a wife home! And we just ga this whole ten-acre field for a weddi ent."

Clear against the sky the buck himself for a minute beautiful, and and happy and full, I guess, of collard

Still, in spite of everything, I di discouraged but kept on. I don't like but before I was through I doubt if anything that can be raised, made o on a farm that I didn't try—and did money on.

That includes summer boarders, usually a farmer's last hope before bankrupt.

Some of the boarders, I must sa rather odd. One had a nervous afflict didn't talk but sang everything he say. Then there was a lady that c anything cold because she had a stomach. So we had to heat her ice a saucepan. Her trouble must ha catching because after she was there I was nervous too. All over.

But all the boarders weren't this ba turned out nice and came to be ou friends. With one of them, Mr. Pa Keddy and Murka struck up quite quaintance.

During this time Murka had a l puppies, her fourth, and they were ab or seven weeks old. A few days before ready to go home Mr. Parvison told r like to buy one.

"To tell the truth," I said, "I neve dog in my life. I kept Fox for mysel gave the other puppies to my frien wanted them."

"Sooner or later you'll come to the your friends. Then what? Why don't y the puppies?"

"I don't know. I guess I never enj make money from any of my frien cluding my dogs."

(Continued on Page 100)



"She could learn much faster if she wanted to."



Don't miss the exciting values in

IRISH LINENS

IN THE 1951

JANUARY WHITE SALE

at your favorite store

You've always longed for genuine Irish Linens—lots of them all through the house. Now you can really have them. Think of it! Luxurious, long-lasting Irish Linens at prices which make them the greatest fabric value in the January White Sale of your favorite store. This is an opportunity that may not come again for a long time. Take full advantage of it now.

Remember: genuine Irish Linen is marked "Irish" or "Made in Ireland". Always look for it.

IRISH LINEN
LOVELY · LASTING · ECONOMICAL

THE IRISH LINEN GUILD
1270 Avenue of the Americas New York 20, N. Y.

You'll find exquisite tablecloths of pure Irish Linen damask at substantial savings—to make your table a flattering tribute to your gracious hospitality.

'll be an abundance of lovely Irish dinner and tea napkins in January e Sales at most attractive prices.

Be sure to see the gaily colorful new designs in Irish Linen luncheon and bridge sets your favorite store will be showing.



Combine luxury with true thrift—buy real Irish Linen sheets and pillow cases at January White Sale prices.



Also January-sale priced—genuine Irish Linen towels for bathroom, guest room and kitchen—soft, lint-free, super absorbent and so very economical.



Dripless, delicious

... IT'S SIOUX BEE HONEY SPREAD!

● Yes, here's a kind of honey that doesn't pour. You spread it, like butter. You *ladle* it onto school-lunch sandwiches for the young folks, and it's never drippy. And you leave it handy for after-school snacks that can't mess up your kitchen!

Also, it's delicious . . . on bread or toast; on hot rolls, waffles, or pancakes. *Everybody* likes Sioux Bee *Honey Spread*, and it's *good* for everybody. It's *purest* honey, with nothing added. There's no more healthful, wholesome sweet . . . no more *sensible* way to satisfy the sweet tooth!

Ask your grocer for Sioux Bee *Honey Spread*—and for Sioux Bee Honey in *liquid* form. That's the way to get the *finest* honey, flavor-perfect, with its quality controlled by the world's largest honey packers.

COLORFUL FREE BOOKLET, a treasure of inviting, tested honey recipes, is yours for the asking. Just write Sioux Honey Association, Dept. L-151, Sioux City 6, Iowa.

for finest honey, say

"Sue Bee"



(Continued from Page 98)

Mr. Parvison scratched Keddana's head for a while. He knew just the right places, the bottom of his ears and under his muzzle.

"If you love dogs," he said, "you should *never* give one away. Maybe there's exceptions, but for most people value depends on price. A dog they get for nothing is worth just that. Nothing!"

"That's an interesting point of view," I said, "but all my friends like dogs and treat them good, else naturally they wouldn't be my friends."

"Possibly they're the exceptions I just mentioned," Mr. Parvison said politely.

He picked up one little fellow and held him limp and soft as a stuffed toy in his hands.

"Suppose this puppy and every puppy in the world cost fifty dollars apiece. Do you think you'd ever see a dog running lost in the streets—a dog kicked and chased from door to door—mothers nosing in garbage cans and gutters for something to carry home to their pups?"

"But at that price only rich people could have dogs."

"Everybody who really wanted a dog would manage to get one same way they get a thousand other luxuries."

"Maybe," I said. "Anyway, if I can't agree with you at least I respect you for your opinions. I would consider it an honor to count you among our friends and give you a puppy if you want one. I'm sure with you he has a good home."

When he came to select his puppy he couldn't decide between a dark fellow with giant paws always in the way and a silver-coated sister already trying to hold her ears up. So in the end I made the choice for him, and gave him both.

Murka saw them go when the day came without any sorrow. She knew how to bring her children into the world quick and neat; how to cut the cord that held them to her; how to lick them alive and clean; how to feed them and warm them and teach them. The same way she knew all this, she knew, too, how to let them go when the time came for them to make a life of their own.

That last day when Mr. Parvison went back to give her one more pat before I drove him to the train with his puppies, Murka had the same look you see on the faces of mothers at graduation exercises—proud, maybe little sad, but most of all relieved.

In the station I petted the puppies goodby and shook hands with Mr. Parvison. "Well," I told him, "I enjoyed to hear your ideas on selling dogs, but I still got the same opinions I started with."

He climbed into the baggage car where he rides with his puppies. "So have I," he said. The train coughed itself up to full speed and off they went.

BACK home I stopped in the barn to talk to Murka a little while. She was in the hay playing with the rest of her children. Tied around her collar with string was a roll of white paper. I pulled it off and smoothed out an envelope.

Inside with no note were two fifty-dollar bills.

So now, we want or we don't want, we're in the dog business. I wish everybody to have such a good business with partners like my dogs and customers like the people who came to buy the puppies.

This time, for a change, I didn't have another failure. In fact, before we were through my dogs paid the mortgage on the farm, made a comfortable home and enough for living. We and our dogs were able to sit down in peace and enjoy each other.

But, of course, all of this didn't happen right away and it wasn't so easy to get started.

Spite of Mr. Parvison's opinions I still had to give puppies to all the friends I promised.

We didn't have any more puppies on the farm for almost a year. Then on the same day, Murka had a litter of thirteen, and Fox Dog, seven. Now there's a barn full of puppies again.

Murka's family, I thought, might be too many for her to manage and the dog book agreed with me. "Select six or seven of the largest and best," it said, "and destroy the rest."

But when I came to do it, all the puppies seemed the same size and certainly each one was the best one for Murka. As it turned out, she didn't have any trouble taking good care of the whole bunch. Lucky for her she couldn't read the dog book.

However, just to be on the safe side, but at the same time not to insult Murka, I used to wait until she left the puppies to go outside a few minutes and then I sneaked them extra milk from a bottle.

Only one thing worried Murka. She couldn't understand how Fox Dog had babies too. Murka thought she owned the puppy concession for our farm and every puppy set a pink padded foot on the place was her personal property. So she watched her chance and as soon as Fox left her puppies for the first time, Murka went over and started carrying them one by one into her box.

FOX came back and caught her. She didn't give in as usual. For once she stood up for her rights and snatched two puppies back. When I came they were pulling the third puppy between them. I rescued him. Fortunately he wasn't hurt, only wet, but I guess he thought it's better to be born an orphan than to have two mothers.

Now the puppies were all mixed up and I had to be a King Solomon and sort out the children to satisfy both mothers. After that I moved Fox and her family to my workshop and kept her away from Murka until the puppies were seven weeks old.

Then we put them all together again. It was a sight to see: twenty round puppies playing in a sunny yard; twenty tumbling bundles rolling over and making paws at each other; twenty tails straight as exclamation points circling the food pans; twenty pink tongues lapping milk so loud and fast it sounded like a storm at sea.

When I watched new puppies it always made me sure that the world and all of us in it were made to be happy. It must have been so once and could be again, maybe, if we tried. Puppies are born so sure and unafraid—so delighted with themselves and everything around them—so curious and adventurous—running certain of welcome to any pair of legs that comes near them—putting full trust in any pair of hands that lift them.

When puppies snap and growl and bite, it's only a joke between them. Even scolding words and sounds they take at first for a new game.

Of these twenty puppies, three were promised to friends of Mr. Parvison's. To sell the rest we put an advertisement in the city paper that just said "German shepherd puppies reasonable to good homes only" and our address.

Two days later our mailbox was full of letters with more coming the whole week long.

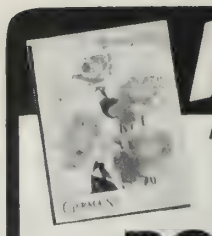
We answered all the letters and lots of people came to see the puppies. They were beauties, strong and big-boned; our price was low and it was near Christmas. In a week or so we sold the whole twenty and had a waiting list of eight disappointed latecomers for the next litter.

After that we didn't have any trouble. One person told another and usually the litters were reserved before they were born

People living nearby who bought puppies came back with them to visit us. Sometimes the owners were disappointed to find Murka and Fox weren't overjoyed to see their puppies back home again. It's hard for people to understand that dogs are a lot more practical than humans about their children.

Murka always knew her kids, of course, and gave them a lick on one side and then on the other just to be sure the mold was holding all right. After that if they whined or nuzzled for remembered milk, Murka gave them a firm growl to say, "What I was supposed to do for you I did. Now you have a life of your own. Live it for yourself the best you can."

Fox was younger and not so strict. She ran and played with her children and shined up their ears and rolled and let them bite at her for old time's sake.



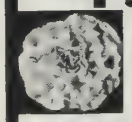
FREE!

America's Most Beautiful and Complete

ROSE BOOK & GARDEN CATALOG

5 Big Sections in Natural Color. Features GERMAIN'S All America Award Winning Roses for 1950-51, MISSION BELLS and CAPISTRANO, plus scores of world's finest ROSES, FLOWER SEEDS, BULBS, PLANTS, NOVELTIES, etc. Scores of SPECIAL COLLECTION and BARGAIN OFFERS! **Write TODAY for FREE Copy.**

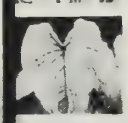
$1-SPECIALS-$1



GIANT FLOWERING CAMELLIA TYPE BEGONIAS Loveliest of all shade loving plants—also ideal indoor pot plant. One each Red, Rose, Yellow, Pink, White plus 1 new Hanging Basket Begonia. ***6 Bulbs, Special Only*** $1



PINK CALLA LILIES Most exquisite and rare of all Calla Lilies. Dainty flowers 2 to 2½ in. across of orchid pink shade. Wonderful pot plant. Amazing low price. ***6 Bulbs, Special Only*** $1



FANCY LEAF CALADIUM Unexcelled as pot and window box foliage plants. Exotic, brilliantly colored 2 and 3 tone harmonies—Reds, Coral Pinks, Rose, Greens, etc. Take little care. ***5 Bulbs, Special Only*** $1

RAINBOW GLADIOLUS For huge gorgeous blooms this summer in a riot of your favorite colors, 5 each Red, Yellow, Pink, Lavender, White plus 1 special Novelty Bulb. ***26 Bulbs, Special Only*** $1

ANY $3 $1 Specials only $2

GERMAIN'S SINCE 1871

Order Today! WRITE DEPT. L LOS ANGELES 21

HORTICULTURAL SPECIALISTS SINCE 1

Exquisite, Unusual

GIANT MUM

Send for FREE BOOK

Saucer-size greenhouse mums. 5 breath-taking varieties . . all featured in our big, colorful 1951 catalog. Also giant English, fton, cushion, spoon, exhibition, and other prize chrysanthemums. ROSES, BULBS, SHRUBS . . . hundreds of varieties. Write for our unusual, informative catalog today.

102nd Anniversary Year

SPRING HILL NURSERIES, Tipp City, Ohio, Dept. L-26



READY TO BEAR PLANTS AND TREES

Why wait? Have fruit to eat and sell within 60 days this year. Plant our bearing age trees and plants. Complete selection. Order early from new catalog — 20% discount.

SOUTH MICHIGAN NURSERY Box 580. New Buffalo, Mich.

Buying a MATTRESS?

Be Sure It's *REINFORCED* with LONGER-LASTING

PERM-A-LATOR Wire INSULATORS



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

LOOK FOR THIS TAG!

★Tests prove wire insulators *last more than twice as long* as other insulators. Insist on PERM-A-LATORS and get greater comfort . . . longer-lasting mattresses and upholstered furniture.

Write for Free Booklet!

FLEX-O-LATORS, Inc. Carthage, Mo. Factories in Carthage, Mo. and New Castle, Pa.

(Continued from Page 101)

nd. The veterinarian worked fast and did he could—washed the eyes, treated them, d by morning Sultan was better. Soon he w as well as ever, only the lime had some- w changed the color of his eyes. It was al- ays a surprise to see them, deep burning ue, look up at us from a dog's face.

Though his eyes were cured, Sultan was rvous and high-strung from all his trouble. ecause I blamed myself for what hap- ned and because I loved him too much th my heart and not enough with my head, et him develop and persist in bad habits I ould have changed in another puppy.

Perhaps in time everything might have rned out all right, but now Keddana took dislike to him. He snarled and growled at ltan so much that I was afraid Sultan ould grow cringy-crouchy with no spirit left him.

About this time a lady who had Sultan's other lost him with pneumonia and begged hard for Sultan to replace him that finally said yes.

Sultan had the best of homes with her. hough sometimes I thought she spoiled him ith too much fussing and attention, still at was her business, and I was satisfied.

Every few weeks I used to stop by and see m. Then one day I heard the sad news the dy had died. Her son-in-law who lived on a rm had Sultan.

Before I had a chance to visit him the man lled me. "About Sultan," he said, "I can't ep him. He's killed six chickens."

Perhaps with time and patience he might ave taught Sultan to leave chickens alone. I on't know. Chickens really need to learn to ave dogs alone too. Sometimes I think ickens bring a lot of their trouble on emselves, squawking and fluttering and cting like victims long before they are.

Well, there was nothing I could do but tell e man to bring Sultan home, and he did. He was still not a year old, awkward and vergrown with feet that didn't fit him, but ll of promise he'd be a beauty.

Keddana liked him even less than before nd threatened him under his breath when- ver he came near. Poor Sultan couldn't nderstand why. He wanted to be friends ith the whole world. He sat up for Keddy nd rolled over and played dead and offered is paw. But all the tricks that won him pats nd treats before got him nothing from eddy but a half sneer, half snarl.

This couldn't go on. I looked for a new ome for Sultan. At last I found someone ho would take him. This place seemed ideal. t was in the suburbs far enough out of own so he'd have a big yard and in a very ashionable section so there were no chickens o lead him into trouble.

But a few months later I heard the same ld story "About Sultan ——"

He had a new vice. Now he wanted to play n water. He was full grown by this time, big nd strong, and he broke the heaviest chain, eaped the highest fence and ran off to find a lace to slosh in. Not a swimming pool, a ond, a fountain in the neighborhood was afe from him. The first few times people verlooked it, but when Sultan drowned all heir water lilies and chased their goldfish nd turned their gardens into mud wallows hey complained.

Sultan came back to us. As always he was o beautiful, so happy, so glad to see me and o free of guilt for his crimes I couldn't do nything but love him.

"We'll just have to keep him," Helena aid.

But Sultan had his full growth now and he didn't try to make friends with Keddana any more. He traded him growl for growl, bark or bark.

One day when I was gone he and Keddy had a fight over a bone that belonged to neither of them and they slashed out at each other, tearing and cutting, until finally Keddy had Sultan's throat and Sultan caught Keddy's ear and neither would let go first.

Fortunately Helena thought quick and filled a bucket with cold water and threw it over their heads. This separated them long enough so she could lock one in the house and the other in the garage.

When I came home I cleaned the wounds. Keddy's ear had a lump at the tip and Sultan, I could see, would always carry a scar on his throat. I gave them a serious scolding.

"Disgracing yourselves. Frightening Helena. Disappointing me. Why can't you live peaceful and happy here and be company for each other? You act as bad as human beings."

I tried keeping them together, training them, teaching them. It wasn't any use.

"We can't go on like this," I told Helena.

This was the first year of the war and the Army was asking for dogs. Finally with a sad heart I did the only thing that was left. I enlisted Sultan in the Coast Guards.

"You aren't the first one," I said when I put him on the train, "that went off in disgrace. Lots did and came home heroes. Maybe you will too."

He raised up, put his big paws on my shoulders, his blue eyes still full of love and trust burned into mine.

"I know, boy. I take back what I said—that you're as bad as a human being. I didn't mean it. I was mad. You're not. A human being would hold this against me."

He licked my ear to show me that he didn't. We sat quiet until the train took him off to war.

After that we never heard any more from Sultan. A few times Helena wrote the Coast Guard, but they couldn't give us any news.

The war was over almost a year when the telephone rang one day. A strange voice asked for me.

"About Sultan," he said. "He's a wonderful dog but ——"

Where there is no vision, the people perish. —PROVERBS 29:18.

I covered the mouthpiece and called Helena. "Now even the President's got tired of Sultan. . . . Never mind the details," I said into the phone. "We live three turns right on the paved road after you pass the church. Bring him home!"

I went outside.

A nice sunburned young fellow in uniform with a petty officer's stripes drove in the lane in an old car. Beside him in the front seat sat Sultan, bigger and if it be possible more beautiful than ever.

The man let Sultan out and then introduced himself. Sultan was pleased to see me but not as overjoyed as usually on his returns. He walked around the yard, greeted Helena, sniffed Murka and Kitri, who gave him a recognizing lick.

Keddana, as soon as he saw him, bristled his ruff and Sultan stiffened and showed his teeth.

"Sultan," the man said mildly and made a hand signal.

Sultan turned and strolled over and settled himself at our feet and lay there eying Keddana with the expression soldiers have for civilians who spent the war sitting on the front porch.

Keddana, after a growl or two that wasn't acknowledged, found an old bone and hid his embarrassment in chewing it.

The young officer told me his story. He was just discharged from the Coast Guard and he had worked with Sultan all through the war.

"Like I said"—he scratched Sultan's leg with a shoe tip—"he's a wonderful dog. We went through a lot together—me and him. I know he's yours. You have the right to take him back. You gave him with that understanding. My C.O. said that anyway I could bring Sultan home to you and at least ask."

"Ask what?"

"Why, if you'd sell him to me. I have all my discharge pay ——"

"You mean," I said, "you want to keep Sultan?"

"Yes, and my wife wants him too. She knows all about him from my letters and the pictures I sent."

"Wouldn't he be kind of hard to manage now? Around the house—for a pet?"

"Sultan? No. We never had a dog on the station as smart and quick and well trained as him. Did we, boy?"

Sultan fanned his tail and raised blue eyes full of love to his friend.

"But he's trained to attack," I said.

"Gosh, so was I. But off duty he's like me. We don't bother anybody that don't bother us."

Now I didn't know what to do. Should I keep still and let him take Sultan and be disappointed when he found all his bad habits? Should I be a stool pigeon and spoil Sultan's chances?

"Do you have a place for him to run?" I said.

"Sure. Plenty. About ten acres. It's a ——"

"Chicken farm?"

"No. There's not a chicken in miles, but I'll gladly buy him eggs if that's what he needs."

Suburbs, I thought. "Is there any water?"

"Why, sure," the sergeant said, "all around. I got my appointment while I was in the service. I'm a lighthouse keeper. I live on an island."

"Congratulations," I said. "Let me shake your hand. I give you Sultan for a present. I think you were made for each other."

Young man stayed the night with us, Sultan never leaving his side. Next morning Sultan sat by the car as soon as he woke up to be sure he's not left behind. Right after breakfast they started off.

"Good-by, Sultan," I said.

He gave me a polite lick and then closed his blue eyes, curled up on the seat with his head in his master's lap.

"This time," I said to Helena, "he won't be back."

For once I was right.

In the last litter Murka had there were only two puppies. One died being born. I watched my chance and took him away. She didn't seem to notice he was gone. She couldn't count, I guess, or at least not to two. The other little fellow was small and weak. We did what we could to nurse him along, but it was no use. Toward evening of the fourth day I found him dead too.

Murka wouldn't believe it. She was licking him, giving him soft bites to wake him up. I tried to draw her away, but she only nosed the puppy closer to her to warm him. We telephoned everywhere we could think to find another puppy for her. No luck. At last I had to take him. Oh, it was hard to turn away from the pleading in her eyes.

All that night we tried to keep her beside us in the house. She might stay quiet a few minutes, but then she'd be up and crying at the door. I had to take her out and show her the box in the barn was empty. I had to watch while she ran here and there hunting and then came back to turn her bed over and over to make sure her puppy wasn't lost in the hay.

At last it seemed as if she looked for the puppy not so much because she wanted him but more as if she was afraid he wanted her.

When finally that long night was over and morning came she was willing to fall asleep beside our bed. She remembered, I guess, that I never took a puppy from her until she was ready to have him go. So she trusted me now that somewhere her puppy was safe from harm and didn't need her any more.

After that she didn't have another litter. She was too old to bother with a bunch of kids pushing and pinching and pounding her.

Murka and Keddana kept close to the house now, Keddy content to doze in the sun and Murka to lie beside me with her head on my foot. The flying birds, the rabbits in the grass they gave to Fox and Kitri.

Fortunately these two had each other and they were content. They went adventuring together from the time Kitri was old enough to follow on stumbling feet, and the only thing that ever held one home, when the other went, was a litter of new puppies.

This time Kitri had a family of twelve to keep her busy and Fox, left alone, tried to coax Murka and Keddana to go down in the

Say, Mom! Take a Q from other Mothers



Q-TIPS

They do as doctors do: they use Q-Tips—the original sterilized swab. Nothing softer, safer to swab baby's nose, eyes, throat, ears . . . to apply antiseptic and prescribed preparations. Made of softest cotton, firmly anchored at both ends, sterilized. *Ask for Q-Tips by name.*

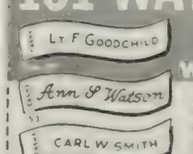
29¢, 49¢, *and* 98¢ pkg.



Q-TIPS for years the largest-selling sterilized swabs

Q-TIPS INC., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

101 WAYS TO USE Cash's WOVEN NAMES



Send for your free copy of this new folder and learn how marking with Cash's Names will identify, personalize, protect your belongings. Genuine Cash's Woven Names are sold by most good stores.

CASH'S, South Norwalk 4, Conn.

PRICES 3 Doz. $2.25 6 Doz. $3.25 NO-SO CEMENT 9 Doz. $3.75 12 Doz. $3.75 25¢ a Tube



FREE CATALOG SAVE up to 50% ON SEWING SUPPLIES, FABRICS and ART NEEDLEWORK

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG TODAY

See thousands of these items in our new big, 48 page illustrated FREE Catalog. It's like having lots of sewing counters under one roof. SAVE MONEY! Every item backed by our Home-tested MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. It's easy to order, too. SAVE $ and $ — save time and labor. Send for your FREE copy of this valuable new Catalog today.

SEWING ECONOMY, INC. Dept. 401, Rockville Centre, L. I., N. Y.

CASH TODAY—THE FANMOUR WAY

YOU can make plenty of extra cash showing FANMOUR'S 1951 Everyday Cards, Easter, Personalized Stationery, Children's Items and Novel Gifts that sell on sight up to 100% profit. WRITE TODAY SAMPLES ON APPROVAL and receive FREE package of colorful Gift Cards, samples of Personalized Stationery and Illustrated CATALOG. Be first. Start now. SPECIAL FUND RAISING PLAN FOR ORGANIZATIONS

FANMOUR Corp. Dept. J-6 200 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 10, N.Y.

8 Mistakes Parents make

Every parent should have the new book. It is free, no obligation. Simply address FREE BOOK

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION Dept. 41 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

MATERNITY DRESSES WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

Spring Styles

Dresses & suits for morning, street, afternoon, or sports. $2.95 to $25.00. Also maternity corsets & lingerie. Catalog mailed in plain envelope.

CRAWFORD'S, Dept. A 729 Balt., Kansas City 6, Mo.



READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, has proof of such results!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



✓ Use Colgate Dental Cream
✓ To Clean Your Breath
✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

woods with her. Murka creaked to her feet and went. In a little while she jogged home, drank her fill of water in thirsty gulps and lay down to sleep.

Fox sometimes went on by herself, but I guess it wasn't much fun alone. Usually she was back by noon for her dinner.

But this Sunday she didn't come. I wasn't worried. I knew Fox wouldn't run away from home any more than I would. I just thought she'd found an interesting hole—one that took time to dig out—or met Zurcker's dogs and they were playing together—a hundred reasons.

Three o'clock I called her. Still she didn't come. By half past three I couldn't keep my mind on what I was doing. I went looking for her. No sign of Fox anywhere.

We tramped the whole farm over. I called my neighbors, the humane society, the state police. I went out to look again.

We urged the dogs down into woods with us and crossed and recrossed the fields together. She was as lost to them as she was to me.

All that night we waited, still hoping. Next day I got six men and we made a line and combed every inch of our farm and all the ones nearby.

We advertised. We offered a reward, and a larger one, and still more. About three weeks after she disappeared she was due to have a litter of puppies. As that time drew near we couldn't eat or sleep for thinking of her. Was she lost and alone? Hungry, cold, hunting for a place to have her babies and keep them safe? Was she stolen, chained, her puppies taken from her before she was ready to let them go? Did she wonder why I didn't come and get her? The first days after she was gone I was afraid she might be dead. Now I prayed with my whole heart that it be true.

All through that long fall—the days blazing, the nights crispy cool—we went here and there to see dogs that might be Fox—but never were.

One cold day just before Thanksgiving a man came walking up the lane with a beagle at his heels. I never saw him before—or since.

A year before, Keddana would have showed any dog that stopped in his yard just who was who, especially a scrunch-legged, droopy-eared beagle, but now after one good look Keddy decided not to see him and went back to sleep again. Beagle bristled his ruff for business, but his master sent him out to wait by the gate while he talked around half a dozen subjects to me.

At last he told me what he came for. He knew we lost a dog. In a bar, near town, a week before he had heard two men talking. One said that he shot a buck in hunting season. The other laughed that all he got was a dog.

"Who was it?" I said.

He told me the man's name and where he lived. A stranger to me. I thanked him for coming, and offered him the reward if it was Fox.

"No!" He shook his head. "I don't want money for it. I thought a long time before I made my mind to come here and tell you. I never done anything like this before." He got up and started off, his beagle after him. At the gate he stopped. "Once I lost this old mutt."

It was a slim chance that what he told me meant anything, but I followed it up like I had so many hopeless times before.

Of course the man, when I went to see him and asked him, denied it—but too many times, with too many explanations.

"If it was you," I said, "and you'll tell me the truth I won't prosecute you or hurt you or even mention it to anyone. Just tell me if it was my dog."

Still he shook his head, no, no, not him.

"And I'll give you the full reward we've offered." I took out my wallet.

It was the money he couldn't resist, and he told me what happened. He shot Fox on our land near the back road.

"It was an accident," he said. "I—I heard a noise in the bush and I thought—well, I was sure it was a rabbit. You know how it is."

"What did you do then?"

"Well, she was dead when I got to her," he told me. "The bullet hit her right between the eyes. And I saw it was your dog and I didn't want to get you folks all upset—it was an accident."

"So what did you do?"

"I put her in the car and drove up toward the mountain and left her in a culvert—under some brush."

He went ahead in his car and showed me the place.

It was Fox—the locket on her collar was still bright enough to read our name and address.

"I sure am sorry," the man said, "I ——"

I counted out the reward money and handed it to him. He took it and then hesitated.

"I guess by rights I oughta give you enough of this back to buy yourself a new dog?"

What can you say to a man like that to make him understand what he's done?

After he got in his car and drove away, I dug a grave and lined it with the bright fallen leaves and there I buried all that could die of my good Fox.

Web

By Joseph Auslander

This is a night when people throw
Breath like steaming shadow,
pass
In silver silhouette as though
They walked on glass.

And candles go straight up like
strings
Of pointed light that leave the
wick
Undisturbed, and no drip clings
To the candlestick.

The ghostly burghers go to bed,
Citizen and consort creep
From a web of frost, head by head,
To a web of sleep.

People still came to us wanting puppies, though it had been seven years since we sold the last one. But we didn't have puppies for them and never would have again. Our dogs, even Kitri, who was almost eleven, were far too old.

Kitri, though, was still a great flirt in season. Even now she walked up to Keddy and gave him careless bumps. When he woke from half-sleep and took her seriously Kitri was offended he understood her so wrong. But as soon as he fell asleep she danced by again and gave him another accidental shove and started the whole thing over again. Here and there around the garden, into the house and out wherever Kitri went, Keddy followed. He even climbed the stairs where I had carried him for months and came down and went back up as Kitri changed her mind. It was more than Kitri that woke his old bones—more than his heart that pushed him on. It was life itself.

Almost I saw my old boy a new young dog full of spring again. But of course it couldn't be, and after Kitri's time passed he grew slower and slower. Each day it was a little harder for him to get up. He slept a little longer. He walked a little less.

Finally a morning came when he didn't get up at all.

The doctor told us he was paralyzed. He might live a week that way—even a month.

"Chained," I said, "to a body that can't move? He walked free since the day I brought him home. Let him go free now."

At the needle's stab Keddana opened his eyes, saw my face, closed them, and between one breath and the next, he left us.

That night Kitri was restless and for th first time cried to come upstairs with us. W were glad to let her. There was such an empt place beside our bed.

In the morning I came down and let Kitr out and called Murka to go with her.

"Come, girl," and I whistled.

She didn't answer. I went into the kitche to wake her. Before I touched her, I knew Like so often before, when Keddana went a little way ahead, Murka had followed after

Then came the days that broke our heart Kitri made her mind to die with them.

She turned her face to the wall an mourned. We talked to her. She raised sa eyes to us and dropped her head back on he rug. We took her for walks. She went for dut a little way and then turned back toward home.

We coaxed her to eat. She refused.

The doctor came and we tried minerals an vitamins, when these didn't help, tonics an liver juice and after that pills and more pills

Nothing helped. Day by day Kitri waste away. Her bones stuck out, her eyes fel deeper into their sockets, her coat grew dul and matted.

"Maybe if we had another dog it woul cheer her up," Helena said, "and us too.

I agreed. I blamed myself how I let thi happen to us. No puppies in the house.

We called all the people who had our dog but Kitri's litter seven years before was ou last and even those puppies were old now

I couldn't go and bring home a strange dog at least not yet. I wasn't ready to replace m Keddana and Murka. Besides, the though came to me, if I bought a puppy it migh make Kitri feel worse instead of better. Wha could I do then about the puppy?

Helena had a good idea—to get a puppy a a present for our neighbors, Dorothy an Ruth. They lived so near and visited us s often we could see if it cheered Kitri up.

We didn't want a German shepherd, bu something new that wouldn't pull at ou heart. Dorothy chose an Irish setter born o St. Patrick's Day—a little beauty, dark an smooth and as richy red as a horse chestnut Her long sad ears and soft muzzle and melt ing eyes didn't fool me. I knew that wa nothing but a disguise to hide a heart full o mischief.

As soon as people saw her they said, "Oh the darling, darling little puppy," without noticing what was their overshoes a few min utes before is now a small pile of rubbe scraps.

Dorothy and Ruth named her Caitilin after an Irish queen and it was a good name She ruled everybody. Everybody, that is, bu Kitri.

Kitri didn't care how pretty she was o how sweet or how funny. She didn't like he or dislike her. When Cait stole her ball o snatched her food, she just looked, sighe and turned away.

It was two months since Keddy and Murk died and I knew if Kitri went on like thi much longer she'd be gone too. Yet what t do? The doctor was helpless and so was I

We had to go into town to get some thing for the painters who were coming to do work I called Kitri to ride with us. Before it wa her greatest joy to go in the car. Now she won't even get up from her corner.

It was late when we got home from ou shopping. The lights were on inside and the painters were already there, moving things and laying cloths to be ready for work next day.

We talked a little while to them and then Helena looked around. "Where's Kitri?" she asked.

"I forgot to tell you," the painter said "your dog barked when we came in. Then she whined to go out. We opened the door and she hasn't come back yet. I hope we didn't do anything wrong."

"No, she's outside somewhere," I said.

I went out and called but she didn't come. I called again. I got the flashlight and looked for her all over—saying her name as I went.

I walked up to the barn and threw the beam inside. There in the old box, dusty and cobwebbed in the corner, was Kitri, and beside her lay two newborn puppies. THE END

Don't Miss This Wonderful Opportunity to Try

Bactine

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE

Never Before an "All-In-One-Bottle" Family Antiseptic Like This

FIRST AID



t Aid. BACTINE is ideal for cuts, tches, burns and abrasions be- se it fights infection, cleanses the ry, reduces pain, and does not m the skin. Does not stain the or clothing.

DISINFECTANT



Sickroom Utensils, thermometers, syringes, dishes and hands are effectively sanitized by BACTINE's germ-killing action. It combats the spread of disease germs. It's an excellent sanitizer for diapers and disinfectant for diaper containers.

ATHLETE'S FOOT



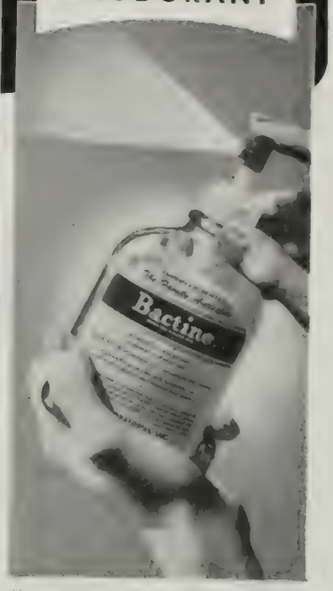
Athlete's Foot. It not only cleanses the affected areas and relieves the itching and burning of athlete's foot, but it is also an effective fungicide and fights off the germs which cause infection. It also helps relieve itching, burning, perspiring feet.

ITCHING SKIN

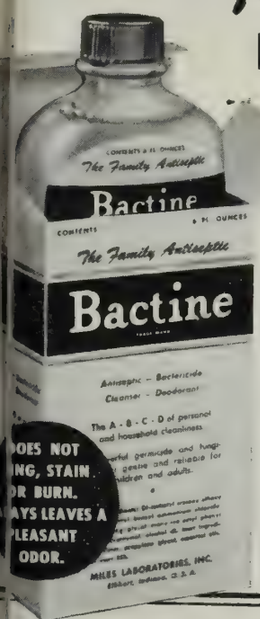


Skin Irritations are relieved by BACTINE. It's marvelous for heat rash, chafed skin, insect bites and stings. It relieves the itching, eliminates the urge to scratch and thus helps prevent the spread of the infection.

DEODORANT



Household and Body Odors are banished by BACTINE because it's a true deodorant and sanitizer. It doesn't just *hide* unpleasant odors but *destroys* them and also the bacteria that cause odors. It leaves a fresh, clean odor of its own.



Try It! DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK...

If You Don't Say It's The Most Useful Antiseptic You Have Ever Used

YOU CAN TRY BACTINE AT OUR RISK! We want every homemaker in America to discover the remarkable germ-killing properties of BACTINE. You owe it to yourself and to your loved ones to test this amazing new germ killer. Find out how extra-effective it is in protecting them against the dangers of infection. You'll find that BACTINE is more useful than any antiseptic or general-purpose germicide you have ever used or we will give you DOUBLE your money back.

EFFECTIVE, POWERFUL, APPROVED. After careful scientific research and exhaustive laboratory and clinical tests, Miles Laboratories, Inc., offer you this marvelous new germ-killing formula—BACTINE. Now for the first time, BACTINE provides a most effective household Antiseptic, Germicide, Fungicide, Disinfectant and Deodorant—Cleanser—ALL IN ONE BOTTLE!

STAINLESS, GENTLE! Try it! You'll be amazed at how such a powerful germ killer can be so gentle. It does not sting or burn. It leaves no ugly stains on skin or clothing. It never leaves an obnoxious odor. It contains no iodine, mercury or phenol. Your children will welcome its use.

THOUSANDS PRAISE BACTINE for its many, many uses. Once you try it, you'll find it's "the first thing you think of" when family injuries occur—or *whenever you need a germicide*. Don't be without amazing BACTINE another day. Buy BACTINE from any drug store—only 30c for the small size and only 70c for the family size (3 times larger.)

YOU'LL LIKE BACTINE! Your first bottle will convince you! If you aren't fully satisfied that BACTINE is the most useful antiseptic and germicide you have ever used, send us the empty bottle, tell us why, and we'll give you DOUBLE your money back—ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR BACTINE TODAY!

MILES LABORATORIES, INC.
ELKHART, INDIANA

Look-
What These Housewives say about BACTINE



"My children love it for cuts and scratches."
Mrs. A. S., Dallas, Texas



"I use Bactine in the nursery."
Mrs. E. S., Baton Rouge, La.



"Bactine is wonderful for heat rash."
Mrs. L. K., Fort Riley, Kan.



"For Athlete's Foot, Bactine is tops."
Mrs. M. A., Chicago, Ill.



"Best antiseptic I ever used."
Mrs. G. W. H. Spartanburg, S. C.



"We're going to be married," Ed said on his first visit with Elaine and her two sons.

Dear Editors: Certainly I don't want to preen my feathers over our little nest, but I do think we are the answer to a question I have seen debated in many magazines—that of the young widow with children who hesitates over remarrying.

Of course she should remarry! The loneliness and uncertainty she faces, no matter how financially secure, are not conducive to making her the loving, laughing mother every child ought to have.

Now, after four years, I am sure I can say my second marriage is a success. Aside from everybody in town saying, "Why does a gay young bachelor marry someone with two children?" we had a religious difference. My husband is Catholic and I am Episcopal, but we think we can handle even the eventual Sunday when the boys set out for their church, and our sparkling little daughter, now two, sets out for hers.

When I watch my ex-sergeant husband (four years in the Army) marshal my sons for their toothbrushing, their basketball games and hunting expeditions (with a firm masculine hand to prod or protect as the case may be), I pinch myself to make sure it isn't a beautiful bubble about to burst, but nothing has happened yet, except the happiness bursting the seams of my boys' eyes.

I am now thirty-four, my husband thirty-five. In 1943, when the boys were one and six years old, I was suddenly bereft, with several hop ranches on my hands. I, who had never balanced a bank statement and who prefer playing the piano and dancing to more sturdy forms of endeavor, found myself in the broiling-hot California sun bossing a gang of Mexicans on a hop-picking machine, which is the invention of Rube Goldberg and the devil, I'm sure.

ELAINE PETERSON HEALEY

Second

Should a young widow with two children remarry? The Edward Healeys, of Santa Rosa, California, say, "Of course she should."

by RUTH SHAPLEY MATTHEWS

ELAINE PETERSON HEALEY was born in Petaluma, in Northern California, a few miles from the city of Santa Rosa, where her second husband now runs a shoe store. Elaine is a gay, affectionate, intensely feminine woman of striking good looks. The only child of a long-established and comfortably-off family, she never lacked for dates and pretty clothes and all the good times that life in that part of the world has to offer—beach picnics along the magnificent rocky ocean coast, dancing at nearby redwood-forest resort hotels, ski trips to the Sierra Nevadas, relaxing summer days at Lake Tahoe. Her marriage to big, attractive, dark-haired Duke Peterson, a thirty-year-old Santa Rosa hop rancher, when she had just finished her freshman year at the University of California, surprised no one.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANSEL MIETH AND OTTO HAGEL

I couldn't have married again if Edward and Jerry hadn't
ked Ed. That had to come first." Elaine does her own work
n 20-room house ("Well, 20 counting 5 baths"), loves music,
kiing and writing letters. Her one extravagance—"clothes."





Towheaded sister Adrienne ("Poodely") is another family addition the boys love "and love to spoil!"

Marriage

Nor was the town surprised, since the raising of hops is such a fabulously
erratic business, when the newlyweds settled down in a modest cottage and a
very tight little budget while Duke began to pay back some $100,000 he and
his family owed to the banks. This was in 1935, when the hops industry was
just beginning to revive after the repeal of Prohibition. Hops, which are used
for flavoring beer, do not have to be planted each year; like grapes, they just
grow, but they take a fantastic amount of capital in labor, machinery, costly
sprays and fertilizers. The fuzzy green vines, which are trained on trellises up
to twenty-five feet tall, are subject to a myriad of diseases, insects, mildew,
the ravages of thunderstorms which send the trellises down into impossibly
tumbled heaps, and fire, which sometimes destroys buildings, machinery and
crops alike.

Duke Peterson was just getting out from under the huge debts that Pro-
hibition cost him, when the war came and his labor force disappeared. For
the extremely tricky business of harvesting the hop cones from the vines,
cleaning and drying them in kilns at 135° temperatures (this is where the
danger of fire occurs), he had to rely upon German prisoners of war and



"Ed's a gregarious soul, knows everyone in town"; likes parties "well enough" but would far rather garden or go hunting.

"There's a lot to be said for starting out with a ready-made family." Ed hoped for a third boy "until he saw Adrienne."





Creek near Ed's ranch in the hills provides a swimming hole. The ranch means a lot to Ed and the boys—all sports lovers. Elaine "loves the place" but admits frankly she's "not the rugged camping type."

HOW AMERICA LIVES

"Ed made me promise he could have six week ends off every year to go hunting," Elaine smiles. At ranch the whole family can ride, fish and hunt together.



Basis for happy marriage: "Give and take, mutual respect." Ed is Catholic; Elaine, Episcopal. They "just don't discuss" religious differences. "Crazy, maybe," Ed says, "but for us it is a workable solution."





Ed's prowess as a hunter won boys' respect. He tries to be "fair but firm," once "warmed their breeches" for borrowing his dangerously sharp hunting knives.

"We find that honesty and genuine affection solve most family problems that come up."

unskilled labor. For days on end during harvesttime, Duke left his wife at six A.M. to return dead-beat at nine o'clock at night, having eaten on the run all day. At the end of one particularly hectic harvest in 1943, he was stricken with a heart attack at one of the hop ranches, and died the next day.

The blow struck so unexpectedly that Elaine did not feel its full impact until months later. Her husband had died without a will, and the endless tedious sessions with lawyers, bankers and accountants dragged on so long that she finally hired a housekeeper to watch her two young boys. She never cried in front of her children, and the six-year-old, who had simply worshiped his father, never cried either. Often she would find him shut in his room staring silently and hopelessly at the floor. This child had been born during what Elaine calls the "cry-it-out" period of child raising, when children were never supposed to be rocked or cuddled for fear of spoiling them.

Edward was five when his brother Jerry arrived, and promptly developed asthma. During the three years of her widowhood, Elaine took him regularly to a San Francisco specialist who put the child on a steak, pineapple and tapioca diet—the three things most difficult to get during the war years. Young Edward was never supposed to touch cake, ice cream, candy or cookies, no matter how often fond relatives and friends *(Continued on Page 114)*

Healeys budget a joint income. Elaine's (from hop ranches) may be "feathers one year, chicken the next," but ranches also provide for boys' future, education.





*There is always one leader by which others are judge

"ScotTissue," "Soft as old linen," Reg. U. S. Pa

The way you w

Does your walk enhance your appearance? Your severest critic can tell mother, the man in your life, a good friend—someone who is just as to look your best as you are yourself. The categories which describe your faults. If you have any, the questions and tests on the right sh clue to the cause of your weakness—and a good start toward wa

By DAWN CROW
Beauty Editor o



Do You Walk on Eggs? Unsure steps and fidgety shifting a timidity. But they *could* mean your feet simply cannot live u the heels they are propped on. Teetering ankles and pinched throw you off balance. If this is your trouble, lower the hei to a level that will treat you to more comfort, confidence a

Do You Lead With Your Chin? Emotional upsets can force their victims into a vision of tenseness when they walk—chin jutting, body bent, heels pounding. If this happens to you, make a conscious effort to walk s-l-o-w-l-y as a first step toward putting your mind at rest! Try this, morning and night: Roll your head in a wide, lazy circle to loosen tightened neck muscles. Shrug your shoulders until they feel "at ease." Practice breathing d-e-e-p-l-y and relax.



Are You a Hip Thrower? This pedestrian unconsciously re the action of walking to her hips, which makes them look t size! To find out if you are a hip thrower, try this: Walk tow watch your *head*. It should move smoothly forward at the fi height. But if it bounces up and down, blame it on the thun hips. Give more swing to your *legs* when you walk, and hold y

Are You at Home in Your Heels? If you "live in" flats and suddenly switch to spikes—or vice versa—the transition is apt to be painful instead of pretty. Try this exercise to help make either change easier: Stand with hands on hips, legs and feet together. Place left foot forward in a long stride, flex knee as far as possible, and return to original position. Alternate legs and repeat exercise.



Are You a Shoe Shuffler? If you scuff along, barely lifting the ground, count your dragging steps as warning signals tha More relaxation and rest should provide a new spring to your the following exercise at home each evening to add a feathe your everyday walk: In stocking feet, walk across a room in with your weight landing first on the balls of your feet, then

Are You a Clothes Crumpler? Stooped shoulders, a curved back and listless steps not only play havoc with the fit of your clothes—but are often signs of physical weakness. If you habitually walk this way, a medical checkup should unearth the cause. But if you boast a clean bill of health—and still slump along—practice the exercises on the right to help straighten you out—and up!

HOW AMERICA LIVES

Pan-Barbecued Steak

A new version of Swiss Steak, with a rosy-brown color and real barbecue flavor. You can cut it with a fork!

2 pounds round steak (1½-2 inches thick)
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons shortening
⅓ cup minced onion
⅓ cup minced celery
½ clove garlic, grated
2 tablespoons brown sugar
2 teaspoons prepared mustard
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
2 teaspoons lemon juice
Dash Tabasco sauce
1 can (1¼ cups) Campbell's Tomato Soup

Sprinkle steak with salt and pepper; pound thoroughly. Melt shortening in a heavy saucepan or skillet. Brown steak, onion, celery, and garlic in hot fat. Add remaining ingredients and cover. Cook in a moderate (350° F.) oven for about 1½ hours or until tender. Double all the sauce ingredients for additional barbecue sauce to serve over fluffy rice or mashed potatoes. Serves 6.



Try it with America's favorite tomato cooking sauce! It's...

Smoother...Richer...Better-Tasting!

DELICIOUS AS A SOUP... AS A POUR-ON SAUCE ...AND IN COOKING

Good cooks are choosy! And for *top* tomato flavor and eye appeal, good cooks use Campbell's Tomato Soup! . . . Yes, right across America, Campbell's is used more than any other brand of any tomato product as a cooking and pour-on sauce. For Campbell's is double-rich — double-thick, just as it comes from the can . . . a purée of glorious, red-ripe tomatoes, table butter, and *balanced* seasonings...17 fine ingredients in all! . . . Try it! Your family will love it!



Yes ... CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP MAKES THE BEST TOMATO COOKING SAUCE YOU EVER TASTED!

FREE COOK BOOK
50 PAGES
99 DISHES
FULL COLOR

Mail coupon to Anne Marshall, Campbell Soup Company, Dept. L 13, Camden 1, N. J.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
ZONE _____ STATE _____



* There is always one leade



By **LOUELLA G. SHOUER**

NORTHERN Californians are enthusiastic cooks, adventurous in their tastes and ingenious in their use of the many kinds of fish, fruits, vegetables and nuts native to the West Coast.

Elaine Healey, of Santa Rosa, California, loves to cook and bake. She keeps a constantly added-to notebook of recipes her friends and family give her. Her menfolk are her tasting team. If they like a dish, she knows company will too.

Here are just a few of the dinners her critics like best:

★ ★ ★

Two Favorites in One

Baked Ham
Zucchini-Corn Casserole
Tomato-Aspic Salad
Swedish Apple Dumplings

"Many of my recipes I have received from a good friend whose husband owns a hunting lodge and ranch with Ed. The zucchini-corn casserole is one of our joint favorites. So are the Swedish apple dumplings. Most apple dumplings that are served with hard sauce seem dry to me, but these are baked in a wonderful sauce and are served warm. And they are so easy to make!"

ZUCCHINI-CORN CASSEROLE

Wash and remove stem ends from 1 pound small zucchini. Slice thin and cook until tender in boiling salted water. Drain well. Sauté 1 onion, chopped, ½ green pepper, chopped, and ½ clove garlic, minced, in 2 tablespoons salad oil. Add to the squash. Then add 1¼ cups canned cream-style corn, 2 well-beaten eggs, ⅓ cup grated Cheddar cheese, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and a good pinch of rosemary. Pour into greased casserole. Set in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 45 minutes to 1 hour, or until firm. Serves 6.

SWEDISH APPLE DUMPLINGS

Peel and core 6 apples. Sift 2 cups flour with 4 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Cut in ½ cup shortening with pastry blender. Add ⅔–¾ cup milk. Stir together with a fork to make a soft dough. Roll out on floured board. Cut dough into 6 squares about 4″ square. Be sure you roll it thin enough so you can do this. Put an apple in the center of each square. Pour 1 tablespoon sugar into core of each apple. Fold dough up over apples. Pinch edges together. Place in baking pan. Bring 1 cup water, a dash of cinnamon, 1½ cups sugar and a big chunk of butter or margarine (¼ pound if you feel frisky) to a boil. Pour over the dumplings. Bake 1 hour—15 minutes in a hot oven, 400° F., and 45 minutes in a slow oven, 300° F. Serve warm with thin cream or top milk. (Mrs. Healey cuts the dough into rounds and folds it up over the apples, but we think it is a little easier to seal the edges if you cut the dough into squares.)

★ ★ ★

Something for the Oven

Applesauce Meat Balls
Baked Potatoes
String Beans Orégano
Green Salad
Ice Cream—Butterscotch Sauce

"I love to cook, but I don't like to spend all day at it. When I plan a menu, I usually choose something I can toss up quickly, put in the oven and forget about for a while. Baked potatoes and

ussy to make if I had to prepare the eans and the onions, but I use the rozen Frenched beans and canned hole onions. As for dessert, ice cream s almost a staple at our house, because f the children. We have it often with his butterscotch sauce that I make up nd keep in the refrigerator."

APPLESAUCE MEAT BALLS

To 2 pounds ground beef add 1 cup rushed corn flakes, 1 onion, peeled and hopped, 1½ teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon epper, ¼ teaspoon garlic salt, 1 beaten gg and ½ cup canned applesauce. Mix horoughly and shape into small balls. Put in open roasting pan. Pour 2 cans omato sauce over the top and bake 1 hour in moderate oven, 350° F. Serves 6–8. Makes 24–28 meat balls.

STRING BEANS ORÉGANO

Cook 2 packages frozen French-style string beans in boiling salted water until tender and drain them. Drain 1 jar or can whole white onions. Arrange vegetables in alternate layers in a casserole, sprinkling just a small pinch of *orégano* and a light dash of salt and pepper over each layer. Add ⅓ cup cream. Grate Parmesan cheese over the top. Bake ½ hour in moderate oven, 350° F. Serves 6–8.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE FOR ICE CREAM

Combine 1½ cups brown sugar, ¼ cup butter or margarine and ⅔ cup white corn sirup. Heat, stirring constantly, until mixture boils and forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. (This takes but a few minutes.) Cool just slightly and add ⅔ cup heavy cream or evaporated milk. Don't cool too long or mixture will be too firm for you to add the cream.

★ ★ ★

Heirlooms

Potato Omelet with Sausages
Fruit Salad
Grandmother's Spicecake
or
Aunt Addie's Cookies

served the potato omelet at our bridge club. Her mother was French and this dish has been in her family a long time. The cake and the cookies bring back memories of my own childhood whenever I make them. My mother frequently had afternoon-coffee parties. Everyone brought her specialty. My grandmother's was the spicecake. Aunt Addie's was the filled cookies. Now I make them for my children, who love them as much as I always have."

POTATO OMELET WITH SAUSAGES

Fry slowly 1 pound pork sausage in at least a 12-inch skillet. Drain sausages on absorbent paper and place in warming oven. Keep sausage fat in pan and add shortening if there isn't enough to make about ½ cup. It takes a lot of fat to keep eggs and potatoes from sticking. Peel and dice in ¼" cubes 4 average-size cold cooked potatoes. Add, with 1 clove garlic, minced, to the fat in skillet. Fry slowly, turning frequently, until potatoes are golden brown. They should be a little on the crispy side. Beat 8 eggs well, add ¼ cup chopped parsley or a few teaspoons dried parsley, 1 teaspoon salt and a dash or so of pepper, and ¼ cup milk. Pour into potatoes and have the heat low. Use a spatula to lift potatoes gently here and there, so all the egg will cook evenly—but it shouldn't be too dry. It should be just golden brown on the bottom. Use a spatula to loosen the omelet away from sides and bottom of pan. Place a large chop plate over pan; turn omelet out upside down. Garnish with the hot sausages. Cut in pie-shaped wedges. Serves 8.

GRANDMOTHER'S SPICECAKE

Simmer slowly 1 cup raisins with 1 cup water about 10 minutes or until they plump up. Pour off liquid into a cup and cool. Cream ½ cup butter or margarine and ¾ cup sugar together until light and fluffy. Add 1 egg and beat well. Sift together 1½ cups flour, sifted with ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking soda. Add alternately to the creamed mixture with ½ cup raisin liquid. Then fold in the cooked

HOW AMERICA LIVES



Adrienne watches her mother make Swedish apple dumplings.

and real barbecue sauce

2 pounds round steak (1½-2 inches thick)
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons shortening
½ cup minced onion
½ cup minced celery
½ clove garlic, grated
2 tablespoons brown sugar
2 teaspoons prepared mustard
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
2 teaspoons lemon juice
Dash Tabasco sauce
1 can (1¼ cups) Campbell's Tomato Soup

Sprinkle steak with salt and pepper; pound thoroughly. Melt shortening in a heavy saucepan or skillet. Brown steak, onion, celery, and garlic in hot fat. Add remaining ingredients and cover. Cook in a moderate (350° F.) oven for about 1½ hours or until tender. Double all the sauce ingredients for additional barbecue sauce to serve over fluffy rice or mashed potatoes. Serves 6.

Try it with America's favorite tomato cooking sauce! It's...

Smoother...Richer...Better-Tasting!

DELICIOUS AS A SOUP... AS A POUR-ON SAUCE ... AND IN COOKING



Good cooks are choosy! And for *top* tomato flavor and eye appeal, good cooks use Campbell's Tomato Soup! . . . Yes, right across America, Campbell's is used more than any other brand of any tomato product as a cooking and pour-on sauce. For Campbell's is double-rich — double-thick, just as it comes from the can . . . a purée of glorious, red-ripe tomatoes, table butter, and *balanced* seasonings...17 fine ingredients in all! . . . Try it! Your family will love it!

Yes . . . **CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP MAKES THE BEST TOMATO COOKING SAUCE YOU EVER TASTED!**

FREE COOK BOOK
50 PAGES
99 DISHES
FULL COLOR

Mail coupon to Anne Marshall, Campbell Soup Company, Dept. L 13, Camden 1, N. J.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
ZONE _____ STATE _____

for any other range



While on a visit, one Caloric owner reports, she used a different range, and couldn't help comparing it with her Caloric at home. "Decided that my Caloric had spoiled me for any other range." And it's true. Cooking on the fast, automatic Caloric is bringing to thousands of housewives a new world of ease and convenience.

See the new models at your Caloric dealer (listed in Classified Phone Book). Caloric Stove Corporation, Widener Building, Philadelphia 7, Pa.

WORK-SAVING FEATURES

Flavor-Saver Dual Burners speed cooking, light *automatically*.
Center Simmer Flame saves gas, keeps exact boiling heat.
Automatic Oven Timer (optional) cooks meals while you're away. Turns on and off *automatically*.

EASY-CLEANING FEATURES

Porcelain Enamel finish inside and out.
Triple-Coat Acid-Resisting white parts.
Veri-Clean Removable Broiler washes like a dish in your sink.
Smokeless Hi-Lo Rack and Pan.
Seamless Oven, Broiler and Burner Box have rounded corners. Can't hold dirt.

All Caloric models are specially engineered for use with "Pyrofax" Bottled Gas and other LP-Gases.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Ultramatic
Caloric Gas Ranges
AMERICA'S EASIEST RANGES TO KEEP CLEAN

butter-cream frosting flavored with vanilla.

AUNT ADDIE'S COOKIES

Cream ½ cup butter or margarine and 1 cup sugar together. Add 1 egg, beaten, and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Sift 3 cups flour with ½ teaspoon baking soda, ½ teaspoon baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Add alternately to the creamed mixture with ⅓ cup sour milk or buttermilk. Mix thoroughly and chill dough overnight.

For the filling: Mix ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup raisins, ground, and ½ cup water. Cook until clear, stirring to prevent scorching. Cool.

Roll out cooky dough on floured board or pastry cloth. Cut out in circles with a large round cutter. Put spoonfuls of filling on circle, top with another circle, press edges together. Bake on greased cooky sheets in moderately hot oven, 375° F., until light brown on edges—about 12 minutes. Makes 3 dozen.

★ ★ ★

Friday Special

Baked Eggplant with Shrimp
Peas
Tossed Green Salad
Neapolitan Pudding

"Ed doesn't like eggplant, ordinarily. But combined with shrimp and seasonings and baked in the shell, he'll give it a passing nod. The Neapolitan pudding is a particular fa-

Cook 1 pound shrimp in boiling salted wate until tender. Shell and devein. Remove sten and wash 1 large eggplant. Cut it in hal lengthwise and cook in boiling salted wate for 15–20 minutes or until tender. Drain. Meanwhile, sauté 1 onion, chopped, in 2 tablespoons salad oil. Add the cooked shrimp. Scoop out the eggplant when cool enough to handle, leaving a shell about ½" thick. Dice pulp and add to the shrimp mixture. Add 1 cup soft bread crumbs, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 beaten egg yolk, a dash or two of Tabasco sauce to give it snap. Then season to taste with salt and pepper. Fill the shells with the shrimp and eggplant. Dot each half with butter or margarine. Set in baking pan and bake 40–45 minutes in moderate oven, 350° F.

NEAPOLITAN PUDDING

Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup water 5 minutes. Add ½ cup boiling water and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Cool. Beat 4 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Add 1 cup sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Add the cooled gelatin liquid gradually and fold in carefully. Divide into 3 bowls. Flavor 1 portion with ¾ teaspoon lemon extract; flavor 1 portion with ¾ teaspoon almond and tint pale pink with a little vegetable coloring; the third portion with ¾ cup grated sweet chocolate. Pour into ½-quart mold in 3 flavor layers. Chill each layer a few minutes before adding next. Chill until firm. Slice and serve with custard sauce made from the leftover egg yolks.

SECOND MARRIAGE

(Continued from Page 109)

pressed them upon him! "He was simply marvelous about it," Elaine recalls, "but all these problems, complicated by the loss of his father, resulted in my being in the principal's office all the time when he started school. Edward was inattentive, he wouldn't co-operate, he didn't care about his schoolwork. He would fight with his brother until I went wild."

Elaine thinks it is significant that the first horribly lonely Christmas without her husband (he died in October) she fell down and broke her arm at her mother's house. Two and a half months later, when the cast had just come off, she promptly fell down and broke it again. Several times after that she had embarrassing falls, once on an aircraft carrier in front of about 500 sailors, another time in front of the orchestra at the Mark Hopkins Hotel. "It must have been because I felt so completely insecure, I just had no equilibrium."

Grief, Elaine found, did not make her attractively willowy. The worse she felt, the more she ate, and the less she cared about her appearance. Sundays, as all women who have once shared the delightful relaxations of this day with their husbands find, were positively endless. She got the habit of always propping up a magazine or book on the table when she ate with the children, and their table manners deteriorated accordingly. One of the first rules Ed Healey imposed when he took over as head of the house was: *No elbows on the table!*

"I generally have a very easygoing disposition," says Elaine in her soft, pleasing voice, "but that first year when I made no dates whatever and was terribly lonely, everything the children did seemed to irritate me and I'd bark at them. Then I'd feel guilty about it and behave worse than ever."

The summer after her husband's death she decided to learn something about her hop interests. Her husband owned a 100-acre ranch, which she leases on a share-crop basis. She has a quarter interest for herself and the children in two other Peterson hop ranches. After three days of violent activity on a picking machine in the blazing sun she folded up in a spectacular manner, really let down and bawled for the first time, and went to bed for three weeks under doctor's orders.

Although the ranches and the small white rose-covered house on Wright Street that she and Duke had bought were haunted with memories, Elaine never considered leaving Santa Rosa. This town of 20,000, which is the seat of Sonoma County, home of Luther Burbank and Jack London, has had the flags of seven countries raised over it since 1542. Everyone who ever saw Sonoma County wanted to claim it. As Luther Burbank, the great botanist, wrote about it: "This is the chosen spot of all the earth. . . . The sunshine is pure and soft; the mountains which gird the valley are lovely. I cannot describe it! The gardens are filled with tropical plants—great rose trees climb over the houses, loaded with every color of blossoms, the birds singing, and everything like a beautiful spring day all the time."

During the war years, the Army Air Forces had a big base there, and the Navy stationed aircraft-carrier personnel, with the result that Elaine, in the second year of her widowhood, suddenly found herself very much in demand as an extra, attractive woman at all the servicemen parties in town. There were plenty of lonely service wives, too, eager for her company at bridge or the movies. For a while, she became what seems to her now positively giddy, accepting practically any invitation at all to get away from the house and her lonely evenings.

About this time, Elaine began to get laconic letters from a certain Santa Rosa bachelor, a University of Oregon man whom she had known slightly during her high-school days. In so far as girls were concerned, Ed Healey had always been extremely popular and about as evasive as the flank of a fish. Tall, with a wiry build, he was a marvelous dancer, played excellent tennis and golf, and had loved skiing since the age of nine. He was also a man's man, with a perfect passion for hunting. During the fall season he and his friend, Ralph Brown, spent every week end at the thousand-acre hunting ranch they had bought together in the wild canyon district about forty-five miles from Santa Rosa. Here they let their horses run wild all year

ome in Santa Rosa with his family ("No oard, no room, no responsibilities," Ed ays), he reversed his hours by staying out ntil two A.M. almost every night, getting up ather groggily at eight to work at the shoe ore owned by his father.

Ed went into the Army before Pearl Har- or, rose to top sergeant and never cared to o higher. Elaine can remember saying to a riend, when she heard he had been sent to Little Rock, Arkansas—which she pictured s a few drab shacks in the middle of no- where—"Poor Ed Healey! What a hole for im to be in!"

"Ha!" snorts Ed, with a momentary flash f that old wolf gleam in his eye. "With ten housand women munitions workers?"

After four years in the service—two of them pent with the Army engineers laying a gas- ipe line for the invading Allied armies hrough France, Belgium and Germany—Ed eturned to Santa Rosa and took up his care- ree bachelor life again. He became a partner vith his father in the shoe store, Ed handling buying, advertising and displays. Elaine was astonished when he dropped by one evening, announcing, "On my way to a date," sat down with the kids on the floor and proceeded to play word games with them. At eleven, when he finally made his departure, he re- marked casually, "You know, we are going to be mar- ried." Elaine, deter- mined not to take this man about town too seriously, put it down to his Irish gift of gab and thought nothing of it. Besides, after three years of wid- owhood, she was beginning to enjoy some aspects of her independence. She wasn't sure she wanted any man about the house again.

But Ed persisted. For the first time he was tired of giddy young things, he told her. It seemed to him that between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, a person really grows up or remains a perpetual adolescent. As he saw it, both he and Elaine were grow- ing up at about the same pace. He decided they would hit it off fine. Like most beauti- ful women, who get compliments only about their looks, Elaine was impressed.

Nor did the perennial bachelor—in love for the last time—allow his feelings to blind him to any of the practical aspects of the situation. Elaine claims he set the marriage date for July so he would not miss the hunt- ing season in August, and moreover, he made the bride-to-be promise that he would have six week ends off every year for hunting! Together they went over her household fig- ures and decided who would pay what, since she has a sizable income of her own. She told him that $50 a month would easily feed the four of them; he still reminds her of this every month when the food bills come in. Then Elaine, whom her husband likes to consider the dreamy, romantic type, came through with a startlingly practical sugges- tion of her own. She already had a big two- carat diamond engagement ring—it was ri- diculous of Ed to want to buy her another. He settled, after much demurring, for a dia- mond wedding ring to match.

Neither wanted to change religion, so it was left at that. Religious discussions are avoided. "Sounds crazy, but it works for us." They were married in a Catholic church, Ed's daughter will be raised in that faith; Elaine and the boys remain Episcopal.

NEXT MONTH

"You got to start being more careful. If we have a war there goes the build- ing boom, and our money."

JOHNNY PATRELLO—he's a plasterer, knows "no building" might mean no work—worries about the money his wife Laura spends to fix up their new house. But they scrimped and saved to buy it, and he doesn't want to spoil her joy in it. Meet

THE PATRELLOS,
of Mt. Vernon, New York
by JOAN YOUNGER

HOW AMERICA LIVES, in the February LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Elaine couldn't help being impressed at the way Ed bowled over her two boys. She knew it wasn't an act on his part: "He's the kind of man who adores all children and gets down on the floor with them, not because he feels he should but because he honestly enjoys it." During their courting days Edward would often pack the whole family into the car for a day's outing.

When Ed and Elaine decided to get mar- ried, young Edward was nine and his brother, Jerry, four. Jerry has always been a typical "second child," easygoing, demon- strative, with the emotional resiliency of a rubber ball. He was delighted at the prospect of having a father. Edward was a bit harder to win over, particularly since he had been man of the house, as Elaine had kept drilling into him, since her widowhood.

The boys were told of the impending mar- riage the day that her prospective in-laws came to call for the first time. Elaine says, describing their visit, "I tried so hard to look like a sweet, loving mother. Unfortunately, Edward got a bad asthma attack—and was whooping and gasping from an adjoining bed- room. The baby I had slicked up down to the clean white shoes, and I cuddled him on my lap, thinking what a wonderful picture the two blond heads must make, when he suddenly lost his hearty dinner all over me, himself and the rugs. The last picture I had of my future in-laws, as I rushed him scream- ing from the room, they were down on all fours, mopping up with a dish towel!"

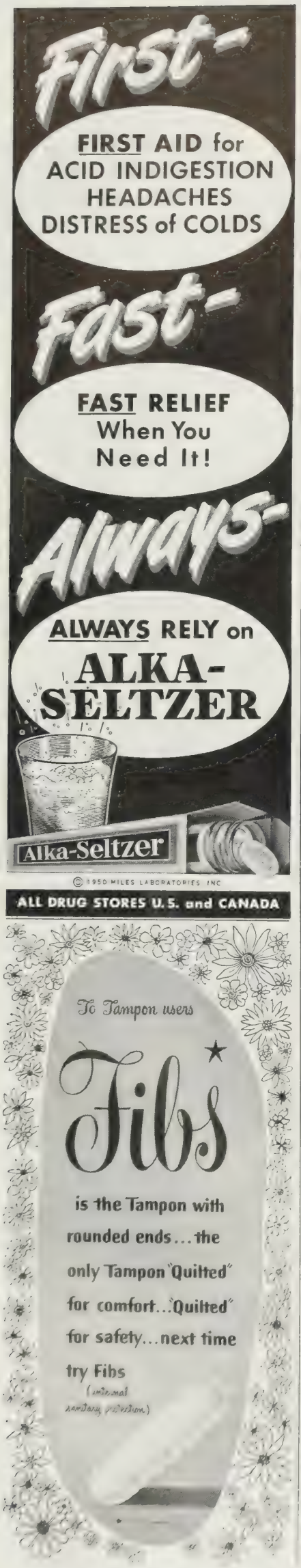
Ed and Elaine had an intimate family wedding followed by a reception for about twenty with champagne, hors d'oeuvres and wedding cake at her home on Wright Street. Then they took off for a ten-day motor trip through Spokane and Vancouver. "What got me," recalls Edward, "was getting back from the honeymoon and shelling out for a baby- sitter the very next day!"

The two boys shared a very small bedroom in the Wright Street house, and the nightly battles which ensued after they were put to bed made the windows shake. From the very beginning, Ed tried to be both firm and scrupulously fair in settling family argu- ments. One night when young Edward came home in a most disagreeable mood and snapped back at his mother, Ed chased him all over the house and across the street, where he administered a sound paddling in full view of the neighbors. Another time the boys raided his closet and took his field glasses and viciously sharpened hunting knives. For that, he promptly warmed their breeches and promised them similar treat- ment if they ever did it again. They didn't.

"Ed's methods of discipline aren't always those recommended by the experts," says Elaine, "but they work. The boys both love and respect him."

When Elaine became pregnant with her third child, she was too ill the first five months to do much of anything, and the town marveled as Ed, the bachelor husband, did the cooking, dishes and baby-sitting. After the arrival of Adrienne, he "whipped out of bed at the slightest whimper," says Elaine, to heat a bottle or change a diaper. Ed had been confidently hoping for a boy to add another deer hunter to the family. When the nurse announced, "You have a lovely little girl, Mr. Healey," Elaine could hear





his agonized, "Oh, my aching back!" all the way down the hospital hall. Of course he now positively dotes on his small daughter with her tangle of blond curls and grave dark eyes.

After the baby arrived, there were five people in three bedrooms. Elaine began to look for a larger house and, to her great surprise, discovered that the impressive stucco house at 905 MacDonald Avenue, one of the nicest streets in town, could be had for $27,000. Built on three deep lots, lavishly landscaped, and with fifteen rooms and five baths, it seemed an unbelievable value, particularly since they had been offered $16,000 for their small place. Although they both felt it was too big, they couldn't resist it.

All the rooms are wide, well proportioned and airy, and make an attractive setting for Elaine's gay chintzes, Audubon prints and fine mahogany. On the ground floor are two bedrooms with bath, one of which (complete with dressing room) Ed and Elaine occupy; the other is Adrienne's nursery. Through the French doors from the dining room is a flagstone patio hidden by ivy and a bamboo hedge; perfect for outdoor dining. The back yard boasts a fine rose garden. On the second floor, Edward has his own maple-furnished room and bath. Jerrold has a small suite to himself with a special playroom for his railroads and extra bed. "Thith is where I entertain my guethts," he lisps through his still too-short upper front tooth. Also on the second floor is a four-room apartment—now shut off—which may someday come in handy if any of their relatives come to live with them.

As soon as he finishes at the store at night, Ed rushes into his old Army khakis and gets busy about the house with lawn mower or pruning shears. One man has a hard time keeping up with a place designed for a full-time gardener, so generally the boys are pressed into work too. Elaine is a marvelously efficient housekeeper, who manages to keep fresh flowers on the tables as well as the dust away from underneath, but even so, keeping up with the scrubbing of five bathrooms and daily laundry occasionally gets her down. She says she doesn't like the loss of privacy a maid entails, and so manages with a cleaning woman a day a week.

When the hop ranches have a good season, Ed and Elaine can count on a combined income of $15,000 a year. The understanding when they married was that Ed should carry all household expenses (house taxes alone are $47 a month) while Elaine buys her own and the children's clothing as well as any big household items such as an automatic washing machine. She is also responsible for the family's savings. Since her income may be feathers one year, and chicken the next, as Ed says, she has acquired a squirrellike instinct for saving money, and in the past two years has tucked away a tidy $10,000 in building-and-loan and utility stocks.

Her only extravagance is clothes. This $700 item on the budget is largely hers, since three grandmothers are always showering the children with handsome outfits. Elaine will pay as much as $155 for a casual coat, or $125 for a suit—explained to Ed as "investments"—and Elaine makes them last so long and looks so well in them that they are.

Although some couples feel two sets of in-laws in the same town are enough to cope with, the Healeys get along beautifully with three. Christmas Eve finds all three grandmothers fondly rhapsodizing over their presents in the Healeys' big house on MacDonald Avenue. When Elaine gave a tea for 150 people with her second mother-in-law, her first mother-in-law presided at the tea table!

Ed and Elaine like most to entertain with small dinner parties. Elaine has several favorite casserole dishes for these affairs, such as fried chicken cooked in consommé in a Dutch oven, garnished with almonds, and a zucchini-corn casserole. Although they often attend big cocktail parties and teas, Ed admits privately that he gets pretty bored and is much more interested in getting the hedge cut. When he has to take an infrequent business trip to San Francisco (fifty-two miles south), he says the best moment of the trip is when he turns toward the Golden Gate Bridge to come home.

Every summer the Healeys manage to get away by themselves for a short while at Lake Tahoe. In the fall they like to see at least one University of California football game, and in the winter there are trips to the Donner Pass country for skiing. Ed's hunting ranch still plays a big part in his life, and an increasingly big one in the boys'. Elaine says tentatively that she loves the place in the spring when the wild flowers are blooming. But she admits frankly that she is not the camping type. "Every time you reach for a frying pan in Ed's cabin, you have to shake out the mouse droppings first," she shudders. One night she and her husband were sleeping out on the cabin porch. It was a pitch-black night and Elaine was listening uneasily to the sounds of the horses and small animals in the thicket when suddenly a panther screamed from the creek a few hundred feet away. "She almost dug a hole right through my new mattress," Ed complains.

Young Edward, now a great husky fourteen—six feet tall and 155 pounds, with size 12 shoes—has already bagged two bucks at the hunting ranch. Summers he drives a truck out on his Grandmother Peterson's ranch, earning as much as $50 a week, and there is no doubt whatever in his mind that he will become a hop rancher like his dad. His school difficulties have vanished and he now gets straight B's. Although there are still occasional scenes at home about his drying the dishes—he will, of course, work ten hours a day at the hop ranch without a complaint—a firm word from Ed usually settles the matter. Jerry is a sturdy eight-year-old, with "more girls than Carters has pills," says his father. Both boys adore their baby sister, and spoil her to death, Ed complains.

After four years of marriage, this father still gets a thrill as he watches the family pile into his big gray Cadillac for a day in the country: youthful Elaine, looking like a smooth date; gangling Ed, big as his father; chubby Jerry and independent Adrienne, who wants to open the car door and do everything all by herself. Most couples married only four years are still coping with midnight colic, diapers and that tied-down feeling that goes along with the thrill of new babies. "Yep," remarks Ed, "there's a lot to be said for a ready-made family."

HOW THE HEALEYS SPEND THEIR MONEY

Food	$1560
Clothing	700
Taxes	2564
Ranch repairs	500
Insurance	1427
Health	300
Recreation and vacations	1000
Donations	200
Telephone	60
Magazines and papers	60
House repairs	365
Car upkeep	530
House help (including baby-sitters)	840
Gas and electricity	164
Laundry	130
Dry cleaning	100
Water	87
Savings	4413
	$15,000

WHEN A BOY QUITS SCHOOL

(Continued from Page 49)

school. His mother knew it and gave her approval. "There is no use of your getting in the way of the teachers any longer," she said. "Let them spend the time with somebody who *can* learn." She told Fred it was his duty to break the news to his father. "I'll do it tomorrow," Fred kept saying, but every tomorrow it seemed harder to do. Since he came home every night at the usual time for him to get home from school, his father suspected nothing. Fred knew he would have to tell him the truth sometime, but he hoped to soften the blow by being able to say he had a job. The secret grew increasingly burdensome as day after day went by and still nobody wanted him.

As there had been no real place for him in the school system, there was now no place for him in the labor market. Bridgeport, ranking first in Connecticut's industrial production, third in industrial production in New England, is an area where there is plenty of work, if work is to be found anywhere. Within 300 miles of the city are 30 per cent of the nation's population and over 15 per cent of the country's manufacturing facilities. But it is also a spot where "softening" is first felt in employment. Booming in wartime and prosperity, Bridgeport has men out of work and out of money *immediately* at the first signs of slack times. The town is humming to fill military orders now, but when Fred started to look for work unemployment was real and alarming, if only temporary.

He visited some twenty-five factory employment offices and didn't succeed in even placing an application. The response everywhere was the same: we're not hiring, and especially we are not hiring 16-year-olds. He learned that, except for a few messengers and office boys, factories ordinarily do not employ persons under 18 because they cannot be insured against injury. Stores, restaurants, hotels and places of amusement do hire as young as 16, but usually older men can be had at the same price. Many such jobs are part-time, low-paying and at odd hours, but Fred tried, finally, to get *any* job. He discovered that even poor jobs are often handed down from one friend to another and that it is often useful to know somebody who knows somebody. He became familiar with all the standard brush-offs, from the fatherly "We just don't need no kid just now, sonny," to the classic "Try us again in the fall." About four o'clock each week day, Fred wound up outside Harding High School, dry-mouthed and weary, to accompany some of his still-imprisoned friends home from school.

After a month of this, Fred still "didn't have the guts" to tell his father he had quit school. When he quit, he thought he was "a big wheel"; here he was, not even a little wheel, not a wheel at all, but something like a spare tire—and flat! His mother felt she could no longer act her part in the conspiracy with anything like a clear conscience, so she had to tell her husband that their youngest, tallest and handsomest son, having failed in school, had quit; having tried to find a job, had failed.

This brought on a series of stern lectures Fred would like to forget: first his father, justifiably furious because he had not been consulted; then two James Cagney-type brothers, Robert and George, Navy veterans, employed but living at home, with a hundred effective ways of expressing their disapproval of "the kid brother," the most devastating being complete silence; then the oldest brother, "Buddy," who is 29 and married and living in his own home but still the respected "elder statesman" of the family. Finally, there was loss of prestige with his 12-year-old sister, Barbara Jean, and his married sister, Lucy—and even a few unsympathetic bubble-gum bursts from baby sister Beverly, 7. Of the seven children in the Hine family, only George, a football star at Central High, has as yet succeeded in graduating from high school. All the older ones could say was, "You'll be sorry." They couldn't be too critical of Fred for doing what they had done, so they shut up. Then

(Continued on Page 118)

Chosen one of America's best-dressed women,

Mrs. Orson D. Munn says:

"I live on Park Avenue.... I sleep in Utica"



Mrs. Orson Munn's bedroom, high above Park Avenue, has fine French furniture, the subtlest of color schemes, and gleaming white sheets by Utica-Mohawk.



From her box at the Metropolitan Opera, glamorous Mrs. Munn enjoys an opening-night performance.

Talented designer of beautiful fashions, Mrs. Munn is as discriminating in her choice of sheets as she is in her choice of gowns. "My linen closet is always well stocked with sheets and pillow cases by Utica-Mohawk," she says. "I couldn't ask for finer sheets or better values." Let your own good taste guide you in choosing one of Utica-Mohawk's five superior qualities for your home. The finest stores in your city have them for you.

Write for your free copy of the new, 24-page illustrated booklet, "Beauty Secrets From Your Linen Closet." The Utica and Mohawk Cotton Mills, Inc., Dept. L-11, 55 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.

A UTICA MOHAWK PRODUCT

Symbol of Quality for over 100 Years

The Social Register of the Linen Closet...

UTICA BEAUTICALE® SHEETS... *regardless of price... you can buy nothing finer*

MOHAWK COMBED PERCALE.... *each night proves their luxury... each year their economy*

UTICA MUSLIN SHEETS..... *woven extra strong... to wear extra long*

MOHAWK MUSLIN SHEETS..... *famous for years as the thrift sheets of the Nation*

HOPE MUSLIN SHEETS..... *the budget sheet woven for wear*

Have a Heart at your next party



• Just to see this set will suggest its many, many uses. For cakes, of course. For heart-shaped salads, aspics, custards, ice cream molds . . . why, you'll find a place for it in *all* your party plans. Like all MIRRO ware, it's made to cook well, to clean easily, and to last for years and years. Surprise your friends by being the first to "have a heart" . . . at your next party.

10-Piece Set and Recipes, only $1.50 (West $1.65)

This Recipe is enough for large layer cake above. Use half of it for 8 small cakes.

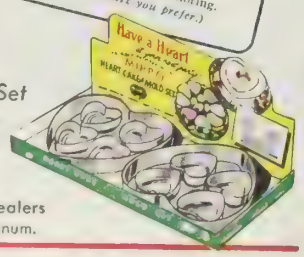
MIRRO HEART CAKE

Time: 25-30 Min. Temp. 350° F.

½ cup shortening
1½ cups sugar
3 cups sifted cake flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon lemon extract
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten

1. Cream shortening until light.
2. Add sugar slowly and continue creaming.
3. Alternately add sifted dry ingredients and milk combined with lemon extract, beating hard after each addition.
4. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites.
5. Bake in greased and floured MIRRO heart pans.
6. Ice your favorite frosting with vegetable coloring. (If pressed for time, use the cake-mix you prefer.)

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



You'll find the Set in this Package at department, housefurnishing, and hardware stores, wherever dealers sell the finest aluminum.

MIRRO
THE FINEST ALUMINUM



MIRRO-MATIC ELECTRIC PERCOLATOR 8 cup size with cord
MIRRO COMBINATION PAN 3 quart
MIRRO DRIP COFFEE MAKER 6 cup 8 cup
MIRRO TEA KETTLE 5 quart
MIRRO COOK BOOK 304 pages
MIRRO STRAINER PAN 3 quart
MIRRO FRENCH FRYER 3 quart
MIRRO SQUARE EGG POACHER 4 egg size
MIRRO TUBED CAKE PAN 1½ cups egg whites
MIRRO MIXING BOWL 5 quart

ALUMINUM GOODS MFG. CO., MANITOWOC, WIS. • World's Largest Manufacturer of Aluminum Cooking Utensils

(Continued from Page 116)

Mr. Hine started all over again, since on such short notice he had been unable to think of all the things he thought he ought to say.

But soon Fred's idleness was accepted by the family; concern dwindled to almost complete avoidance of the topic in the family circle. This was common family procedure in any crisis, and Fred found it the hardest to bear, for it placed his quitting school on the same level of enormity as illness, death and divorce. He earned a little spending money baby-sitting for his sister, Lucy. Although he says he thought he "was bound to get a job of some kind," he felt bewildered and rejected. He showed it by moping around the house for days, refusing to go anywhere, neglecting even his favorite diversion of sand-lot baseball. He could not even enjoy a feeling of defiance in being responsible for his own behavior; school had quit him first.

For a time his engaging personality went under eclipse, but the girls had not forgotten it. One girl telephoned seven times, giving a different name each time, but Fred would not answer the phone. His mother told the girls to stop bothering *her*.

Fred began spending most of his time at Seaside Park, a city beach on Long Island Sound, where at least he could get a good tan. There were girls out there, too, but Fred was indifferent to them—which made him all the more attractive. He wanted to be by himself; girls he could always get. It was pleasant to be giving somebody else the brush-off for a change. He lay in the sun and mulled things over. It had always taken Fred a long time to think anything through—longer than any teacher's time or patience would permit—but after two months of idleness he had to admit to himself (and his mother guessed) that he deeply regretted school and he had to come to such an unalterable parting of the ways.

These were trying days for him. Without a stable family of far stronger mutual affection and respect than it finds necessary to display to the world, Fred might have turned to less wholesome pursuits than loafing gracefully. In spite of cavil, he knew his brothers and sisters were for him, not against him. (All the men in the family wear the same size shoes, which is handy, but sometimes leads to words.)

Home with the family is, for Fred, a good place to be. The Hine household is located in a Government low-cost rental-housing development at the north edge of town. Six hundred families, some of them Negro, are packed with reasonable neatness into duplex and row houses in less than a square mile of this newly built area. There are several barren playgrounds, no trees.

THE Hines pay $28 monthly for a single-family brick cottage; Mrs. Hines estimates it costs $65 a month including utilities (she doesn't like to be sparing with coal and used eight tons last winter), but she is well satisfied and keeps an immaculate oasis of homey charm amid the treeless forest of television antennas. They have a new television set too. Fred likes it so much he doesn't go to movies nearly so often as he once did. There are no books or magazines cluttering up their living room; television and the local newspaper bring in both entertainment and information. Fred shares one of the three small bedrooms with his brother Bob. Fred likes his home, but his mother says, "He likes to go out at night; he hates to come home at night, and he loves to sleep late in the mornings."

Eighty per cent of Bridgeport's 158,000 population are foreign-born or first-generation residents. The predominant nationalities are Italian, Hungarian, Polish, Czechoslovakian, Russian, English and Irish. Religious affiliation is largely Catholic; Fred is a member of the United Congregationalist Church, although he "used to attend" Christ's Church because he knew more of the young people there. The Hines are not a strongly religious family, but they place great faith in common honesty and decency.

FRED'S mother is the backbone of the family, maintaining her sense of humor in spite of premature gray hair and the experience of having three of her boys overseas at the same time during World War II. She tries to show no favoritism to any of the children, but the daughters would agree that *if* she did, the boys would have the edge—and a good wide edge at that. Fred probably gets more than his share of her attention.

When he was about school age, he came home one day with two large oranges and an inadequate explanation of how they came into his possession. He confessed to his mother that he saw them in a grocery store and simply picked them up, since nobody seemed to be taking any interest in either him or the oranges. She marched him right back to the store and stood by while he tearfully apologized, refusing to let him keep the oranges when the storekeeper offered to give them to him. "If he learns he can get away with that," she said, "he'll try to get away with something larger."

As far as Fred knows, he came by his honesty of character by no apparent design. "None of my brothers ever got into any trouble, so I'd better not." That's as deep as his reasoning goes. (His mother frequently "holds up" his older brothers to him, saying George did this or George didn't do that.) Fred was caught in a bit of tardy honesty one time when he and another boy scored 93 on a civics test. The teacher knew that was impossible for Fred and asked him how he did it. Fred didn't dodge. "I cheated," he said with a candid gaze. He took the test over and scored in the 30's, his usual bracket.

Fred's father is one of those men with an insatiable love for children. He always delighted in affectionate roughhousing with his boys—until the boys got older and Mr. Hine did too. The children always got the best he had to give, but with seven on a factory worker's pay (he has tended the heating equipment at the Underwood Company for 26 years) the best was never luxury. It was a payday-to-payday existence, with some happiness and enough to eat between paydays.

One afternoon while he was visiting his wife in the hospital, after the birth of Barbara Jean, Bob and Fred took a notion to do something nice for their mother. They had noticed her admiration for a neighbor's red tulips. So they plucked every tulip, an inch or so below the bloom, and had them floating in bowls about the house when Father Hine came home. He delivered the culprits to the neighbor, who forgave them both, and he took a bagful of the blooms to Mrs. Hine the next day. She was angry and embarrassed at her neighbor's loss, but she had to smile. "You can't help loving them when they're little," she said—and added thoughtfully, "and you don't get over it, ever."

When Fred started to elementary school, his mother was on hand "to bail him out of trouble" several times, but neither parent could do much to assist him in his slow and ragged progress in school. He had to repeat one grade, an unpleasant experience he blames on absence for an operation on an infected knuckle, and he attended make-up

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Passage West

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Like wagon wheels the thunder
Rolls past us all night long,
Turning to the tune of Wind's
Old pioneering song.

While through the sky's vast prairie lands,
Up dark and down, a train
Of white-topped Conestoga clouds
Moves slowly West again!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

mer-school sessions before entering Har- High School. He was warned repeatedly ut failing grades—so often that it ceased ave any meaning to either him or his nts. He enrolled in Harding with little e of succeeding there. By that time, school mostly a matter of waiting until he was een and could quit.

larding was overcrowded and operated a two-shift system, the freshmen coming in the afternoon. Except for sports, e were few extracurricular activities. en a teacher attempted to start a German b, she found the only time it could meet during the lunch hour—if everyone ld sacrifice his lunch. An out-of-school al club, called The Strays, made up of boys and girls, was squelched by the cipal when its members appeared in s in bright red shirts bearing the emblem a dog chained to a fire hydrant. The ys had to go underground. Fred is not a mber of this organization, although it has moral support. In school he was not a mber of anything. He went out for fresh- football, but football players have to be rt enough to remember many complicated s to meet the competition of Central and ick, the two other public high schools e city.

arding, serving the greatest share of the income families, was the most needy, in iculum and physical maintenance, of the e schools. There was not enough money "frills," such as a thoroughgoing guid- program or special teachers for excep- al students or those who have difficulty ning to read. Bridgeport has some teach- or remedial reading (Fred attended such ass—it didn't help him), and there is a ling clinic at the University of Bridge- . But the available facilities are stretched —too thin to benefit boys like Fred Hine.

red had plenty of time to think things , as he lay on the beach at Seaside Park. felt his teachers had done the best they d for him, and he had, probably, done best he could for them. His problem now to do the best he could for *himself*. He not think he would have any chance at ard Havens Technical School, a state- orted vocational school in Bridgeport. ntrance examination was required and school was reputedly less patient with w balls" than the regular high schools.

(Fred admits frankly that as a freshman in high school he could not do even fifth-grade work.) No matter how he added it up, he had to start with some sort of job. He did not know what kind of job he wanted, but he liked to meet people and people liked him. He did not have the feeling that the world was against him. With renewed spirit and more methodical determination, he began alternating days at the beach with forays for work.

Then, one day, a job came—a very simple job in a very simple way. On his way to the park he met a friend who told him the Bridgeport Beef and Provision Company needed a boy. Fred stopped in to see and was handed an apron. "I almost fell through the floor," he recalls. The job consisted of wrapping meat for delivery, cleaning chickens, sweeping and acting as a general errand boy. The pay was 55 cents an hour, twelve hours on Friday, eleven on Saturday, with a half hour off for lunch. Except for the half hour, he was "to stay on his feet." He was late getting home that night, but he wasn't tired. When his mother asked him where he had been, he said, as casually as he could, "Oh, I've been working."

Life took on new meaning when he got his first pay envelope, containing $11.50. He kept $5 and gave the balance to his mother, which he continues to do, but she says he will borrow it all back when he buys the clothes he needs. After four weeks his work was satisfactory enough to merit a dime-an-hour raise and the promise of steady work. He likes the job and hopes to learn to cut meat—"butchering is a good trade and you can get a job anywhere." He isn't worried.

If there is one thing he is *less* worried about than any other, it is the fate of the United Nations ("don't understand it") or whether wars will continue ("guess they will"). To Fred the future, like the future of all mortals, is a question mark; but he faces it with as great equanimity as, and more smilingly than, Dr. Albert Einstein faces his.

Fred is going to stay in Bridgeport. He says that maybe some far-off day, when he is 30, he'll get married. He hopes to be making at least $50 a week and have a house paid for before that day comes. Yes, a house *paid* for, and no, no dimpled little old girl is going to get him until he is 30 or over, he insists.

But he won't bet on it.

TELL ME DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 31)

heart, I'd have it checked by a heart ialist immediately."

Can you tell how bad a heart is just by ning to it?"

Not by any means. Some of the worst ts don't sound as bad as some of those mildly damaged. There are other symp- s I watch for, and in any case of doubt I have a specialist make a recording on lectrocardiograph, an instrument of the test precision, and not likely to lie."

Can women with bad hearts have babies?"

It might be extremely dangerous. That is reason why it is so important to have an mination of the kind you are having—y in the pregnancy, in case interruption ld be indicated."

I should think it would be an awful blow woman if that had to happen. What if would rather have the baby, anyhow?"

I think she is the one to decide—she and husband. There are many women whose ious scruples would not permit interfer- under any conditions, and these have to spected. As I see it, it is only my duty to ain to a patient the probable dangers in- ed, and then it is up to her to make the sion. I will say that I have seen some ty bad heart cases taken through to a by conclusion, what with a labor eased cut short by sedation and an instru- tal delivery, or terminated even before it n by a Caesarean operation. You can et about the heart part of it in your case, . Doe. Now, let's look over the lungs.

Breathing sounds clear—no *râles*, either he armpit or under the collarbones. I think we may count out any possibility of tuberculosis. However, I'm going to X-ray your chest, as a matter of routine."

"I understand that tuberculosis is worse in pregnancy."

"It is. In some cases the pregnancy seems to stimulate the disease into spreading like wildfire, especially after delivery."

"Do they stop pregnancy in tuberculosis?"

"That's a question which doctors have battled over for years. My own preference would be to interfere, if I had the opportunity early. If the pregnancy were halfway through I would consider that the damage had been done, and keep hands off.

"Now, we've gone pretty well over you, young lady, between my examinations of yesterday and today. Bear in mind that I have all your pelvic measurements, taken several months ago, on this record sheet. They will not have changed and the record is now pretty well completed."

"I'm glad you're through ——"

"Oh, I'm not finished with you yet. There are all the pathological specimens to be taken for examination."

"Why, I gave that specimen you asked for to the young woman in the laboratory."

"That was for the A-Z test, which I consider unnecessary in your case. We'll use part of that specimen for a routine urine examination—your kidney function must be tested. Then I want blood for a Wassermann, a blood count and an Rh-factor determination."

"That sounds like an awful lot of blood."

"It's really so small an amount that it is inconsequential. The Wassermann test



What a Whale of a Difference a Fraction of a Cent Makes! . . . It costs you only a fraction of a cent more to bake this PERFECT cake with America's *Quality* Baking Powder—CALUMET! And you guard against *baking powder failure*—with the expensive loss of other ingredients!

NEW, EASY RECIPE FOR

"Happy New Year"

MOCHA LAYER CAKE

Chosen from 63,000 recipes to be CALUMET'S Cake-of-the New Year

"Happy New Year" Mocha Layer Cake

Preparations. Have the shortening at room temperature. Line bottoms of two deep round 8-inch layer pans with paper; grease. Start oven for moderate heat (375°F.). Sift flour once before measuring.

Ingredients

- 1¾ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 2¼ teaspoons CALUMET Baking Powder
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup plus 2 tablespoons sugar
- ½ cup shortening
- * Milk (see below for amount)
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 eggs, unbeaten

*With butter, margarine, or lard, use ¾ cup minus 1 tablespoon milk. With vegetable or any other shortening, use ¾ cup milk.

Note—For a truly perfect layer cake, use the baking powder specified in this recipe — CALUMET. More published recipes call for CALUMET than any other brand of baking powder. For CALUMET is not only Double-Acting, it's ***Double-Dependable***, too! First in the mixing bowl, then in the oven, it gives precisely the RIGHT amount of leavening . . . for truly glorious cakes, biscuits, muffins, pancakes, waffles, coffee cake. No wonder CALUMET is the choice of twice as many women as any other baking powder.

Now the mix-easy part—mix by hand or at a low speed of electric mixer. Count only actual beating time or beating strokes. Allow about 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often.

1. Sift flour once, measure into sifter, and add baking powder, salt, and sugar. Set aside.

2. Place shortening in mixing bowl and stir just enough to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add milk and vanilla and mix until all flour is dampened. Then *beat 2 minutes*. Add eggs and *beat 1 minute* longer.

Baking. Turn batter into pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes, or until done. Cool.

Frosting. Spread Mocha Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

Mocha Frosting

Sift together 2½ cups sifted confectioners' sugar, 3 tablespoons Baker's Breakfast Cocoa, and dash of salt. Cream 6 tablespoons shortening (part butter). Add part of sugar mixture gradually, blending after each addition until light and fluffy. Add remaining sugar, alternately with about 4 tablespoons cold coffee, until of right consistency to spread, beating well after each addition. Add ¼ teaspoon vanilla; blend.

(All measurements are level.)



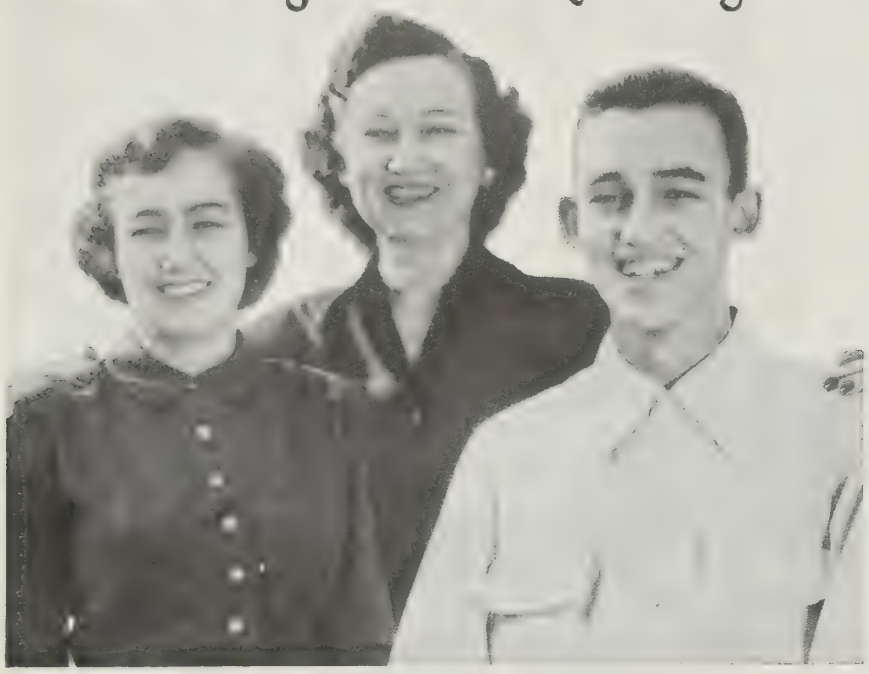
In Baking Your Best Bet is—

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

DOUBLE-ACTING

A Product of General Foods

"The bonds I bought for our country's defense —will see my twins through college!"



HOW U. S. SAVINGS BONDS ARE PAYING OFF FOR MRS. MARY CALLON OF INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

"Janet and Jack are my *twin* reasons for buying bonds," says Mary Callon. "I've been a widow since the children were 8 but ever since 1942 I've been buying U. S. Savings Bonds for their college education as well as for national defense.

"I'm buying my bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan at the U.S. Naval Ordnance Plant in Indianapolis, where I work as an executive secretary. Ten per cent of my pay goes into bonds.

"I've managed carefully. The twins and I live comfortably and have fun. And the automatic Payroll Savings Plan takes all the savings worries off my mind!

"How thrilled I'll be when I see Jack and Janet enrolled this fall at Butler University! And I'll have my U. S. Savings Bonds to thank! They certainly paid off for me!"

Mrs. Callon's story can be your story, too!

What Mary Callon did, you can do, too—and just as easily! The important thing is to start your program *today!* Just take three simple steps.

1. **Make one big decision—to put saving *first*, before you even touch your income.**

2. **Decide to save a regular amount *systematically*, week after week or month after month. Even a small sum, saved on a systematic basis, becomes a large sum in an amazingly short time!**

3. **Start saving automatically by signing up *today* in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. You may save as little as $1.25 a week or as much as $375 a month. If you can set aside just $7.50 weekly, in 10 years you'll have bonds and interest worth $4,329.02 cash!**

You'll be providing security not only for yourself and your family but for the free way of life that's so important to us all. And in far less time than you think, your plans will turn into reality, just as Mary Callon's are doing.

FOR YOUR SECURITY, AND YOUR COUNTRY'S TOO, SAVE NOW THROUGH REGULAR PURCHASE OF U. S. SAVINGS BONDS!

you've already had done, since in this state they require a negative reaction before they will issue a marriage license. It was only three or four months ago, but I think we'd better take another—there's a place on every birth certificate where it asks, 'Was serum test made for syphilis? If not, why not?' and I propose to answer that truthfully."

"It seems so ridiculous. I know *I* never had syphilis."

"I'm satisfied about that too. However, there can be no doubt that the policy of insisting on premarital and prenatal Wassermann tests is sound, and will tend to eliminate the disease in the course of time."

"It's all right with me, Doctor. I *do* wish you'd explain about that Rh factor, though. Everybody talks about it, but nobody seems to know precisely what it is."

"Well, I'll do my best. The Rh factor of the blood is simply a new group that has been found in addition to the ordinary blood groupings which formerly consisted of four main types designated as I, II, III and IV. It is called Rh because it was in experiments with the Rhesus monkey that the reaction was discovered. In testing, a drop of the patient's blood, under a certain, known dilution, is brought in contact with another of known Rh-negative blood. If the blood cells clump together, the test is said to be *Rh-positive;* if not, it is *Rh-negative.* If the mother is negative and the father positive, it is expected that the child will be positive, since this follows the Mendelian law of inheritance of dominant factors.

"Now there is a constant interchange of the blood elements between the mother and her unborn child through the placenta—that's the reason for the placenta's being there. In the case of an Rh-negative mother with an Rh-positive child, the passage of the Rh blood factors from the baby into the mother's blood stream is naturally foreign to the mother, since she is Rh-negative and has no such factor. The mother's system therefore reacts toward this foreign factor in a protective way—that is, by producing anti-Rh bodies. These Rh antibodies are carried back to the growing fetus and cause destruction of its blood cells. Many Rh-positive infants born to mothers who produce Rh-antibodies die even before birth. Others may be born alive only to die soon after birth. Still others suffer devastating congenital defects such as profound anemia, severe jaundice and even brain destruction. This blood destruction in the newborn, due to the Rh and other factors, has been given a name as formidable as itself—*erythroblastosis fetalis* or *hemorrhagic anemia.* It accounts for many cases of stillbirths, as well as deaths during the first few days or even hours of infancy."

"Can you do anything about it, when you know what to expect?"

"THE logical course has seemed to be to interrupt the pregnancy before the child has reached full term—before its blood is destroyed beyond redemption. They have also reported some sensational results after repeated transfusion in the newborn, substituting completely new blood for its own.

"It is most scientific, and certainly the test is well worth the trouble and expense involved. In fact, it's come to be considered a necessity as a prenatal precaution. There's an additional reason for knowing the Rh factor. Suppose there's a birth accident and the patient bleeds so badly that a transfusion is required. If she were Rh-negative, and Rh-positive blood were given her, I could almost promise that she would have trouble delivering another live baby throughout her lifetime, if indeed she survived to attempt it. That's why we determine your Rh factor. With that and the routine blood count we ought to be ready for anything."

"And the blood count does what, Doctor?"

"Determines if you're anemic."

"But I'm not. Do you think I look it?"

"I do not, but I have learned not to depend implicitly upon appearances. Tiredness is easy to do, and important, du[ring]

My piece of bread only belongs to me when I know that everyone else has a share, and that no one starves while I eat. —TOLSTOY.

that if you were seriously anemic, your bloo might not clot as quickly as the average. think you can see the application."

"Indeed, I can. Now are you through wit me for today?"

"As soon as I've weighed you and take your blood pressure, and given you a fe routine instructions, you may go. Step on th scales over here, please. Hmm! You're abov your usual weight."

"About five pounds more than usual."

"We mustn't have you gaining too fast.

"What would you consider too fast?"

"WELL, you shouldn't gain more tha twenty pounds during the nine months—i little over two pounds a month, though doesn't usually occur that evenly. I woul consider a gain of over three pounds in an one month too much, and put you on a stri diet."

"I don't see what difference the weigh makes—I'm going to be fat, anyhow."

"Oh, no, you aren't—not if I can help i It makes a difference in two respects—in r gard to yourself and your baby. And I ca pretty nearly promise that if you ga hugely—say thirty instead of twenty poun during your pregnant period—you will hav a more difficult time with your labor. I' seen it work out over and over, the reas being that there will be a loss of muscle to if a woman adds all that fat to her bo tissue. So you'd better mind me."

"I promise I will. What's the other reas you mentioned?"

"In spite of the fact that some authoriti deny that diet has any effect on the size of th baby, I have seen mar cases where I felt that did. I'd like you to have nice, normal-sized bab Believe me, it's a lot easi to get a seven-pound into the world than a te pound one. By the tim the two were six month old you couldn't tell th difference between them anyway."

"I promise to do just as you say fro this minute on."

"I won't make any stipulations th early—just go a little easy on the calories

"And any calcium, or vitamins, Doctor? had a girl friend who took them all throug her pregnancy."

"Can you drink milk?"

"I love it!"

"Very good, but not too much. A quart day, four ordinary glasses, will give you the calcium and many of the vitamins y need, in the most assimilable form. And y will get some more in the vegetables you e Just a well-balanced diet, in other word Now, give me your arm—I will take yo blood pressure and then we will be throu for today. Hmm—98 over 58. Thirty yea ago I would have been alarmed at that."

"Is it high?"

"Quite the contrary. It's been shown th during the early months of pregnancy th blood pressure is generally subnormal. may go up later, and we'll keep track of it, make certain it is satisfactory. I'd rather s it low than high."

"High pressure is bad, I understand."

"Very bad. That's one of the chief reaso why we are going to watch you and check at frequent intervals. Since low pressure is be expected at this stage, a sudden rise b comes all the more significant. If it jumped 130 I'd feel that I had to see you twice week—and if to 150 I'd put you in a hospit where I could have it charted twice daily. well as take measures to bring it down. Don worry. You're doing very nicely thus far.

"Now remember that balanced diet. Y can have moderate amounts of bread and p tatoes during these early months. Later, son changes will be indicated. Be sure yo bowels move every day even if you have take a mild laxative, like mineral oil or mi of magnesia. Limit your exercise to simp housework and walks of not over a mile, ar don't take any long automobile trips. Con back in four weeks, when I'll have

Too Many Chiefs and No Indians

By VIRGINIA WETHERBEE

I'VE been rereading recently Clarence Day's memories of his mother and father, and musing on the Golden Age of Reminiscences which Life With Father made popular. Nostalgia has caught hold of American writers.

Usually Mother and Father are the important characters of these memoirs. And Mother and Father are gone now and spared the mixed pleasure of seeing themselves as their children saw them; and they have no opportunity for rebuttal.

I shudder to think of how my children's version of our family life would appear in print. I had never given the matter any thought until the other day when I was cleaning the girls' room and picked up a notebook of Louise's. At the top of the first page was written "My Life When I Was a Child." Chapter I read: "When I was 7 years old, I could read, write, spell and I knew most of all my arithmetic. I went to Lamar School and was just passing on to the 3b, and school was out for the summer. I was one of the teacher's best students of our class. I had a sister 6 years old and a brother 2 years old." Then came Chapter II with the heading "My Mother." That was as far as she had written.

My conscience is not clear. Since then, I've tried to see myself through the eyes of a seven-year-old; and what I imagine I see worries me. When Louise finally fills in the pages of her notebook, I may have no chance for rebuttal; so the only solution is to write my version of our family life first. It is time someone described the tortures parents suffer from their children.

Forced to look at myself objectively, I suddenly realize that I am thirty years old, with two daughters who reach almost to my shoulder and a son who at two and a half is known among the neighbors as a tough character. All these years of marriage, I've been thinking that though time passed and my figure fluctuated, I was still a young girl. At last I am beginning to understand that I am a matron with three children and ought to act like one.

My first problem is to reorganize our family life and bring harmony out of the chaos in which we live. When I was seven years old, the mothers of my friends seemed very old and omniscient and were treated by us children with respect. Parental respect is missing in our children. The five of us live about on an equal, regardless of age, all criticizing and bossing one another, which does not promote harmony. In our family, there are too many chiefs and no Indians. In fact, there are five chiefs—no Indians at all.

THE first chief is Louise. Louise at seven is tiny, fair and fragile-looking. All her life she has had to put up with headshaking, clucking women who tell me gravely, "She's so frail, Virginia, aren't you afraid to let her play with the other children?" With so much sympathy Louise gave way for a while to a "Camille" complex and lay languidly on the couch complaining, "My body aches. I have leg pains." Fortunately, she learned to read, and now lies on the couch giggling over the Bobbsey Twins and the Wizard of Oz or any other book she can find. Instead of Camille, she is now a beautiful princess with long golden hair and lovely royal robes. The other night, when I went in to kiss her good night, she was lying propped up on her pillows—golden hair spread out, royal nightie carefully smoothed out, arms quietly at her sides. I started to remove the pillows, saying, "Louise, you'll never get to sleep sitting up like that," when she shrieked, "Stop! Stop! Don't touch my throne!" I had to leave her sitting on her throne, not yet old enough to be waiting for Prince Charming to gallop up, just contentedly enjoying her own royalty.

But despite the softness of her looks and manner, Louise is no Indian. Beneath her gentleness is a strong will. She cannot be forced or punished, only occasionally persuaded. She eats so slowly that I am sometimes washing the dishes when she is reaching the halfway mark of her meal; but no amount of coaxing or threatening will speed her up.

OCCASIONALLY, I do try to force her to clean up her room. But when I insist she learn to make her own bed, she replies, "But I don't want to learn how to make my bed, mummy. If I do, I'll have to make it every day." Recently, I yanked her in from playing outdoors and told her she'd have to get busy and clean the pencils, crayons, papers, books and pieces of jigsaw puzzle out of her bed so that I could make it. She sighed and slowly started picking up the mess. Sometime later her father looked in and asked her how she was getting along. She answered irritably, "I'm just like Cinderella. Mummy makes me work all the time." My feeling of triumph was somewhat dimmed by my mental picture of myself as a slave-driving mother; and besides, my Cinderella hadn't raked up the ashes and cinders. She'd just swept them under the bed.

Ranting and storming leave Louise unmoved; but she is very sensitive to other people's feelings and never intentionally hurts anyone. Last week I served the family cold meat loaf for dinner. Knowing they didn't like it even when it was hot, I was nervously eating mine and saying how delicious it was, waiting for someone to agree with me. Louise looked at all the plates and saw how contemptuously everyone had pushed the meat loaf aside. She slowly started eating hers. I was so amazed I had to say, "But, Louise, I thought you hated meat loaf!" Louise looked at me kindly and explained, "Mummy, I wouldn't eat it for anyone but you."

Mary, her sister, is six years old, half a head taller than Louise, long-legged, and is about as graceful in action as an automobile in the hands of a stop-and-go driver. When I try to describe her personality, I am reminded of a story of Saki's about a little girl whose medals for goodness clanked so loudly as she ran through the forest that the wolf had no trouble finding her and devoured her, medals and all. Mary could walk unscathed through any forest. Any wolf with common sense would give her a wide berth. Wherever we live, the neighbors quickly learn that it is axiomatic that where there is trouble, there is Mary; and where Mary is, there is trouble. This surprises Mary very much, as no one tries harder than she does to be good, and no one prays harder for goodness to descend on her in the night. Five minutes after she gets up she finds that her prayers have been unanswered.

Her troubles have three main causes. First of all, she never stops moving from the time she wakes until she goes to sleep. Trying to read in the same room or eat a meal with a constantly moving object is a strain on the strongest nerves. She is like one of those big buzzing flies that get into the house and buzz in one room and out and in again, never lighting. In the second place,



"This New Dry Yeast is the best I've used"

Grand Champion Cook Wins 179 Prizes

Iowa's 1950 Grand Champion cook—that's Mrs. Oscar Vik of Onawa, Iowa! State Fair officials awarded Mrs. Vik more than 80 prizes for her entries, an event that came as no surprise to anyone who had seen Mrs. Vik walk off with 99 first prizes at the 1950 Clay County Fair held earlier. Grand champion Mrs. Vik has used Fleischmann's Yeast for many years. She says, "Fleischmann's New Improved Active Dry Yeast is the best I've ever tried. It's so easy to use and so fast too. I'm very pleased with it."

Yes, everybody agrees with America's prize-winning cooks that it's the easiest, fastest yeast yet. You just add it to warm water, stir it well and it's completely dissolved! You can depend on it for fast rising action, prize-winning results when you bake at home. Get Fleischmann's New Improved Active Dry Yeast today.

MAKE MONEY with FREE STOCKING

Amazing nylons replaced free if they run or snag within guarantee period! Not sold in stores. Good Housekeeping Guarantee Seal. Big money, full or spare time, writing orders. No experience needed. FREE stocking & money-making outfit.

KENDEX CORP. BABYLON 782, N. Y.

EARN EXTRA DOLLARS — 100% PROFIT

SELL Sunshine GREETING CARDS

Show the exciting SUNSHINE assortment to friends & neighbors. 21 Everyday Assort. 21 matching Envelopes. All Birthday 21, Name Imprint, Gift Wraps, "BLUE MAGIC", many other. Send for sample outfit—on approval.

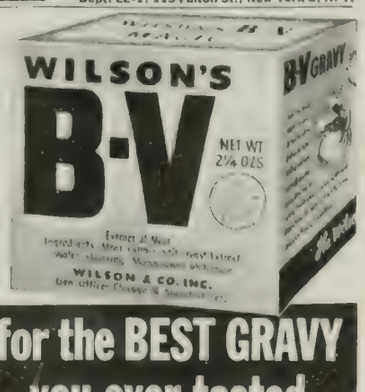
SUNSHINE ART STUDIOS, Dept. LE-1, 115 Fulton St., New York 8, N. Y.

CASH OFFER!

WOMEN wanted to forward subscriptions for *Ladies' Home Journal, The Saturday Evening Post, Holiday, Jack and Jill, Country Gentleman* and other popular publications. You can earn big commissions—devote spare or full time.

For full details write to

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
381 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.



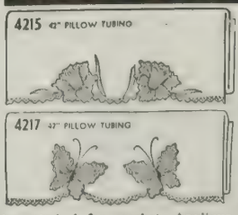
for the BEST GRAVY you ever tasted

B-V GRAVY

Blend 2 tbsp. fat or drippings with 2 tbsp. flour. Gradually stir in 1 cup water or milk. Mix smooth, cook and stir to gravy thickness. Add and dissolve 1 tsp. Wilson's B-V. Result: the best gravy you've ever tasted and enough for three.

The Wilson label protects your table

Easy-to-do CROCHET APPLIQUE
ADDS GLAMOR TO YOUR LINENS



Colorful applique embroidery now made easy because the applique is hemstitched for crochet. Eliminates tedious chore of turning under edges of applique. The crochet edge adds dauntiness and stands away from the material, creating unusual 3 dimensional effect. Applique, being colorful, minimizes need for embroidery.

Seamless Tubing Pillow Cases, 42" wide, hemstitched for crochet. Applique also hemstitched for crochet. 4215-with Yellow Applique, $2.21 pair POSTPAID; 4217-with Rose Applique, $2.36 pair POSTPAID.

Dresser Scarfs and Vanity Sets to match above Pillow Cases illustrated in our FREE 24-page catalog. Large variety of Bedroom Sets, Linen Banquet Cloths, Luncheon Sets, Fancy Aprons, Infants' Furnishings, etc. Buy direct from manufacturer and save. Write

MERRIBEE ART EMBROIDERY CO.
Dept. 546 22 West 21st St., New York 10, N. Y.

Tonight! Be his dream girl...



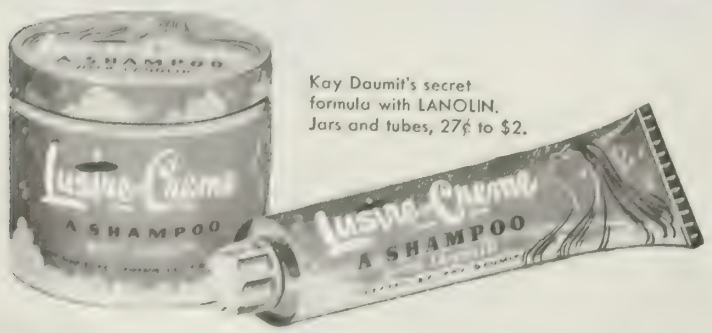
Tonight! Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

BETTER THAN SOAPS — **Leaves hair sparkling,** starry-bright . . . no dulling soap film with Lustre-Creme Shampoo! And it lathers lavishly even in hardest water.

BETTER THAN OILS — **Leaves hair fragrantly clean,** free of loose dandruff. Unlike many oil shampoos, Lustre-Creme needs no special rinse.

BETTER THAN LIQUIDS — **Leaves hair silken soft, manageable,** easy to curl. Lustre-Creme is easier to use. Contains LANOLIN . . . is not harsh or drying. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo today—be his dream girl tonight!



Kay Daumit's secret formula with LANOLIN. Jars and tubes, 27¢ to $2.

World's finest shampoo—a beauty creme-blend with LANOLIN

Mary has no happy medium. She either shrieks with laughter or bellows with rage. She is either very, very good (which is itself nerve-racking) or very, very horrid.

But her main difficulty is that she expresses herself constantly. When she was four and five, she went to a progressive school where she was encouraged to express herself. Each night she came home with an enormous sheet of paper covered on one side with swirls and squiggles of finger paint and on the other side with a verbatim report by the teacher of what Mary said the painting represented. Mary does not belong to the old school of children who were "seen but not heard." She is a very modern child—a walking, talking stream-of-consciousness novel. She bounds out of bed in the morning and from then until she slams the door on her way to catch the school bus, she keeps up a running commentary on the horrible waistline of the dress I have put out for her to wear, how slow Louise is getting dressed, the pieces of orange in her juice, the scum on top of the cocoa, people who spend all morning in the bathroom, meanwhile criticizing her father's table manners, spanking her little brother for some mischief, coaching Louise through breakfast and loudly condemning mothers who put horrible sandwiches in their children's lunch boxes.

When the door slams, I pour a cup of coffee, light a cigarette with trembling hands and sit down to read in Gesell and Ilg's The Child From Five to Ten and reassure myself that she is not unique. Once I peeked ahead to the eight-, nine- and ten-year-old groups and was so bitterly discouraged when I read of the stages *they* go through that I vowed I would never again seek to know the future, but would try to live through one day at a time.

Harry is the youngest chief—a big, blue-eyed blond with a crew cut and a disinclination to wear any clothes at all except a belt with a holster hanging off it and a big Hopalong Cassidy gun. He is so strong it takes two members of the family to spank him.

Two and a half is a dangerous age—for parents, that is. The mother of one two-year-old in the neighborhood got knocked out when her little boy accidentally hit her on the head with a broom handle. Another father just barely woke up from a nap on the couch after his son hit him on the head with an eight iron. I have a scar on my foot from the cut I got from flying glass when I caught Harry taking a bottle of pop from the refrigerator and he guiltily dropped it.

He and Mary were cut from the same pattern, and what he doesn't know by instinct, she teaches him. Both of them live by the code of a pinch for a pinch and a sock for a sock. (With Mary, this code is more flexible, however. Last summer, she had an argument with her grandmother about her flat refusal to do something Mrs. Wetherbee had asked her to do. After much coaxing, Mrs. Wetherbee gave up. "All right, Mary," she said. "The next time you ask me to do something for you, I'm going to say no." Mary looked at her with a very superior air and retorted, "My mother says that two wrongs don't make a right.") The neighborhood children, therefore, suffer, since Harry is eager to defend himself—overeager, in fact. Last week he walked up to the five-year-old boy who lives next door and gave him a resounding whack on the back. My husband wearily went out to stop the fight that followed and lectured Harry sternly about hitting people. Harry defended himself, saying, "He was going to hit me first so I hit him first."

Unfortunately, he has already reached the "sassy" stage. If I correct him, he yells, "Hush, mummy! You hush, I said!" and screams, "You're a bad girl, mummy!" when I spank him. Like his two sisters, he likes to feel that he is boss around the house. He wakes up saying, "Mummy, I had a nice nap. Now I want my breakfast—juice, cereal and toast." The other morning I wasn't fast enough with the toast, and the girl in the next apartment heard him bellow, "You'd better hurry up, Mrs. Web-by, or I'll break your leg."

My husband's mother was running for some office recently in the Mississippi town in which she lives. The local newspaper had an article about her qualifications which included the comment that "Mrs. Wetherbee has three children, five grandchildren and Mr. Wetherbee." I, in turn, have three children, and Chief Don. He is the sort of man who is noted for his even disposition, save in his own home. His family, when they get a glimpse of our chaotic daily life, say sympathetically, "Poor son, poor son," and wonder if he isn't a little bit henpecked. As a model daughter-in-law, I do not retort that Don has as much chance of being henpecked as a kernel of iron. He is just a little quieter than the rest of us. If he runs into any opposition from the children, he reacts like a candy thermometer—boiling point, soft crack, hard crack and over the top. Mary goes over the top with him, Louise retires to her room to read a book, Harry shouts, "You're a bad boy, daddy! Hush!" and I shout, "Mary, calm down! Harry, don't say hush to your daddy! Don, for heaven's sake ——"

Our friends regard our family life with a cold, critical eye. One particular friend is trying to break up our home, I'm convinced. Each time we see her and mention that we're going to a movie or to dinner and would she and her husband like to come along, she glances significantly at Don and says, "Well, I'll have to ask John. *He* wears the pants in *our* family." This comment bewilders me and makes me a little envious. Imagine a house with only *one* pair of pants! In the future, however, I'm going to avoid her. Every once in a while Don asks me what I think she means by that remark; and I think he is beginning to brood.

The trouble is that each chief needs a reservation. Instead, the five of us are confined to a five-room apartment. I seem to be the magnet that drags them from room to room. If I start to cook dinner, Louise suddenly gets thirsty and walks back and forth getting a glass and the water, Mary finds she is hungry and starts snooping through the refrigerator and the cupboards, Harry pushes his chair up to the sink to wash the dishes and break a few more glasses, and Don stands reading the sports page directly in front of the drawer where I keep all my kitchen knives and gadgets I am getting ready to use. The other night, in desperation, I threw them all not only out of the kitchen but out of the house. Don sat down on the bench and continued reading the sports page; Harry hopped on his trike and pedaled furiously down the sidewalk, knocking down two children; Louise stood outside the door crying angrily that she was thirsty and why couldn't she have a glass of water—just one glass?; and Mary went off to play, making loud remarks about mothers who threw their children out of the house when they were not only hungry but had to go to the bathroom.

How will Louise interpret this incident? I ask myself. Or the equally noisy display the five of us put on in the car the other night. We had put the top down and were starting out for a ride. Louise was singing Good Night, Irene, which I detest. Mary was trying to outsing her with The Whiffenpoof Song, which Don detests. Harry was screaming that he wanted to drive the car and trying to turn off the ignition in protest at Don's refusal. I quieted them all down by promising the girls a nickel apiece if they would not say one word until we got home and giving Harry my cigarettes to play with. There was immediate peace. Suddenly Don thundered, "That's ridiculous! I will not *bribe* my children to keep quiet. They should keep quiet because I ask them to!" Louise will search in vain for an explanation of her father's behavior. How can she understand that Don caught sight of our scornful friend and her pants-wearing husband out walking their baby, and that he felt the need to assert himself?

Whatever Louise's interpretation in later years of these mysterious events, she will have no doubt about my outlook on life. For when she goes through my papers, she will find my cartoon of a mother busily vacuum-cleaning the living room. Inside the bag are two bulging forms, and just disappearing into the hose are two small feet. THE END

ONE FOR THE MONEY

(Continued from Page 39)

The earth," echoed Vickie Poole, laughing. "But your mink ——"

"I gave that to Aunt Ellen—she's never had a mink."

"Oh, no." Sara brushed her dark hair back. "It was practically new."

"I couldn't give her an old one, could I, dear?" Vickie Poole turned toward the living room. Matt stood up.

"Vickie, this is Matthew Abbott," said Sara. "Matt is with Rome now—managing the agency."

The girl looked at him, came over and put her hand in his.

"My cousin, Mrs. Poole," said Sara.

"Well, that was that. He managed her name, took a last look at the most beautiful girl in the world, and dropped her hand.

"Go on with your basket," she said.

They told her that the game was over, she was to sit down, take off her coat—the Persian-lamb coat which actually did seem to be dyed navy blue. Shaking her head, Mrs. Poole moved toward the hall. They all went with her, Sara linking her arm in her cousin's, Blanche accepting her mink from Jerome, Matt shrugging into his own coat. He would block Blanche Howe from her ancestral mansion, block any future attempt of Jerome's to include him in this pretty little group, forget the glimpse of heaven he had. *Wouldn't you know he'd be married!*

"Pasadena is marvelous but," she was saying, "I did miss the snow at Christmastime."

"You were gone so long, darling," said Sara. "I kept expecting to hear you had married someone on the coast!"

Matt's heart again hovered itself to her.

"Well, Aunt Ellen was slow getting over the virus thing, or I'd have been back in January." She gave Sara a faintly malicious smile. "Hope is the thing with feathers, isn't it, dear?"

They laughed. Some absurdity of their own, Matt judged. He thanked Sara and left for a pleasant evening.

Blanche was ready and she and Matt went out. A long cream-colored convertible stood behind his popular-priced car in the driveway. No wind blew and the February snow tinkled coldly under the street lights.

"In the car he began cautiously. "She seems to be a nice girl."

"Who? Oh, Vickie. No one adores her more than I do."

MATT drove silent along the bare, well-treed street.

"But," said Blanche, "I always felt sorry for Whitney. It's funny—people keep falling for her, like Lucius Thurman, and then nothing comes of it. After all, she's been a widow for three years —— Matt! You've gone past my driveway!"

"Relax," said Matt. "We'll turn—like this"—he turned the car—"and drive up to your door—like this, and"—he got out and went around to her side—"deliver you—like this"—he propelled her up the steps to the door—"all safe and sound. Got your key?"

Rather indignantly she produced her key and opened the door. "Good night," she said with a haughty and somewhat alarmed look for the odd person who worked for Jerome.

Daylight found him whistling loudly as he walked from the parking lot to his office. No reason in the world why he could not call her.

Toward noon Jerome came in on his daily visit. The investment which Jerome had made in the agency for the finest heating equipment in the country was to be guarded by Matthew Abbott, one of their best men, who had been sent on from the home office in New Jersey.

MATT had become one of their best men because he had worked hard and he liked his work. Probably Chicago next. Chicago was a branch, not an agency. Then, with luck, back to the plant in a minor executive capacity—minor at first. Then ——

"You free for lunch?" asked Jerome. Only two or three times had Jerome taken him to lunch at one of his clubs.

"No. I told Ewing I'd meet him. Sorry, Rome." Ewing was one of the salesmen.

Some disappointment showing on his round, rather heavy face, Jerome nodded and went out. Late in the day Mrs. Jerome Colburn was on the phone.

"Hello," said Matt.

"Matt, darling, how are you?" This was news. And then, "Look—we're having a small dinner party Saturday night ——"

"Sorry, Sara. I've a date!" he told her.

"Oh, no-o-o, you *can't!* Rome and I have just the group we want, and Vickie'll be frustrated ——"

"Come to think of it," said Matt without the slightest trace of shame, "it wasn't absolutely definite. Perhaps I could change it."

"Of course you can. You're to call for Vickie, so I'll tell you where she ——"

"But I know where ——" He coughed. "I mean I know where you live and where Blanche lives and," he laughed, "soon I'll know my way around."

"Oh, I see. Well, you'd better write this down."

He did not need to. Mrs. Whitney Poole's name had been in the phone book. After lunching with Ewing, Matt had driven out to Eastern Parkway, past the great old gray-stone monstrosity set far back on its snow-covered lawn . . . no girl would choose to live in a barracks like that.

"Here I come," sang Vickie Poole, running down the stairs.

He had been afraid to see her again, but at once his heart stumbled. It was all there: the warm smile, the thick-lashed blue eyes, the sweetness. The maid who had let him in thrust a white fur cape at him.

"Get to bed, Minna, and take care of that cold," said Vickie.

Holding the cape, Matt hoped it was not ermine.

In the car Vickie Poole smiled, as though they had been very clever. Matt clutched the wheel. *Pierced by the sword of love,* he said to himself and did not laugh.

"Leave it to Sara," said Vickie. Then she said suddenly, "Don't pay any attention to Lucius Thurman."

Matt said, "Who is Lucius Thurman?"

"Well," she said, "I guess you'd call him my millstone, my ball and chain. I loaned him to Blanche for tonight."

A traffic light was red and, stopping, Matt looked at her. "Are you engaged to him?"

"Oh, now really!" It was enough.

Then he was entering the door of the Colburns' modernistic house.

"Matt, darling," cried Sara after she had kissed Vickie, "I'm so *glad* you could come!"

"I know, Sara," he said.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Winter Night

By Barbara Wilson

No hour so still as when we last
Walked through the midnight streets together
With shadows drifting as we passed
In all the silent, snowy weather.

Your well-loved hand against my cheek
Was gentle as the flakes that glistened
About our lips that touched to speak—
Our warm, brief hearts were hushed and listened.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



The latest, loveliest fashions in towel colors and patterns by Dundee—attractive right to their price! They're designed to dress up your bath . . . and to insure you countless delightful drying sessions.

Dundee Towels

The Name To Remember When Buying Towels
At Better Stores Everywhere

DUNDEE MILLS, INC., Griffin, Ga. • Showrooms: 40 Worth St., New York City

Other Dundee Fabrics: DIAPERS • FLANNELETTES • DUNFAST ALL-PURPOSE COTTONS

Does Dry Skin make you look too old for pretty hats?

Do you ever fall in love with a hat—but feel too old to wear it? It's a depressing feeling—so don't have it!

Often it's just a dry skin that causes pretty hats to look unflatteringly young and gay. Now there's something you can do about that!

It's a marvelous new discovery called *Penaten*... found only in *Woodbury* Dry Skin Cream. New miracle, *Penaten* penetrates deeper into the important corneum layers of the skin... your dry skin absorbs lanolin and other rich lubricating oils better than ever before!

Wonderful the way it helps little dry skin lines and harshness melt away. Your skin looks younger than in years. Ready for the prettiest bonnet! *20¢ to 97¢ (plus tax).*

May we send you a trial jar? Send 10¢ (to cover packing and postage) to Box 45, Dept. 411, Cincinnati 14, Ohio, for a 10-day-size jar. Enough to show the beautiful difference Woodbury can make in your skin! Offer expires March 1, 1951.

WOODBURY DRY SKIN CREAM
penetrates deeper because of Penaten

CORNS

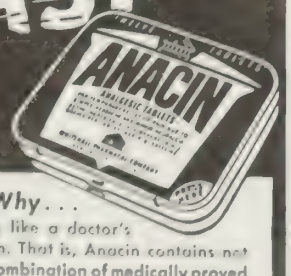


Removed by Mosco, also Calluses. Quick, easy, economical. Just rub on. Jars, 30¢, 50¢. At your druggist. *Money refunded if not satisfied.* Moss Co., Rochester, N.Y.

MOSCO ★CORN★ REMOVER

JUST OUT! NEW THRILLING SENSATION IN EVERYDAY CARDS 21 for $1
Lustre Foils • Satins • Brilliants
Amazing values bring you easy orders! Earn dollars fast. Big line easy-selling $1 Assortments, Personal Book Matches, Scented Stationery, Napkins. FREE Imprint Samples; two $1 Boxes on Approval. Write
MAKE BIG MONEY
JOY GREETINGS, Dept. F-4, 507 N. CARDINAL, ST. LOUIS 3, MISSOURI

RELIEVES HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS PAIN
FAST



Here's Why...
Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. Anacin is specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

She laughed and dug her fingers into his arm.

Right away he met Lucius Thurman, who was waiting only for Vickie. He nodded to Matt. Matt was not to pay any attention to Lucius Thurman and did not, except to hear someone say he was a lawyer.

It was a small dinner party, eight in all. The wicked couple, Fran and Freddy, turned out to be Sara's sister and brother-in-law, who surely could not have been gladder to meet anyone than Matthew Abbott.

Vickie flitted about, not neglecting any of them, but standing no nonsense. Did one of them make a foolish remark, she punctured it forthrightly, and they took it from her. To Blanche, who was stupid, she was lenient. And for Freddy, who was intent on keeping his glass filled, she had sympathy. Freddy was a man with charm and a small mustache and apparently no job.

At the candlelit flowered table things were going nicely when Vickie made one of her light remarks. All she said was that she had talked to an architect about remodeling her place at the lake.

Dropping the serving spoons back into the dish of cauliflower hollandaise, Sara left the waitress standing there. "But you told me," she said, "that you'd had a marvelous offer for it—from a boys' camp."

"I did, didn't I?" Vickie cut a morsel of lamb. "But I think I'll use it myself for a while. Then maybe I'll *give* it to the boys' camp."

A loud snort came from Freddy. Sara, suffering from shock at this new prodigality, groped for the spoons again.

Matt glowed, partly from blossoming love and partly from a new hope. Let her spend it, give it all away, and quickly, so that she would the sooner be ready to consider what he could offer her.... She was smiling at him across the table . . . the grin he sent back pleased her and he thought, *If this keeps up we won't even have to talk to each other.*

After dinner there were bridge and canasta, and excitement about the pre-Lenten dances at the clubs. They would go, but only, it seemed, if Matt Abbott went with them. And Fran was having a party Tuesday night. At the first hint of dubiousness on Matt's face, Fran said the Colburns would pick him and Vickie up, and it wouldn't be a *late* party.

Snuggled into the white fur, Vickie eyed Matt as he got into the car. They laughed suddenly together.

"You're a thankless girl," he said.

"I am?"

"You are. They love you and you never miss a chance to take a poke at them. Don't you like them?"

"Oh, I love them too. After all, I grew up with them and," she said, "they used to be darlings. They were bighearted and *real*." Her voice died away. Then, "It isn't as if they hadn't always had money—Sara and Fran—and their parents have barrels—and Rome has always been sticky with it."

MATT'S happiness was ebbing. All this talk about money ——

In a minute she said quietly, "You'll want to know about Whitney."

"Not if you mind too much, Vickie."

"No. I don't mind."

She talked in a voice from which the vibrancy was gone. Almost twenty-five years older, she said, Whitney had been a friend of her father's. She had always adored him. At twenty she was younger than most girls that age because she had spent her teen-age years in foreign countries. Her father had been in the consular service. Both he and her mother had died shortly after they came back to this country. Whitney had been a tower of strength when she was grief-stricken, and it had seemed so natural, so *safe*—she hadn't known much about, well, being in love ——

"But we were always friends. He was wise and kind and I missed him after he was gone. People," she said with sudden resentment, "have tried to say that his mind began to fail long before he died. It hadn't. Ever." After a little she moved and said, "Well, I just wanted you to know. I didn't want you to think I married him for money."

It hung there in the air between them, the thing he had shrunk from, *her* money.

"No," said Matt. "You wouldn't have done that."

He turned into her driveway and stopped under the old-fashioned porte-cochere. It was his last chance . . . some damage, some permanent damage, he suspected, had been done so that he would never be quite the same again, but he could still escape ——

"See you Tuesday," said Vickie

"Oh, yes, Tuesday," said Matt. "That's when we have the cousins in our hair again. I can hardly wait."

She laughed. "They're not really my cousins—they're Whitney's cousins. They make a big thing of it."

For some reason he was glad. "And I suppose," he said, "you're busy until Tuesday."

"I'm afraid so, Matt. But," she said, her hand on the door, "you could call me tomorrow and say hello."

There was Fran's party. The Streeters' house was smaller than the Colburns'. The same group was here, except that Blanche arrived with a weedy young man in horn-rimmed spectacles. No one mentioned Lucius Thurman.

The way his new friends treated him might have aroused skepticism in Matt, but

WITH THE CHILDREN

"When I am a mother, I am never going to punish my children. I'd never want to make anyone feel as badly as you make me feel. I am going to have their grandmother do the punishing."

"I had no idea I ate all the cookies. When I came into the house from school I looked at the full cooky jar, felt my empty stomach and started eating away. Without thinking I just switched the full to the empty."

"My teacher is the fairest teacher so far," declared our fifth-grader. "She caught me throwing a spitball and instead of getting all bothered, she very quietly told me to make a hundred for her before the day was over. I'm through with spitballs for keeps and I think my teacher is wonderful."

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON.

he was beginning to understand them. Anything acceptable to Vickie was acceptable to them, and thank God he seemed to be acceptable to Vickie. They were a screwy bunch, but he would always remember them in his prayers. Through them he had met Vickie Poole.

Everything was going to be all right. It had to be. With her there in a yellow wool dress he had a kind of happiness, the only kind he knew now—release from the torment he endured when he was away from her.

Oh, said Blanche, this was fun, she loved parties, they were having so *many*, and with the dance at the country club Thursday and the one at ——

"What do you mean?" demanded Sara. "There are always lots of parties this time of year—everyone seems to be in town ——"

"Except when you go to Florida."

"Well, we're not going this year—we can't afford it."

"You can't what, dear?" asked Vickie at the same moment that Freddy said in a loud voice, "I could go—I could so arrange my affairs that ——"

"Shut up, Freddy," said his wife, "and help me take these dishes out."

Sitting in the back seat of the Colburns' car with Vickie on the way home, Matt said, "*No one* is picking us up Thursday night!"

Vickie turned her head. "All right."

"What are you two whispering about?" asked Sara from the front seat.

"There's a new cold front lumbering down from Canada," said Matt, "and ——"

"You!" said Sara, not displeased.

Minna's nice face was noncommittal as she opened the door for Matt Thursday evening. He followed her down the gloomy hall. This was better. Books and a fire dispe gloom. The library had these, plus a long playing phonograph and Vickie. In something pink and filmy she was sitting on her feet her eyes dreamy from the music.

"Tough," said Matt. "Another hard da in the salt mines?"

"I can sew." She slid her feet to the floo and stood up.

"Why aren't you sewing then?"

"Oh, I don't have to, now. And I can cook Mother taught me all those things. We wer poor, you know."

"What do you mean, I know?"

She laughed. "Poor and proud. What the call old family—as though everyone didn' go back to Adam. I think it means that w had money once—it usually does."

"It does not. The Abbotts have never ha a dime and they don't come any better tha the Abbotts."

HER eyes melted. "That's right, Matt They don't come any better than the Ab botts."

He walked away, over to the bookshelves "You can read, too—or are these all dum mies?"

"No dummies." She came and stood b side him.

He ran his hand along a row. "Kid books—and what do you know! I had som of these."

"We all did. I was saving them ——" Sh walked to the phonograph and turned it o Picking up her cape, she said, "We'll t late."

He had known her a week, he had seen h four times, he had talked to her every morn ing on the phone, and it was too soon. Wit nothing but the loftiest intentions he held th white wrap, settling the collar tidily, an then his arms were around her. She turne at once, her face lifted. He kissed her twic three times, quick little yearning kisses and at last held her close, his mouth o hers while the world slid away and the floated on the white outer edge of time . . until she moved and pressed her forehea against his shoulder.

"Oh, Matt."

Footsteps came along the hall. "M Poole," said Minna, "it's Mr. Townsend o the phone—about the hospital wing."

"All right, Minna. Thank you." She wen out quickly.

"They want her to make a speech," sai Minna, "with her donating the new win and all."

"Definitely," said Matt.

"Lipstick, Mr. Abbott," said Minna an went away.

In the car Vickie sat close to him. H pulled her closer still and kissed the top her head. Her dark-gold hair smelled of soa lemony. They did not need to talk . . . som thing could be worked out, Matt knew . she no longer had to sew or cook, she on had to lay cornerstones . . . but he had hea of fortunes being put in trust for children.

The country club was decorated wi cherry trees and hatchets. It was a gay an noisy party in honor of the father of o country. During dinner and afterward Ma had to give his girl up constantly to men I did not know. Ugly, handsome, fat, they a had to dance with Vickie Poole.

Matt stood where he could look into th big lounge, cleared for dancing and dark e cept for the sweeping spotlights. Reluctant she left him each time, but he loved the wa she greeted old friends. He could see h tipped-back laughing face ——

"So pretty in pink, isn't she?"

Matt turned. "Oh, hello," he said to L cius Thurman. "How are you?"

"I'm all right," said Lucius. "You seem be surviving too. But then, do you kn what six million dollars *is?*"

Matt stared at him. "Why, no," sa Matt at last. "I never even heard of it." I walked away, back to his table. No one w there. He was furious. She should have t him. . . . *How do you do, Mr. Abbott, I ho six million dollars.* . . .

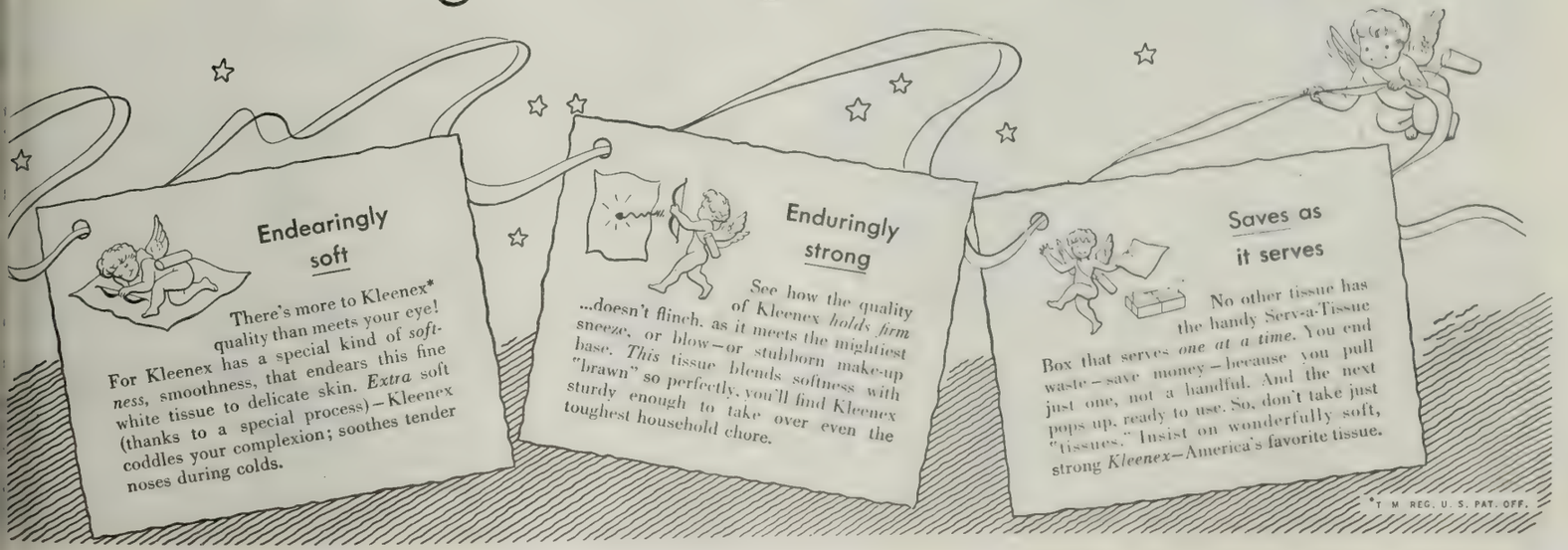
It was time for him to leave; it had be time from the very beginning. He lit a cig

(Continued on Page 126)

the quality says "it's Kleenex!"



the package says "you save!"



Endearingly soft

There's more to Kleenex* quality than meets your eye! For Kleenex has a special kind of *softness*, smoothness, that endears this fine white tissue to delicate skin. *Extra* soft (thanks to a special process)—Kleenex coddles your complexion; soothes tender noses during colds.

Enduringly strong

See how the quality of Kleenex *holds firm* ...doesn't flinch, as it meets the mightiest sneeze, or blow—or stubborn make-up base. *This* tissue blends softness with "brawn" so perfectly, you'll find Kleenex sturdy enough to take over even the toughest household chore.

Saves as it serves

No other tissue has the handy Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves *one at a time*. You end waste—save money—because you pull just one, not a handful. And the next pops up, ready to use. So, don't take just "tissues." Insist on wonderfully soft, strong *Kleenex*—America's favorite tissue.

*T M REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Don't be HALF-SAFE



by VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you mature. Now, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a new type of perspiration containing milky substances which will — if they reach your dress — cause ugly stains and clinging odor.

You'll face this problem throughout womanhood. It's not enough merely to stop the odor of this perspiration. You must now use a deodorant that stops the perspiration itself before it reaches—and ruins—your clothes.

As doctors know, not all deodorants stop both perspiration and odor. But Arrid does! It's been proved that the new cream deodorant Arrid stops underarm perspiration 1 to 3 days safely—keeps underarms dry and sweet.

Remember this, too. Arrid's antiseptic action kills odor on contact — prevents formation of odor up to 48 hours and keeps you "shower-bath" fresh. And it's safe for skin —safe for fabrics.

So, don't be half-safe. Don't risk your happiness with half-safe deodorants. *Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure.* Arrid with Creamogen will not dry out, and it's so pleasant and easy to apply. Get Arrid today—only 39¢ plus tax.

It's Wonderful! It's New!



SLIPON SHAPE HAIRNET

Does wonders for your coiffure! This SLIPON SHAPE (new) adjusts for both short hair and long hair. It's easier to put on!
SLIPON SHAPE (new) is made of human hair. Requires no hairpins. IT'S INVISIBLE!
Send for your FREE SAMPLE.
Enclose 10¢ to cover mailing.
NATIONAL HAIR NET CO., New York 3, N.Y.
Dependable Quality for over 43 years!

Now Many Wear
FALSE TEETH
With More Comfort

FASTEETH, a pleasant alkaline (non-acid) powder, holds false teeth more firmly. To eat and talk in more comfort, just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug store.

When mouth tissues change—see your dentist.

LOSES 40 lbs.



"I Lost 40 lbs. in 3 Mos. I never felt better in all my life."
Mrs. Betty Blazek, Chicago

"GET THIN TO MUSIC"
with WALLACE Reducing Records

Prove to yourself, in 7 days at home, the WALLACE Method can help YOU take off excessive weight. Reduce waistline and bulging hips. FEEL BETTER the first day—WEIGH LESS in a week.

NO STARVATION DIETS—NO DRUGS. The WALLACE Method works with Nature. It safely brings quick, satisfying results. Reducing the WALLACE way is play—it's fun to "GET THIN TO MUSIC."

FREE PROOF. Accept this amazing offer of proof. You can soon start YOUR actual reduction. First reducing record and lesson sent prepaid and plainly wrapped. Try this full-sized, double-faced record 7 days at home. No payments to make now—no promise to pay later. Just an out-and-out FREE test as the coupon clearly states. Fill it in and mail today.

WALLACE RECORDS Suite 1646
154 E. Erie St. Chicago 11, Ill.

WALLACE, Suite 1646 154 E. Erie St. Chicago 11, Ill.
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... Zone ... State .....

(Continued from Page 124)

rette and sat down at the deserted table. Almost at once there was a rustle beside him and the fragrance of hothouse flowers. Her partner, whoever he was, stood for a moment and left. The beat of the music was unchanged, so she had asked to sit down.

"All by your little self," said Vickie. "And I've done my duty now —— Matt! Are you ill?"

"Ill?" He turned and smiled at her. "You could call it that. But don't worry about it, Vickie. I had to know sooner or later."

"I see." Her eyes went past the dancers to the bar beyond. "You were out there. And that's Lucius, isn't it?"

"Yes. That's Lucius."

She drew a deep breath. "I wanted to tell you myself. Does it make so much difference, Matt?"

"I'm afraid so, darling."

"If I had told you in the beginning?"

"It would have been easier, that's all."

"Funny," she said, "I'd have sworn it would be the last thing that would be important—to you."

"I'm almost thirty, Vickie. A man plans his life, he decides what the important things are—for the long pull ——"

"Whispering again!" cried Sara, sitting down. The music had stopped and everyone was coming back. Blanche's boy, the one with spectacles, was with Sara.

Matt stood up. "Excuse me," he said with no clear idea of what he was going to do. Once in the hall, he realized he need not go back. She would be all right, her friends would see that she got home. Well, it was nice while it lasted. And he had thought they could "work something out." But not with that kind of dough. Never to be able to give your wife anything wonderful because she already had everything—to have your children look to their mother for the things every father planned to give his children—he could not do it.

The cost of a thing is that amount of life which must be exchanged for it. —THOREAU.

The next morning Matt answered the phone on his desk.

"You big ape you," said Sara, "running out on us last night like that!"

"Yeah," said Matt.

"Well, I have news for you. Vickie left this morning for Florida."

He felt no pain. Not yet. Vickie had had the courage.

"—— from mother. Fran and Freddy got talking about it last night and Vickie asked if she could go too. She's the one promoted them flying down today. Mother'll be terribly pleased. She adores Vickie."

There was more and he must finally have said good-by. Anyway, the phone was back in its cradle. The numbness was wearing off and Matt stood up with a sharp indrawn breath. Moving to the window, he stared down at the thick morning traffic. He must have been hoping—but she had done what was necessary. And now he was the one who would have to go. If the plant could not give him a transfer he would resign. He was still at the window when Jerome came in.

"You all right?" asked Jerome.

"Yeah. All right. Look, Rome, I'll be leaving you soon—if it's not too inconvenient I'd like to get away after the first of the month."

"You mean you won't be here when Vickie gets back?"

Matt laughed. "This is office stuff! But it's a wonder you don't drag Sara into it, and Fran and Freddy . . . nuts," he finished.

Unoffended, Jerome drummed on the desk and said, "I don't know, Matt."

"You don't know what?"

"See you later," said Jerome and went out.

SATURDAY was a half day. Matt was making a start at getting things into shape for leaving when the door of his office opened. He looked around and stood up grimly.

"Matt, you can't *do* this!" cried Sara. Jerome was with her. "You can't desert Rome! And what you need is a vacation."

"About the last thing I want right now is a vacation."

"But you're going to have one! Out of all this sleet and snow. I talked to mother long distance last night and guess who came to the phone? Vickie is worried about you, Matt. She said you were tired Thursday night and that's why you left early. She asked you to come. And it's all fixed so that we can all go down for a few days."

The one thought Matt tried to cling to was that since Vickie had started this she should have gone through with it . . . *but to see her again* ——

His rich friends were saying excitedly that Matt was not to worry about a thing. Sara was leaving tomorrow with the kids and the nurse. Matt and Jerome would fly down the first of the week.

There was nothing to it. After they left Matt stood there idly pushing things about on the desk. He was going because it was impossible for him not to go if she had sent for him. You lined up all the answers and you could not make anything matter except that he and Vickie loved each other.

FLYING to New York early Tuesday morning, Matt and Jerome took off from La-Guardia in midwinter. Three and a half hours later they were in deep summer at the small West Palm Beach airport. Sara waved to them from the barrier with the superior manner of those who have arrived first. She fell upon them with cries of joy and steered them to the station wagon. Jerome drove.

"Isn't it gorgeous!" cried Sara.

"Funny that Vickie didn't come with you to meet us," said Matt.

"Oh, she was on the beach with the kids when we left," Sara told him.

Four or five miles from the airport they turned in at a sprawling rose-colored house. Very handsome. Inside, the tiled hall was cool and quiet. Sara explained, apologetically, that Fran and Freddy had gone off someplace where they could quarrel away from the children, and her mother always rested at this time of day.

"Where's Vickie?"

"I told you."

"I'll go down to the beach, then."

"Don't you even —— Oh, all right. Rome, show him."

Leaving his topcoat and hat on a chair in the hall, he went with Jerome through a patio and down steps to a green lawn. At the far end was a gate in the cedar fence which presumably kept the sand out and the grass seed in. Here Rome left him.

She was kneeling over an intricate castle of dark wet sand, her back bare and glistening. The nursegirl was helping and the two little girls squatted and hopped around them. One of them saw Matt and said something. Vickie turned and rose slowly and walked toward him, looking blindly at him through her dark glasses.

"Matt," she said.

"You didn't expect me. You didn't send for me." They were statements.

She shook her head. When he put out a hand she moved away, only a step. "I'm covered with oil," she said. "Your pretty suit."

The new corded tropical suit which had cost the earth. Like her fur coat.

"I've been getting a tan, and swimming, and playing with the kids—I had to do something—but," she said, her mouth grave, "you're here now. You wouldn't have come all this way unless ——"

"We'll have to talk about it, Vickie."

"Yes." She looked away. "We never have really talked about it, have we?" The dark glasses came back to him. "You mean, even now, maybe it isn't all right, Matt?"

"It will be all right." He gave up then. "We'll work things out."

"Do you mind very much, Matt?"

"Forget it," he said and grinned at her. "Where can we have this talk?"

"Well"—the kids were regarding them with frank curiosity—"I'll sign off with the kids and then I'll go in and have a shower. I'll meet you in the patio. No one else will be down before five-thirty."

"Fine."



This Little Bird F... MONEY For You!

5 GORGEOUS BOXES SENT ON APPROVAL

Cardinal will bring you EXTRA C... Sell Cardinal Everyday Greeting ... and "coin" money in your spare ...
NO EXPERIENCE NEEDE...
We send you 5 Box Assortments ... proval. Just show these samples to ... friends. 21-Card $1 Assortments ar... acle sellers—pay you up to 100% ... profit! Also show Gift Wraps, D... Stationery, Humorous Cards, Gift ... and many other money-makers.
GET STARTED NOW!...
It pays to sell the Cardinal way. ... make big profits PLUS amazingly ... EXTRA CASH BONUS. Money ... Guarantee helps you earn more. ... now. Send today for Samples!

Cardinal CRAFTSM...
1400 STATE AVE., DEPT. A-37, CINCINNATI 14, ...

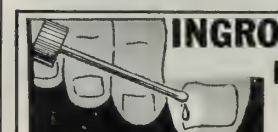
NOW YOU CAN HEAR YOUR BEST AS YOU LOOK YOUR BEST THROUGH THE NEW MAICO METHOD



Write for the Facts TODAY

MAICO

445 MAICO BUILDING • MINNEAPOLIS, MINNE...



INGROWN NA...
Hurting Yo...?
Immediat... Relief...

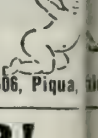
A few drops of OUTGRO® bring blessed relief fr... tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTGRO toug... ens the skin underneath the nail, allows the nail ... be cut and thus prevents further pain and disco... fort. OUTGRO is available at all drug counte...

FREE BOOK ON HAIR REMOVAL

Read what thousands of women and girls do a... superfluous hair. Free book explains wond... method, proves actual success. No one need k... about it. Book sent in plain envelope—confiden... Also TRIAL OFFER. No obligation. W... ANNETTE LANZETTE, Dept. A-38, P.O. ... 4040, Merchandise Mart, Chicago 54, Illinois.

$ PLEASANT PROFITS ...

Selling Cute Baby Gifts



Make money for yourself, club or society. NEW designs, sparkling colors ... *Irresistible.* Sell by the dozens. Be first in your community. Write today, enclose $1 for samples, or Catalogue 15¢.
WEE FOLKS DIVISION LH, Box 606, Piqua, ...

DANGER!

Help Guard Your Children Fron... Painful Swelling, Dread Infectio...

Mothers, neglect of minor injuries, cuts, b... scratches, scalds may lead to painful, terrible ... tion. Help protect your children, family with g... soothing Oil-O-Sol. Helps control infection, ease ... speed healing. Get wonderful germ-arresting antis... first aid Mosso's Oil-O-Sol, 50¢ today, all drug st...

THE "IDEAL" WAY TO BIG EXTRA CASH!

Sell Ideal Everyday Ca...

This way to big extr... You need no experience! Just show sensationa... Everyday Greeting Card Assortments, 21-Ca... $1. Easy sales pay you up to 50c cash! Al... "Fun's A Poppin'" Humorous Assortment... line. Samples on Approval . . . EXTRA! ... Address Book. How To Make $1000 ...

FREE SALES AID BOOK!

IDEAL CARD CO., 165 N. Hill ... Dept. S-B, PASADENA 4, CALIF...

HAND KNITTING WOOL and RUG YARNS

Send for FREE samp...
Prompt, dependable mail se...
COLONIAL YARN HO...
1231-R Cherry St., Phila. ...

TALL GALS SEND FOR FREE SHOE BOOK!

BUY DIRECT! MAIL PENNY POSTAL TO ... FOR OUR NEW FREE 24 PAGE BOOKLE...

Stage, Screen Stars, Society ... Shoecraft Tall Gals 5th Ave. S... Famous for Fashion and Fit in ... to 12; AAAAA to C. Money back ... anteed if returned unworn in 10 ...

SHOECRAFT 603 FIFTH AVE. - NEW YO...

Someone was in the patio. It was Freddy, he inevitable glass in his hand.

"Hi there, Lochinvar," said Freddy. "So ou came out of the North."

Matt sat down near Freddy. They men-ioned the scenery, the sun, and the constant ndesirable rattle of dry palm leaves.

"Seen Vickie yet?" asked Freddy.

"Yes. I've seen her."

"There's a girl." Freddy wagged his head n admiration. "I always knew she'd fall for omeone one of these days. But, brother, ou've got more courage than I'd have. What do you plan to give her in place of the oole millions? Just your great big wonder-ul self?"

"I don't get it."

"You don't?" Freddy gave him a shrewd ook and chuckled. "Since you don't know, et me be the first to tell you: Vickie's money s Vickie's only until she marries again. Then he gets nothin'. . . . Hey! Let go!"

"Freddy," pleaded Matt, shaking him gain, "are you sober?"

"Now don't *you* start that." Freeing him-elf, Freddy inspected the contents of his lass, which had not spilled. "Just thought ou ought to know ——" Stopping, he tared at Matt in astonishment. "Say," ried Freddy, "is that *good?*"

"Good?" Matt said. "It's perfect. Why lidn't someone *tell* me!"

"I don't see what you're so set up about." Freddy's smile was suddenly spiteful. "Vickie ikes her little comforts—as who doesn't? That girl's been conditioned to spending noney—she loves it."

"Yeah." Elation drained from Matt. Oaf that he was, getting hysterical because things were turning out *his* way . . . but what of her, who was conditioned to money, who was so becoming to all the shining things which money bought? It would indeed take courage, courage and stupidity to ask a girl to give up all that, and for what? For an ordinary guy who would love her while there was life in him but who could hardly be said to balance off six million bucks.

"Lucius had the right idea," said Freddy, getting up to make himself another drink. "He's a lawyer and his project was to break the will *first*. Not impossible—just a matter of certifying Whitney was *non compos mentis*. Only Vickie wasn't having any. . . . Where are you going?"

"Look." Matt came back. "Tell Vickie I didn't know. Have you got it? Just that *I did not know*."

"You're a stinker to leave me holding the bag," said Freddy with an air of pleasant anticipation. "They'll tear me limb from limb."

At the airport they assured him he could get space on any plane going north; the next was at seven o'clock. He bought two magazines and went outside. He sat on a bench in the sun, opened one of the magazines and never knew what was printed there. He was very calm. Weak and irresolute he had been. And he would pay for it for the rest of his life.

Cars came and went. The Miami plane, going south, was called on the loud-speaker. If there was any way he could have kept Vickie from paying what little she might have to pay ——

The old childish game of hands over eyes did not startle him, nor the familiar perfume.

"Go away, Vickie," he said, not moving.

"I *am* going away." She sat down beside him. "I'm going with you. Flying is so respectable. You can go almost anyplace with anyone and no scandal. We'll catch the midnight plane from New York for home ——"

"You are not going with me." Without turning his head he could see the edge of her fleece coat, the print dress, the little overnight bag at her feet. "Didn't Freddy give you my message?"

She hummed and looked about her with interest.

"This is very embarrassing," said Matt. "It ought to be plain enough how I feel—after Freddy told me everything."

"Oh," she said with careless good humor, "I thought it was Lucius."

"No. He only told me that you —— Now never mind!" shouted Matt and sprang to his feet.

"You're so cute," said Vickie. "First you walk out on me because I have money and then you walk out on me because I won't have money."

"But it wasn't until Freddy told me the whole story that I walked out—for good."

"Tut, tut. Freddy said you were simply marvelous ——"

"Freddy was drunk."

"No. He's staying sober for once, he said, to see the fun."

"Fun!" Matt banged the folded magazine on the bench. "If anyone thinks this is fun—trying to keep sane while I kidded myself into marrying money! And then finding out that the only way I can have the girl I love is to ask her to believe I'm worth giving up six million ——"

"Oh, you men are all alike. You think money is so much. Whitney said there wasn't any way of being sure someone wouldn't marry me for it—and the next time, he said, he wanted me to have the best ——"

"Vickie, listen to me. You're the kind of person who should have unlimited money," he told her. "You love spending it and giving it away."

"Certainly I loved it! No one ever had a better time—it was all mine to do just what I wanted to with. And, Matt, it's all I did have. Money."

"With that kind of dough you don't need anything else."

"That's what they say. But I have a crazy idea that I need a man I happen to love. And a normal life. And children. At least"—she looked at him—"children I *hope*. And one other thing. Happiness."

Before she had finished Matt had pulled her to her feet and when she said the last word he took her in his arms and sighed, "Okay, baby. You asked for it."

They could kiss freely. No one paid any more attention to them than to the travelers who were parting from their loved ones.

A car door slammed. Looking, Vickie exclaimed, "Here they come!"

Matt looked, and groaned, "One thing I counted on was that I had seen the last of *them*."

"Oh, they're really awfully sweet—in their way. And they're so *grateful* to us. They're cousins. You know, next of kin. And they get every dollar ——"

Sara, the first to reach them, cried, "What *are* you two laughing about?"

BABY IN THE HAND

(Continued from Page 58)

around the corner of the house. Together we walked down the long driveway and reached the street just as a monstrous and decrepit fire engine, draped with ladders and covered with children, came to a stop.

Bill stopped short and grabbed my arm. "Look who's driving that thing! It's your father!"

I blinked my eyes and looked again. Sure enough, there was dad, his ruddy face beaming beneath a drooping black fireman's hat. He clambered down from the high seat, with Whitmore clinging to his limp coattails. "Little birthday present for Whitmore!" he boomed, then hugged me until my ribs cracked.

"What is?" I said. Weakly, I looked for a wisp of tissue paper protruding from a pocket.

"Why, the fire truck, of course," dad said, pumping Bill's hand. "Drove it from Passaic, New Jersey, in three days flat," he added proudly. "Didn't have a bit of trouble with the old girl, considering her age."

Bill glanced at the peeling red paint, the almost obliterated gilt number on her side. "How old is she?" he asked doubtfully.

"Let's see," dad said. "She was built in 'twenty-two. Makes her twenty-seven."

Dental Research Indicates You Can Help

Prevent Tooth Decay With COLGATE Ammoniated Tooth Powder



REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Colgate's Scientific Formula Gives Extra Protection As It Cleans Your Teeth—and Breath!

1 REMOVES ACID FILM usually associated with tooth decay! Laboratory tests indicate that when you use it regularly as directed, Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder may help you avoid pain, worry and expense of needless tooth decay.

2 TEETH LOOK CLEANER, feel cleaner immediately. That's because Colgate's foamy cleaning action removes dulling film so well teeth get naturally, sparkling clean.

3 CLEANS BREATH, TOO . . . Removes tiny food particles that cause much bad breath. Has a minty, mouth-refreshing flavor that even children love!

Get Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder today for the whole family. Available at any toilet goods counter.

4 oz. 47¢ 2 oz. 27¢

With A Flavor The Whole Family Will Enjoy

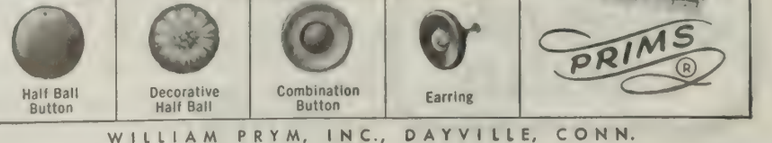
Exclusively yours...

PRIMS SMART COVER BUCKLE is fun to make. Just snip, stretch, snap, and it's done . . . smartly, distinctively your very own! PRIMS Buckles are brass . . . guaranteed rustproof and dry-clean proof. Get them at notion and button counters everywhere . . . only 25¢ — (Slightly higher in Canada).

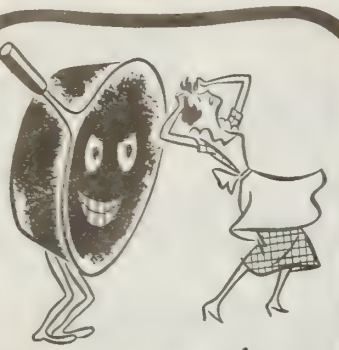
Pat'd—Add. U. S. & Foreign Pats. Pend.



Now you can cloth-cover your buttons, buckles . . . and earrings, too . . . at home, in seconds, without tools.



WILLIAM PRYM, INC., DAYVILLE, CONN.



Tearing your hair over crusty pans?



BRILLO

gives TWICE the SHINE in HALF the TIME!

New "Scorchy Pan" Tests *prove* Brillo shines crusty pots and pans *faster* and brighter than other types of cleansers tested! Scientific shine-meter records show Brillo actually gives aluminums *twice the shine in half the time!*

Brillo has spunk! A square, metal-fiber Brillo *pad-with-soap* just whisks off gummy crust! The "jeweler's polish" in Brillo soap gets busy right away at the shiniest, fastest polishing job ever! No scouring! No soaking! Clean pots and pans with Brillo every day. *Get twice the shine in half the time!*



★ RED box — soap-filled pads
★ GREEN box — pads and cake soap

There's jeweler's polish in BRILLO

"Young for a woman, but old for a fire truck," Bill said.

Whitmore tugged at his father's coat and turned beseeching eyes upward. "Please, daddy. Please let me keep her."

My father answered while Bill was still digesting the significance of the request. "After I drove her here clear from Passaic! Of course you can keep her! You've even got a fine place where you can put the old girl out to pasture. The carriage house up there. You see, I've thought of everything."

Bill and I later decided that my father had a rare insight into a child's mind, because he could never have given Whitmore anything he could have loved half as much. Of course probably no one but my father could ever have laid hands on a 1922 fire truck in the first place. And I'm reasonably certain that if dad hadn't been the best fire marshal Passaic, New Jersey, ever had—as well as an honorary member of half the fire departments in the country—he'd have been arrested fifty times between Passaic and Westlawn.

After installing Whitmore's birthday present in the carriage house and, at my request, draining the gasoline tank, dad departed—by more conventional means—for home the next day, and I left for the hospital to have Juliet. And actually we needed another baby about as much as Whitmore needed the fire truck, but Bill and I have a weakness for them. Babies, I mean.

In any case, Whitmore's devotion to the fire truck was so great that when I returned from the hospital I scarcely expected him to notice that something new had been added. Instead, for the first week Whitmore hardly left the baby's side. And it kept me busy fishing his treasures—a moth-eaten rabbit, a broken wind-up tank, odds and ends of string, nuts and bolts and small hunks of soggy, broken cooky—from the baby's bassinet. Though it is true that the novelty finally wore off, his devotion to Juliet had never wavered.

And so, loved and adored, not only by Whitmore but by the older children, Juliet reached the ripe old age of six months the morning we were to leave for Pensacola.

In spite of the fact that I had put on a brave face for Bill, I did hate to move. I loved the big old rambling house—for the first time in our ten years of married life we had room really to spread out—with its cupolas, cubbyholes, closets and hidden stairways. Even after a year in the house Whitmore, who had an explorer's nature, was still discovering new nooks and hiding places that I never knew existed.

Of course, the size of the house complicated the packing process, but after anyone has moved as many times as I have the routine becomes as regular as tooth brushing and face washing.

By eleven o'clock the barrels were packed, the boxes and cartons stacked and waiting for the movers from the naval station. It was eleven-thirty and I was in the kitchen fixing Juliet's lunch, and sandwiches for the rest of us. The play pen was within the range of my vision, so I could keep a weather eye on her.

Juliet, fortunately, was abysmally ignorant of the morning's activities. Her world at that moment consisted of the cacophony produced by the irregular beating on a stew pan with a rotary beater. Sandy and the twins were with Bill on a last tour of the naval station, and the last I had seen of Whitmore he was scuttling into the carriage house.

The telephone rang, and with a last look at Juliet, who was then happily drooling over a ball of string, I went to answer it. It was my father, calling from Passaic. Having just received my letter telling of the transfer, he wanted to know all. And since he was paying for the privilege, I regaled him with all the bright sayings I could remember, as well as a detailed medical report on the entire family.

After I'd promised to write and extracted a promise from him to visit us in Pensacola, I went back to the kitchen.

I picked up a small dish of mashed hard-boiled-egg yolk and another of custard, placed them on the tray of the high chair and turned to scoop Juliet from her pen. My heart crawled crazily up into my throat. There were the stew pan and the egg beater, the moist ball of string, a headless doll—but no baby.

I stood there staring stupidly into the empty pen. It simply wasn't possible that she had disappeared. From where I had stood by the front door I knew that Bill and the children hadn't returned. And because Juliet screams bloody murder at the very sight of a stranger, I was reasonably certain that no kidnaper had spirited her away through the back door.

Reassuring as my logic was, it still didn't answer my question. What had happened to Juliet? In a cracked and unfamiliar voice I admonished myself to keep calm, then went to the back door and called for Whitmore.

He appeared practically under my nose. "Here I am, mamma."

"The baby," I croaked. "Have you seen her?"

Whitmore ground a scuffed shoe into the dirt and nodded.

I leaned over, grabbed him by both shoulders. "Where?" I demanded.

Home by Starlight

By Herbert Merrill

A chilly walk and far to go,
And dark so I can hardly see
Whether a blot is a barn or tree
And whether a drift is high or low.
Plenty of light in heaven, though—
Look at the Dipper upside down,
Spilling stars from here to town,
And old Orion stuck in snow.
I'll have a moon in another mile
And a shadow then to walk beside
Keeping me company, stride for stride,
By frozen creek and icy stile
And under starlight blazing blue,
All the way home to the fire and you.

Whitmore pointed a grubby forefinger in the direction of the empty play pen. "She *was* in there."

"I know she was in there," I said sharply. "Where is she now?"

Whitmore hesitated only a moment, then looked up at me with wide-open brown eyes. "I hid her," he said simply.

In relief, I laughed. "Let's you and mamma go find her."

Whitmore drew back, pulling his hand from mine, planted his sturdy legs firmly and looked at me defiantly. "No," he said.

With visions of Juliet stifling in a hot closet, I grabbed Whitmore, and my touch was not loving. "You tell mamma this instant what you did with the baby."

Whitmore replied with a sharp and unexpected kick to my left shin and burst into tears.

Maybe some psychologist has written a book on "What to Do When Your Four-Year-Old Child Hides the Baby," but at that moment I was in no mood for research. I gave Whitmore a smart swat where it would do the most good. Whitmore threw himself down on the ground and sobbed. Alternately I shook and scolded, threatened and wheedled, and when that failed I weakly gave up and started playing the "game."

"You tell mamma where you hid the baby, and mamma'll tell *you* a secret."

Whitmore puffed out his cheeks like a pouter pigeon and clamped his mouth shut the way he had done on his first trip to the dentist.

With five children, I've at last learned to know when I'm licked. With all dignity possible I retreated. "Very well," I said. "You come in the house and don't you budge. *I'll* find the baby."

Small and pathetic, Whitmore preceded me into the house and curled up in a corner of the kitchen.

Climbing the back stairs to the second floor to begin my search, I told myself firmly that there had been no real reason for getting so excited. If I wasn't smarter than Whitmore (which I doubted), I was certainly older. Where could he possibly have put the baby that I couldn't find her? Undoubtedly I would find Juliet upstairs in the middle of Whitmore's room calmly chewing a piece of worn-out zwieback.

But Juliet was not in Whitmore's room—nor was she anywhere else. Frantically, I started backtracking. The closets that I had thought so marvelous when we moved in now seemed like Black Holes of Calcutta.

Tears were leaking down my face and my hands were grubby as I looked behind grates in the big, empty bedrooms. With mounting panic I opened built-in wardrobes, closets and packing cases. I ran up the steep narrow stairs to the attic, tore open musty trunks that had been there when we moved in.

Nowhere did I hear a thin, muffled cry. Nowhere did I see even a sign of her—not a button, pin nor a ribbon.

It was while I was still in the attic wondering whether I should go back down and go to work on Whitmore again, call Bill or continue the search, that I heard pounding on the front door and the heavy tramp of footsteps echoing across the bare floors.

Frantically I ran down the back stairs through the kitchen, past Whitmore, gibbering, "We aren't moving!" as I went.

I reached the living room just as the davenport, in the arms of two husky Navy men, disappeared through the front door and a third man hoisted a barrel of dishes to his shoulder.

"Put that down!" I yelled. "Don't move a thing! We can't find the baby!"

The man gave me a patient smile and continued toward the door. "Lots of things get lost when you move," he said. "It'll turn up."

"You don't understand," I said, and I started to blubber. "It's my baby. My little boy . . . hid her."

The man put down the barrel as easily as if it had been a quart of strawberries.

"What did he do that for?"

I looked at him blankly. "I—I don't know," I said. And for the first time I asked myself that obvious question. *Why* had Whitmore—ordinarily so lovable and tractable—hidden Juliet? "I think I'd better ask him," I said.

With legs like jelly, I walked back into the kitchen. And there in the play pen sat Juliet, dirty but happy. Dropping an outsize peanut butter sandwich, obviously made by Whitmore's loving hands, she extended two fat arms upward.

A lump as big as a tennis ball came into my throat. I scooped my baby out of the pen, held her soft, moist little body hard against mine as Whitmore pranced toward me and strangled me around the knees.

"People can move without their little boy's fire truck, but they *can't* move without their baby, so I hid her. I hid her good! And now I bringed her back," he concluded triumphantly, "because we aren't agoing to move. I heard you tell the men!"

Making like a siren, Whitmore banged out the back screen and disappeared up the hill to the carriage house.

"Oh, Whitmore," I said faintly after him. "Oh, darling."

I looked up to see the moving man standing patiently beside me. He leaned over and chucked Juliet under the chin.

"Now that you've found the kid," he said, "what do you say we get on with the moving?"

"Why, naturally," I said. I sailed past him into the living room.

In a few minutes I had my number.

"Hello, dad?" I said, making my voice as bright as possible. "How would you like to drive the fire truck from Westlawn to Pensacola?"

THE END

New! A wet mop that keeps hands dry!

The O-Cedar Sponge Mop ends wringing! It's the most revolutionary household help since the vacuum cleaner!

You simply press the water out of the O-Cedar Sponge Mop with the handy built-in squeezer. No more wringing! Your hands *stay* dry. No need for rubber gloves... no awkward extra attachments on your scrub bucket.





Your hands stay clean, soft, smooth! Now you can use the strongest soaps, the hottest water—*without* harming your hands. With an O-Cedar Sponge Mop your hands stay *lovelier looking* because they need *never* touch water.



You get floors cleaner! O-Cedar's exclusive "wonder working angle" forces mop head to *grip* the surface, *scrub out* stubborn dirt. Thirsty cellulose fibres leave floors dry enough to wax only *minutes* after mopping.

Already proved in practical use in more than a million American homes!

- Beautiful, rust-resistant chrome finish.
- Finest quality cellulose sponge—can't come loose.
- Detachable sponge head—easily sterilized by boiling.
- Full 48 inch handle—reaches high and low.

WRITTEN 5 YEAR GUARANTEE

with every O-Cedar Sponge Mop. (Covers everything but replaceable sponge head.) See your O-Cedar Sponge Mop dealer this week for full details.

O cedar

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

O-Cedar Sponge Mop $3.95 complete

At dealers near you now. Extra sponge refills—$1.49

O-Cedar Corp'n
Chicago, Illinois

O-Cedar of Canada, Ltd.
Toronto, Canada



The Make-Believe Twins

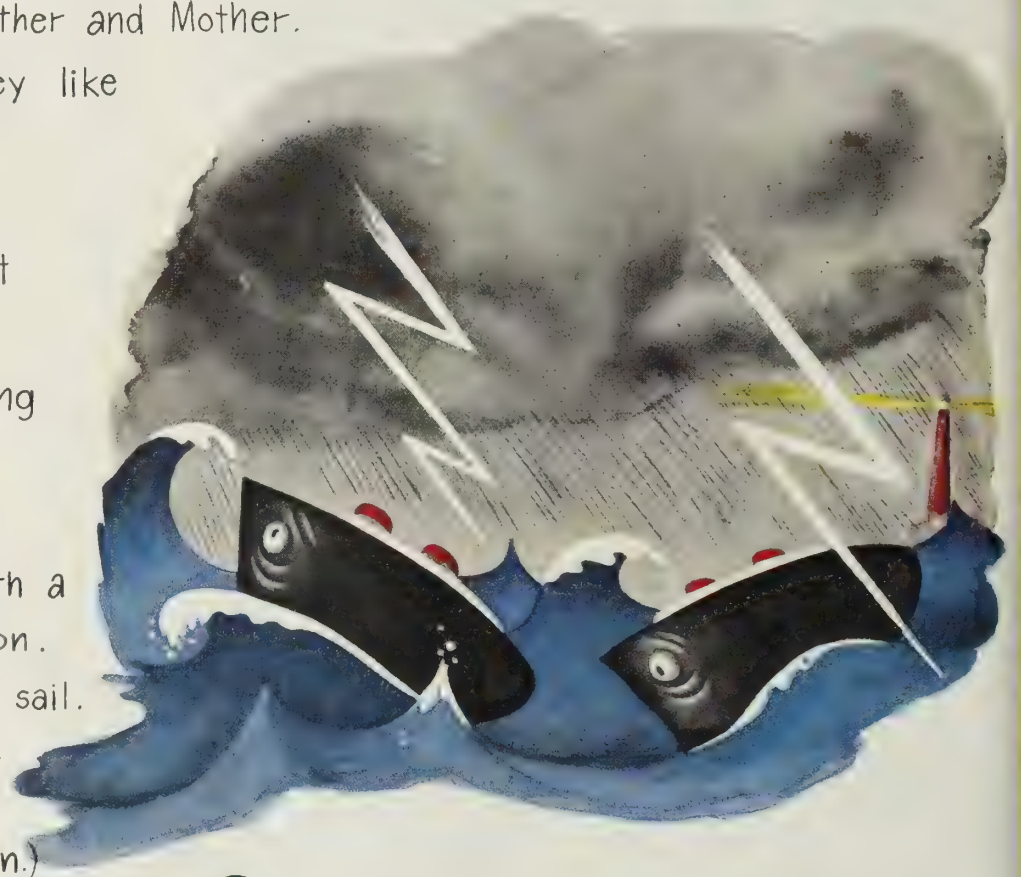
BY PHYLLIS McGINLEY
DRAWN BY
ROBERTA MacDONALD



Peter and **P**enny, the Parker Twins, are almost alike as a **P**air of **P**ins. They live in a house with their Father and Mother.

They like their parents and they like each other. But the game that they like the most, by far, is pretending they're diff'rent from what they are.

For instance, today, they're pretending to be two simply **E**normous ships at sea. They **T**oot their horns with a great commotion. They sail and sail. (The floor's their ocean.)





A **S**torm comes up on one of the trips. For a minute it nearly **S**inks both ships. How the **B**ig waves splash. How frightened the crew! But S.S. **P**enny and **P**ete get through!

And they come to **H**arbor, full steam ahead, in time for **S**upper and **P**rayers and **B**ed





Bringing Up Baby



Hints collected by Mrs. Dan Gerber (Mother of 5)



TIP from a known registered nurse. She says that since most babies keep their fists tightly clenched a large part of the time, baby nail cutting is very difficult. But don't wait until Baby is drowsy after bathing, his hands relax and you can do nail snipping quite easily.

RECOGNIZE THAT SEAL? You've seen it again and again on Gerber's Cereals, Fruits, Vegetables, Desserts and Meats. And don't miss—the seal plainly says that all the good foods your baby likes are approved by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

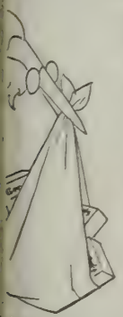


HAVE YOU SEEN or tasted Gerber's Orange Pudding? The latest addition to the family of Strained Foods (Orange-Flavor Fruits, Vegetables, Meats and Desserts). Such a nice change for lunch—or for a between-meal snack. Made with pure orange juice.

SEATING ARRANGEMENT. A Virginia mother offers this helpful hint: She puts baby's car seat in the house. By placing it to a living room chair, the seat is high enough to avoid floor drafts, yet can't possibly tip over. It also provides a convenient eye-level for baby and makes him feel part of the family group.



TIP-UP STUFF. One of our fellow mothers writes, "Aluminum foil is a wonderful cover for an opened container of Gerber's Baby Foods. Press on a small piece before popping the leftovers in the refrigerator. No rubber bands needed. And the 'cover' can be used several times."



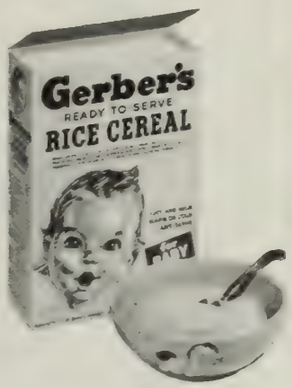
FREE—"QUADS" FOR YOUR SMALL ONE. Yes, new sample boxes of Gerber's 4 Cereals (the brand-new Rice Cereal, Barley Cereal, Strained Oatmeal and Cereal Food). To get these—all ready-to-serve, just drop a card to Dept. 81-1, Fremont, Michigan. In Canada, Gerber-Ogilvie, Niagara Falls, Canada.



Wake Up...

for something as NEW as you

...GERBER'S RICE CEREAL



Yes, a brand-new cereal. And it's just exactly what doctors have been asking for. So many of them said to us, "Can you Gerber folks give us *another* good starting cereal for babies? Rice preferably!" It's ready now. So tasty, so creamy smooth! So digestible! Just what the doctors asked for.

Doctors like all our "quads" (four cereals, that is). First, because each offers good ready-to-serve nutrition. And Gerber's four-way variety makes it easier for you to keep Baby interested in eating cereal every day. Just rotate Gerber's Cereal Food, Strained Oatmeal, Barley Cereal *and* Rice Cereal. Each has its own pleasant flavor. Each contains important added iron, calcium and several B vitamins.

Your best friend is the man with "the little black bag." He helps you keep (or make) Baby well. He helps us develop tempting new foods tots and toddlers need. Preparing everything from Starting Cereals through Junior Foods is a big job. But we like it! And it's *all* we do—from morning till night—every day. It's all we've *been* doing for years and years!

Babies are our business . . . our only business!

Gerber's

BABY FOODS





This ticket is your **ASSURANCE** *of* **GOOD VALUE**



You'll find it identifying a luxurious, combed percale sheet, truly silk-like in quality, smooth, sturdy, long-wearing. In Thomaston Pedigree Combed Percale Sheets you may choose a pure, fleecy white, or your favorite pastel from among these popular colors: Arbutus Pink, Ciro Blue, Spungold Yellow, Willow Green, Cameo Peach, Twilight Grey.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Thomaston Sheets

Other Thomaston Sheet Qualities:

PAGE, TYPE 140 • FIRESIDE, TYPE 128 • TAVERN, TYPE 140 • PILGRIM, TYPE 128

Ask for THOMASTON SHEETS *at your favorite store—a quality for every purse and purpose*

Give your home
SAFETY-FIRST PROTECTION



with Ironing Board Covers of
ASBESTON

- ★ *Made with rock asbestos, they do not burn!*
- ★ *You get beautiful, wrinkle-free work, because Asbeston holds flat and smooth.*
- ★ *Asbeston releases steam and moisture quickly—your iron glides along much faster.*

This patented fabric, an invention of the United States Rubber Company, is used by leading manufacturers to make the world's finest ironing board covers. They're sensationally better than the old-fashioned kind for more efficiency and safety. You'll agree with over 3,000,000 women who praise Asbeston. At fine stores everywhere.

Look for this label . . . and safety

ASBESTON® U.S. ROYAL Fabric

Made by the Textile Division
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

PFAFF
the sewing machine that does everything...

without any extra attachments!



PFAFF SEWING MACHINE CORP.
Dept. C4.
39 Cortland St.,
New York, N. Y.

FEWER WOMEN NOW DIE OF CANCER

(Continued from Page 41)

of Mary's pelvis. When she went home a nurse went with her. By February, 1948, she had gained 25 pounds in weight and by the year's end was doing her own housework and trimming the Christmas tree. There is, three years later, no evidence of recurrence. Her general health is excellent. She is living a normal life with her family. Her doctor says, warily, "She *may* be cured."

At Memorial Hospital they report that there have been about 100 such operations. One quarter of these women are now leading an active domestic or industrial life. Without this radical surgery they would in all probability be dead. In the whole United States there are thousands of deaths annually in this category. It is believed that, with today's knowledge, a good proportion of these could be aided by surgery and their lives prolonged.

At the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research they say that cancer is a little like crab grass in a good lawn: there are various ways of removing it. You can dig it up altogether—by surgery, as in the case of Mary O'Brien. You can burn it out by X rays or radium. These are the established methods. Newer methods are also being tried. One is to explode the weed by means of atomic energy or radioactive isotopes. Cancer of the thyroid gland is, so far, the only type of cancer that has been found entirely suitable for destruction by radioactive isotopes, though some progress is being made in other areas.

Another experimental method of controlling the crab grass in the lawn is by altering the soil so that the wild weed—the cancer cell—can't live, but the domestic plant—the normal cell—will still flourish. If this can be done with the body's soil—the blood—good cells will grow and the cancerous cells will die. Since there is evidence that certain types of cancer of the breast and of the prostate grow best when the "soil" contains certain hormones, new compounds counteracting the effect of the hormones are being tried out with enough success, in some cases, to warrant further attempts along these lines.

Further, nutritional experiments are being carried out in the hope of finding out the relation of cancer to diet. It has been found in many animal experiments that milk (protein) and the B-complex vitamins are of considerable value in preventing cancers. Studies are also being made on what effect restricting calories in the diet has on cancer prevention.

A third method is to poison the weed in such a way that the good grass is not harmed. A form of treatment known as chemotherapy is under way which, it is hoped, will attain this desired result. So far, some progress has been made with chemicals which deprive the cancer cells of nourishment and starve them out. This implies that a food for the weeds must be found, essential to them but not essential to the good plant. This food may then be poisoned or devitalized to kill or starve the cancer cells without hurting normal cells.

THE substance nearest to this objective which has yet been found is antifolic acid. Folic acid is a vitamin, needed for the formation of blood. Antifolic acid, which can be synthesized by chemists, is sufficiently like the vitamin so that the weeds will accept it. From it, however, they will receive no more nourishment than a horse that chews straw in mistake for hay.

Antifolic treatment is sometimes temporarily effective, or partially effective, in acute leukemia, which is cancer of the blood. In this area of research scientists hardly dare pause for breath, because antifolic-acid treatment so far only temporarily arrests acute leukemia in 51 per cent of cases who receive it; and these 51 out of 100, who are almost always young children, are living on borrowed time, waiting for the discovery of a chemical which will produce perma rather than temporary results.

A quick glance at the statistics relatin cancer deaths would seem to indicate th 1950 the deaths from this disease were do those of 25 years ago (there will be an mated 200,000 during 1951). This pictu deceptive, however. We know, for one th that diagnosis is becoming more accu more cases are being discovered and ported each year. Further, according to very complete records at the Metropol Life Insurance Company, we find that death rate from cancer in women has declining since 1932; by 13 per cent in past decade alone. And this despite mor curate diagnoses.

THERE has been no material change in male cancer mortality in the last decade this is in contrast with the marked up trend during many prior years. More a rate diagnoses have added to the numb deaths reported as due to cancer, as has the fact that there are now more men ove

The greatest improvement in mort figures has occurred in cancers of acces locations—that is, the organs which are reached or observable by the physicia the past decade, deaths from cancers o uterus declined by one quarter, from ca of the mouth by almost one third in sex. And there are other figures equall couraging. The answer, of course, is that cancers of accessible sites are more re discovered when they are still localized. early detection many more cancers ca cured than when they have progressed t volve nearby glands organs.

> **Where women are honored, there the gods are pleased.**
> —ARABIC PROVERB.

Correct diagnosi cancer is, obviously great importance in control. Formerly— is, many years ago today in places where are still living in the past, scientifically sp ing—diagnosis was made by touch. We you can tell cancer by touch it's usually late. Even diagnosis by X ray is too c What is needed is a test like the Wa mann test for syphilis, which is simple to administer and to interpret. The ficulty is that cancer may appear in part of the body, including the bones glands or the blood. One definitive te therefore, hard to devise. A test such a Papanicolaou is heading in the right tion. This test was originally used on detect cancer cells of the cervix or o uterus. It is now being used in discov cancers of the stomach and the lungs in early stages. The trouble with it is tha results are still too unsure. For instan the result is positive, a cancer is cert present. But if a result is negative, a c may still be present. It may be too rem situated to have been picked up by the

It is the very complexity of cancer number of types, and places in which it appear—that makes diagnosis difficul the general practitioner. Still, there been vast improvement in recent years. general practitioner is becoming increas cancer-conscious, although the Ame Cancer Society feels that even now th room for improvement. They keep wo at it because to set up special cancer-d tion centers in sufficient numbers wou extremely costly. Many experts feel cancer-detection centers are too costly t erate for the number of cancers they pic not only in money but also in the time highly skilled diagnosticians they ha employ. For instance, during the years through 1948, cancer-detection centers 51,728 examinations, but uncovered onl cases of cancer. That 57 per cent of tho amined had some other condition than cer requiring medical attention prove those who are preventive-medicine-cons (rather than merely cancer-conscious), detection centers are needed, but that should not specialize in one disease only

Of the three factors involved in bringing cancer under control—improved treatment techniques, increased skill in diagnosis, and better educational facilities—education is, in certain aspects, the most important.

Cancer education falls into three categories. One, education of the public to recognize danger signals. Two, education of the general practitioner so that he may know what to look for and what to do about it when he finds it. Three, education of the cancer specialists themselves—which, in the case of research scientists, often takes the form of re-education. All that is needed is that funds should be made available to them, either in the form of grants or fellowships or subsidized hospital appointments.

One of the results of public education is that people no longer feel that cancer is something of which they must be ashamed, to be spoken of in whispers and concealed, even from their own physicians. More people are now aware of the early symptoms or of symptoms which are suspicious, though they may very well not turn out to be cancer. A recent public-opinion survey showed that considerable progress had been made since 1940 in making people aware of the symptoms of the disease: 16 per cent more people were able to name symptoms than were able to in a 1940 survey, and virtually all the symptoms named were in line with what medical authorities look for in cases of suspected cancer.

DIAGNOSIS: CANCER—RECOVERY: PROBABLE

(Continued from Page 41)

wever, you find the discomfort too great will give up internal treatment and at you externally. The only thing is"—broke off, and shot me a keen look—n treatments of this is equal to twenty the others."

"I'll take the ten," I told him.

"Good girl!"

He had told me the truth when he said it uld not be painful. By the fourth day I rned not to tense. I knew that the cone d to fit close over the cervix, and there was certain amount of manipulation necessary adjust it, but except for the actual placent there was no real discomfort.

I developed a peculiar relationship to the -ray machine, with which I was left alone, e door shut, the current on. For me it had a stinct personality. I always felt as if I were seted for those minutes with a visitor from ars.

My days began to form a pattern. Work, eatment, work again, then home. Every y when I left the hospital I had a feeling of hievement. Another day during which sice, doctors and I had fought our battle.

After the fifth day of X ray I became nauated. Not greatly so, no more than most ople taking X ray, but it made me terribly nscious of my illness. I was becoming more d more detached in my attitude toward ople. I felt remote from the ordinary. I d less and less patience with what I conered the pettiness of people.

Listening to them, I wanted to shout, What have *you* got to beef about? You've t your health, haven't you?"

To me that was the only important thing life. If you had your health you had everyling. I felt a deep resentment that good alth is so taken for granted. I quite forgot w thoughtlessly I had accepted my own.

There was no laughter in me these days. stead, tension was mounting, though I new that Dr. T. was pleased with the effect the X rays. My ninth treatment ended ith a thorough examination by means of e tiny periscope through which the docrs could see the infected cervix. The three octors all showed pleasure and optimism.

Perhaps they need not operate after all. I readed an operation. Partly because I idn't like the thought of a hysterectomy, artly for my abnormal fear of anesthesia.

Luck was with me—for after Dr. S. examed me he, too, felt that the X-ray machine as doing what he had hoped it would. Friay afternoon I was given my tenth and nal treatment internally.

LAY awake long hours that night planning ow best to tell all this to mother. I can still ear the quick gasp she gave when I broke he news. She said, very quietly, "Tell me bout it. *Tell me everything.* Don't try to pare me."

There seemed so little to tell! I had a cerical cancer. I had just completed my first ourse of X-ray treatments ——

"What happens now?" she asked.

"Monday I start the second series, which s to be external. Twenty of them. One day n each side of my pelvis, the next day over n my back. They rotate like that until the wenty are finished."

"Then what?"

I gave a reproving shake of my head. "You've got to learn—as I have—not to ask. The only importance is what each day brings forth."

"I'll try to remember," she said.

IN spite of the dosage of X ray being half what the internal ones had been, the new series had a far more devastating effect on my suffering stomach. The rays were penetrating into my intestinal tract and the result was constantly upsetting.

Eating was an ordeal that had to be dealt with, no matter how hateful it was. Dr. H. replaced as best he could the chemicals which X ray was destroying in my system. I ate what seemed handfuls of vitamins. Twice a week a hypodermic of vitamin-B complex was pumped into my arms.

Just after the fifteenth X ray, incessant diarrhea plus radiation cramps was added to my nausea. I gulped down paregoric, gritted my teeth until the spasms of pain subsided, and looked out at the world from hollow, dark-rimmed eyes. At night I would go to bed at ten-thirty or eleven, drop immediately off to sleep, only to wake up a few hours later, and no amount of wooing could bring sleep back. And so I'd get up, go downstairs, turn the phonograph on and let Mozart, or Beethoven, take over. Mozart with his melody, his joyousness; Beethoven's majesty and strength—they were the boys for me.

Then, curiously enough, just before the end of my treatments I seemed to develop a tolerance for the rays and my diarrhea and cramps left me. Even my nausea slackened off.

And now, my last X ray was over! There was to be a week's respite to allow the tender, burned area to rest a bit before Dr. S. attempted an examination to gauge the results.

"Well," said Dr. S., beaming at me after the examination, "I'm very pleased with what I can see. Of course you are too sore and sensitive yet for me to do as extensive an examination as I would like, but things look good to me. How would you like to go about your business and forget all this for a month or so? Come back on June twenty-first, and we'll take another look. How does that sound to you?"

How did that sound to me? Like a symphony in words—that's how it sounded. The sweetest music I had ever listened to.

I am getting well, I am getting well, I am really and truly getting well!

I walked back to my office, my feet keeping time to the rhythm of those words. A whole month—even more than a month—belonged to me. I could eat and drink—go to parties, even give a party if I wanted to! I'd buy a nice dress, buy a spring hat, and get a new permanent wave.

But I could not shake my sense of detachment. Physically, I became the picture of health. My color was back, my eyes bright. I looked better than I had for many months. I could live normally, had regained my lost energy, slept soundly through every night. And yet I was not the same as before.

"It's as if something in me had died," I complained to Dr. H. one day, when I had

Wallace Brown EVERYDAY GREETING CARDS

HIGH QUALITY CARDS THAT COST SO LITTLE IN CAREFULLY PLANNED BOX ASSORTMENTS



Make Extra Money



It's EASY, it's FUN with SAMPLES WE SEND YOU!

Here's a delightful, easy way to make lots of extra money, showing samples and taking orders for nationally known Wallace Brown Greeting Card Assortments. Use your spare time—see your friends, neighbors, co-workers, others. You don't need experience, and you'll enjoy every minute. You've never seen such lovely cards and such amazing values! So many different assortments for ALL Occasions—Birthdays, Anniversaries, Get-Well, Baby-Birth, and other frequent occasions. A host of delightful new ideas in boxed Assortments—like "Feature" All-Occasion, Barrel-of-Fun, Flowers-on-Suede, Stand-Up Flower Boxes, Fluorescent Precious Ones! PLUS fast selling specialty and gift items to increase your earnings . . . sensational-value Gift Wrappings, scented Gold 'n Roses Personal Notes, Stationery Ensemble, Mandarin Correspondence Notes, and many others.

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON FOR SAMPLES

Simply fill out and mail coupon below—now. Get gorgeous "Feature" All-Occasion Assortment plus thrilling Barrel-of-Fun Assortment—and everything else you need to start making money quick with our entire line. You'll be happy you did—so act at once.

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. R-9, 225 Fifth Ave., NewYork 10, N.Y.

Above you see only a few of the many exciting, big-value Wallace Brown Box Assortments and Gift Items—all fast sellers, all nationally advertised. Rush coupon for samples.

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. R-9, 225 Fifth Ave., NewYork 10, N.Y.
I would like to make extra money. Please send me ON APPROVAL two sample boxes: the new All-Occasion "Feature" Assortment and the novel Barrel-of-Fun Assortment.
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

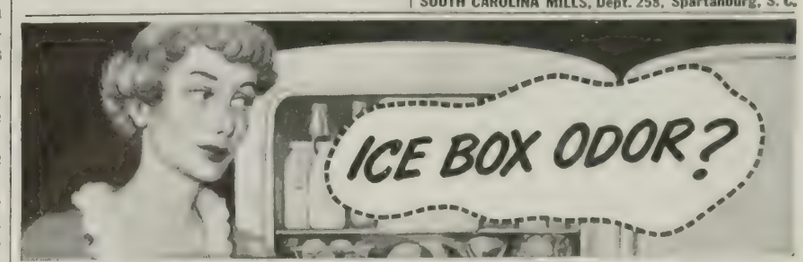
Lady, are your tack marks showing?
THIS
WALL-TO-WALL CARPET installed with *Smoothedge* has *added beauty*—no ugly tack marks, scallops, or dust-catching indentations. *Easier to keep clean.* Write to *Smoothedge* today for FREE color book "Working Magic with a Carpet."
Smoothedge
NOT THIS
1530 N. Indiana St., Los Angeles 63, Calif.

MAKE EXTRA MONEY
FREE SAMPLE STOCKING AND MONEY-MAKING PLAN
NYLONS that WON'T RUN!
Make extra money showing and taking orders for amazing nylons, guaranteed RUN-PROOF! Many times more wear per pair. Spare time money, without experience. Get personal hosiery [illegible] Sample stocking FREE! AMERICAN HOSIERY MILLS, Dept. M-156, Indianapolis 7, Ind.

FREE! 1951 EDITION RUGMAKER'S GUIDE
COMPLETE GUIDE to BRAIDING & HOOKING
SAVE up to 50%
Braiders! Hookers! This amazing book shows how to get FREE Burlap patterns worth up to 3.95. Shows how to make rugs the easy "Gibson Way"! Complete instructions, over 30 different patterns, yarn samples, wool piece swatches, and Braid-Magic samples included plus stamped goods, gift, hobby suggestions. Send 10c to cover postage, handling.
GIBSON MILLS INC. Dept. J1
Box 181, Canal St. Sta., New York 13, N. Y.

FREE CATALOG
SAVE ON Cottons!

Substantial savings on hundreds of selected Cottons! Buy direct from famous cotton specialists! Beautiful styles, fabrics, household Cottons . . . all fine guaranteed quality! Join the hundreds of thousands who buy and save year 'round . . . outfit entire family and home! Get FREE CATALOG to show you how NOW. Send your name and address TODAY!
SOUTH CAROLINA MILLS, Dept. 258, Spartanburg, S. C.

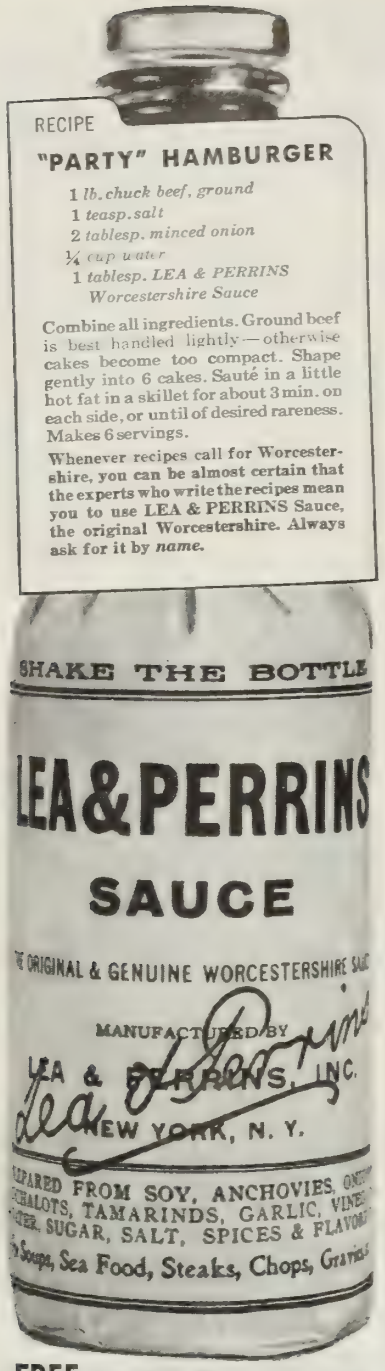


22 leading refrigerator manufacturers say:
CLEAN WITH SODA!

● Soda sweetens as it cleans, removes sour, musty odors that adhere to enamel! Just sprinkle soda on damp cloth and wipe inner surfaces. Soda emulsifies greasy film, cleans without scouring. No suds, no grit to rinse away—no "cleanser odor" to cling to food. Wash ice trays in soda solution. Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda is pure Bicarbonate of Soda, U.S.P. Safe, and costs less than ½¢ a week!



P. S. Bake cakes with soda for more velvety texture



FREE Recipe Book. Write Lea & Perrins, Inc. 241 West St., New York 13, Dept. L-1.



P.S. Fill draft cracks around doors and windows with PLASTIC WOOD

EXTRA MONEY NEWS EXTRA
BIG EARNINGS SHOWING GREETING CARDS
WETMORE & SUGDEN, Inc., Dept. 21-K
749 MONROE AVE., ROCHESTER 2, NEW YORK

AT LAST! SOMETHING NEW AND SENSATIONAL IN EVERYDAY CARDS
21 FOR $1
MAKE Extra MONEY FAST
Superb Satin Velour and Metallic
PURO CO., 2801 Locust, Dept. 113-A, St. Louis 3, Mo.

come for one of my B-complex shots. "I just don't *feel*. There are no heights or depths to living. Do you think those X rays have dried up my emotions along with everything else?"

He laughed. "Your emotions are there," he told me, "but they are still asleep. You put them to sleep when you learned you were seriously ill."

I shot him a narrow glance. "You never say the word, do you? In all this time I've yet to hear the word *cancer* used by any doctor. You call it 'the thing you have,' or 'in an illness such as yours,' or 'in cases like this,' but never 'cancer.' Why?"

"Because most people would be too frightened if we used it to them."

"I think you ought to say it. I believe half the fear of cancer is that the word is so withheld."

"You aren't finding it necessary to assuage another's fear. You have been able to conquer your own fright. But suppose you had a husband who was mortally afraid of cancer? You'd have to be as guarded as we are. Or maybe your ten-year-old comes home from school almost hysterical because another kid has told him that when people have cancer they die, and he knows his own mother has cancer. Secrecy doesn't always denote cowardice. . . . Now do you want to know more about those sleeping emotions of yours?"

He explained to me that the shock of discovering I had cancer had aroused all my deepest emotions. Instinctively my mind had protected itself by refusing to permit further shock. It had buried my emotions so deeply that ordinary happenings couldn't reach them.

"What will wake them up?" I wanted to know.

"Time. Or if something happened to you that caused intense pain, either physically or mentally."

"I'll settle for 'time,'" I said, preparing to leave.

And then, suddenly, came the red-letter day on which my daughter came home from college.

It took me two hours to find the right instant, and then I told her, making my voice casual and relaxed.

Her face became almost stern in its graveness as I talked. She said passionately, "Why didn't you write me? You should have written me about it."

I saved myself the need of answering by bursting into tears.

Then came a memorable period, from June 12th to June 21st. I fitted back into the old life as if I had never left it. I knew the normalcy of a scheduled day, free from bodily constraint and the canker of dread. Grateful for what had again been granted me, I was happy with a new, undemanding happiness.

But June 21st came and I was again taking the familiar walk between office and hospital.

In Dr. S.'s office we had our usual chat. No, I wasn't constipated. Yes, I still had a discharge.

I got undressed. Took my accustomed place on the examining table.

THE instant he touched my cervix I had a sense of foreboding. It was very painful. Almost as painful as the first examination in his office had been. I could see Dr. S.'s grave, intent face.

"I'm disappointed in the results of the X ray," he said quietly. "I'm afraid the treatments haven't done all we had hoped they would. So now we'll add something else. Radium. Can you come to the hospital Monday? You'll be here for about four or five days."

I asked, not caring how childish I sounded, "Will it hurt?"

He smiled at me and shook his head. "You won't know a thing about it. It's done under deep anesthesia."

I wanted so desperately to smile back, but my disappointment was so bitter I could taste it. Instead I turned my head away so that he wouldn't see my tears.

I stood up, feeling as if my knees didn't quite belong to me.

"Did the X ray do *anything?*"

"Of course it did *something*. But not enough. I hope radium will do the rest."

You hope, I thought bitterly. *Hope again. I can't exist on hope.*

I left him, stopped off at the laboratory for a blood count, as he had told me to do, then took the elevator downstairs.

Room 705 was painted a cool, serene green. It was a nice room, I decided. Small, but with a big, comfortable chair before the window. In this hospital Betsy had been born. I could feel myself smiling when I thought of the fat, red little baby she had been.

The screen door of my room opened and a nurse came in. She told me to get undressed, since my supper tray was on the way.

"I don't have to go to bed, do I?" I asked.

The nurse was turning the bed down, giving it that flick of the covers which left it with a bandbox look. "I think you'd better. We'll prepare you as soon as you finish your tray."

Nine o'clock, and the hospital deadline for visitors came before I realized it. Betsy put a final touch to my first bouquet, and gave me a tight hug.

A little knock on the door and the nurse entered, a sleeping pill folded in tissue. We

No Qualifications

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

I'd marry him if he were rich,
Or were the gorgeous stuff of which
A dreamboat's fashioned. Further, I'd
Be glad to be his blushing bride
If he were famous or a hero.
But since his score is total zero
On all these counts, I will be his
If I can catch him as he is!

said good night, and I took up the gory-titled, paper-backed who-done-it which I had brought with me. I read only a short while before I reached for the pill and gulped it down.

Logic told me, the next morning, that there are all sorts of reasons why a hospital must bestir itself at the ungodly hour it does. No day is ever long enough to complete all the innumerable tasks which confront the nurses and the staff of any hospital. Nevertheless, a patient must have the qualities of Job not to be annoyed at the early-morning bustle that comes between him and sleep. Who, in a hospital bed, has not restrained the fierce impulse to bite the hand thrusting a glass thermometer under his tongue at six A.M.? Who has not winced at the crescendo of metal basins and bedpans?

This morning I was not even to have the dissipation of breakfast. I read, with my usual lack of comprehension, the unraveling of the mystery story I had started the night before, and tried to fill the monotony of the time between six and eight-thirty, when my daughter was to arrive and stay with me for a moment.

Shortly before ten I was given a hypo and decked in the appalling garb of the operating-room subject. Soon my arm was being strapped to a board, and I saw a big syringe such as is used for transfusions.

"What happens now?" I asked, when the needle was inserted.

"See this little valve at the side of the needle? We turn it just a little bit. You'll taste something sweetish ——"

The next move I made was in my room, three quarters of an hour later. Through the haze of returning consciousness my first thought was, *So that is Pentothal Sodium! What a miracle thing it is!*

"You must lie as still as you possib can," a voice was saying. "If you mo about the radium may move too. Stay your back, and don't get over onto your si no matter how much you may want to."

Yet undisciplined by pain, I moved e perimentally. A thousand devils gave n lower regions a vicious stab. I drew my le up, only to have them gently pushed dov again. I felt a dragging weight between ther In its heaviness, pain was centered. Co stant, never-ending pressure, and pain.

Presently I was aware that mother was the room. She was talking to me, telling n that Dr. S. was extremely hopeful of my r covery. In a little while she left, and I doz again.

The next time I opened my eyes Dr. was standing there. He explained that he ha left orders for an opiate to be given any tim I wanted it. Even as he spoke, I knew t prick of a needle. Slowly the ruthless gra of pain relaxed its grip.

BETSY came. She sat by my bed, her han in mine. Although the sharpness of pain ha been dulled by drugs, the dragging pressu and weight were always there. I slept son more, and when I woke Betsy had gone. looked about me, seeing three or four vases flowers that had not been there in the mor ing. Their loveliness gave me comfort, an a sense of being loved.

The night wore on. My pain and I ha made up a sort of game that we played t gether. My pain was the ocean. I was floa ing on my back, and pain would send gre swells that lifted me up. As long as I didn struggle, made no attempt to escape, I cou stay on the surface.

Every three hours, without my calling, th nurse would come quietly, with the blesse needle. I grew to believe that she was psy chic. So great was her sense of the momen when the sea I had evolved threatened t drown me.

In the morning Betsy caught me in tear Two burning areas had suddenly attache themselves to my back, and added to th ache of keeping perfectly still. Yet when asked to have the electric fan turned on th faint, rhythmic hum seemed to come fro inside my brain and I preferred the heat t the confusion of the fan's noise.

So Betsy found me crying. She laid he cool, young face in the palm of my hand, s that by moving my fingers I could cup he chin and feel that I held something fro which I could draw a reason for facing th day.

Dr. S. came.

"Someone told me that radium wouldn hurt," I said.

"It doesn't, usually," the doctor sai "But with you we're using a somewhat di ferent technique. The rubber gadget hol ing the radium entered your body perfectl flat, and then, after it was inside, a sprin was pressed and the disk opened wide lik a mushroom. This allows it to cover a fa wider area than otherwise. It is somethin Dr. T. thought up. You are the first to hav it used."

Even days such as this one do eventuall end. Darkness falls, the soft night sounds o the hospital tell you that time is wearing on At four A.M., when the nurse slips in, hardl visible in the dim light, she says, "It's al most over."

A few hours later—at ten in the morn ing—the radium was removed. By ten-five had been on my side for four of those min utes. I stretched, moved about, and finall dangled my legs over the side of the bed. A if this freedom were not enough, I stood u on rubber legs, and sat down abruptly a they suddenly gave way.

I got up, forced myself to walk the thou sand miles between my bed and the lavatory which until then had been only a couple o yards away, and crawled back into bed, dizzy from the effort.

It was then I met the second deadly enemy of my disease—exhaustion.

When I left the hospital it was to go to my mother's house. Even I had sense enough

(Continued on Page 136)

...k, quick, quick—Smack, smack, smack!



LEFTOVER-MEAT TREAT . . . IN 40 MINUTES!

Rice Stuffed Peppers. Combine ⅔ cup Minute Rice, 1 cup diced cooked meat, 1 cup canned tomatoes, ¼ cup chopped onion, ½ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper. Cut 4 green peppers lengthwise, fill with rice mixture. Salt and pepper 1¼ cups canned tomatoes, put in skillet. Arrange peppers on top, cover, cook 30 minutes or until tender. Serves 4. The way Minute Rice picks up and *holds* the savory juices is amazing!

BUFFET INSPIRATION . . . IN 25 MINUTES!

Curried Rice with Creamed Eggs. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in saucepan, add ¼ cup chopped onion, 1 package (1⅓ cups) Minute Rice. Sauté until rice is golden brown; stir constantly. Add ½ teaspoon curry powder, ¾ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups water. Bring to full boil, boil 2 minutes. Remove from heat, cover, let stand 10 minutes. Serve with creamed eggs—speedy Minute Rice will be ready before they are! Serves 4.

PRE-COOKED RICE IN A PACKAGE—

sensational,
that's what it is!

★ NO WASHING!
★ NO RINSING!
★ NO DRAINING!
★ NO STEAMING!
★ PERFECT RICE EVERY TIME!

Imagine serving fluffy, snow-white rice—without a bit of fuss or bother! *Now it can be done!*

For here's fancy, long-grained rice—*pre-cooked* by a patented process. You just dump Minute Rice in water, bring it to a boil. No more cooking's needed. So enjoy grand rice dishes often . . . keep this amazing Minute Brand product on your shelf.



FLAVORY BARBECUE . . . IN 20 MINUTES!

Barbecue Plate. Big hit for your fireside supper . . . and you bring it out like a rabbit from a hat with your pre-cooked Minute Rice! Prepare 1 package (1⅓ cups) Minute Rice as directed. Serve with Birds Eye Lima Beans and broiled frankfurters. Top with this *Barbecue Sauce:* Combine 1 cup chili sauce, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 3 onion slices, few drops pepper sauce. Simmer 5 minutes. Serves 4.

DINNER DE LUXE . . . IN 30 MINUTES!

Vegetable Rice Ring. What rice but Minute Brand could lightning-change your bit of creamed chicken or fish into a delicious hearty meal for 6? Prepare 1 package (1⅓ cups) Minute Rice as directed. Remove from heat, cover, let stand 10 minutes. Add 3 tablespoons butter, dash of pepper, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion; blend. Add 2 cups cooked or canned peas. Shape into ring, fill center with chicken à la king or creamed fish.

For perfect rice
without the work
★★★ pre-cooked

MINUTE BRAND RICE

A Product of General Foods

"SEE! Sofskin did wonders for my rough DRYSKIN HANDS!"



Wonderful new cream softens 3 Kinds of Dryskin!



Soapy-water chapping . . . Dishwashing makes hands look *older*. Use Sofskin for a younger look!

Hard-water dryness . . . Hands feel dry, drawn! See how Sofskin softens your dry, surface skin!

Cold-weather roughness . . . Hands rough, red? Sofskin's creamy richness beautifies!

YOUR DRYSKIN HANDS FEEL SMOOTHER, LOOK YOUNGER...IN SECONDS!

The moment you smooth on Sofskin Creme, your hands feel the difference! Dry surface skin seems to lap up its creamy goodness. For this amazing cream *penetrates* . . . doesn't just slick the top. Made with true skin-softeners, it smooths 3 kinds of dryskin . . . cold-weather roughness, soapy-water chapping, hard-water dryness. Suddenly you, too, have 'Sofskin' Hands . . . lovely to his eyes, thrilling to his touch!



So successful, 3 out of 5 who try it, buy it! Available at all drug and cosmetic counters.

Sofskin Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. **CREME**

GET BIG 25¢ JAR luxurious Sofskin ONLY 10¢

MAIL TODAY! Send coin — no stamps

Sofskin Co., Dept. 103, Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me big 25¢ jar of luxurious Sofskin Creme. I enclose 10¢ in coin.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone ____ State ____

(Continued from Page 134)

to admit my inability to go to my own home. I had begun to experience the peculiar devastation that plagues any change of life, even that brought on by radiation—hot flashes. They had started the morning of the day I left the hospital, and were to shatter my morale for many days to come, a strange and burning inward fire, and I couldn't sleep.

Supine, my backache increased. I thought of a heating pad, then remembered heat was not allowed because of the dark, sore spots which X-ray treatments had left on my back and on either side of my pelvis in front. They were the "sunburn" of X ray.

WHEN finally I was able to return home, I had one objective in life—returning to work. I knew my strength was utterly inadequate now. But I planned a secret "training course" by which it was to be gradually increased until I would be strong enough to cope with normal routine.

I could hardly wait for Betsy to leave the house these mornings, so that I could begin my "schedule" of physical effort. I had gauged the amount of strength which would be expended in order to take a train into town, taking a taxi to the office, the chitchat always necessary while waiting for the elevator, and finally settling down at my desk. That, I surmised, was about equal to a short walk around the garden. So I took my garden walk, and invariably returned sopping with perspiration, and dizzy with fatigue. Four trips up and down the stairs, on purposelessly thought of errands, was equivalent to the number of times I needed to leave my desk during my day at the office.

My strength did not return by leaps and bounds. But I was content with the gradual realization that it was indeed increasing.

Finally, three weeks later, I went back to work and two weeks later I went once more to see Dr. S.

"Well," said Dr. S., "you're getting along fine. The ulcerated area has healed, but you must be very careful to keep it clean with saline douches twice a day. You'll find a discharge might occur every once in a while, because radiation continues for several months, and there will be some dead tissue sloughing off. If you have any show of blood, which I don't expect, come in right away."

I looked at him incredulously. "You mean I'm *well?*"

His eyes met mine for a long moment before he answered.

"Let's put it that you are *getting* well, and that your response to this treatment has been excellent, with indications of *permanent* recovery. As you perhaps know, you will be closely watched during the next five years. A patient who has been ill with cancer is under more surveillance than in any other disease. So don't think we're parting company now."

As I dressed I caught s[ight] mirror. I stared at myself, [for the] last I could consider myself hon[est] road back to health—health which [I] guard carefully, and never again take [for] granted.

I went back to his office and found Be[tsy] waiting there for me.

"This time I'm really better," I told h[im]. "The ulcer has healed, and I don't need a[ny] further treatment."

She looked at me dazedly. "Does th[at] mean you're well?"

"Nobody who has had cancer can say th[at] for sure, darling," I said. "But it means th[at] I'm going to be watched like a hawk, and [for] time the chances are I will be consider[ed] permanently well. I'll never be well as y[ou] are well, but I can live normally and happi[ly] and wisely."

A slow wonderful smile spread over [her] face.

The story of my illness is almost told. B[ut] it is a story without an ending.

For I am well, but the shadow of my illn[ess] still falls over the pattern of normal livi[ng]. There are bouts of tiredness, restlessness a[nd] nervous tension.

Yet I have no regrets that I was ill. Exce[pt] that I still cringe when I recall my negligen[ce] and blindness toward my early symptoms.

It seems to me that, in many ways, t[he] knowledge gained in my sick days m[ore] than compensates for the misery of them.

You cannot go to a clinic, as I did d[ay] after day, and fail to be impressed by the u[n]ceasing efforts of doctors to combat canc[er]. You cannot fail to be encouraged.

I KNOW that many doctors feel that the da[rk] in which a patient is kept, regarding the tr[ue] nature of his disease, is necessary becau[se] they are afraid the patient cannot face t[he] truth. But I think often the doctor und[er]estimates the *moral fiber* of his patient. I b[e]lieve that, after the initial shock and terr[or] most cancer patients will adjust to the trut[h] and start searching within themselves f[or] means to fight, spiritually as well as phys[i]cally, the cancer which is their enemy.

Could it be that a *recovered* patient mig[ht] be able to help with the morale of a man [or] woman who has fallen prey to cancer?

Much of my own mental agony was fear [of] the unknown. In telling my story I ha[ve] tried, to the best of my ability, to draw th[e] picture of a woman who has fought cancer [and] and lived to tell the tale.

It is a story meant for the well who becom[e] sick—and the sick who are to become we[ll]. And it is written with the profound hope th[at] it may make the path of illness an easier o[ne] to walk.

This is my story. It might be yours. An[d] that is the reason for telling it. THE EN[D]



"Everybody thinks I cut it myself!"

dies' Home

The Magazine Women Believe In

February 1951 • 25c

Journal

PUBLIC LIBRARY



MY SON DIED IN KOREA — In pride, humility and hope, a mother tells of her son

Complete in this issue — by Lois Edwards



You can keep your whole mouth healthier, more wholesome—even your breath sweeter, cleaner—by guarding against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. So don't risk halfway dental care. Always use two-way Ipana cleansing—for healthier teeth and healthier gums—better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

Fight tooth decay, guard your gums—

to keep your Whole Mouth Healthier!



Two-way Ipana cleansing* helps protect your teeth and gums both!

Are you doing all you should to keep your whole mouth healthier? Not unless you follow the advice of dentists—fight tooth decay and guard gums, too.

***You help guard your teeth and gums BOTH—by brushing and massaging the way your dentist directs—and by using famous Ipana Tooth Paste.**

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to fight tooth decay. And proper massaging with Ipana does more than that—its cleansing action actually helps keep your gums healthy, too.

Remember, with Ipana cleansing you can get the doubly-protective care that dentists say you need for a healthier mouth.

Start using Ipana today—to keep your *whole* mouth *healthier*. You'll like Ipana's flavor, too—so refreshing. Get a tube of Ipana now!

Teach your children *two-way* Ipana care

To help your youngsters grow up with healthier, cleaner mouths, show them how to fight tooth decay and guard their gums, too. Remember, tooth decay hits *9 out of 10* children before the age of six. And later in life, gum troubles cause *more than half* of all tooth losses. So start your children today on the Ipana way to healthier teeth and healthier gums *both*. Ipana is another dependable Bristol-Myers product.

SAVE! Buy the big *economy size* Ipana!



IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

You'll tip your hat to this topping!

Rich and delicate...it's the world's most famous cream cheese...Philadelphia Brand *whipped!*



TWO POPULAR SIZES: 3 oz. a favorite for 70 years

½ lb. saves you as much as 12%

Enjoy the KRAFT TV THEATRE Brilliant drama every Wednesday evening, NBC-TV.

Look for the red Kraft K. Only Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese has it on the package!

Other cream cheeses are in *similar* blue and silver packages. To help you pick the *real thing* at a glance, look for the red K on every package of famous Philadelphia Brand.



TRICK FROM A TRICORN. George Washington, his cherry tree, his three-cornered hat and famous "Philadelphia" Cream Cheese provide the inspiration for this dandy dessert. Easy to fix, too!

Cut unbaked pastry into circles about six inches in diameter. Prick with a fork. Cut heavy aluminum foil into circles the same size. Place pastry circles on foil circles, and shape into triangular shells by pressing the foil into three-cornered molds. Bake in hot oven, 425°, until done. Cool and remove the foil molds. Heat cherries, sweeten to taste, thicken slightly with cornstarch. When cool, fill shells.

THE TOPPING TRICK: Add a little milk to rich, delicate Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese and whip with a spoon until light and fluffy. Pack into a pastry tube; force a rosette of this refreshing, creamy-white topping onto each tricorn.

CORRECTION! Some folks have the mistaken idea that just *any* cream cheese is "Philadelphia." "Philadelphia" is *not* a *type* of cheese; it is the *brand name* of the world's most famous cream cheese. Philadelphia Brand is *so superior* it outsells all other brands of cream cheese combined. Look for the red K and insist on *genuine* Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese.

THERE'S ONLY ONE "PHILADELPHIA" CREAM CHEESE...

THE BRAND MADE BY KRAFT AND GUARANTEED FRESH!

VOL. LXVIII NO. 2

JOURNAL

CONTENTS

FEBRUARY, 1951

Introducing—

When, in 1941, ***Lois Edwards*** married a colonel in the Royal Canadian Air Force, she went to live on a training station in his command—the only woman among 6000 men. "I set up a library there for the bored," she tells us. "Circulation jumped from 70 a month to 3000. (I am very proud of this.)" Later, the couple moved to London, "but we were bombed out of three houses and it seemed economically unsound, somehow." On the literary side, she says she has no message at all. "I want to tell a tale that people will want to listen to. I think that is a wonderful thing to do." We think so too. Read her novel, *My Heart in Hiding*, page 34, to see if you agree ● ***Robert N. Taylor,*** assistant editor in our art department, says the dream of his life is to have a nice, airy studio at home. He had one once, but offspring have crowded him and his lithograph stone down into the cold, dark basement. Currently, he is working on five canvases at once with one hand and fending off children and cats with the other—wearing gloves on *both*. Next to art and his family, Bob is a slave to his Sunday-school class—a dozen untamed twelve-year-old boys. "It's one way to test your faith," he says. ● A while back photographer ***Esther Bubley*** wanted someone to adopt a cat she said was "handsome, neuter, alley, one year old, spoiled, with literary inclinations." Like many a writer, this cat was always tangling with the typewriter ribbon—and that shouldn't happen to a dog. We remarked that a cat that had *any* use for a typewriter was too smart a cat to give away. "Oh, I dunno," Esther said. "It never gets anything *published*." It has now ● ***Travis Mason*** (*Stood Up*, page 38) was "stood up" by her young daughter who confided: "Mommy says she is going to keep right on being twenty-eight, but she's more than forty, already." "I *am* not!" her mother said. Am not what?

KARSH



Lois Edwards.

DI PIETRO



Bob Taylor.

BUBLEY



Literary cat.



Travis Mason and daughters.

My Heart in Hiding . . . . . *Lois Edwards* 34

Memorial to a Bad Man . . . . . *George Bradshaw* 36
Stood Up . . . . . *Travis Mason* 38
Because She Was Like Me . . . . . *Gertrude Schweitzer* 56

The Women's Revolution in the Arab World . *Dorothy Thompson* 11
A Scout Grows Straight . . . . . *E. J. Thomas* 11
Tell Me Doctor—No. 13 . . . . . *Henry B. Safford, M. D.* 31
My Son Died in Korea . . . . . *Mrs. David S. De Vault* 40
Our Own Young Marrieds . . . . . *Nora O'Leary* 41
There's a Man in the House . . . . . *Harlan Miller* 52
Why Not Draft Women? . . . . . *Mildred McAfee Horton* 53
Baby's First Year . . . . . *Photos by Wayne Miller* 60
How America Lives: A Home of Their Own . . *Joan Younger* 111
The Make-Believe Twins—No. 2 *Phyllis McGinley and Roberta MacDonald* 172

Our Readers Write Us 5
Under-Cover Stuff . . . . . *Bernardine Kielty* 14
Classroom on Tour . . . From Indiana 23
Widening Horizons . . . . . *Margaret Hickey* 23
Reference Library 24
Making Marriage Work . . . . . *Clifford R. Adams* 26
I Never Know What to Say (The Sub-Deb) *Edited by Jan Weyl* 28
Fifty Years Ago in the Journal • Journal About Town 33
Ask Any Woman . . . . . *Marcelene Cox* 91
Diary of Domesticity . . . . . *Gladys Taber* 128
Don't Overstress "Regularity" . . . *Dr. Herman N. Bundesen* 161
This is a Stove-Meddler . . . . . *Munro Leaf* 167

A New Gray Suit . . . . . *Ruth Mary Packard* 48
To Knit, to Trim . . . . . *Wilhela Cushman* 50
I Lost 100 Pounds . . . . . *As told to Jean Z. Owen* 124

Roses are Red, Violets are Blue . . . . . *Ann Batchelder* 54
As You Like It . . . . . *Gladys Taber* 58
Line a Day . . . . . *Ann Batchelder* 62
Conversation Piece . . . . . *Ruth Mills Teague* 111
Thrifty Meals Italian Style . . . . . *Louella G. Shouer* 148
Quick and Easys for Two . . . . . *Louella G. Shouer* 180

Valley Forge . . . . . *Richard Pratt* 42
Friendly Modern . . . . . *H. T. Williams* 46
A Corner in Bloom . . . . . *Richard Pratt* 133
A Fresh Color Scheme for $136 . . . . . *Henrietta Murdock* 158

Tree Man . . . . . *Nancy Byrd Turner* 67
Wisdom . . . . . *Jane H. Merchant* 77
It's All Right . . . . . *William Stafford* 101
Time Was . . . . . *Herbert Merrill* 113
Ninon Lenclos . . . . . *Ethel Barnett de Vito* 120
Near Neighbor . . . . . *R. H. Grenville* 151
Marriage Anniversary . . . . . *Joseph Auslander* 163
As a Slender Reed . . . . . *Katherine Fernelius* 177

CHANGE OF ADDRESS Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address:
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA 5, PA.
Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The post office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Ladies' Home Journal, copyright 1951 by The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published on last Friday of month preceding date by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second Class Matter May 6, 1911, at the Post Office at Philadelphia under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters in all stories are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S. and Possessions, Canada, Costa Rica, Cuba, Nicaragua, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Panama, Philippine Islands, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America except the Guianas: 1 yr., $3; 2 yrs., $5; 3 yrs., $7; 4 yrs., $9. Other countries, 1 yr., $6. Remit by money order or draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. funds. All prices subject to change without notice. All subscriptions must be paid for in advance.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

The Curtis Publishing Company. Walter D. Fuller, Chairman of the Board; Robert K. MacNeal, President; Arthur W. Kohler, Vice-President and Advertising Director; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Vice-President; Cary W. Bok, Vice-President; Lewis W. Trayser, Vice-President and Director of Manufacturing; Benjamin Allen, Vice-President and Director of Circulation; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Richard Ziesing, Jr., Manager of Ladies' Home Journal. The Company also publishes The Saturday Evening Post, Country Gentleman, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

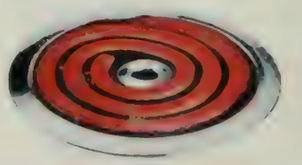
…he world!

…ire's low-priced "Thrifty-30"
…t oven of any household range!

…U WANT to bake six pies at a time—or serve …rse dinner—all you need is Frigidaire's …! It's perfect for small kitchens, small … families. Because this wonderful range …30 inches wide gives you practically all …s of much larger, costlier ranges.
… to the giant oven, this Model RM-35 …*ur* Radiantube Cooking Units; the Cook-… Clock Control that lets you cook whole …*tically;* acid-resisting Lifetime Porcelain, …t; and many other "big range" advantages, …igidaire quality construction throughout. …y, and learn how easy—and *economical* …ng can be!

…adiantube Cooking Units—
…d thriftiest in Frigidaire History!

…actually cook …less current. …an ever before …surface comes …nsils. And they …of 5 controlled …get the same …y time.





…igidaire Electric Range is your assurance of …convenience, economy, dependability and …Frigidaire America's No. 1 Refrigerator.

You'll tip

to this to

Rich and delicate...i enly world's most famous cheese...Philadelphia why



TWO POPULAR SIZES: 3 oz. a favorite for 70 years

½ lb. saves you as much as 12%

P-U-N.

rom

Look for the Philadelphi Cheese has it

Other cream chees silver packages. T thing at a glance, l package of famou

THERE'S ONLY ONE "PHILADELP

THE BRAND MADE BY hy, have colors."

THE NEIGHBORS



POLLYANNA TYPE: "Oh, I like washing them. So light, you know. And that sunrise peach is so pretty on the line! Color-fast, too."



DECORATOR: "So I gave the painter a Cannon Percale Sheet in aquamarine, and said, 'There! Match that!' "



GARDEN CLUBBER: "A new rose. Exquisite, isn't it? Just the color of my shell pink Cannon Percales."



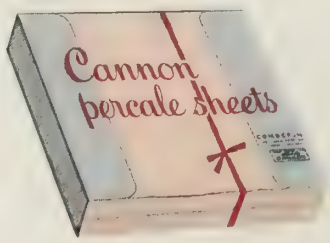
ADVICE-GIVER: "Marvelous color, those lagoon green sheets. Perfect with your hair. But do wear a rosier lipstick. And pink night-gowns, please!"

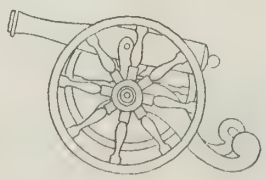


POOR-ME GIRL: "Everybody seems to have Cannon Percales now but us. How much? Is that all? Well, maybe I will, too!"



BIG-HOUSE HOSTESS: "Now for my mother-in-law... a pink rose on the breakfast tray. And use the cloud grey Cannon Percales."





Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

COPR. 1951, CANNON MILLS, INC.

CANNON PERCALE SHEETS—THEY'RE COMBSPUN

TRADE MARK CANNON

CANNON TOWELS • STOCKINGS • BLANKETS • BEDSPREADS • CANNON MILLS, INC., N.Y. 13, N.Y.

Our Readers Write us

The Lost Chord

Basle, Switzerland, Petersgraben

Dear Editors: Sometimes (being a European) I grow tired of watching Americans being successful, optimistic and self-satisfied. The fascinating story of Ethel Waters' life went right to my heart. And now I simply must tell you how deeply touched I am by the articles of Dorothy Thompson and Walter Lippmann. This time they certainly struck the key note which harmonizes with European tunes. That's the spirit!

I live in the one country where for generations the United States of Europe is already in existence, and where it works well. My country has had the leisure (thanks to neutrality) to cultivate a fine human spirit, good social conditions and a deep honest love for liberty, fraternity, equality. This was tested in 1940 when a fourth of our population (one million out of four) were in arms, including women, boys and sexagenarians—all of them ready and equipped to defend their ideals and the borders of Switzerland.

And it was in reading Dorothy Thompson and Walter Lippmann that for the first time since the war I felt the close relationship between you and us. Please give them my love and my thanks!

Yours truly,
LOU ZINSSTAG

Husband Finds Out

Jefferson City, Missouri

Dear Editors: I have been a JOURNAL fan for years, but not until recently did my husband become a booster. He had always believed that "LADIES' ONLY" was a part of the title. However, after reading His Eye is on the Sparrow and Communities Face Their Slums, he said:

"Say, that magazine doesn't mind coming to grips with real issues."

Sincerely,
MRS. C. A. PADEN

What Can a Girl Believe?

Cobleskill, New York

Dear Editors:

Deborah's eyes are big with wonder,
Dark as the sky the earth sleeps under.

A big black dog with a raggedy tail
Just took a drink from an old tin pail.



Deborah

A boy threw a stick with a yip and a yell,
The stick hit a tree and a bright leaf fell.

The dog grabbed the stick and went round and around,
And the boy ran away with a motorboat sound.

Now Deborah ponders the noise they made,
Enormously thrilled, and a little afraid.

INA HEROLD JONES

Masterpiece

Nr. High Wycombe, Bucks England

My dear Bruce: I think Ethel Waters' life story is a masterpiece, and I admire your courage in printing it. I have lent my copy to several people and they are all deeply moved by it. This is real social history.

Yours ever,
REBECCA WEST

Parents Wreck Marriage

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Dear Editors: I am only a senior in high school, but I am soon to be an "unwed mother." Does anyone ever try to see the boy's side of it? People seem either to pity or criticize the girl only. I believe that in a lot of cases the boy really does love the girl; but after his family finds out and tears them both down, then her family tears them both down, he is so mixed up he takes the easiest way out. I also believe that the worst thing anyone can know is that their parents are ashamed of them.

If the father of my baby hadn't been hurried and made ashamed of his relationship with me, we would have been married and saved a lot of heartaches. He is twenty-three. That is old enough to know whether or not you were in love. We had gone together for a year and everyone, including our parents, knew we planned to be married next year. If you could see the difference on his face now and his face before, you would know he isn't even the same person. He never smiles, is always worried and doesn't know what to do. He knows he has let his parents down, as well as me. I love him very much but will never force him to marry me, nor will I marry him while he is mixed up and thinks he doesn't love me. If people would try to understand the boy as well as the girl, there would be fewer unmarried mothers.

Sincerely yours,
(Name withheld by request)

"Boys are Silly"

Fremont, Ohio

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Editor: Just by chance last month I picked up my mother's October JOURNAL and I happened to read the squib on the contents page about your cover girl.

I was not surprised that she said "boys are silly," but I sure am sick and tired of hearing that old slam. The teen-age girls of today ought to take a look around and see themselves as others do. They are the most fickle, crazy, lovesick, stupid-acting sex God ever put breath into.

If there are any boys that act silly, it's probably because they're copying the girls they see or date. Remember that girls have the direct influence over a boy's actions.

Yours very irritated,
JIM COLVIN

American Men are a Mess

The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England

Dear Bruce and Beatrice: I think you ought to do something about your men. Can't Wilhela Cushman run a column for them? I have brought back with me, after a visit to the States, the sad recollection of how few reasonably spruce and tidily dressed men I came across. Most American men had socks coming down to display a generous wedge of that useful but rarely lovely member, the male shin. Most of the suits looked as if they had occasionally to do double duty as pajamas, and the hats had certainly had plenty of troubles of their own. Your girls are all so exceptionally smart and pretty, and the middle-

is to cook with

range in the world!



Frigidaire's low-priced "Thrifty-30" has largest oven of any household range!

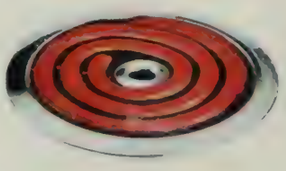
WHETHER YOU WANT to bake six pies at a time—or serve an eight-course dinner—all you need is Frigidaire's "Thrifty-30"! It's perfect for small kitchens, small budgets, big families. Because this wonderful range that's only 30 inches wide gives you practically all the advantages of much larger, costlier ranges.

In addition to the giant oven, this Model RM-35 gives you *four* Radiantube Cooking Units; the Cook-Master Oven Clock Control that lets you cook whole meals *automatically;* acid-resisting Lifetime Porcelain, inside and out; and many other "big range" advantages, along with Frigidaire quality construction throughout.

See it today, and learn how easy—and *economical*—good cooking can be!

New Radiantube Cooking Units—
fastest and thriftiest in Frigidaire History!

These new units actually cook food faster with less current. They're flatter than ever before—so more heating surface comes in contact with utensils. And they give you a choice of 5 controlled heats—so you get the same grand results every time.



dy as a
ooker or

e line of
er home
igidaire
ie in the
ie book.
of Gen-
Canada,



This emblem on a Frigidaire Electric Range is your assurance of the same measure of convenience, economy, dependability and beauty that has made Frigidaire America's No. 1 Refrigerator.

FAMOUS NUDES

Which type is your baby?



THE VAMP

...very vain and no wonder. Mennen Baby Oil is her beauty secret. It keeps skin softer, smoother, sweeter, cleaner. Saves money for mother, too!



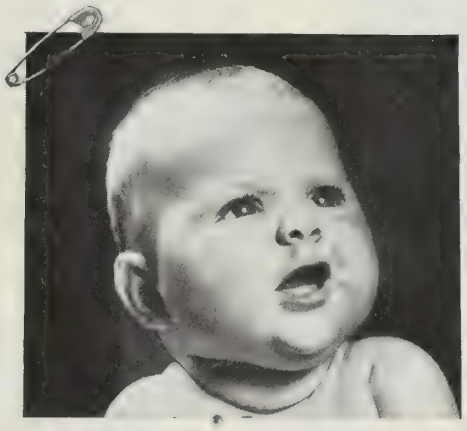
AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER

...English translation: "Feel how silky Mennen Baby Oil makes me!" Gives petal-soft protection against diaper rash, skin irritations.



THE ACROBAT

...the head-to-toe happy type. Gets Mennen Baby Oil (with gentle Lanolin) smooth-down after each bath, with each diaper change!



TOUGH GUY

...demands not only comfort, but entertainment! Gets *both* with Mennen Baby Powder. Finest, softest powder made, with that delicate rosebud scent everyone loves! Gay Built-in Rattle makes powder time playtime. Entertaining Mother Goose pictures on can.



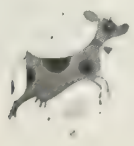


Every baby is the right type for

MENNEN

BABY PRODUCTS

Happy babies get both -every day!





(Continued from Page 6)

add my bit from India—this time with a double slant.

When I read her letter I had the apparently unanimous reaction of happy housewives. "Poor thing," I said to myself, "what a pity she is missing all the creative pleasure, etc., etc."

But when my husband read it, he chuckled and said, "Well, I see you college women are all the same. It takes a few years to break you in."

My first seven years of housekeeping were spent in America and included babies, cooking, cleaning, laundry and all the other chores of a servantless house. Of course I didn't admit it out loud, but under my breath I had to say "Yes, darling!" Sincerely yours,

MARJORIE GIPSON

Planned Parenthood

Auburn, Alabama

Dear Editors: When the next-to-last JOURNAL came I was expecting a new arrival in the family, so I decided to put the magazine in my suitcase to read in the hospital. I was still waiting when the second JOURNAL came, so into the suitcase it went too. Now I have a brand-new son, Timothy Neil, and two whole new JOURNALS to read through without disturbance. Life couldn't be more beautiful!

Sincerely,

MRS. PETE B. TURNHAM

Does it Pay to be Gay?

Wenatchee, Washington

Dear Editors: Okay—so I decide to relax, forget my housekeeping schedule, and go romp on the grassy turf with my four children. I fling together a mud pie or two in gay abandon—and what happens? Today a chance visitor would brand me a *slovenly mess*. The house looks like a scene from The Snake Pit. Husband comes home tired and promptly hits the ceiling. His enraged howls can be heard by neighbors a mile down the road. My nerves by this time are tuned up to E-sharp—due to living amidst havoc with my guilt complex.

No *thanks!* Just let me be grim and get my housework done—although it's thankless drudgery at best—and just let the kids get out from under my feet. Mothers can stand only so much and no more. I'll laugh and have fun with them when they're all asleep in their beds tonight!

Sincerely,

MRS. DONALD E. SPERLINE

Big Heart, Little House

P. O. B. 633, Tel-Aviv, Israel

Dear Editors: In case any regular readers of your nice JOURNAL, who must be nice too, intend to visit Israel, I shall be happy to have them visit me and will meet them on their arrival upon written notice to my postal address.



Housewife and friend in Israel.

We have only a tiny villa on a hill at the shore of the Mediterranean, but it has an American-style kitchen, electric range, retrigerator, and so on. In planning our house and kitchen I was greatly helped by the JOURNAL. Sincerely yours,

S. SHAMIR

Orchid for Ann

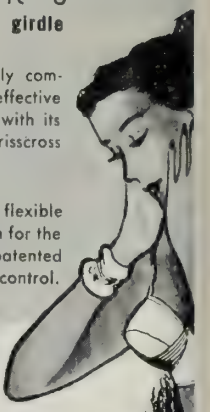
Hayward, California

Dear Editors: I have always enjoyed Ann Batchelder's column, but it is so full of helpful hints this month I just felt that I must tell someone about it, and who else would be better to tell than you?

MRS. L. BELMONT

KABO gives you better control without the use of bones with SLIMSATION™ girdle

FLATTER-U® girdle



SLIMsation — wonderfully comfortable, yet strongly effective for the average figure with its tummy-tucking, inner crisscross panel of elastic.

FLATTER-U—light and flexible but a strict disciplinarian for the *fuller* figure with its patented inner panel for tummy control.

A better molded bust line with uplift of elastic in ZEST™ bra



... the bra with a new uplift principle that enhances the small, firms the larger bust ... relieves shoulder strap pull.

Kabo®

KABO, Inc. • 729 Milwaukee Avenue • Chicago 22

you Can Have Lovelier Hair Tonight



Amazing New Ingredient in

Studio Girl

LUXURY CREME SHAMPOO

Reveals hidden beauty instantly!

A single sudsing with Studio Girl's new instant action Creme Shampoo and your hair will shine like the "stars"—be easier to shape and style! Permanents will "take" better, last longer!

★ It's new! ★ It's different! ★ No other rinse needed! Billows of fragrant, lanolin-rich suds—even in hardest water—seem to work a beauty miracle. ★ After your *first* Studio Girl Shampoo, your hair will sparkle like moonbeams on the water! Sold at cosmetic counters and by Studio Girl Distributors everywhere.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

Makers of famous Studio Girl Cosmetics

Studio Girl Cosmetics 2
3618 San Fernando Road, Glendale 4, California

☐ Send me a free trial sample of Studio Girl Luxury Creme Shampoo. Enclosed is 10c for postage and handling.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

☐ If you also wish the large regular size tube, pin $1.00 to this coupon and receive BOTH sample and large tube. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE GH

HEY, MOM! Where's the Listerine? We've got Sore Throats!



EVEN YOUNGSTERS know how often the ordinary sore throat due to colds yields to Listerine Antiseptic. They have learned it from their parents, from their doctor, and from actual experience. Listerine's absence from the bathroom shelf is viewed—and wisely so—as a major oversight on somebody's part.

So often sore throat is but the symptom of an oncoming cold. The bacteria associated with colds can multiply on throat surfaces, irritate them temporarily, then pass upward into the nose, or downward into the bronchial tubes.

Often prompt and regular gargling with Listerine Antiseptic will alleviate the sore throat and even help head off a cold. In other words, Listerine Antiseptic attacks the bacteria on throat surfaces before they attack you.

Attacks Germs Quickly

Tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle—and up to 80% one hour after. Furthermore, research has shown that those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day caught fewer colds, and generally *less severe* colds, than those who did not gargle with it.

So, no matter what else you do, at the first symptom of a cold or sore throat, start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic—a safe way with no undesirable side-effects.
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

t the first sign of a cold or sore throat—

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—*Quick!*

A softer, clearer skin is yours with your First Cake of Camay!

Skin that says "I do!"



This lovely Camay Bride is
MRS. JULES ALEXANDER, the former Jean Pugsley of Rochester, N. Y.



Even the color camera can't do justice to Jean Alexander's vivid coloring—her dark hair—her surprising hazel eyes. Yet, the feature that really holds your gaze is Jean's complexion. Her *first cake* of Camay gave it a new and captivating smoothness!

"Camay's a heavenly beauty soap," she exclaims. "Why, my skin grew smoother—it took on a fresher, softer look—with my very *first cake* of Camay. People started saying the most complimentary things!"

This bride's beauty treatment can reward you, too! Your *first cake* of Camay will bring new beauty. Your complexion will be fresher, softer, when you change to regular care . . . use gentle, rich-lathering Camay alone. Let no lesser soap than Camay touch your skin—and you'll soon be lovelier!

Lovelier shoulders—lovelier you!

Bathe with Camay, too—give your arms and shoulders and legs Camay's gentle complexion care. With the daily Camay Beauty Bath, you're lovelier head to toes—your skin just touched with Camay's flattering fragrance. Begin it today!



Camay—all that a beauty soap should be!

Camay's so fine and mild—so quick with its gentle, fragrant lather! And the "Beauty-Bath" size cake is Camay at its luxurious best. Big and economical—that's the size of it! More rich, creamy lather—that's the beauty of it!

Camay
the Soap of Beautiful Women

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould
Editors

A Scout Grows Straight

By E. J. THOMAS
President, Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company

If we agree that parental delinquency is mainly responsible for the wave of petty and major crimes being committed by "thrill-seeking" teen-agers, then what can we do to halt this outburst of social unrest?

First of all, I believe that we grownups must rid ourselves of a general apathy toward fundamental living. One corrective measure I think we can take is to boost, with that old-time American fervor, some of the youth organizations which have proved their worth. From the standpoint of boys, one such organization which has met the test in America since 1910 is the Boy Scouts of America.

If I were to choose the chief benefit I derived from Scouting, I think it would be the fact that it gave me early in life a better understanding of people and a keener evaluation of teamwork. There's hardly a trade or profession a young man can follow in which the happy faculty of "getting along with others" isn't of utmost value. And to get along with other people, you must have an eager curiosity about them—their jobs, families, hobbies, likes and dislikes.

But Scouting's over-all program is much broader than learning to work and play with others. Any former Scout will agree readily that Scouting has helped him immensely. Many of the benefits are intangible, making it difficult to cite specific instances. If I were granted the privilege of reliving my boyhood, I certainly would not exclude Scouting. In fact, I would start as a Cub Scout and join a live-wire pack at the first opportunity. Scouting gave me outdoor interests I have never lost.

The plain, ordinary, good citizens and the leaders of tomorrow are bound to be better citizens and more capable leaders if we determine to make Scouting available to all our youth. I firmly believe it is up to us parents, more than any other group, to broaden "The Scouting Trail," described so well by Berton Braley in the last four lines of his poem:

The trail that Scouts, in their seeking, blaze
Through the toughest tangle, the deepest maze,
Till out of boyhood the Scout comes straight
To manhood's splendid and high estate!

The Women's Revolution in the Arab World

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

CAIRO, EGYPT

As one enters Cairo, the capital of Egypt, by rail, one sees near the station a monument celebrating the national revolution from foreign rule of 1919. It represents the inscrutable Sphinx, beside whom stands not a soldier or revolutionary, with gun or sword, or clenched fist or extended arm, but the calm, proud figure of a woman, looking out upon the city with uncovered face.

It is, perhaps, the most fitting symbol of the renaissance in the Arab Oriental world. For in the Middle East, home of the oldest civilizations of which history has a record, where the impact of past and present is visible and often violent; where, in the remoteness of Saudi Arabia, oil has brought modern American or European colonies cheek by jowl with slave markets; where within a few miles of each other one can find Arab villages of mud huts and indescribable squalor, and model settlements representative of advanced town planning—in this world where twentieth-century progress encounters the inertia, not of generations but of centuries—the woman's revolution is perhaps the most sensational development.

It is only thirty years since women won full political and civil rights in the United States. In this Arab world they have only won limited political rights in one country—Syria—and there, as in Turkey, by the decision of a dictator. Though the dictatorship of Colonel Zayim lasted only fifty days, he, like Kemal Pasha of Turkey, gave Syrian women the right to vote, though not to hold elective office. The other women of the Arab world have yet to win even this limited political suffrage. Nevertheless, they have made, since 1924—in twenty-six years—more progress from where they started then than western women made in a century. And in Egypt the movement for women's rights started more dramatically perhaps than anywhere else.

To paraphrase Emerson, the feminist movement in Egypt is the lengthened shadow of one woman, a remarkable woman who died in 1947, Mme. Hoda Charaoui Pasha. She was handsome, wealthy, educated through contact with the west, and belonged to one of the first families of Cairo. All these conditions were necessary, for without them she could have accomplished nothing. The position of even the most fortunate Arab woman, like herself, filled her with indignation as she contrasted it in her mind with the position of women abroad. The Arab woman hid her face behind a veil, married the man of her father's choice

Executive Editor, Mary Bass • *Managing Editor*, Laura Lou Brookman • *Associate Editors:* Hugh MacNair Kahler, Bernardine Kielty, Ann Batchelder, Wilhela Cushman, William E. Fink, Alice Blinn, Richard Pratt, Henrietta Murdock, Louella G. Shouer, Mary Lea Page, Dawn Crowell Norman, John Godfrey Morris, Joan Younger, Margaret Davidson, Nora O'Leary, Jan Weyl • *Contributing Editors:* Gladys Taber, Louise Paine Benjamin, Gladys Denny Shultz, Barbara Benson, Margaret Hickey • *Assistant Editors:* John Werner, Charlotte Johnson, Donald Stuart, Ruth Mary Packard, Ruth Shapley Matthews, Alice Conkling, June Torrey, Lily Glendinning, Joseph Di Pietro, Anne Einselen, Glenn Matthew White, Betty Niles Gray, Elizabeth Goetsch, Robert N. Taylor, Elizabeth McFarland, Marthedith F. Stauffer, Charles Stryker Ingerman, Elizabeth Crawford • *Editorial Assistants:* Alice Kastberg, Iris Wilken, Betty Coe, Jeanne Lenton Tracey, Adrina Casparian, Virginia Price, Marion Wilson, Jeanne Stiles, Victoria Harris, Helen Schmidt Kennedy, Helen O'Donnell, Cornelia S. McCook, Rosemary Jones, Virginia Carr.

CHINESE PAINTING, SUNG DYNASTY (960–1279 AD) COLORS ON SILK
COURTESY METRO. MUS. OF ART



Tonight! Show him how much lovelier your hair can look... after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

BETTER THAN SOAPS — **Leaves hair sparkling,** starry-bright . . . no dulling soap film with Lustre-Creme Shampoo! And it lathers lavishly even in hardest water.

BETTER THAN OILS — **Leaves hair fragrantly clean,** free of loose dandruff. Unlike many oil shampoos, Lustre-Creme needs no special rinse.

BETTER THAN LIQUIDS — **Leaves hair silken soft, manageable,** easy to curl. Lustre-Creme is easier to use. Contains LANOLIN . . . is not harsh or drying. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo today—be his dream girl tonight!



Kay Daumit's secret formula with LANOLIN. Jars and tubes, 27¢ to $2.

World's finest shampoo—a beauty creme-blend with LANOLIN

and usually at the age of twelve was barred from communication with all men except those of her own family, led a harem existence, had, unless she went abroad, no access to more than primitive education, was, as a result, without social consciousness and, indeed, outside society as the modern world understands it.

All these things rankled in Hoda Charaoui's mind, and she communicated her purposeful indignation to her friends. The result was that a minuscule movement for women's rights started among them as early as 1919. Then, in 1923, they heard of a meeting of the International Women's Alliance to be held in Rome, and resolved to send a delegation. They went, in conventional Arab dress, and there met the late Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, who, from that day to this, shares with Mme. Charaoui herself the adoration of the older generation of Arab women feminists.

Like all great leaders, Mme. Charaoui had a sense of the dramatic and symbolic. On the ship, returning from Rome, she and her handful of associates—there were ten of them—determined to make their return an event that would electrify Cairo. The mere fact that a delegation of Egyptian ladies had attended an international feminist congress had already awakened great interest and controversy, and when the ship docked at Alexandria, a considerable throng, including members of the press, was present to witness their landing. They came down the gangplank in a row, with their faces covered. But as they approached shore, Mme. Charaoui lifted her veil from her face and head, and quietly and deliberately threw it into the sea. Each of her followers did the same. Mme. Charaoui made the headlines, started an enormous controversy, and the Arab woman's movement was publicly launched.

Look up and not down; look forward and not backward; look out and not in; and lend a hand.
—EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

The way, however, had already been prepared. Great wars and struggles create demands for sacrifice and solidarity. The First World War initiated the movement for Arab independence, under the electrifying influence of Wilson's fourteen points. There were great demonstrations in Cairo, and the participation of women was welcomed, as a sign of the rejuvenation of the nation. For the first time women appeared in the streets in a parade for national independence. They marched, with all but their eyes covered, in uniformly white veils. They participated, that is to say, in a political movement, but they participated, in a sense, as children also might participate, without anything to say about how and in what direction the national movement might form itself.

When they next paraded, in 1924, again in a demonstration for the national independence that the First World War and the first national revolution had not fully brought them, they marched in modern dress with their faces bared. This created a real scandal. They were spat upon; eggs and tomatoes were pitched at them; their morals were questioned—in short, they underwent what all women's-rights movements have suffered everywhere, but in more intense form because of the civilization in which they lived. Although a few men of education and progressive ideas secretly sympathized with them—and one of these had been on the ship returning from Rome, and had been in on, and approved, Mme. Charaoui's idea of the dramatic gesture—these did not think it politic to express their views openly, and the scandal ended in Mme. Charaoui's husband's divorcing her, as Arab men could, and still can do, without giving any reason. It is, however, one of the most charming parts of this story—and one of the greatest tributes to the feminist leader as a woman—that he changed his mind and remarried her four years later.

Thus was the feminist movement born, as part of a national movement for freedom, immensely accelerated by the ideas of liberty launched in World War I.

Arab women had to begin, as it were, from scratch, and depend on social influence and publicity. Their over-all object was to raise the intellectual and moral status of women, beginning with propaganda for the limitation of the marriage age and for equality of education. They were up against the fact that the great masses of Arab women—and, in the villages, the men—were illiterate, and that it was therefore impossible to create anything like a mass movement of women. They had to create an elite of women, who would work through their own social contacts, and secure the sympathetic support of western women living in Arab society but without political power. They made rapid, and even extraordinary, progress, aided by the national awakening. Thus, when the first national parliament assembled in 1924, they began petitioning for many demands, in addition to educational rights and the raising of the marriage age. One was the suppression of prostitution. Cairo was then notorious for its vice. They tied their movement to all progressive tendencies, petitioning for amelioration of conditions of workers. They realized the power of example, and Mme. Charaoui founded the first woman's club, a "House of Women," and, connected with it, started a school for girls, which is still operating. It set and maintains such high standards of education that girls in the primary grades were, and are, taught both English and French. For the feminist leaders wanted to widen the world of women on all sides.

One year after the movement started they were able to raise the marriage age to sixteen in the first meeting of the national parliament, which accepted other minor demands regarding the status of women and children in 1929. But it was after the 1930's that they began making most rapid progress. Other women's clubs and movements started up in other Arab countries and in Egyptian cities, and for many purposes, not only feminist but social. Prostitution has been legally suppressed, and Cairo is a very different city from what it was twenty-five years ago. Women's divisions of the Red Crescent (modeled on the Red Cross) formed themselves. Women were attracted to all movements for the promotion of public health, and in 1937 conceived the idea of starting, under the leadership of Mme. Abdel Meguid Mahmoud, an Englishwoman married to an influential Egyptian, a Women's Health Improvement Association. Again, with the practical feminine sense of progress by example, this association founded a City of Health, for the children of tuberculous parents, with the purpose of separating them from their infectious parents in the surrounding villages, aiding the parents themselves by creating simple handicrafts, and educating the children both academically and vocationally.

In the shadow of the Pyramids, those awesome symbols of personal power, they have built in the desert, in a made oasis, a children's village which could be a model for the most advanced countries, absolutely simple but with gardens gay with flowers, immaculate dormitories, sports grounds, beautifully lighted schoolrooms, excellently planned simple and nourishing meals, and handicraft shops where children are taught needlework, woodwork and hand weaving, creating products that find a ready sale to aid the center, and learning skills with which, as rural dwellers, they can, in the future, augment their own incomes. The principle of self-help is realized, by the children participating in the necessary work, making their own beds, caring, under supervision, for their own dormitories. Branches have been started in other areas, and the government is aiding them. But

(Continued on Page 121)

Just plain wonderful—Swift's Premium Bacon with that

sweet smoke taste!



SPECIAL MILDNESS . . .
SPECIAL ZEST . . .
THE BEST-LIKED BACON
IN ALL AMERICA!

Swift's Premium Bacon

Owning a new Easy isn't like...



Being swept off your feet by a knight of old

(but you'll be carried away by Easy's Automatic Spin-rinse.)



but oh Lady! Does it get your wash done-quick, sweet and clean!

A cleaner week's wash in less than an hour—that's Easy! Two tubs work at once. One tub washes a full load while the other double-rinses right in the spinning basket—then spins clothes 25% drier than a wringer. Everything's lighter to hang up—and dries faster!

Today more than ever it pays to buy the best! Compare . . . Easy still costs less than washers that promise more, but don't wash as clean or as fast! Saves precious live suds for re-use. Saves cleaning bills by doing drapes and slipcovers. See Easy in action now! Easy Washing Machine Corp., Syracuse 1, N. Y.

EASY SPINDRIER *with 3-minute Automatic Spin-rinse*

(Continued from Page 14)

"That's interesting, Gibbs," the doctor said. "But *Lincoln's* funeral train was seventeen hundred miles long."

He'd been reading up on Lincoln, and he described that journey from Baltimore, through Philadelphia, New York, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, Chicago and back to Springfield. He told them about the seven million mourners that lined the path, the campfires and flares that lighted the countryside for a better view of the lonely train,

CULVER SERVICE



The assassination of President Lincoln, from an old print.

the arches that were built, the salutes that were fired, the verses that were written, the tears that were shed—for Abraham Lincoln.

The men listened, visibly moved.

"Who was it shot him?" asked Punch, the gangster.

"A ham, name of Booth," said Gibbs, a forger and better-informed.

Then Gibbs took up the story. Here is Lincoln, a good guy, living for his country, inspiring his generals, freeing the slaves, pardoning the boy sentry who went to sleep at his post (this last shattered Punch), and when he takes time out to go to a show, he gets it in the back!

"What'd they do to the so-and-so who got him?" asked Punch.

They told him about Booth and the burning barn, and the controversy over whether it was he who died with Shakespeare on his lips.

At this, Punch began to shake with rage and cry for blood, and the men—knowing Punch—moved quietly out of his way. He stomped and cursed, then subsided into a black silence.

In the lull they heard the sound of humming. It was Scott, another convict. Punch wheeled on him. " —— —— you, cut it out!"

Scott knew the spot he was in. "That was Lincoln's song, Punch." Punch glared at him suspiciously. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

"Awright—so let's have it!" growled Punch.

So Scott and one of the other convicts began to sing softly under Punch's intimidating scowl:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He has loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

Suddenly the song caught on. They swung it loud and slow now, keeping time with their feet on the hollow concrete floor. The five sounded like fifty, like half a battalion half a mile away.

This is one of the many dramatic moments in MY SIX CONVICTS, by *Donald Powell Wilson*, the psychologist who spent three years in Fort Leavenworth for purpose of study. It

(Continued on Page 18)





Gentler *bleaching action.....*

added protection for linens! Nothing like a Clorox-clean shirt to please the well-dressed husband. Especially when you tell him Clorox *conserves* costly linens, too . . . it's free from caustic, *extra gentle* on fabrics. Get the most out of *your* white and color-fast cottons and linens with Clorox. Besides whitening and brightening, Clorox removes stains, deodorizes, makes linens sanitary, too!



Greater *disinfecting efficiency...*

added protection for health! Cleaning up the family often messes up the bathroom, leaving harmful germs ordinary cleaning doesn't kill. To protect family health against such germs, millions of women include Clorox in routine cleaning. It's a super germ-killer...*faster-acting* than any other product of its kind! You'll find many ways to protect your family's health on the Clorox label!

CLOROX AMERICA'S FAVORITE BLEACH AND HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT

Anything that helps my family eat better... That's for me!"

"I spend more money for food each week than for anything else. And not having money to burn, I have to make every penny count! I've trotted all over town looking for 'bargains' . . . but making nourishing meals from the few I could ferret out was a joke. Then I decided to Test Shop A&P! *Now* I feed my family better, and save money besides. That's because A&P has low prices on hundreds of items *every day!* Balanced meals and a balanced budget . . . *that's for me!* Why don't *you* Test Shop A&P . . . see what *you* save!"



Test Shop A&P

Store-wide low prices on hundreds of items every day ...instead of a few "one-day" or "week-end" specials!



1. TEST SHOP FOR *Savings!*

When you shop at A&P, only *about 1¢ of every dollar* you spend is profit to A&P! Naturally, this saves you money!

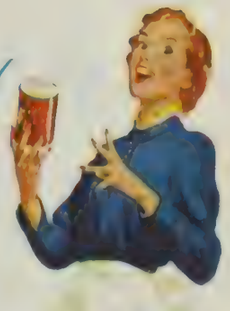


2. TEST SHOP FOR SCORES OF *Values!*

Every day at A&P you'll see values in all departments – storewide low prices on hundreds of items . . . instead of a few "one-day" or "week-end" specials.

3. TEST SHOP FOR *Convenience!*

One-stop shopping . . . over 3,000 items to choose from . . . prices stamped on every item . . . cash-register slip to check at home! *What* convenience!



A&P's PRICE POLICY

Storewide low prices on hundreds of items every day . . . instead of just a few "one-day" or "week-end" specials.

We believe this policy helps our customers save more money.

With the correct price marked on every item, plus an itemized cash register slip . . . you know what you save at A&P.

A&P

SUPER MARKETS



If you're not pleased with anything you buy at A&P, you get your money back! And if you're not pleased with the service you get, the folks at your A&P Super Market would like to correct that, too . . . they want you to be pleased with *everything* at your A&P. Won't you write:

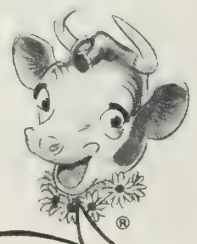
CUSTOMER RELATIONS DEPARTMENT
A&P Food Stores, Graybar Building
New York 17, N. Y.



Magic Truffles

1 package (6-oz.) semi-sweet chocolate pieces
⅓ cup *plus* 1 tablespoon Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
Pinch of salt
¼ teaspoon vanilla or imitation rum extract
3 tablespoons ground nut meats

Melt chocolate, *without stirring*, in top of double boiler. Remove from heat. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, salt, flavoring and nuts; stir only until blended. Turn into container lined with waxed paper and press into block about 1 inch high. Chill in refrigerator until firm (about 2 hours). Turn out of container, remove waxed paper and cut into serving pieces. Makes more than ½ pound of delicious chocolate candy. (This recipe checked in *Good Housekeeping* kitchen.)



NO WONDER THEY'RE SM-O-O-TH—
THEY'RE MADE WITH BORDEN'S
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK!



Smooth is the word for any sweet treat made with Eagle Brand—pie fillings, ice creams, sauces, puddings, cookies. Smooth and magic-quick. For Eagle Brand is pure whole milk and sugar, already blended for you to save you time—to give you smoother, richer results.

FREE RECIPE BOOK

70 thrilling, speed easy magic recipes that you can make with Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. For your copy send post card to Borden's, Dept. L-21, P.O. 175, New York 46, N.Y.

©The Borden Co

(Continued from Page 16)

is an absorbing book—the specific stories of these six men serving time, whom the doctor chose to be his assistants, and the grim, sometimes amusing, details of life within prison walls. This is a world that no reader of the JOURNAL is likely to have penetrated. It is the daily conversation of pickpockets, forgers, second-story men, gangsters: their odd oblique reasoning, their extraordinary shrewdness, their remarkable information (about what goes on on the outside). It is drama, danger, humor, pathos.

•

We have only one mystery this month worth keeping: CORPSE DIPLOMATIQUE by ***Delano Ames,*** quite amusing, about

SCHALL-PIX



Roquebrune, on the French Riviera.

some lively happenings in and around a Riviera pension.

Speaking of which, if you're a mystery fan, don't try to conceal the fact. A recent poll shows that there are more mystery readers among people with a college education than among people with a high-school or grade-school education. According to the poll, Erle Stanley Gardner came out most popular, with A. Conan Doyle, Ellery Queen and Edgar Allan Poe as runners-up.

•

The Artists' Gallery in New York, mentioned before in these pages, is now celebrating its fifteenth anniversary. It is that remarkable nonprofit institution, supported by voluntary contributions, where exhibitions are given without charge to the artist, and where the artist is allowed the entire sale price of all work sold for him. There is not a major museum in the country, including the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum of American Art, the Barnes Foundation and the Chicago Art Institute, that does not include in its permanent collection work by artists whom this gallery has introduced to the art world. The more power to it!

•

On the desk before us is a pile of books we've held on to because we like them. Two of them are pure relaxation: RIPLEY'S NEW BELIEVE IT OR NOT! always sure-fire with convalescents; and—with huzzas *Bennett Cerf's* LAUGHTER INCORPORATED. "Nobody yet has gotten into a serious fight while he was laughing," Mr. Cerf remarks. A good book to keep beside your bed, if you're one who likes to go to sleep in a pleasant frame of mind.

Two are cookbooks: HONOR AMONG COOKS, *by Mary B. Spahr—200 pages (500 recipes) for $2.00, all the proceeds to go to the American Friends Service Committee to help feed the world's hungry children. (Currant House, Ithaca, New*

(Continued on Page 21)

Macaroni "chimneys" help you bake better fruit pies

—a pie-baking hint from MARIE GIFFORD, *Armour's famous home economist*



An easy way to keep fruit pies fro boiling over is to place half-a-doz 1½-inch pieces of uncooked macaro into the top. The juice boils up into the little "chimneys" instead of boiling ov the sides.



And here's an even more important hi Always use Armour Star Lard and yo pie crust will be deliciously flaky a tender. It's America's perfect pie lard the lard of pie-baking champions. You find Marie Gifford's 5-minute pie cr recipe printed right on the handy se measuring carton. It's an easier, quick can't-fail recipe—you mix all ingredie at room temperature! Use Armour St Lard in all your favorite recipes. Mak hot breads more delicious—fried fo more digestible, too!

Got a pie-baking question? Marie Giff will gladly answer any questions y may have on pie baking. Write to Ma Gifford, Dept. 452, Box 2053, Arm and Company, Chicago 9, Illinois. S will also send you a free booklet of favorite baking recipes using lard.



Armour Sta Lard

the all-pure lard that stays fresh without refrigeration.

G-E "LIGHT CONDITIONING" RECIPE



How G-E "Light Conditioning" makes homes brighter, work lighter

'EP into this kitchen and find out what fun feeding a family can be. See how bright cheery everything is! No darkened work s to tire your eyes and strain your nerves. working in your own light. No shadows ool you.

's "*light-conditioned*"—a bright example of newest idea in home lighting. "Light con- ning" combines the right light source, the t fixture and the right fixture location in -to-follow recipe form. Created by General tric lighting experts, it enables you at last ave scientifically planned lighting for every n of the house.

o light *your* kitchen like the one above, just w this recipe:

Ceiling—Put fixture in center of ceiling, with three att or two 25-watt or two 40-watt fluorescent tubes.

❷ ***Wall fixture***—Shielded unit over range lights whole range top, clearly shows what's cooking. Use 25-watt or 40-watt fluorescent tube.

❸ ***Above window over sink***—Use two 25-watt fluorescent tubes, mounted behind shielding board.

❹ ***Under cabinets***—Light work counters with 20-watt fluorescent tubes under cabinets.

Other kitchen recipes using incandescent bulbs are also available—see book below. For best results throughout your house be sure to use G-E lamp bulbs, constantly improved by research to "stay brighter longer".



FREE RECIPE BOOK! Your copy of a brand new book showing all of the 22 light-conditioning recipes is ready now. Send for "See Your Home in a New Light"—Lamp Department of General Electric, Div. 166-LHJ2, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.



FLUORESCENT—used in recipe above at 1, 2, 3, 4. Cool, restful light, minimum shadows, choice of colors. 20-watt 85¢, 25-watt $1.00, plus tax.

150-WATT BULB May be used with suitable fixture instead of fluorescent in kitchen ceiling . . . only 20¢, plus tax.

60-WATT BULB—Popular for hallways, closets, etc. . . . only 14¢, plus tax.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC



If it's TOWLE *your taste will never be questioned*

BECAUSE all TOWLE is Sterling — solid silver . . .

BECAUSE the TOWLE Sterling patterns are noted for their beauty, are so well designed that they will never go out of date . . .

BECAUSE more than two and a half centuries of silversmithing mean superior craftsmanship, and contribute prestige and beauty to your table . . .

BECAUSE TOWLE Sterling is found in the finest stores . . .

And yet TOWLE Sterling is not expensive; a Demi-Tasse Coffee Spoon can cost as little as $2.25.



TOWLE
STERLING

There's a Towle pattern that's perfect for y

Collecting *your* Sterling? Send 10c in coin to Dept. L2, Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Mass., for your copy of *How to Build Your Own Collection of Towle Sterling*. Includes table settings, uses of pieces, care and cleaning, ways to collect *your* Sterling.

CLASSROOM ON TOUR...

WIDENING HORIZONS

By MARGARET HICKEY

TRAVEL makes textbooks come alive for students. Good teachers have known for a long time that "what cannot be said can perhaps be shown." The alert student learns from travel what lectures and quizzes can never teach him—the *living* problems behind inert words on the printed page.

Some young people have been able to study in countries other than their own through government-supported programs. Last year 26,000 foreign students were enrolled in our schools and colleges; 16,000 Americans studied abroad. Many colleges in the United States give credit toward graduation for work done in other countries. In 1949, the University of Southern California started a "summer session in Europe." Interest was so keen and results so stimulating that the plan will be continued indefinitely. The lucky students spend seven weeks in Europe, with headquarters in either London or Paris.

Toward World Understanding

For two years Michigan State College has had a "laboratory course" for foreign students, called Adventures in World Understanding. Under this plan, boys and girls from other countries visit Michigan communities to see for themselves how America lives. They have meals in American homes, visit the schools, attend assemblies and ask—and answer—hundreds of questions. Sometimes they get to help with chores on a farm, go to a Kiwanis or Rotary luncheon, join in parties and dances. They learn how people in the United States work, play and think. After taking this "course," one German student reported, "No propaganda can ever change or destroy the personal impressions and experiences I have gained in the United States."

Visiting the United Nations

Both high-school and college students like to make trips to points of national and historic interest. American schools and colleges are sponsoring more class tours every year. Most of these groups spend a day with the United Nations at Lake Success, New York. They are especially welcome on Tuesdays and Fridays, when trained volunteers are assigned to show student groups around. The UN Public Reception Committee has twenty-one volunteer instructor-guides who give one full day a week, four working each day. These volunteers are trained by members of the United Nations Secretariat and must pass comprehensive examinations before starting to work. Most of them are housewives, recruited through various women's clubs and other organizations. As a result of their work and training, they have become active UN supporters and educators in their own communities.

This new pattern of firsthand living and learning is the stuff of which understanding is made. Through it, and perhaps *only* through such efforts on a vastly expanded scale, will the gulfs of language and distance between people be bridged and better national and international government come to be. **THE END**

From Indiana

IT is six-thirty on a bright May morning, and in rooms all over the ten-story hotel in downtown Washington, D.C., high-school students are hopping out of bed to answer their morning calls. No extra forty winks *this* morning, their first in the nation's capital. They are anxious to see Government buildings, historic shrines; anxious to find out more about their nation, past and present.

It is still early when these teen-agers, slick in sports suits and toting their cameras, tumble from busses and climb the high, wide steps to the Capitol. Ralph Harvey, representative from Indiana's tenth district, is waiting in the rotunda, ready for their questions. "How long is a session of the Senate or House?" . . . "How far ahead do you know what bills will come up?" they ask. "What happens in standing committees?"

Twenty-four of the boys and girls, new graduates of the consolidated school in Lynn, an incorporated town of 1400 in Eastern Indiana, come from Representative Harvey's home district. They're on a 2000-mile tour of nine states and the District of Columbia, with other stops at Gettysburg, Philadelphia, New York City and Niagara Falls. Back home again, they'll settle down on farms, in offices or factories, or go on to business school or college.

Two days ago their families, friends and teachers gathered at the courthouse in Richmond, 16 miles south of Lynn, to wave them off in a large bus, one of nine carrying 260 students from eleven different Indiana schools. Those left behind, perhaps, were remembering how Lynn students worked two years, with community support, to raise $1100 toward trip expenses. Or perhaps, like Will Moore, principal of the school for twenty years, some were recalling, "We never had a chance to combine education and fun on a trip when we were in school."

Across Ohio and through Pennsylvania young voices rang with anticipation, "I want to see . . . the Capitol, the Supreme *(Continued on Page 122)*

KOSTI RUOHOMAA



Intent on learning more about government and history, these new graduates of the consolidated school in Lynn, Indiana, visit the U. S. Capitol. Representative Ralph Harvey, from their home district, answers questions on how Congress works.

Serve it with the SMOOTHER, CREAMIER MUSTARD millions prefer



Corned Beef with Savory Mustard Sauce

¼ cup butter or margarine
2 tablespoons crushed French's Onion Flakes
⅛ teaspoon French's Pepper
3 tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons salt
3 tablespoons French's Prepared Mustard
2 egg yolks, beaten
1½ cups milk
3-6 tablespoons lemon juice

Melt butter in top of double boiler. Stir in onion flakes. Cook over low heat until soft. Blend in next four ingredients. Add egg yolks and milk. Cook over hot water, stirring until smooth and thickened, about 5 min. Remove at once. Add lemon juice just before serving. Serve with freshly cooked corned beef.

It's corned beef *de luxe* when you serve it with this delicious savory sauce, made with America's favorite mustard! The fine spices and vinegar in French's bring out *all* the delicious flavor of the meat, add wonderful *zest!*

This famous golden mustard is smoother, creamier—blends perfectly to make a sauce you'll find supremely *good*. Try this extra-special corned beef dish tonight!

LARGEST SELLING MUSTARD IN THE WORLD
(Also made in Canada)

Good cooks prefer French's ®

FREE! Handsome new recipe book in color—"DINING DELIGHTS"
Send your name and address to
The R. T. French Company,
1654 Mustard Street, Rochester 9, N. Y.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

Reference Library



PERPLEXED?

WONDERING about your personality appeal? Make sure you're the gal who rates tops with the crowd.

CHECK UP ON YOUR PERSONALITY

1022. HOW TO BE POPULAR. . . . . 5c.
1514. PERSONALITY REPORT CARD. A self-rating chart. . . . . 5c.
1658. DO BOYS LIKE YOU? . . . . 5c.
2269. HOW ABOUT A DATE? Do you hear this often? . . . . 5c.
1532. KNOW YOUR MAN. Every date is different. . . . . 5c.
2270. NIX ON NECKING. . . . . 5c.
2306. SPEAK UP. Can you take care of your part in the conversation? 5c.
1539. DO GIRLS LIKE YOU? . . . . 5c.
2275. DON'T SHY AWAY. Overcome your shyness. . . . . 5c.
1228. RATING FOR DATING. What is your rating? . . . . . 5c.
1669. GOING STEADY. What to do about it. . . . . 5c.
1344. ACT YOUR AGE. . . . . 5c.
2272. MEMO FOR MANNERS. . . . . 5c.
2276. SUB-DEB CLUB HANDBOOK. A guide for club work. . . . . 5c.

IMPROVE YOUR APPEARANCE

2253. LET'S BE LOVELY. Tips for good grooming. . . . . 5c.
2268. GLAMOUR FOR GLASSES. . . . 5c.
2277. FACTS ABOUT FIGURES. Exercises for a streamline figure. . 5c.
1378. THE WAY YOU WEAR YOUR HAIR. 5c.
1207. MIRROR MAGIC. Hints for a brighter complexion. . . . . 5c.
2324. COUNT YOUR CALORIES. To reduce or to gain. . . . . 5c.
2322. CLOTHES CHECKUP. How to select colors and styles for you. . 5c.

PARTIES WITH SPARKLE

2271. BANQUETS TO GIVE. . . . . 10c.
1377. GAMES TO PLAY. Keep the party lively. . . . . 10c.
1303. LET'S DANCE. Prom ideas. . . . 5c.
1504. LET'S EAT. Party food. . . . . 5c.
2254. IT'S A DATE FOR A PARTY. Twelve holiday parties. . . . 5c.
1376. PARTIES TO GIVE. . . . . 10c.
2210. LET'S HAVE A PARTY. . . . . 5c.
2307. DANCE DOIN'S. . . . . 5c.
1515. FUN OUTDOORS. Fresh-air stunts and parties. . . . . 5c.
1691. HALLOWEEN ANTICS. Parties for Halloween. . . . . 5c.

FOR THE MEN YOU KNOW

1192. GENTLEMEN PREFERRED. Do gals make you uneasy? Gain confidence—know your dating etiquette. . . . . 5c.
1668. KNOW YOUR GIRL. No two dates are alike. . . . . 5c.
1546. IF I WERE A MAN! A gal gives pointers on what to do. . . . 5c.

AFTER GRADUATION

All you want to know about different jobs. For teachers, for students, for Sub-Debs. You may order booklets in lots of 100 at $7.50 per hundred—for class or club use. Mixed or single titles.

2440. MODELING. . . . . 10c.
2441. HOME ECONOMICS . . . . . 10c.
2442. JOURNALISM . . . . . 10c.
2443. SECRETARIAL WORK. . . . . 10c.
2444. FASHION DESIGNING . . . . . 10c.
2445. TEACHING . . . . . 10c.
2446. NURSING . . . . . 10c.
2447. LIBRARY SCIENCE . . . . . 10c.
2448. LAW . . . . . 10c.
2449. FINE AND COMMERCIAL ART . . 10c.
2450. PHYSICAL THERAPY . . . . . 10c.
2451. THEATER . . . . . 10c.
2452. SOCIAL WORK . . . . . 10c.
2453. MEDICINE . . . . . 10c.
2454. AIRLINE HOSTESSING . . . . . 10c.
2455. DANCING . . . . . 10c.
2456. MUSIC . . . . . 10c.
2457. MERCHANDISING . . . . . 10c.
2458. PUBLIC RELATIONS . . . . . 10c.
2459. ADVERTISING . . . . . 10c.
2460. RADIO . . . . . 10c.

We will gladly send any of these booklets if you'll order by number. They will be mailed anywhere in the United States and Canada upon receipt of cash, check or money order. Do not send stamped, addressed envelopes. Allow two to three weeks for delivery. Readers in all foreign countries should send International Reply Coupons, purchased at their post office. Please address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Phila. 5, Penna.

ORDER BLANK

BOOKLET NUMBERS

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____

State_____

Could I?

This is no time to hesitate. If you like the high, handsome and heavenly appearance of the cake you see here it can easily be yours. All you do is to ask your grocer for one or both of the two new cake mixes (White or Chocolate Fudge). To these you merely add milk and you get a cake that will stir up a brand-new throb in your family's affections for you. Could you? You bet you could. Right now, too.

Pillsbury BEST XXXX Mixes

Remember – You and Ann Pillsbury can make a great team



Pillsbury CAKE MIXES

WHITE AND CHOCOLATE FUDGE

Just add milk—



Milk is *all* you add—no eggs, flavoring, or extras of any kind required. These are complete mixes.

Making Marriage Work

Do divorced men ever make good husbands? Your chances for failure double when you marry a man who couldn't get along with his first wife.

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

Should You Marry a Divorced Man?

IN forming any partnership, some element of risk is involved. In pledging herself to marriage, the most vital partnership of all, a girl stakes her future on her belief in her chosen partner. But the risk is lessened to the extent that she honestly faces and appraises her knowledge of him.

This is particularly important if he has been previously married and divorced. Although his second marriage may succeed, the chances that it won't are nearly twice as great as in the case of a single man. The reasons for the failure of his first marriage help to evaluate his chances of success in his second. If you are considering a divorced man as a possible husband, here are some points for you to consider:

His attitude toward divorce. Divorce is so commonplace today that some persons take it for granted as a solution to domestic difficulties; if trouble arises in one marriage, they can exchange it for another. Such marriage-divorce "repeaters" (whether potential or actual) are neurotics and can never become good spouses. So, before you become involved with a divorced male, try to make sure that he does not fit into the "repeater" pattern.

His emotional maturity—or lack of it. If the facts suggest that his instability caused his first marriage failure, ask yourself—and answer honestly—whether you are better able to cope with the situation than your predecessor.

His capacity for responsibility. His job record and prospects, his ability to save money, his standing in the community are all important not only in themselves but also as indications of his readiness to assume the responsibilities of marriage.

His commitments arising from the first marriage. Whether or not he was to blame for the first failure, legal and financial obligations resulting from it may prove an intolerable burden in a second marriage. In any case, you should be informed of all the facts.

It's true that some divorced men make happy second marriages. But don't forget that a husband's efforts, as well as a wife's, are required to make marriage work. Satisfy yourself that this man discharged his responsibilities in his first marriage. Otherwise, why should you expect any improvement in his second?

Wives Should "Keep Up"

"MY wife is a good woman and a devoted mother. With the two children in school, she is able to keep the house clean and still have time for bridge twice a week and for several social clubs. But it's years since she read a book, she just glances at the newspapers, and she listens to the radio or looks at television only for light entertainment. We rarely quarrel, and I'm fond of her, but there's nothing for us to talk about any more. I dread the time when the children leave home, since they're about all we have left in common."

This honest letter describes a marriage which, like thousands of others, is drab, monotonous and unrewarding. Though not actively unhappy, both partners feel disappointment and frustration, for they've lost the sense of sharing which is the essence of happy marriage.

During courtship, they were bound together by a strong (though perhaps unconscious) desire to identify with each other. Then both members of the couple were actively seeking interests and pastimes which would appeal to both. And during the first year or so of marriage, with only minor responsibilities to distract them, they had both the opportunity and the inclination to share fully in each other's lives.

But, like many another husband and wife, they have failed to grow together as their responsibilities accumulated. Instead of keeping in step, each has proceeded at his own pace, in his own direction.

Are You Growing?

Growing in marriage means thinking and knowing as well as doing. Without growth, no wife can remain interesting to her husband. Check these statements carefully and thoughtfully.

Do you and your husband together:

1. **Visit or entertain friends once a week?**
2. **Regularly share favorite radio or television programs?**
3. **Enjoy discussing plans for the children?**
4. **Have plenty of things to talk about?**
5. **Share a hobby that both enjoy?**
6. **Take some part in community affairs?**
7. **Go walking or riding for recreation?**

Do you:

1. **Belong to at least two clubs?**
2. **Read at least four books a year?**
3. **Listen to a news broadcast every day?**
4. **Do something "special" for him occasionally?**
5. **Constantly try to improve your household skills?**
6. **Feel closer to your husband than ever before?**
7. **Think he finds you good company?**

While "yes" answers to these questions indicate growth, don't try to compute your total score. Instead, study your "no" answers as a basis for forming a program that will help you grow with your husband.

The arrival of children, however welcome, diverts some of the wife's attention, and much of her time and energy, from her husband. At the end of the day she may be too tired, or too preoccupied with the baby's bath-bottle-bed routine, to listen to her husband's account of a discussion with the boss. He, in turn, under growing financial pressure, may be too absorbed in his work to take much interest in the everyday household incidents.

In the nature of things, some growth is inevitable for the husband. He must add to his knowledge and skill if he is to hold his own in his work. He must be informed about outside events, since they affect his future.

But unless a wife makes an effort to go forward, she is likely to stand still. Her household duties offer neither the stimulus of other people, nor the incentive of competition. She won't be fired for making a bad cake, nor promoted for making a good one; nor is knowledge of world affairs necessary to cut out a pair of rompers.

But explaining a wife's problem doesn't solve it. On the contrary, it emphasizes the need to make a deliberate effort to grow with her husband. Here are some suggestions passed on by other wives:

- Make his friends your friends. Encourage him to invite his associates to your home. Sharing their conversation and their acquaintance will give you new interests in common with your husband.
- Keep abreast of developments in his work, and encourage him to talk about it. If you can be an intelligent listener when he "talks shop," you're not likely to run out of material for conversation.
- Discuss with him important family matters, but spare him a recital of the day's petty problems.
- Cultivate interests outside your own home and neighborhood. Even if your duties confine you to the house most of the time, you can still do it, through books, magazines, newspapers and the radio. A narrow routine need not make you a narrow person.

Keeping up with your husband doesn't mean trying to be his equal in all respects. Growing together depends far more on shared thinking and feeling than on equality of knowledge or skills. The husband and wife who continue the courtship habit of sharing can hope to be more closely united on their tenth anniversary than on their first.

Do You Agree?

I have dated Bill seriously for six years, since we were both 19. He has never proposed. What should I do?

The facts indicate that Bill is emotionally immature and afraid of marriage. Ask him frankly what his plans are. Unless he makes a definite commitment, forget him and seek other friends.

Wonder-quick... and oh, so wonderful!

Yes, it's rice! But rice like no other in the world! Fluffy, snow-white, *perfect* rice that takes NO tedious preparation.

Minute Rice is fancy long-grained rice—*pre-cooked* by a patented process. You dump it in water, bring to a boil. No more cooking's needed. This new Minute Brand product makes glamorous rice dishes a *cinch!*



LEFTOVER-TURKEY HIT . . . IN 15 MINUTES!

Sliced Turkey Platter. What to do about the turkey left from your Sunday dinner? Turn it into a second banquet with quick-quick Minute Rice. Prepare 1 package (1⅓ cups) Minute Rice as box directs. Meanwhile, arrange turkey slices in the center of a hot platter. Season rice with butter and chopped parsley; arrange around edge of platter. Garnish with whole cranberries and parsley. Your family will cheer this new turkey-and-rice combination—and it's a cinch for you with snowy, can't-fail Minute Rice!



DESSERT SURPRISE . . . IN 15 MINUTES!

Apricot Rice. Combine ⅔ cup Minute Rice, dash of salt, 1 No. 2½ can apricot halves (drained), 1¾ cups water and apricot syrup, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, and ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind in a saucepan. Bring to a boil, cover, simmer 5 minutes. Remove from heat and let stand 10 minutes. Add 1 tablespoon butter and cool. Chill slightly. Serve plain or with whipped cream and discover a new taste thrill! Minute Rice absorbs *all* the heavenly apricot flavor—a luscious trick no other rice can boast. Serves 6.

RE-COOKED RICE IN A PACKAGE—

an amazing new food product!

★ NO WASHING!
★ NO RINSING!
★ NO DRAINING!
★ NO STEAMING!
★ PERFECT RICE EVERY TIME!



COLD-WEATHER FEAST . . . IN 17 MINUTES!

Sausage and Minute Rice Dinner Plate. For a hearty, stick-to-the-ribs meal, you can't beat this Minute Rice quickie! Shape sausage meat into balls; sauté until done. Remove sausage and keep hot. Make gravy with drippings remaining in pan. Meanwhile, simmer apple rings in water for 2 minutes. Then cook gently in a syrup made of equal parts of sugar and water, until apples are tender. Prepare 1 package (1⅓ cups) Minute Rice as directed on package. Butter; serve with sausage balls, gravy, and apple rings.

TASTE-TINGLING LUNCH . . . IN 18 MINUTES!

Savory Rice and Green Beans. Prepare 1 package (1⅓ cups) Minute Rice as box directs. Sauté ¾ cup finely chopped onions, ⅔ cup chopped celery, and ½ cup diced green pepper in ⅓ cup fat until tender. Add the rice, 3½ cups tomatoes, 2 cups cooked green beans, ¾ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, and ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Simmer 5 minutes—and there's a grand lunch for 6 to 8. Minute Rice picks up the rosy-red color of the tomatoes, absorbs *all* the flavor and juices of the other ingredients.



For perfect rice without the work ★★★ pre-cooked

MINUTE BRAND RICE

A Product of General Foods

the sub-deb

edited by JAN WEYL



A strong and silent fellow
May be noted for his poise,
But a gal who's always quiet
Soon's forgotten by the boys.
—JUDITH KLEIN.

"I never know what to say"

Friends of Yours?

Sue and Kay are sixteen, go to the same high school and—to the amazement of everyone—are best friends. Sue has a small, piquant face, naturally curly blond hair—and no dates. One boy said, "Tease her and she looks like she's going to cry. Talk to her and she answers yes or no—and gets away *fast*. Imagine a date. The conversation would go dead in five minutes."

The minute Sue walks into a room full of people, she starts to worry. Did she wear the right dress? Is her hair in place? What in the world is there to talk about? Her eyes dart to the right and left, and finally she spies another shy little girl sitting in a corner, and off she goes to join her. Sue doesn't *want* to sit in a corner. She sits there because she is afraid of saying or doing the wrong thing—and she has decided it is better to do *nothing*.

Then there's Kay. In looks Kay is way behind Sue. Her hair is brown and well groomed—but just plain brown. She wears sweaters and skirts *all* the time—and even her mother admits that "Kay will never win a beauty prize." Yet Kay dates at least twice a week, and last year was voted most popular in her class.

Why is Kay so popular with everyone? Because she knows how to make people feel at home with her. At a party, she arrives thinking about *other people:* whom she will meet, what they will be like, what funny things have happened during the week which might make amusing ice-breakers. When she meets a boy on the street, she doesn't swing into a discussion of what *she's* been doing for the past six days. She asks what *he's* been doing—and listens carefully to what he has to say. When her Saturday-night date tells how he saved last night's out-of-town basketball game with a last-minute basket from the *center* of the court, Kay lets him know she thinks that's pretty terrific—by wanting to hear all about it. People feel at home with Kay because she likes them—and *shows* that she likes them, by the best and easiest way possible: letting them talk about themselves.

"I always find something to say"



Theo Wilson

"If you want people to talk to you, ask them questions about themselves," says Theo Wilson, who in eleven years as a newspaper reporter has interviewed more than 6000 people, including some who said, "I can't tell you anything," and after a few minutes with Theo were telling her everything.

"Most tongue-tied people *want* to talk," Theo says, "and when you ask a question, you practically *give* them something to say. Then keep things going with *more* questions. Think to yourself, *What is the 'how' and 'why' of what he's saying? Is he leaving out anything important? Do I really understand all this?* And if you don't, ask him. He'll be delighted to tell you—and the wonderful thing is, he'll think you're a fine conversationist!"

When you're with a Boy

At the movies: Wait inside the lobby while your date buys the tickets . . . if you're with another couple let the other girl and her date seat themselves first, then sit down, followed by your date; if you're alone, you go first. **In a restaurant:** Wait at the door until the hostess finds a table for you. . . . If the waitress is standing at the table when you're ready to give your order, tell her yourself; otherwise tell your date what you would like, and he'll tell the waitress when she's ready. **At a dance:** If there's a receiving line, introduce yourself and your date to the first person in the line, and he'll pass your names along to the next person. . . . If you want to visit the ladies' room, say, "Excuse me a minute. I'd like to comb my hair," and your date will understand. . . . And be sure to save the first and last dances for the boy who brought you. That's a *must!*

No Fair PEEKING

at the answers to the popularity quiz in the Sub-Deb Booklet, Do Boys Like You? Test yourself and learn the *score*. Send 5c to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, and ask for No. 1658B.

How to start a Conversation

. . . when you meet a boy on the steps in front of school: Talk about school affairs. Ask if he's on the Athletic Association Committee (or any other big school committee in the news right then). If he is, maybe he can tell you what the holdup is on the play-off tickets everybody's been waiting for. If not, then you can go through the current beef about the way the committee is handling things.

. . . when you've just been introduced to a boy: "O'Neil? Are you related to the O'Neils on Moreland Avenue?" Whether he is or not, you can still talk about how many O'Neils there are in your neighborhood, how many cousins he has, how there are a million and a half Smiths in the U.S., and your own name possibilities. If you're introduced at a basketball game, ask what he thinks about the teams. If you're at someone's house, ask how he met the hostess, and then tell him how *you* met her too.

. . . when you see a strange boy at a party: Go over and introduce yourself. Ask him if he's new in town, where he came from, if he knows anyone else at the party. If he hasn't tried the punch yet, walk over and have some together. See if your crowd seems strange to him—"How do we compare with the kids in your old home town?"

. . . when you dance with a boy you've just met: "Do you go for this kind of music?" After he's said what *he* thinks, tell him what *you* like or don't like about it, and you're off on a long conversation about music. Or ask if this is the first time he's come to a dance at your school, and if his friends have gone overboard for the Charleston and the mambo the way yours have.

. . . when your mind suddenly goes blank: Try one of these questions, and be ready with a bright answer of your own when your turn comes: "What would you do if someone gave you a thousand dollars and said you had to spend it?" . . . "Where would you most like to live?" . . . "What would you like to be doing when you're twenty-one?" . . . "When you're sixty-five?"

. . . when you're going on a first date: Find out what he likes in the way of music, sports, movies and special activities ahead of time by asking friends of yours who know him. If it's records he cares about, tell him about the wonderful collection of jazz at Ed's Record Mart. Or it might be skiing—"And," you say, "my big chance to find out something. I finally conquered the snowplow, but I just can't figure out how to do a Christy. What's the secret?" But maybe none of your friends know him. There's always "What did you do this afternoon?" He might have had a call from a quiz show, in which case you're set. It might also happen that you catch him flatfooted and all he can mumble is "Nothing much." Be prepared to tell him what *you* did this afternoon. You had a funny experience shopping with your mother, cut your hand cleaning out your bureau drawers, or read a scary account of a holdup in the newspaper. Almost anything will give him an opening to say, "Something like that happened to me once. Seems that——" And the conversation is on its way!

MUNKACSI



Tell me Doctor —PART 13

"Please tell me exactly what happens during 'labor.' I don't think I'll be afraid if I know what to expect."

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

I BELIEVE I have already told you," said the doctor, "that about two weeks before you are due to go into labor your child's head will settle into the lower part of the pelvis. You will be very conscious of this because you will be able to breathe easier, owing to the fact that the uterus and its contents will not bulk so high in the abdominal cavity. With your second baby this process, known as *lightening*, is not so likely to happen until after labor has begun."

"What makes the labor start, Doctor?" inquired Mrs. Doe.

"Some have compared the uterus at full term to an over-distended bladder, which becomes so stretched that it can stand no more and automatically attempts to discharge its contents. Some have felt that it is caused by a slight toxemia due to certain metabolic fetal products which act on the mother's nerve centers. Some believe that mechanical pressure on the nerve centers develops at the climax of uterine growth, and sets off the expulsive process. Some feel that at a certain period in fetal development there is bound to occur a struggle for the balance of power between the estrin and progestin hormones, which irritates the uterus to the point where it is stimulated to expel its contents. Whether it is due to one, or a combination of these factors, or perhaps others, when the appointed hour arrives the contractions are practically certain to begin; in other words, the patient is said to 'go into labor.'

"By that term we mean that the process of expulsion begins. It is a complicated course that the woman must go through—otherwise it would be finished within minutes, rather than hours. The patient comes to know that she is in labor because she begins to experience pains, due to definite contractions of the extremely powerful uterine muscles—the type known as *involuntary*, for the reason that the patient has no control over them. She can neither cause one of the contractions to begin, nor stop it once it has started. She is entirely helpless in that respect."

"Are these pains very severe, Doctor?"

"Not at the beginning. The first ones are likely to be so slight and the intervals between them so long that it takes some time to realize that labor has begun. The discomfort might even be attributed to intestinal gas, or some other trivial cause. However, after a time, any intelligent woman is bound to realize that the intensity of the pains is increasing, and there is a periodicity to them that cannot be merely accidental. She knows, for instance, that within—say—twenty minutes by the clock, another one of them is due. It is then that she realizes that she is in labor. That is the time for her to get in touch with her doctor and—in any event—to start for the hospital."

"I know I shall feel queer about that. Suppose it were a false alarm?"

"Suppose it were. What of it? In the hospital you will be safe and have some measure of supervision until your doctor arrives to take over."

"Will he come right away?"

"That depends upon a number of circumstances, not the least being what his other duties might chance to be. It is most likely that he will come reasonably soon, size up the situation, and leave if he is satisfied that it is safe to do so. He may be satisfied to wait for a time within telephone touch, until the onset of labor is well established. After all, the first few hours can be delegated to qualified assistants, which every good hospital provides. They will keep in touch with him and carry out his instructions."

"I think I'd want him there all the time."

"If he is a busy man, he may have other patients to serve at the same time. However, you need have little fear that he will neglect you. It won't help much to have him sit by the bedside and hold your hand throughout your labor—in fact, such a procedure would be good neither for you nor for him. It is far better that he come in with a fresh point of view, at the time when he is needed. His judgment will, as a rule, be better than if he had been watching you, helplessly, for hours."

"Why do you say 'helplessly,' Doctor?"

"Because there is little that he can do for you during the early hours of your labor. There are certain processes which must go on, according to natural laws. You will be watched constantly by qualified and trained persons. They will observe the frequency and character of your contractions and note and tabulate the quality of your baby's heart. I am referring now to the first stage of labor."

"Could you explain that further?"

"Let's say that you have been admitted to the hospital and given routine preparation, which means that you will have the hair shaved off the pubic area—that is, the area of operations. You may be given an

(Continued on Page 160)

Copyright, 1951, by Henry B. Safford, M.D. This is the thirteenth of a series of articles taken from the book soon to be published by Renbayle House, Publishers, Inc., New York, N.Y.



NOW, and for a period of five months only, you may TRY OUT this cooperative plan by which you obtain a unique collection of the world's classics, especially illustrated by the world's great artists and well-printed on fine papers—

for the same price as ordinary novels!

BEFORE YOU BEGIN to read this advertisement, just take a look at some of the books you have purchased during the past year. Now that you have read them, how many of them will you read *again?* How many of them could vanish from your home without being missed by you? If then you realize that most of the books you buy these days have been put aside never to be looked at again, you will know how good an idea it is that you should this year come into possession of books that you will want to read, and read *over and over again:* of books you will take pride in having in your home.

You are given an opportunity to do so, at this moment. For you are invited to accept a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club, which will cover a period of five months. This is because there is a scarcity of paper in this country: paper pulp, too, has gone to war. Of the high quality of paper which The Heritage Club uses, the supply is so limited as to force us to gnash our teeth in fury. We have been promised just enough additional paper to enable one thousand new members to receive the beautiful, *beautiful* Heritage books during the coming five months.

THE MEMBERS OF THE HERITAGE CLUB regularly come into possession of those "classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." They come into possession of books beautifully illustrated, printed on papers tested to assure a life of at least two centuries, and staunchly bound and boxed.

If *you* try this system, you will in the coming months receive just five books, at a cost of only $3.65 each—or *only $3.28 each* if you pay in advance. Then, when the members receive the Prospectus for the next annual series, that Prospectus will go to you; and you can then decide, after you will have had five of the books, whether you want to continue.

During your Trial Membership you will receive *War and Peace* by Tolstoy, in a wonderful thick volume of 1760 pages and with profuse illustrations by Vasily Verestchagin and Fritz Eichenberg; *Great Expectations* by Dickens, with illustrations by the English painter Ardizzone; *The House of the Seven Gables* by Hawthorne, illustrated in color by Valenti Angelo; and *Bacon's Essays;* and, in a big beautiful volume, *Through the Looking-Glass* printed with *Alice in Wonderland.*

NEVER in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain been offered to wise buyers of books. The Trial Membership gives you an opportunity to put this statement to the test. Please fill out the coupon printed herewith and mail it to The Heritage Club promptly. You will then receive the Prospectus which describes the Club's system and the books you will receive; *and* a Trial Membership will be reserved for you.

Reservation Coupon

To THE HERITAGE CLUB, 595 Madison Ave., New York 22
Please send me a copy of your Prospectus, in which are described The Heritage Club's cooperative system of distribution and also the books to be distributed to the Trial Members during the coming five months. I understand that you will in the meantime reserve a Trial Membership for me, awaiting receipt of my formal application.

NAME _____ PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____ LH-155

NO WASH, NO WIPE TONIGHT!

NEW DREFT DOES BOTH AND DISHES SHINE

No Wash–
No Wipe, Tonight!
No Wash–
No Wipe, Tonight!

Self Washing Dreft
Means No Work Left
No Wash, No Wipe,
Tonight!



. . . . . All YOU do is RINSE! Even pots and pans glisten!

You don't wash... Instead of washing dishes just let them soak in warm Dreft suds for 2 minutes. Dreft floats grease and food particles away. Your hands don't even touch the dishwater. All *you* have to do is rinse the dishes, giving a swish of the cloth where needed, and presto! They're done!

You don't wipe... New Self-Washing Dreft leaves no dishwater film. It washes dishes and glasses so clean, they shine—even without wiping.

You don't scour... Even pots and pans *soak* clean. Dreft's amazing "float-away" action gets *under* grease . . . lifts it off. Then grease *rinses* away . . . without scouring.

BEAUTY TIP!
New Dreft is so mild, and your hands are in water so little, it leaves hands beautifully white and soft!

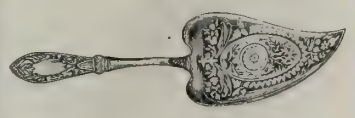
It's magic...sheer magic...it's self-washing



Journal about Town

Gossip about people you know, editors you like, and what goes on in New York

Fifty Years Ago In The Journal



QUEEN Wilhelmina was married in February, 1901, and Mexico City had its first snow in fifty years. In Philadelphia you could buy a whole turkey for $1.87. The new song Mighty Lak a Rose was a big hit in the minstrel-show circuit, and in Holton, Kansas, one thousand citizens destroyed all the town's saloons.

"Is the Newspaper Office the Place for a Girl?" was the subject of Edward Bok's editorial in the February, 1901, JOURNAL. *Thirty-nine out of forty-two newspaperwomen asked said "no," giving such reasons as "unwholesome, nerve-racking, disagreeable and unrefined." Said one newspaperman, "I would rather see my daughter starve"; and another, "Young womanhood is too sweet and sacred a thing to bring to a newspaper office."*

Fashion: "Large leghorn hats, drooping in the front and back, and garlanded with pink roses, will be much seen this spring."

Helpful hints: "The brown streak about the neck, caused by wearing high collars, may be removed by tying thin slices of cucumber about the neck when retiring."

"Diabetes usually comes to those who eat too much," writes Mrs. Rorer, a good many years before the discovery of insulin. "Avoid all foods containing sugar or starch, and pickles and underground vegetables."

"How to Wash White Clothes: Soak your linens in cold water, wash in warm soapy water, rinse, then put in boiler and boil for ten minutes. Next put the clothes into two separate tubs of rinsing water, and then into the bluing water." Equipment needed: tubs, washboard, boiler, clothes stick, pail and long-handled dipper. "A washing machine is a great help if there is a boy or a man to operate it."





Weather forecast: fair and warmer . . . but a blizzard strikes Broadway.

MONTH after month we look out over the city, from the Workshop here, at weather that often seems to us as troubled and unpredictable as the times. High winds appear to be higher than usual, blizzards more blinding, heat waves more blistering, rains more torrential, dry spells more parching. And we gather it's the same way everywhere, with weathermen saying one thing, and the weather doing another; recalling *Doctor Gallup*'s study of some time back which showed that one year the old Farmer's Almanac—which makes its weather predictions a year ahead—had quite a bit better batting average than the weather bureau. . . . So we had a little chat with *Ernest J. Christie*, head of the bureau here, and it seems, first of all, that we've got the wrong impression about the weather's being different: it's the same as always, just as bad, just as good; and if a doctor can be wrong about a disease, so can a weatherman be wrong about the weather. We asked him how he felt about the Farmer's Almanac forecast for this February: "Raw and windy. Snow to your knees. Tornadoes down South. High tides up North." . . . He just laughed.

I had been accustomed to walk the streets of London very late at night for almost a year. I was alone, no one cared what I did, and I could never rest in those days until I was tired, sometimes not then. Night after night I would climb down the five flights of stairs into a silent Knightsbridge, turn east and walk into a silent city where the sound of my heels tapping the pavement seemed the only thing alive.

I was a self-pitying fool, but not so much so that I looked for trouble. There was some instinct of self-preservation still, beneath the apathy of my year of mourning, and I usually chose Mayfair for my wandering, since it was the only part of the city that I knew well.

I had no more cause for unhappiness than thousands of the people I sat beside in busses and passed daily in the street. But it was my hurt, my loneliness, my lost love, my purposeless and futile life . . . at twenty-eight I had mislaid the key to life, and I was locked in with my misery.

One night in early February, I came home from work feeling peacefully weary for the

Copyright, 1951, by Lois Edwards. This is a condensation of the novel soon to be published by William Morrow & Co., Inc.

pincott's under the same title. It took the ideas and efforts of 15 staff editors, writers and researchers, and a year of traveling to all but 3 of the 48 states, to get the material which gives the facts about this country's 15,372,000 teen-agers, as obtained from the teen-agers themselves.

old blue shadow. ss, quite e. There rld.

first time in a long while. lating a plan of saving mone to the States. I went to be termined to stay there, tal pills as a sort of insuranc

I fell asleep and dreame a cruel, wonderful dream, life. I woke so suddenly tha fully awake in an instan screamed in agony as the was indeed a dream swept

"Ju," I cried aloud, "Ju I almost hated him for "You're dead," I said, and voice as if it were someon was the first time I knew th the words "you're dead." my face very slowly.

I hugged myself, mad tion of him in my dream, h any longer that way, seei now, decomposing in the went into the bathroom an

When I could, I began f The room seemed to be full fying body. It was so hat was compelled to be shut the clean air. I ran down

Outside it was brilliant walked toward Hyde Park C in the sanity of the near daw to be no one about, but (Co

*form a board to "strengthen the free world against the dangers" of Communism. And sure enough, there she was: "**Margaret Hickey**, educator, lawyer and businesswoman of University City, Missouri," and "Public Affairs Editor· LADIES' HOME JOURNAL."*

The number of women holding jobs or looking for them has climbed 24 per cent in the past decade, though the female population over 14 years old has risen only 11 per cent. The number of men workers has increased only 7.7 per cent—little more than the 5.7 per cent male population rise. . . . Studies indicate that college couples rarely marry unless they've been engaged for three months; noncollege couples marry on much shorter notice. . . . Out of 23,000,000 young people from 8 to 18 years, only 200,000 are ever committed to juvenile institutions, and one fourth of these later become good citizens.

TED CASTLE



Rex Harrison, looking solemn, listens to the debate at UN.

Lately at one of the many momentous meetings of the UN Security Council, one of our camera scouts, on the lookout for pictures, caught sight of a familiar face framed as you see it here in earphones. It was *Rex Harrison*, the English actor now starring in *John van Druten's* hit comedy, Bell, Book and Candle. "I just couldn't stay away," he explained. You can see a lot of people from the stage and screen almost any time over there: *Madeleine Carroll, Ginger Rogers, Frank Sinatra, Margaret Truman, Tallulah Bankhead*, all looking a little unfamiliar in earphones, all looking just as serious as Rex.

d to fight for it

We sat there, Helen and I,
like some horrible travesty
of a sister act.



l YOU do is RINSE!
and pans glisten!

sh-
eft
nd
ven
is
oth
nc!

elf-
lm.
hey

You don't scour . . . Even pots and pans *soak* clean. Dreft's amazing "float-away" action gets *under* grease . . . lifts it off. Then grease *rinses* away . . . without scouring.

BEAUTY TIP!
New Dreft is so mild, and your hands are in water so little, it leaves hands beautifully white and soft!

It's magic...shee

It seeme

llen in love again

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER



My Heart in Hiding

By LOIS EDWARDS

I SAW her first in moonlight, a cold blue light behind her and her face in shadow. She had a sort of aura, a strangeness, quite apart from the tragedy of her face. There was a wall between her and the world.

I had been accustomed to walk the streets of London very late at night for almost a year. I was alone, no one cared what I did, and I could never rest in those days until I was tired, sometimes not then. Night after night I would climb down the five flights of stairs into a silent Knightsbridge, turn east and walk into a silent city where the sound of my heels tapping the pavement seemed the only thing alive.

I was a self-pitying fool, but not so much so that I looked for trouble. There was some instinct of self-preservation still, beneath the apathy of my year of mourning, and I usually chose Mayfair for my wandering, since it was the only part of the city that I knew well.

I had no more cause for unhappiness than thousands of the people I sat beside in busses and passed daily in the street. But it was my hurt, my loneliness, my lost love, my purposeless and futile life . . . at twenty-eight I had mislaid the key to life, and I was locked in with my misery.

One night in early February, I came home from work feeling peacefully weary for the first time in a long while. I was half formulating a plan of saving money and going home to the States. I went to bed early and I determined to stay there, taking two sleeping pills as a sort of insurance against myself.

I fell asleep and dreamed of Julian. It was a cruel, wonderful dream, more vivid than life. I woke so suddenly that I was absolutely fully awake in an instant, and I almost screamed in agony as the realization that it was indeed a dream swept over me.

"Ju," I cried aloud, "Ju." For an instant I almost hated him for cheating me so. "You're dead," I said, and I could hear my voice as if it were someone else's. I think it was the first time I knew the utter finality of the words "you're dead." Tears slid down my face very slowly.

I hugged myself, mad with the recollection of him in my dream, but not seeing him any longer that way, seeing him as he was now, decomposing in the soil of France. I went into the bathroom and I was very sick.

When I could, I began fumbling to dress. The room seemed to be full of Julian's mortifying body. It was so hateful to me that I was compelled to be shut of it and out into the clean air. I ran down the stairs.

Outside it was brilliant moonlight, and I walked toward Hyde Park Corner, calmer now in the sanity of the near dawn. There seemed to be no one about, but *(Continued on Page 64)*

Copyright, 1951, by Lois Edwards. This is a condensation of the novel soon to be published by William Morrow & Co., Inc.



— even if she had to fight for it

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL





ILLUSTRATED BY



Lennie Frank Joe

ON the night of June tenth three people dined with me, by arrangement, to celebrate the death of Gil McBride. I do not use "celebrate" in its antique sense, but rather in its modern, common meaning; while we did not wear paper hats, we did drink champagne.

The three were Frank Fistere, Eleanor Tait and Lennie Frost. Eleanor Tait you know—at least you do if you go to the movies, for you cannot have escaped at least one or two of the ten pictures she has made—but the two other names are less likely to be familiar. Frank Fistere was a writer, or more properly a playwright—he has made three real hits on Broadway—but for the last five years he has lived and worked in Hollywood. Lennie Frost was a movie producer, like the two others once of New York, and now, like them, respected, respectable and successful in California. I knew them all, but not very well. I had been a press agent for Gil McBride during the days when they had worked for him; however, such is the theatrical community that it can be assumed we were old friends.

Celebration or not, the dinner had been commanded by Gil McBride. I had been in New York the month before, when Gil was dying, and had gone to see him in the hospital. It was then the arrangement had been made, or rather the command given; Gil never asked.

In his obituaries, Gil was forty-six, which was the truth, but a truth that surprised most people when they read it. He had been a name so long, so many people remembered from their youth seeing plays marked "Gil McBride Presents" and he *looked* so old, that everyone took for granted he was in his late fifties. Nowadays you don't expect people to have wrinkles and gray hairs in their forties; it's out of date, old-fashioned. Look at the movie stars, or even look around you. At the turn of the century a man of forty was an old man, now he is just past being a boy.

I suppose an explanation for Gil is that he crowded into one year as much work and living and intrigue and screaming as most people do into five. For the last few years of his life he was sick and inactive; nothing particularly was wrong with him, he was just rundown, worn out, there had been too much going on for one body to sustain.

Had Gil been an ordinary man, those last years would have been bitter ones, for he spent them for the most part, except for nurses and doctors, alone. Gil was friendless. He was admired, worshiped, adored—any superlative you can think of—for his abilities in the theater, but for himself he was hated. But the thing about Gil was, he didn't care, either for the worship or the hate. I firmly and truly believe that; I have never met anyone else in my life I could say it of, but for Gil it was a fact.

Not that he couldn't be charming; he was beguiling if he chose. I certainly don't want to paint a monster: my point is that *(Continued on Page 134)*

The letter said, "Each of you in turn is to tell why you hate me."

to a bad man

By GEORGE BRADSHAW



It was a look of one woman to another . . .
directed to her mother alone.



She Stood Up

By TRAVIS MASON

AS the tenth metallic bong of the grandfather clock in the hall shivered into silence, Kay flung aside her magazine. Her reading had been only a pretense, anyway. For the last interminable hour she had been so taut, listening for the crunch of tires in the driveway, that she could almost feel antennae sprouting from her eardrums.

"Well, might as well face it, dear," she announced grimly. "He won't be with us this evening."

"What?" Jeff Layton emerged, blinking, from behind the sports page. "Who?"

"Oh, *Jeff!* That conceited young puppy of a Bob Branine was due here an hour and a half ago, and our child is upstairs in a new pink-tulle party dress, going through her first hell—just in case you're interested. He's stood her up, that's what!"

"He didn't seem like a conceited young pup. Seemed like a nice enough kid to me. He'll be along." Jeff's easygoing drawl was as irritating at that point as a heavy blanket against hot flesh. "Probably couldn't get the car started, or tore his best shirt or something."

"Or maybe sitting up with a sick friend!" Kay flicked a scathing glance in the direction of the long legs stretched comfortably on the crimson ottoman, the handsome brown head lolling back against the easy chair. "I assume he knows how to use a telephone, if he had any breeding, or any legitimate excuse for not being here."

She stood up impatiently and crossed the room with her swift, light stride. From the front window of the darkened library across the hall, she could see up and down the quiet street. The shadows of new spring leaves stippled the moonlit lawn. Next door, the Daleys were just turning off their lights. The Morgan house, across the way, was already in darkness. She had heard Barbara Morgan, Julie's best friend, start off in a flurry of giggles and laughing shouts, an hour ago.

A car turned the corner from Lansing Street, and Kay frowned ruefully as she realized that she was holding her breath. The car passed.

It was ridiculous, of course, to get tied up in knots like this about a kids' party. It wasn't a life-and-death matter. Heavens, when you thought of what youngsters Julie's age had gone through during the war—what they were going through right now, for that matter, in half the countries of the world. . . . Julie would get over her disappointment, and *(Continued on Page 174)*

ILLUSTRATED BY R. G. HARRIS

My Son Died in Korea

By MRS. DAVID S. DeVAULT

EVEN when he was a little boy, Bud was a happy child. Everybody liked Bud. The minister said it when he came in after his death—Bud always had a twinkle in his eye. He made you feel good.

Isn't it odd—you'd think it would make me feel bad now to think about him, but it doesn't. I like to think about him.

You've heard about brothers who were friends too. Well, David and Bud were more than that. They were close, always close. "Why couldn't it have been me?" David said when he heard about it. "Everybody liked Bud." That was ridiculous. David is needed just as much as Bud was. But it shows you what Bud meant to him—what he meant to all of us.

Bud was a towhead with blue eyes and a face full of sunshine. Yet he wasn't just happy-go-lucky. He was good. Not goody-goody—but good. He liked to get his chores done before he went out to play. He did his homework every night. It's old-fashioned to talk about duty nowadays, but Bud had a sense of duty.

Maybe that's why he wanted to go to West Point. I don't know. You talk to your kids when they are young about the basic things—like duty, and God. But when they grow up, you can't. You just have to feel your way along once they're grown up. Bud said he wanted to go to West Point because it offered him everything he wanted.

The men in Korea, wrote Joseph Alsop from the front, were quite ordinary Americans, few of whom possessed the kind of "understanding of what they were fighting for" that academic-minded people at home say soldiers ought to have. Their simple sentiment was that they were fighting for their country, and this was good enough reason.

"If they are brave and generous-hearted, curiously wise and genially indomitable," he added, "it is because quite ordinary Americans respond in these ways to the right sort of challenge."

This is the story of one of the young leaders of these men—1st Lieutenant Milton (Bud) DeVault, a tank commander from Amsterdam, New York, who was killed in action during the historic battle of Yongsan. His mother told it to me in pride, humility and in the hope that in these times when so many mothers are sending their sons off to the armed services, it will be of some help to know that his tragic death at twenty-eight has daunted neither her courage nor her faith.

—JOAN YOUNGER.

We didn't have much money then. After dad became ill, things weren't easy and Bud knew it. He knew an appointment to West Point would help—he worked his way through one year at the University of Tennessee, though, before it came through. His competitive exams gave him the rank of second alternate—two boys had to fail before he could get in. He never believed it would happen. He said if they placed higher on the tests than he did, then, of course, they must be brighter and better prepared and they'd make out. They didn't though. Bud wasn't really what you'd call brilliant, but he had something else. He stuck to things. He worked at them until they came out right.

Let me tell you how he graduated from West Point after those two other boys who had had pre-West Point training failed. Bud had never had enough high-school math. And he didn't take any in Tennessee. So he got to West Point, and maybe you don't know, but they take mathematics seriously. Bud had to go right into an advanced geometry course—and sink or swim. Well, he worked on it. He worked so hard that his French suffered. In the middle of the semester it looked like he was going to flunk both of them, and he called me up. "I'm going to resign," he said. "I thought you ought to know." I couldn't imagine it at first. It didn't seem like Bud. Then I thought about how he hated to fail in anything. So I said, all right, it's your life, but I'm going to come down there and talk to you about it before you do anything. I made him promise he'd wait. I took the next train down to West Point. We found out that two flunks would throw him out of school, but that if he had only one failure, he could get back in—if he could make up the material he missed and pass tests on it. If he worked on his French now and his math later, he could still make it. There was a place he could go and get nothing but math, a school that specialized in helping West Pointers. It would take three months and $375.

Bud, I said, you're a lot like me. If you quit now when you're licked, you'll never get over it. You go take that course, and get back in, and then, if you want to resign, you go ahead and resign.

I had to borrow the money, of course. But Bud tutored at Professor Silverman's, living in his house, for his three months, and then took his tests and passed them. That summer he went to work to make the $375. The following spring I had to ask him, Bud, do you want to resign now? "Mother," he said, "you knew me better than I knew myself." And when he got his diploma, do you know what he did? He gave it to me. "Here, you earned it," he said.

I remember when he was in Japan with the occupation. He liked Japan, but then he always liked any place he happened to be. But two years is a long time and he wanted to come home, and he wanted the feel of home. He wrote me that there were three things he wanted: a really beautiful set of golf clubs, a red convertible, and a dog.

(Continued on Page 126)

He wrote: "I like to get things done rather than



DAN WEINER

vait for them to happen."

"People ask me if I am bitter or resentful. No, I am neither. I am resigned. It is the part of a mother always to be giving. Sometimes it is little; other times it is much. Occasionally we are called to give our most."



Through this doorway during the winter of 1777–78 passed hundreds of Revolutionary heroes, from Washington and Lafayette to private soldiers of the army. Through it now, a quarter of a million visitors a year.

Washington's *Headquarters*

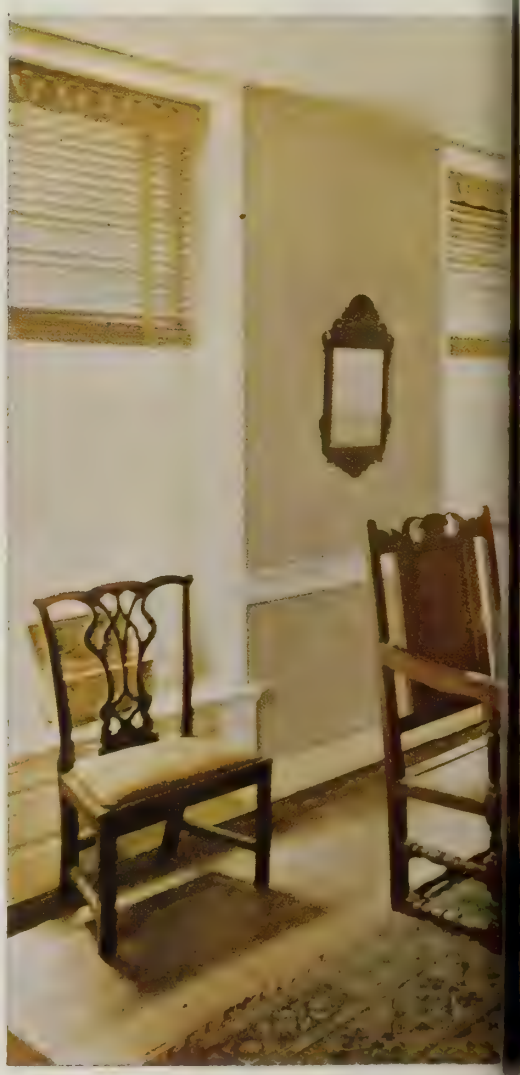
VALLEY FORGE

By RICHARD PRATT

On the evening before the General's forty-sixth birthday in 1778, Martha Washington came to join her husband in this house, which had been his headquarters since Christmas. They stayed here until June, during the most desperate days of the Revolution, sustaining the courage of the ragged and suffering army camped around them. The house was about thirty years old at the time, an outstanding example of the many beautifully proportioned and handsomely paneled substantial stone dwellings for which Southeastern Pennsylvania is famous—this one by far the most famous of all.



The marble-faced fireplace adds a rich note to the Quaker simplicity of the parlor with its great walnut desk and Chippendale chairs. Above the Pennsylvania stretcher table hangs an Early American panel portrait; and through the arched doorway in the hallway beyond, can be seen a typical Revolutionary hat, cloak and saber.



The dining room became the General's office, its g leg table now holding his diary, his wooden inkwe pair of Sheffield candlesticks, and brass telescope.



In Martha's bedroom with its fishnet-canopied four-poster was a daily gathering of officers' wives and neighboring farm women who spent hours patching uniforms, darning stockings, knitting outfits, and preparing food and medicine for ailing soldiers. The mahogany chest of drawers is Chippendale; the *toile de Jouy* quilted spread, like most of the furnishings, predates Washington's occupancy.

WESLEY BAEZ-JOHN JOYCE, INC.



armchair is Pennsylvania wainscot, the others, Chippen-dale, while over the mantel with its Queen Anne side brackets hangs a contemporary black-and-white print of Philadelphia.



The huge fireplace dominates the brick-floored kitchen, holding an array of copper and iron utensils of the time. At its left hangs a Paul Revere lantern, a tin candle mold. Delicate hick-ory spindle-back chairs emphasize the sturdiness of the country sawbuck table and sideboard.

our own young



Dawn Norman has that bandbox freshness you would expect to see in a Beauty Editor. From her trim little hats down to the fresh carnations on her lapel, her look is one of chic simplicity. Dawn finds this navy-blue serge coat-dress particularly adaptable to office wear. By having a matching slim skirt, she can wear it as an ensemble with a turquoise polka-dot tie-silk blouse. When worn as a dress, tightly belted at the waistline, Dawn might add a crisp white piqué dickey and short white gloves. In the summertime Dawn can wear the coat over a light print or a silk shantung. The coat, Vogue Design No. 7215, 12 to 20; the skirt, "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 6577, 24 to 32 waist. Blouse, Vogue Design No. 7298, 12 to 42.



Nancy Crawford Russe is a believer in the basic dress. By having it a neutral beige wool, it lends itself to many changes. She likes the idea of having both the matching and the contrasting collar and cuffs detachable, as well as the plastron front. She might even make one set in a stripe or a checked fabric. Nancy's collection of well-chosen costume jewelry and her assortment of scarves will add a bright note when she wears the dress without the collar and cuffs. Another idea would be to make a fringed stole . . . either out of matching fabric or, perhaps, in coral-color jersey. You can be sure that Nancy's ingenuity will get the most out of this dress, just as she does with all her other clothes. Her dress, Vogue Design No. 7297, 12 to 20. Pretty in navy-blue linen for summer.



marrieds

like a minimum of clothes with maximum possibilities . . . plan capsule wardrobes for at home and in the office. . . . Many make their own clothes . . . others have them made by local dressmakers. • By NORA O'LEARY





Ellie Simmons' four-piece capsule wardrobe goes round the clock. Caring for her young son makes many demands on her clothes. Purposely she chose jersey for her skirt with unpressed pleats . . . the wrinkles hang out. Her tissue-gingham blouse and matching gloves will wash like a hankie. Her satin-striped batiste with the violet print is feminine and pretty. When she and John have guests for dinner, her matching jersey blouse and the skirt give the illusion of a dress. To this she adds a pink satin belt with a jeweled buckle. These same two pieces also look pretty with the gingham belt and gloves. Ellie's idea of buying an extra yard of fabric for aprons to match her cotton blouses is a charming one. Skirt, Vogue Design No. 6440, 24 to 32 waist. Gingham blouse, No. 7195; print blouse, No. 7017; jersey blouse, No. 6724.

ILLIAN BASSMAN





© VOGUE



Elizabeth McFarland Hoffman has a flair for the dramatic when it comes to evening clothes. She loves odd colors and exciting combinations. Her soft-pink-and-rosy-red silk-shantung taffeta has an individual look and has been planned to be worn many ways. Elizabeth asked her dressmaker to make the draped cuff on her blouse detachable so that she could wear a crisscross stole over it. This she made reversible to accent the colors. (Keep in mind, when you make a personal interpretation of a pattern, to allow extra yardage!) Elizabeth's black faille Victorian jacket, richly embroidered with jet, came from a local antique shop. A nice idea if you have a Victorian waistline (23″ or less). Her skirt, "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 6910, 24 to 32 waist. Blouse, Design No. 6707, 12 to 20. "Easy-to-Make" stole, No. 7243.

Back and other views and prices of these patterns are on page 178.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. (*Connecticut residents please add sales tax.)

Friendly modern



HAROLD FOWLER

Here is a picture of warm hospitality in the modified modern manner especially well suited to city life. Though space in a dining alcove is limited, the walnut table can seat a family dinner party of up to eight when it is pulled out from the wall.

PAINTING, "THE FOREST," BY GLEN KRAUSE



The comfort of upholstered furniture is retained while the uncluttered look of a modern room is achieved by using some wooden pieces and baring most of the floor. In a restful balanced grouping, six people can settle down to a pleasant evening. The whole room seats up to fifteen.

The striking window treatment is an economical way of coping with the wide windows common to all modern building, in apartments or houses. Cotton voile, 40″ wide, at 69c to 79c a yard, is used in two shades of gray. Inner layer admits ample light, blurs city view by day. Outer layer, drawn of evenings, lends intimacy.

Balanced arrangement, upholstery

contrasted with a bared floor,

spell repose and comfort

By H. T. WILLIAMS

THE subdued color scheme of soft gray, violet and sea blue, enlivened by lipstick red and touches of gold, preserves an air of spaciousness in this living-dining room, while the actual space is multiplied by the seating and storage arrangements. Both a sofa and a settee are used. The cabinets under the bookshelves are handy for all the paraphernalia of dining. The cabinet tops make handy servers. . . . A word to the budget-wise: the marble top on the coffee table, bought separately, cost $38—not small change, and yet with a carpenter-built base much less than the price of the decorator custom-built job which would run into over $100. A room to enjoy and share with your friends invites you to relax without sacrificing its distinction.



A NEW GRAY SUIT

THE MOST LIKABLE, WEARABLE FASHION YOU CAN OWN



Bolero-style, lightweight wool
with a red-and-white coin-dot silk-shantung blouse, by Leonard Arkin. John Frederic's red milan hat, calfskin bag and belt, long white cotton gloves.



Linen-trimmed gray flannel
suit with the fitted jacket, rounded hipline by Hannah Troy. Accented with any color. Worn here with black straw hat, white silk raincoat.



Almost-classic gray flannel . . .
divinely simple suit, easy to change, by Bonnie Cashin. Wear it with yellow, blue, pink or mauve nosegays, blouses. White straw-cloth hat.

LISA FONSSAGRIVES



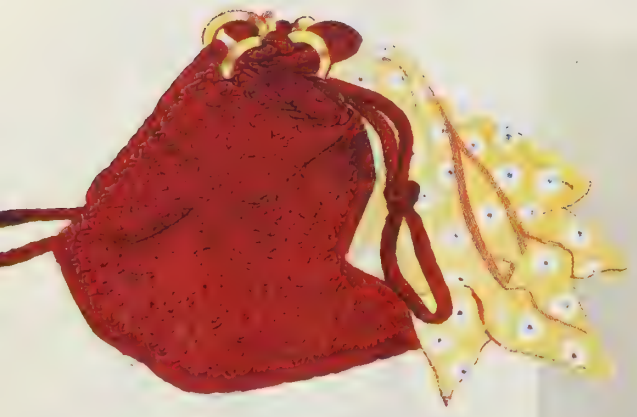
Sailor-collar bolero suit
in flannel, with a tie-silk bow blouse, in red, green or navy, by John Miller. Piqué profile cap, red calfskin bag, short cotton gloves.



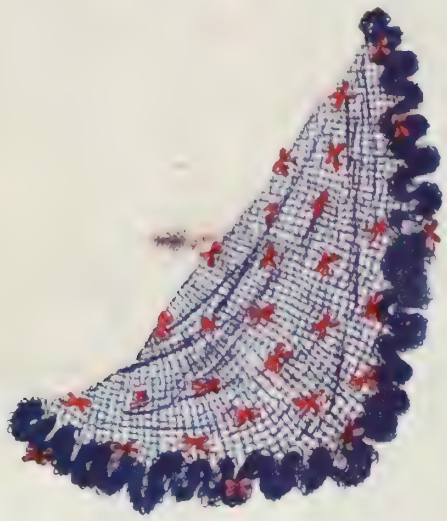
Red silk shantung on flannel
The deep-cuff, flare-back jacket lined with shantung, the skirt stem-slim, by Lo Balbo. Wear it with a small white milan hat, by Mr. Alf.

By RUTH MARY PACKARD

TO KNIT, TO TRIM



Big pouch bag, crocheted of carpet cotton, Mr. John. Order directions 2675.



Crocheted triangle with velvet bows, by Mme. Isabel. Order directions 2676.



Top-handle bag to knit, in gay stripes, crisp rayon yarn. Order directions 2677.





Cashmere with cut-felt flowers by Mme. Isabel. Write us for appliqué chart 2678.

COMPLETE PACKAGE OF TRIMMINGS $2.

Crocheted chenille calot by Antonina Hoffman. Order directions 2679.





Gold-and-white cotton knitted sweater. Order directions 2680; stole 2681.

Once you have discovered the beauty and comfort of hand-knitted and hand-trimmed sweaters, you will never be without them.

They are luxury fashions at custom-order prices, but the JOURNAL makes it possible for you to make them yourself for the price of the yarn or trimmings, plus 15 cents for directions.

Some are to be knitted, without decorations. (The gold-and-white twisted cotton yarn for the evening sweater will cost you $3.43.) Others are to be trimmed, and you can use your own cashmere or zephyr-wool sweater. Braid, pearls, seed beads, tassels and fringe can be bought at ten-cent stores or notion counters, or if you will write us we'll tell you where you can buy complete packages of trimmings, $1 to $3.25. (Package for field-flower sweater, $2.) Diagrams and explanations on Page 182. Some you can make yourself from the diagrams . . . for others you will need to order directions with the coupon on Page 24.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Lightweight cable-knitted cardigan, fitted waistline. Order directions 2682.



Rib-knitted sports waist-length sweater, 2683. Crocheted stole, 2684. Order directions.



Box jacket to knit, checked design, navy lapels and cuffs. Order directions 2685.



Braid and pearl buttons on sweater set by Gates and Rand. See diagram.

-red cashmere trimmed with gold braid, by Gates and Rand. See diagram Page 182.

After her first five-minute sample of Milton Berle on television, my mother-in-law turned her back on him and walked into the next room to look at a magazine. Don't tell Milton, but my mother-in-law isn't a woman to be much impressed by top Hooper ratings.

The man next door is disillusioned about the Gokey branding iron he got for Christmas, to mark his initials on his disappearing tools and outdoor gimmicks. He's already lost two branded snow shovels, and tells me his neighbors might react quicker to his full name and address.

"Maybe I'd better phone some of Peter's old girls," says Betty Comfort, sprinkling rock salt on the slippery front doorstep, "and remind 'em to send him some valentines. He gets such a kick out of imagining they still care!"

Our coed daughter has succeeded in clarifying for us the technical difference between "necking" and "petting," at least as defined on *her* campus. But so far the true significance of being "hung" with a fraternity man's pin escapes me. With some girls, on some days, it seems to mean more than a three-carat diamond.

Housebuilders are doing their desperate best to squeeze a sixty-foot ranch-style house on a fifty-foot lot. Even if I had to build a mile or two farther out, in my right mind I'd rather have a fifty-foot "ranch house" on a hundred-foot lot.

The clash of the sexes puzzles me: Why was it always thought corny for a man to wear his hat at work in a railroad or newspaper office, but chic and elegant for a woman to wear her *hat at her desk or at her own luncheon table?*

"You'd better look for a fresh package of magic and moonbeams," advises Peter Comfort, obliterating some naughty words the kids had etched in the snow. "when your Dream Girl quits touching your fingers every time you light her cigarette."

Another thorn in my side I yearn to challenge at PTA or our neighborhood drugstore is the softie who lets his kids go to bed an hour later than we try to get ours to bed. I'd like to massage his face with a banana split, but I'll probably razz him a little first, end up buying him one.

there's a man in the house

By HARLAN MILLER



I'll wager there's nothing wrong with teen-agers' appetites that wouldn't be cured if dad built a lunch counter in the dining room, got behind it with mom in aprons, and offered them hamburgers and a typical lunch-counter menu. (A neon-lit juke box would help too.)

We got into quite an argument at the bridge table when I quoted a psychologist who thinks women begin at least sixty per cent of all husband-wife quarrels. Immediately both ladies accused both me and the psychologist of being men. An hour later they reached a decision: there'd be no quarrels if husbands conceded promptly they were wrong.

Our neighborhood philosopher suspects the teen-agers have fallen for "exclusive dating" because it offers more "security" in their romances. "But when I was fifteen," scoffs my consort, "I was willing to take my chances that the phone would ring again and again."

Luckily, television in our circle hasn't had the dreaded effect of drying up all conversation. Maybe our friends are a little more talkative than most, but some of their wisecracks about the TV entertainment are funnier than anything that bounces through the sixteen-inch screen.

Our town's most bookish doctor thinks marital happiness is a simple matter. "I've never known of a divorce or separation," he tells me, "of a husband and wife who had a satisfactory agreement on sex. . . . Satisfactory to both, that is," he adds.

Our block's pluckiest father threatens to require his kids to memorize four lines of poetry for each evening of ogling the TV screen. "That way they'll learn some of the noblest thoughts in our language," he says, "something they certainly won't learn from TV."

Since the price of a haircut went up from $1 to $1.25 in our town, some of our more frugal Beau Brummells get clipped every two weeks instead of weekly. And the arithmetical genius around the corner swears he spends less a year on haircuts now than when they cost 65 cents.

I've hit on a novel reason for not sending Junior all the money he asks for in his letters from school. "If I sent every dollar you ask for," I wrote him, "you'd never have anything to write about, and we'd never hear from you." So far this has him flabbergasted.

My wife claims she counted, and that I pottered with the fireplace logs seventeen times while we fed some guests chop suey on the hearth. "It would burn just as well if you left it alone," she argues, and the only way I can prove she's wrong is to let it go out. Then I'd have to build it all over again.

When your wife at breakfast smilingly ignores your sins of the night before . . . and your youngest chooses a walk in the woods with you over a Western movie . . . and your daughter says you look like Spencer Tracy in your dinner jacket and adorns your ear with lipstick . . . or you and your wife lose to the youngsters at bridge but get sweet revenge at tennis . . . and you fail to find a face in any restaurant as pretty as your Dream Girl's . . . then you confess to yourself (but not to her) how unqualified you were for the bachelorhood you often so loudly lament.

Why not draft Women?

All the social forces which make women hesitate to volunteer for military duty would vanish if women were drafted.

By MILDRED McAFEE HORTON
Wartime head of the Waves

Why doesn't somebody do something about drafting women? Selective Service officials are having a hard time finding men; veterans, fathers, and boys in the middle of their educational training are being drafted. How much better for the nation, it would seem, to draw from the 16,000,000 young men *and women* of draft age rather than try to fill our military needs from among the 8,000,000 boys. It seems likely that out of 16,000,000 the necessary number could be found who have no serious objection to being selected. I like the idea of services staffed by people who do not resent being there, even if some of them are women.

Nobody who knows anything about military life seriously contemplates making the Army or Navy—and certainly not the Marine Corps—into fifty-fifty coeducational organizations! The main business of military services is combat, and women should be noncombatants. Military personnel has to have home duty between tours of combat service. This means that not all the home jobs can be filled by noncombatants. With total war bringing physical danger to the very homes of women and children, it is a bit ludicrous to exclude women from combat areas in order to keep helpless females from *danger*. Nevertheless, it is not good strategy to draft women for combat duty or assign them to it. Grueling physical exertion, demanding muscular strength, is not the most efficient use of women's ability; and trying to mix men and women in the appallingly heavy industry of war combat is not smart.

Military authorities like to deal with personnel as exchangeable units in the military machine, rotating them between combat and noncombatant duty. This is the best argument I know for limiting the draft to men. Nevertheless, the organizational difficulty of using women for noncombatant duties is not insurmountable.

There is a pseudo gallantry which discourages using women for war duty. They must be saved from the burdens of war—though how they are saved by drafting their husbands, leaving them with young children whose fathers have been sent to war, is hard to see. This pseudo gallantry was the bane of existence of women in the services during World War II. It took the shape of "protecting" Waves by law from being assigned overseas duty. It led recruiters across the length and breadth of the land to think they had to "glamorize" the services as playgrounds for "cute" girls. It put the burden of volunteering for military duty on women who had no real basis for deciding where they could be most useful in the war economy. No draft board provided data for their decision.

Worst of all, the so-called chivalry led too many people to believe that girls in uniform were somehow lesser in quality than the "nice" girls who stayed at home to work in a factory. Rumors about their manners and morals spread like wildfire. Most of the rumors were wild. To be sure, the service requirement that candidates must be "of good repute in their community" did not prevent some poor selection. One poor choice in a small community could and did ruin the reputation of all the services. The WAC took the brunt of the criticism because it was the first to enlist women. Wacs began to be maligned when civilians lined up outside the recruiting offices and photographers spread "cheesecake" pictures of people before they even got to the door. Then the WAC was blamed for attracting "cheap" girls!

Of course military service, like industry, like business, introduces people to standards of conduct different from their own. It was one reason we welcomed a twenty-year age limit, for by that time a young woman should have enough independence of judgment so that she will maintain her personal standards without lowering them through mere contact with other people. It seems safe to assert that the experience of most service women was a positive, healthy, morally wholesome experience, maturing rather than degrading, enriching rather than cheapening. As a matter of fact, the armed services are probably less dangerous places for young women than are new jobs in war industry where less adequate provision can be made for twenty-four-hour-a-day welfare of personnel. American girls proved to be a fine lot of human beings whether or not they wore military uniforms.

The human resources of a nation are of inestimable value in peace or war. To register the skills and experience available for national welfare seems a step in the direction of wise use of those resources, whether to advise volunteers or to assign conscripts. During World War II women were auxiliaries rather than full partners in the war effort, being used as supplements when the manpower was inadequate in the armed forces and in industry. This produced a lot of waste motion among patriotic women. Surely it would be more in line with public interest to find the men or women best qualified to do the work that needs to be done . . . and thus make efficient use of everybody's skill.

Roses are red Violets are blue

By Ann Batchelder

THIS is the month of memories, of memories and sentimental doings. We hang out the flags for Lincoln and for Washington. And there *are* those who are valentine-minded—flowers and favors, dancing and sentiment. I can't prove it, but I believe almost everybody feels a little romantic on February fourteenth. It has been a long time since I wrote a valentine verse, but romance used to ooze out of me like juice out of a tree-ripened orange. To the girls of yesterday who *kept* their valentines, we are grateful. Put away in their scented envelopes, the tender missives hidden in grandmother's hair trunk in the attic, they are collectors' items, as rare as old lace and as fragile. Don't sell romance short. Love has a high value in the market places where old valentines are sold.

And when you see an old-time valentine, with such simple sentiments as "Roses are Red, Violets are Blue," remember that was Valentine's complete message. That was true love—in a package.

In Honor of the Good Saint. It all comes back to me as true and clear as this day's sunrise over the snowdrifts on the hills of home. And so I take you now to a St. Valentine's party. Here are the makings of *(Continued on Page 118)*

STUART-POWLER


Menu
Lemon Madrilène Soup
Chicken-Avocado Supreme
with Pimiento Rice
Peas
Green Salad—Cheese Croutons
Croissants
Currant-Jelly Freeze
Valentine Cake
Coffee
(Planned for 6)

Because She was like Me.....

BY GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

IRENE MARLOWE parked her car in front of the school and walked in through the front entrance without being recognized. A few of the boys and girls whom she passed in the hall glanced at her without any particular curiosity. If it occurred to any of them that she resembled Irene Marlowe, they dismissed it as no more than a resemblance. What would Irene Marlowe be doing in West End High School?

Besides, she did not look the way she looked on the screen. She was dressed in a sweater and skirt and low-heeled shoes. She wore very little make-up

She walked into



"She was just like me," Mary thought.
"She really was. And now she's—
she's Irene Marlowe!"

and her blond hair was arranged simply, with bangs straight across her forehead and only the suggestion of a curl at the ends. She might have been a somewhat older sister of one of the students. Only an expert could have told that her sweater, for instance, had cost thirty-five dollars instead of five-ninety-five, and that assiduous daily professional care gave her the appearance of much greater youth than she actually possessed.

It was typical of her that she came unannounced. Whenever there was any question in her mind about gaining entrance anywhere, she did not ask in advance or say that she was coming, but simply entered. There were few such occasions any more, but even when she had been nobody it had usually worked. It worked now. The principal, to whose office one of the pupils had directed her, looked up from a pile of papers on his desk with a minimum of encouragement. He was a thin, middle-aged man with a harassed expression and he was obviously very busy.

"Yes? Can I help you?" he asked, impatience slipping out around the edges of his words.

"I'm Irene Marlowe," she said. She tossed her hair back with a characteristic gesture and smiled at him. "The motion-picture actress."

She had never been beautiful, and now she was past thirty, but she was one of those women whom people remembered long after they had forgotten the great beauties. She had the kind of magnetism that gave off sparks from her simplest mannerism, before she uttered a word—something that crackled from the screen no matter what part she played—yet afterward no one could recall just what it was about her that was so fascinating.

Mr. Dearborn, the principal, took off his spectacles and stared at her. When he repeated her name, a little sap ran through the dry twig of his voice. "Miss Marlowe. Yes. Yes indeed. What can I do for you, Miss Marlowe?"

"It's really quite simple." She had always spoken with that soft, deep warmth, *(Continued on Page 166)*

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

their lives for just one day. . . and nothing was the same

Range and cooking center backed by partition divide 9′ x 12′ kitchen from dining area. Sliding panel, shown open here, creates a pass-through beside range for easier serving and cleanup. A narrow, open counter, for quick snacks, sit-down jobs, joins the sink and range sides of the room.

As you like it

By GLADYS TABER

"WE have chosen a stock plan for a ranch-style home," wrote Mrs. B. "Could you help me with the kitchen? We can't make drastic changes because of expense. But I do want my kitchen as nice as those in the JOURNAL."

Mrs. B. was right. The time to plan a kitchen *as you like it* is when the house is still a folder of blueprints. With the range moved away from the refrigerator and the dining area separated, this kitchen seems the answer to much modern living, for the whole 12′ x 20′ room is still a unit. Every inch is planned to make work run smooth as butter, and dining pleasurable.

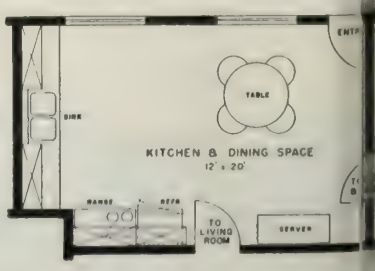
The rich lapis-lazuli blue of the lower cabinets and the soft seashell pink of the uppers make the kitchen sing with color. Using the same colors in the dining area makes both rooms seem larger and unifies them with the color harmony.

Wonderful to have a kitchen just exactly as *you* like it!

STUART STEPHENSON



Cabinets beside refrigerator fill original range space. Now each appliance has counter and storage space beside it. Framed punchboards over sink and range give flexible storage. Hooks and racks fit in all-over pattern of holes. There are stainless-steel inserts in counter at right and left of sink. Wood cabinets with baked-on colored enamel include ventilated unit over gas refrigerator.



ORIGINAL PLAN

Mirror-faced panel is closed here; reflects window, makes room seem larger. Unlined chintz curtains are made crosswise of fabric with pattern running horizontally. Practical round table, ample armchairs and fixture that lights table without glare make for pleasant dining. Rug-size square of blue plastic set in gray plastic flooring dramatizes dining area.

Cabinet beside range has pull-out rack for pans and lid bin on door for cooking utensils. Another stainless-steel insert is ideal landing deck for hot pans.





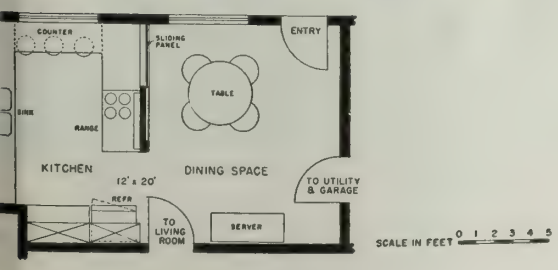
Planned from inside out, cabinets have platter slots, cup shelves and knife racks—used below counter only in homes with no small children.

Filing systems for baking pans keep every utensil within reach. No tottering piles in this cupboard, with wanted pan always on the bottom.





Out of sight, yet right at hand, garbage container slides out and lid raises when door is opened. Pull-out towel rack and cleanser holder fit here too.



FINAL PLAN



Footwork: most of the time it's quicker to get around on all fours, but, some help from mother, and Dana's willing to practice being a biped. Creeping, she goes on hands and toes now, instead of hands and knees. To be awake is to be on the move.

Baby's 12th Month: A NE

Photographed by
Dana's father
WAYNE MILLER

IT'S a big birthday—and probably there's a cake with one candle for the year mark, another to grow on. The growing candle is a meaningful symbol. For the twelve-month-old is a betwixt-and-between, not quite a baby, not yet a child. For example: take the picture book he's received as a present. At one year, he swoops the pages back and forth with violence. At 15 months, he'll turn only three or four at a time; by 18, he'll begin to look at the pictures. Or his blocks: at one year, he'll hold one poised over another; within three months he'll be building a tower of two. Ceaselessly, he drops his ball or other toys—all good practice for a difficult maneuver. He's learning to "let go," and by 18 months he'll be able to fit a round object in a round hole and make a try at pitching when the family plays catch.

His table manners, too, are at a halfway stage. Right now, to have his cake is as much fun as eating it. He prods it, pinches it, decks his face with icing—and whether more goes out than in is a moot and rather messy point. Help from his mother still makes meals more efficient, especially if he has an extra spoon or toy to curb his urge to upend the cereal bowl. Pretty soon, however, he'll want to feed himself, and when he does, spills and all, let him try. Distracted in his first attempts, he's likely to give up and not make the effort later when you'd like him to. Though very much a beginner with spoon and cup, there's no doubt in his mind what food is for. It's to enjoy—and thus he may become a bit of a faddist, go on vegetable sprees one week, switch to starches another. This makes a guessing game of menu planning, but free choice does him no harm. In the long run, a baby's surprisingly expert at balancing his own diet.

This new independence shows up in other ways. He's beginning to toddle instead of creep. His hands are free for any mischief he can grab. But because he's more arriving than arrived, his talents are somewhat uncertain. Take wakefulness, for instance. He's beginning to need less sleep, yet may not be quite ready for the one-long-nap regimen. Too, he may not always know when he needs a nap. Any kind of schedule is a sometime thing for him, and his sleeping, eating and sociable needs may have to be met on a day-to-



A one-year-old may wake at dawn, but a piece of zwieback will keep him happy till everyone's ready for breakfast. Usually, he's on a three-meal routine with one long nap.



Along with most first-birthday girls, Dana likes to strike a pose. Dressing up, she's now able to put her arm in an armhole, and holds up one foot to have her pants slid on.



Once Dana liked to swim in the tub; now she tries to eat the washrag and soap. Some babies of this age are fearful when the water drains out.

YEAR, A NEW HORIZON

day basis. With people, he's particularly variable. On one trip to market, he'll cling to his mother's skirts; on another, scuttle off to explore the counters. His humor on such jaunts is up-again, down-again. The noise of a siren, a barking, jumping dog, the roar of a train can make all wrong in his world.

The one-year-old may like to be with other children, but as yet is unable really to share their play. Even though he may have begun to speak, he talks more jargon than sense, and his unawareness of mine and thine may irritate his peers. Still a cautious one where strangers are concerned, he wants to be the center of his family circle. He'll play "Where's the baby?" or clap his hands to music, knows when he's entitled to applause and demands it. Learning to stop the show is part of learning the difference between actor and acted upon, self and others. Encore-minded, he may resent the curtain's being rung down at bedtime. He'll want one more game of "This little pig," put his hand through the crib bars for another good-night pat. Often he'll chat to himself or bounce around for an hour before settling at last in a tangle of blankets. But one thing's for sure—each day is a new adventure with some of the biggest and best around the corner as he starts his second year.



Year-olders are most sociable in the afternoon, enjoy a carriage ride and trips to market. Moving cars and people are most fun to watch. In the yard plain dirt is a new attraction—soon it'll be time for the mud-pie stage.

One big blow and the first year's done. Most twelve-monthers have tripled their birth weight, grown about nine inches, cut eight teeth. An oft-used and favorite word for many: no.



Line a Day

by Inn Batchelder

1 Somebody has to invent a time clock to plant in the garden along with the tulip bulbs. Owing to the warm spell in the fall, they missed their cues and started sticking their heads up, all ready to go. Had to be put to bed again. Has anyone an idea of an alarm clock that will say when? I'll be glad to know.

2 Now it's winter and we can shiver through another two months. But some of the best things to eat are on hand; oysters, for one. Take some nice large oysters, two or more to a person. Have them opened and left on the half shell with all their juice. Season with salt and pepper and a piece of butter.

3 *Continued story:* Put the oysters in their shells in a pan, close together. No tipping. On top put a thin slice of bacon. Bake until the oysters curl and the bacon is done. Serve with lemon and tartar sauce. They call this "Casino." You call it whatever you wish. (Serve with crisp fried parsley.)

4 Just tried some very sharp Cheddar cheese (comes creamed in a loaf) spread on toast instead of butter. Serve under poached eggs. Good for breakfast, lunch or supper.

5 Going back, as I love to do, to the chafing dish, it's out in front right now, especially for supper parties, Sunday-night suppers and buffets. (Maybe you received one for Christmas. Hinting is as good as hunting, sometimes.)

6 Now to show you. This is as new as baby's first tooth. Take brown bread, canned. It's delicious and all right. Make into croustades, those hollowed-out deceptive little eatable dishes, you know. Toast them. Butter them. Then, from the chafing dish (at the table), fill them with creamed turkey and garnish with hot ripe olives. Appeal to you?

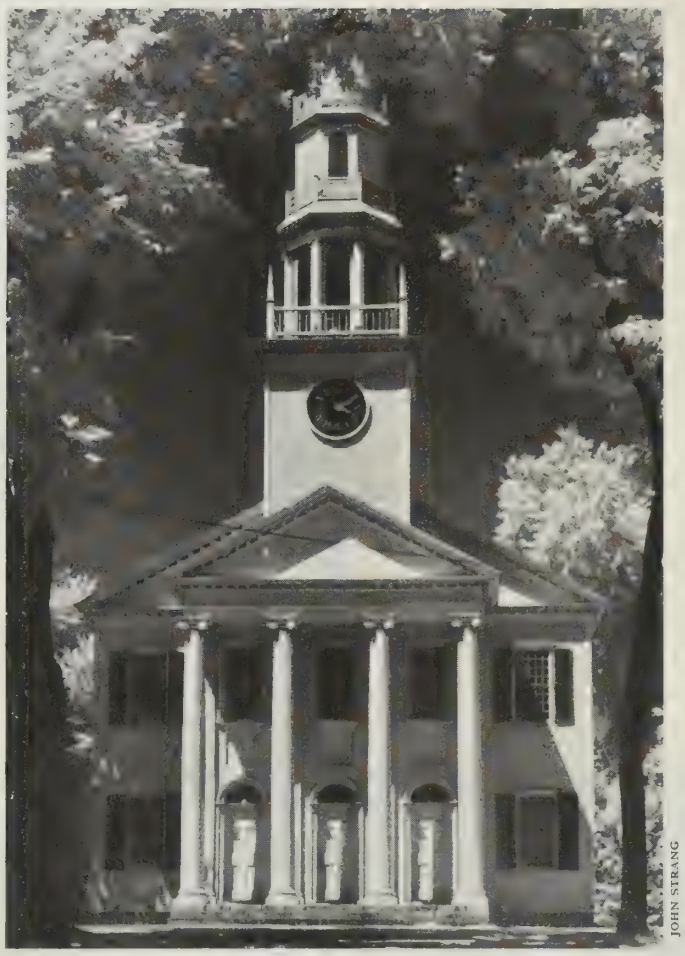
7 Another marvelous chafing-dish-supper dish is a cheese rarebit in which flaked tuna fish hides coyly, and springs a big surprise when the hot moment comes. Serve on toast or patty shells. Garnish with stuffed olives and celery sticks.

8 And that reminds me of fried parsley, referred to casually back there. It's really quite something. Have the parsley very clean and very dry. Fat very hot. Drop sprays in the fat and fry about a minute. Drain on paper.

9 A creamed onion soup, as they serve it in a certain hot country, is a rival of the French variety. Let's go.

10 Canada sends us a new treat that *is* a treat. They call it maple à la crème. A blending of maple sugar and cream. Eat it on griddlecakes or waffles or anything where maple and cream are indicated. That gives you plenty of license.

11 Want to jump up and try something I'll bet most folks haven't heard about? Go to it this way: Toast and butter English muffins. (Of course you split them.) On each half put a grilled hamburger. Now on go poached eggs and hot hollandaise sauce. Don't wait on these. Serve hot off the griddle. Oh, yes, we call them Hamburgers Benedict. And nice eating too.



JOHN STRANG

Church at Litchfield, Conn., built in 1829.

12 Another sort of satisfactory dish is corn-cake shortcake. (I made this name up.) Cut hot corn cake into squares, split and butter the squares. Make a filling of creamed ham and mushrooms, and add a little mustard to the seasonings. Serve like shortcakes, with coffee and anything else you think of.

13 Here's a hot hors d'oeuvre for that cold-weather party tray. Dip chicken livers in fritter batter seasoned with Chinese soy sauce—just lightly—and fry in deep fat. It's the soy that does that certain something.

14 Still talking hors d'oeuvre—cold division: Get some cans or bottles of little pimiento cups—and cups they are, sweet to the taste and ready to hold things and they don't slump like a pancake that got mislaid.

15 Having these on hand, fill them with antipasto or marinated asparagus tips, or sharp old cheese, or shrimp in tartar sauce. Well, my dear, you can't *think* how good they are. Neat too.

16 If you think there's nothing new to do with string beans, where've you been? Have a mess of cooked, Frenched string beans and put them in a shallow baking dish. Make a good rich cheese sauce, add half a cup of chipped Brazil nuts or almonds, and pour this over the beans. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and cheese and brown in oven or broiler. There, didn't I tell you?

A VALENTINE FOR YOU

If all the ships upon the sea
And all the seas were mine,
I'd take and give them all to thee
To be thy Valentine.

17 I don't care *what* I say about griddlecakes so long as I can keep on saying something. What do you think of this one? Open a can of blueberries, the kind that are put up in sirup (or a frozen package). Put to them a stick or two of cinnamon and cook down until the sirup is reduced. Take out the cinnamon. Serve hot on hot griddlecakes. It's the berries, as the saying goes.

18 Along with other cream soups, the clam bisque takes a bow and it has more than one string to its bow. It is wonderful just as a soup, with whipped cream on top; and as the beginning of certain sauces, it changes its role and is equally elegant.

19 Never mind the frost on the pane, here's frost on the pear. Frost each pear all over with cream cheese softened with cream. Roll each one in finely chopped nuts—walnuts are best. Chill. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

20 *Try-anything-once department, tea-drinking division:* Said to have started in Vermont—sweetening tea with maple sirup and adding a twist of lemon peel.

21 Anything to make life easy. Take a package of corn-muffin mix, add an egg beaten with half a cup of milk and a cup of drained whole-kernel corn. Mix well and drop from a spoon as per fritters in deep hot fat. Drain on paper. Serve with maple sirup.

22 Also, anything to get a march on the other girls. Having made a chicken or turkey casserole, forget, for the once, crumbs on top, and sprinkle it with dry leftover stuffing. That is, if you have any left over.

23 Hash tastes awful good these cold days. The time is past when hash was a poor relation to most everything, but nobody cared. A Cinderella at the table, lately risen from the ashes, and now look at the girl. Well, look at her. She's the Irene Dunne of the leftovers. And not so leftovers too.

24 Green peppers, parboiled and filled with corned-beef hash, are delicious. I still like poached egg on hash. Fried onion rings too. Chutney goes with hash like a silk topper in the Easter parade. Make you hungry?

25 Late suppers aren't out of style, by any means. And one of the finest dishes to serve is lobster thermidor in little ramekins, crumbs on top and cheese scattered thereon too. Browned under the broiler, oh, my! Hot rolls, relishes, salad. Well.

26 A perfect ending to a little supper is wild strawberry jam, and I mean wild if you can get it. If not, either regular strawberry or raspberry will do. Thin hot toast, cream cheese and coffee.

27 George Washington and his famous cherry tree have inspired the ice-cream people to come across with a cherry-ice-cream-and-cake roll which you'll be finding in frozen-food departments during February.

28 Now have a happy Valentine's Day and get the flag out early on the twenty-second. You know whose day *that* is, I trust. And I shall see you in March. (How I detest that month, but I can't do a thing about it.)



Beef stock in these

Just about everyone likes the good taste of beef. Here are seven soups, made with beef stock or with beef prominent among the ingredients.

BEEF (Illustrated in menu at the left)

BEEF NOODLE: Deep-flavored beef stock, pieces of beef, egg noodles.

BOUILLON: (Beef Broth) Clear broth delightfully flavored with vegetables.

CONSOMMÉ: Beef broth, accented with tomato, celery, carrots, herbs, and strained to a clear amber.

OX TAIL: Good beef stock, meaty ox tail joints, barley and vegetables. This is a robust, English-style soup.

VEGETABLE: Lots of different garden vegetables in a full-bodied beef stock.

VEGETABLE-BEEF: Vegetables, barley, tender pieces of beef, in a rich beef stock. A "square-meal" soup!





ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

SOUPS

Which are your favorites? Which ones are new to you? Which would you like to try next?

by Anne Marshall

America is becoming more and more a soup-loving nation. Indeed, a recent U.S. survey shows that every day 27 million people eat soup for lunch. With soup being *served* so frequently, more and more different soups are being *tried*—such as beef, clam chowder and many others. Each, of course, differs in recipe, in ingredients and in cookery. That's why they can vary so delightfully the meals you build around them. Yes, soup's a delicious, nourishing and economical way to feed your family well. You can "soup-shop" *right here*, on this page. You'll find old favorites to welcome, and some new "friends" to invite to your family table.

ups with a Chicken Stock

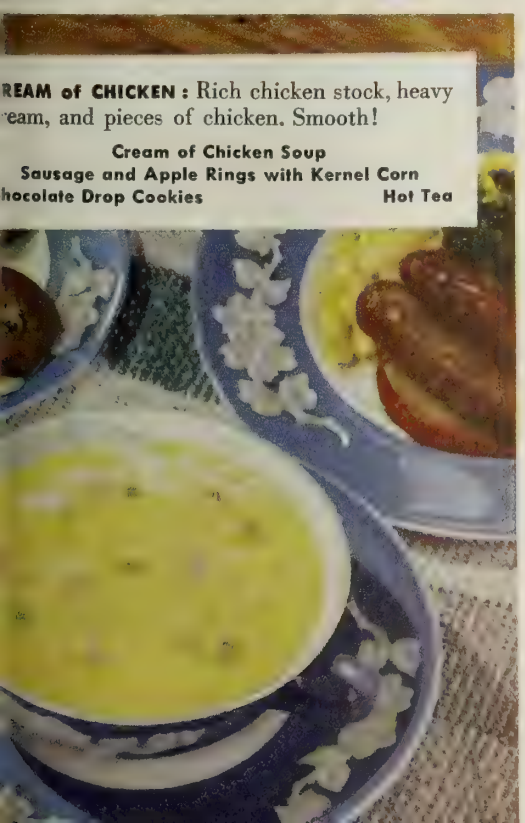
ır soups with but a single thought—to give you the flavor of chicken you like so well: one with rice, one h vegetables, one with noodles, and one with cream.

CKEN with RICE: Chicken-rich broth, fluffy rice, der pieces of chicken. A great all-the-family soup.

EAM of CHICKEN (Illustrated in the menu below)

ICKEN GUMBO: Rich chicken stock, vegetables, pieces chicken, savory seasoning. An Old New Orleans orite.

ICKEN NOODLE: Hearty chicken broth, golden egg odles, pieces of chicken. A popular "best-seller".





Other thick and hearty soups

You'll choose one of these when you're seeking a substantial yet different soup. They're all delicious. Clam Chowder's a "natural", for instance, for seafood lovers.

BEAN with BACON: An old-fashioned thick bean soup, plump beans, flavored with bacon. A hearty "he-man" soup.

CLAM CHOWDER (Illustrated in the above menu)

PEPPER POT: Pieces of meat, macaroni, vegetables, and substantial meat stock make this fine Early American-type soup.

SCOTCH BROTH: A hearty main-dish soup, prepared with choice mutton, barley and vegetables. A *soup*—not a *broth!*

Principally vegetable

Each of these seven soups owes its special goodness to one or more vegetables, as its main ingredient. Soups here will help you when you're planning meatless meals.

CREAM of ASPARAGUS: Smooth purée of fresh asparagus, creamery butter, a garnish of luscious asparagus tips.

BLACK BEAN: Delicious purée of fine black beans, expertly seasoned. Once enjoyed only at famous restaurants.

CREAM of CELERY: Crisp garden celery, extra-heavy whipping cream, delicate cuts of celery. Delightful!

CREAM of MUSHROOM: Cultivated mushrooms blended with extra-heavy whipping cream; mushroom pieces.

GREEN PEA (Illustrated in the menu below)

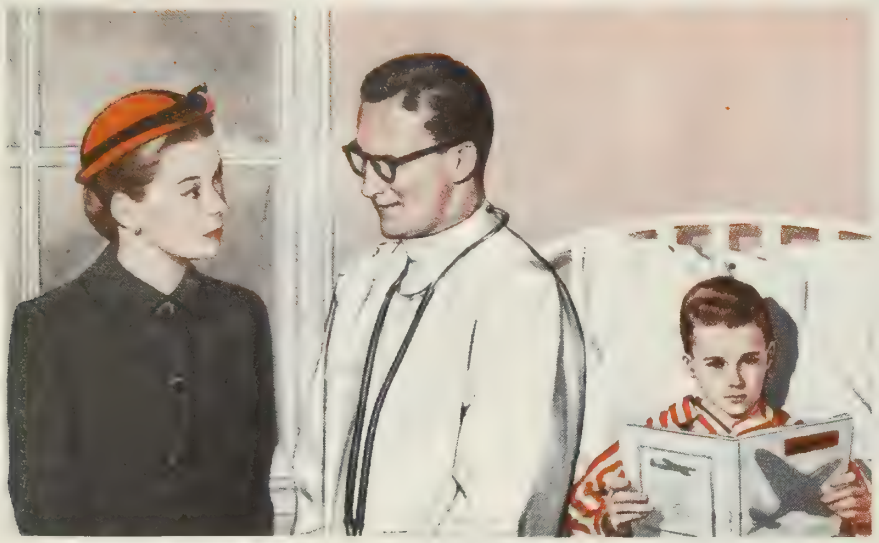
TOMATO: America's favorite soup. Luscious tomatoes, creamery butter, gentle seasoning.

VEGETARIAN VEGETABLE: A fine, flavorful vegetable soup, luscious garden vegetables, mingled in a delightful vegetable broth. No meat used in making this soup.



FACTS AND FALLACIES ABOUT

RHEUMATIC FEVER



FACT **1. Mortality from rheumatic fever has declined.**

It is true that the death rate from rheumatic fever has been going down. For example, a recent study showed that among a large group of children and young adults, mortality was cut by more than one half in the last 10 years. Rheumatic fever, however, still causes more deaths between the ages of 10 and 14 than any other disease.

FALLACY **2. Symptoms of rheumatic fever are easily recognized.**

On the contrary, symptoms are often slight—or sometimes there are none. However, if a child has a poor appetite, loses weight, fatigues easily, runs a continued fever, *or has pains in the joints*, rheumatic fever should be suspected. Only by a medical examination can these symptoms be properly interpreted.

FACT **3. Rest is the best "medicine" for rheumatic fever.**

Although treatment has been greatly improved, doctors still recommend rest in bed for the child whose heart has been damaged. That is because rheumatic fever may be active for months after all symptoms have disappeared.

Parents can play a vital part in this phase of treatment by keeping the child interested in amusements that do not tax his strength. As recovery progresses, the child should only resume normal activity when recommended by the doctor.

FALLACY **4. Rheumatic fever always "cripples" the heart.**

This is not true. When diagnosed promptly and treated properly, nearly two thirds of those who have had an attack recover completely, or with such little damage to their hearts that few restrictions in activity are necessary.

Doctors warn, however, that one attack may be followed by another. Precautions must be taken to build up the child's general health—and especially to safeguard him from throat and respiratory infections which usually precede attacks of rheumatic fever.

FACT **5. Medical science is finding new ways to fight rheumatic fever.**

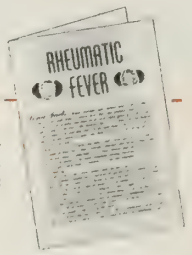
Steady progress is being made against this disease. For example, experiments indicate that it may be possible to *prevent* attacks with certain of the newer drugs. These drugs, when given to individuals susceptible to rheumatic fever, may ward off throat and respiratory infections—and thus protect against recurrent rheumatic fever attacks.

Limited studies with new hormones also suggest that they may be helpful for treatment, even in cases in which severe heart damage has occurred.

So today, parents should have less cause for worry if a child has rheumatic fever—for more can be done now than ever before to combat it effectively.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 12J, "Rheumatic Fever."



Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____

MY HEART IN HIDING

(Continued from Page 35)

far away I heard a car slow down and somewhere in Green Park a bird tried his first note.

A moment later I saw her. The moon was paling, but it was bright enough to show her clearly, though her face was turned away, half hidden in the folds of the scarf which she wore around her head. She was tall and very thin, and the skirt of the black dress she wore made a rustling noise as she moved.

She had been walking toward me out of the shadows. She frightened me very much, and I suppose I recoiled because when she was still a few feet away she spoke to me.

"Don't be afraid," she said. "There's nothing to be frightened of."

"I beg your pardon," I said automatically.

She put out her hand to stop me.

"For someone brave enough to be alone in the streets at this hour, you are easily startled. I've seen you before many times. You have never seen me, but I've been out here alone as often as you."

Her voice was what is called "an educated voice," but it was hard and metallic. Still I had not seen her face. She kept it turned away from me, as if she were looking back the way she had come.

"Tell me why you are unhappy," she said.

I am not a person of quick emotions. At that time I was finding even dealing casually with acquaintances difficult enough. I fell in love with Julian in ten minutes. That had been a tremendous experience, but it was two years behind me. I had never discussed it with any human being. Certainly I had not thought of explaining it to a stranger. But there was something so strangely similar about the two of us: we were like two night-flitting birds. I said, almost as if I were speaking to myself:

"My husband is dead and I wish I were too."

"Only that?"

"It's more than enough for me," I said, and began to walk on. But she stopped me.

"Wait!" she said imperiously. "Look!" and she turned her face toward me.

I looked, and I saw her face. Her terrible, tragic face! How can I describe it, how can I ever forget it? Perhaps she had never been beautiful, or even pretty, but her features, what you could see of them, were regular and good. It was a long face and so emaciated that the whole structure of her skull was visible. From her forehead, across one cheek to the opposite side of her mouth, ran three jagged and enormous scars, and between them the flesh was livid as raw meat. On the other side the skin was almost blue and like one gigantic bruise. From all this ravaged horror two eyes burned out. They were large eyes and clear and beautiful, but somehow they were the worst of all.

I was sick at the sight of her. From my heart I pitied her, but mostly I was sick at the sight of her.

"What ——" I began.

She drew the scarf about herself again and interrupted me. "I was cut to ribbons by flying glass, and this is what they call 'skin grafting.' They're not nearly done yet. Perhaps they can do even better, given time. I did have a face once, difficult as it may be to believe."

I said in the most normal tone that I could summon, "Surely something can be done if you could manage to be patient. I can only say it's terrible, but there are so many in the RAF ——"

"Oh, no, I'll have no more of that. I have been two years in a hospital. First they almost kill you with pain, then they leave you alone long enough to be almost killed with pain once more. I can stand the pain, but not the being left alone. I've been shut out from life long enough."

While we stood there the dawn had come, and noises of milk trucks and the beginning traffic came to us from the square behind.

"I am very sorry for you," I said, "but it's late. I can't help you and I must go."

She put out her hand. "But you *can* help me!" she exclaimed. "Will you come and see me? I have a plan. You could help me if you would. This is the address." She took a card from the little purse she was carrying and handed it to me. "Come tomorrow," she said.

"I work all day."

"Come after your work. You'll be glad you did when I explain. I can't explain now." Suddenly she was gone as quickly as she had appeared.

I looked down at the card. "The Lady Helen Childe" it read, followed by an address in Charles Street.

Like a sleepwalker I walked through the park to Knightsbridge, and like a sleepwalker I bathed when I got there and lay down on my bed, my eyes staring at the morning light.

The hope of spring that had been in the air the day before was lost when I came down the stairs to go to my job. The morning was bitter and a freezing rain was falling.

I worked in a small but distinguished publishing house. I had been there two years and I was trusted and capable. It should have been an interesting job, but I hated it. I lacked the self-discipline, the tidy mind and, above all, the appetite for power of successful business females. But I had a flair for literary discoveries, and although I never tried to disguise my boredom, they seemed to have no desire to fire me.

Who is wise? He that learns from everyone.
Who is powerful? He that governs his passions.
Who is rich? He that is content.
Who is that? Nobody.
—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

I remember there was more mail than usual and I knew that I should be getting on with it. But I sat and stared at the letter in my hand, looking through it to the picture in my mind of the woman of last night. It was impossible not to think about her, impossible not to wonder about her.

By five o'clock darkness had settled over the city. In the streets I ducked my head down into the wind, even then not admitting that I was going to turn right, and not left to Knightsbridge. I made my way straight to Charles Street, found the house, and rang the bell.

The house was almost totally dark above me, with just a faint light escaping somewhere on the second floor, through the drawn curtains. The door opened with suddenness. A manservant in a white jacket stood in the doorway.

He said, "Will you come in, madam? Her ladyship is expecting you."

I went in and he closed the door behind me.

"Will you come this way?" he said.

The servant reached the first floor, tapped lightly on a closed door and then opened it.

"The young lady, your ladyship," he said.

I was in a long, narrow drawing room. At the end of the room a fire was blazing. Beside it stood the woman of last night.

She wore a long, plain dress of the same muted color as the curtains, and her dark hair fell to her shoulders. This was her setting and in it she had dignity, almost beauty.

Then as the door was shut behind me she moved into full view. I tried to conceal the shock of seeing her face again, but she said, "Oh, no, I haven't improved overnight." She broke off, and said like any hostess to any guest, "Do sit down; how rude of me."

I sat down on one of the enormous sofas that flanked the fireplace.

"Last night," she began, "you told me you had a job. What is your work?"

"I'm an assistant editor in a publishing house."

"Do you like it?"

"It's what I'm trained for. It does as well as anything else."

(Continued on Page 67)



Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney

—her face tells you she is someone delightful to know

Mrs. Whitney's face speaks for her with a soft-toned charm that is enchanting—and arresting. You love to watch her—because her face is so truly beautiful, and because it has such a warm way of revealing her delightful Inner Self—her lovely serenity, her natural friendliness.

Especially you notice the fresh, pearl-glow of Mrs. Whitney's complexion. "I use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "I find it my most necessary beauty help."

Call out that magic unseen woman within you—

TO HELP YOU EXPRESS YOUR LOVELIEST SELF

ıe inhibitions of self-doubt, the sense of *missed* portunities—cast a tragic shadow over far too any women's lives.

Yet—no woman needs to stay in this shadow. *ou can come out. You can change.* A power within urself can help you . . . a power that works rough the interaction of your Inner Self and your ıter Self—the way you *feel*, the way you *look.*

Haven't you felt this power give you a happy nfidence when you *looked* your very nicest? ıt—how it can dim you when you *don't show* ur best self! That's why you need to turn per-ctionist about those details that add so much to *ter* charm and *inner* poise.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

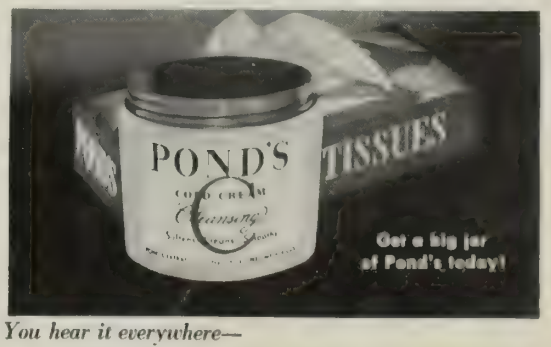
st give more thought to the way you care for ur face—*and see the rewards you'll get!* This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream has a way of waking your face up to a lovely, clean, soft look. And, because it is *cream* cleansing, it *can't dry* your skin. Do it always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too). *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—give face a quick splash of hot water.
Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.
Cream Rinse—do another Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.
Cold Stimulation—give face a tonic cold water splash.

Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment actually works on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates circulation.

Mrs. Whitney says: "My face has such a *glowing*, clean feeling after this Pond's treatment."

REMEMBER—It is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you *look* lovely, something happy takes place in you—sending a bright, new confidence out from *you* to all who see you—bringing other people closer to the *real* Inner You.



You hear it everywhere—
"She's engaged! She's lovely! She uses Pond's!"

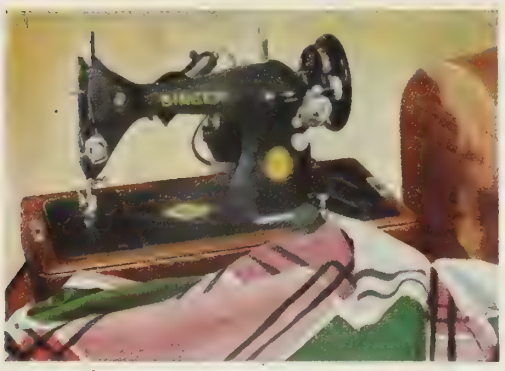
You'll never have these worries if your sewing machine is a SINGER!



● **Beautiful, dependable** as only a SINGER can be. This charming cabinet model comes in rich walnut or mahogany finish. Matching stool. Like all SINGER cabinets, it is beautifully constructed of fine wood.



● **Modern desk model,** a handsome double-duty piece you'd be *proud* to put in the living room. Drawers hold writing supplies or notions. Top opens into roomy leaf for sewing. Walnut, mahogany, or blond oak.



● **Economy portable,** sturdy, smooth-stitching, an excellent buy. Has spotlight, foot control. Sews perfect lockstitch. Comes in dustproof case. Like every SINGER, the finest value in its price range.



● **Notion-hunters' heaven!** Buttons, trimmings, scissors, zippers—you'll find every sewing need at your SINGER SEWING CENTER. Also, new "SINGER" Sewing Book" with 1000 illustrations. SINGER will make buttonholes, cover buttons, too. Come in soon!



ONLY SINGER GIVES YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES!

1. **Dependability!** SINGER* Sewing Machines are built to last a lifetime. Built by the company that has made the world's finest machines for 100 years!
2. **Smooth sewing on any fabric.** Most new models stitch forward, backward, go over pins to save basting.
3. **So easy to use!** Sew at any speed. SINGERLIGHT* illuminates work, eliminates glare.
4. **World's most beautiful cabinets!** Wide range of styles, handsomely finished. Matching stools available.
5. **Timesaving attachments!** Basic set comes with machine. Many others available for every detail.

AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL . . .

6. **Always-available service!** No matter where you move or when you need them, you can always get parts and service from any of more than a thousand SINGER SEWING CENTERS, coast to coast.
7. **Complete Course** in home dressmaking or decoration given with new machine. Lessons under personal instructors at your SINGER SEWING CENTER.

New SINGER sewing machines as low as $89.50

Basic attachments and personal sewing course included at no extra cost.
Minimum down payment—balance on budget terms.
Liberal trade-in allowance on your present machine.



FOR YOUR PROTECTION SINGER sells and services its Sewing Machines, Vacuum Cleaners, and other products only through SINGER SEWING CENTERS, identified by the Red "S" Trade Mark and the "SINGER SEWING CENTER" emblem on the window, and never through other stores or outlets.

Above is the SINGER SEWING CENTER at 17 W. Lancaster Pike, Ardmore, Pennsylvania. There are over a thousand more from coast to coast serving women who sew. For the address nearest you, look in your classified telephone directory under SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.

A CENTURY OF SEWING SERVICE 1851 1951

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

100th ANNIVERSARY

*Trade Mark of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY Copyright, U. S. A., 1951, by THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY. All rights reserved for all countries.

(Continued from Page 64)

"Forgive me if I seem impertinent, but this is important to me. Will you tell me how much you earn?"

I told her.

"Not much," she said. "Would you like to earn three times as much, for a certain period, with a bonus at the end? The bonus would be five hundred pounds, payable to you either here or in the United States. You are American, aren't you?"

"And the job?"

She got up and stood with her back to me, looking down at the fire.

"The job is not an easy one; but then"—her voice was bitter—"it would not last too long, perhaps six months. I want you to go away with me and be my companion on a—a holiday. Perhaps you're thinking that a hospital would be more suitable for me than a holiday, but I told you last night I'm through with hospitals, for now anyway. You don't know what it means to live month after month in an antiseptic atmosphere, surrounded by people as hideous as yourself. I'm young—well, young enough. I won't be outside things any more."

She lit a cigarette and said more quietly: "I'm sorry if I sound melodramatic. I want to see normal people. I want to look at something beautiful. These seven years have been hell for people in this country, but they've been the inner circle of hell for me, especially the last two. If I have to live with this face, I'm not going to be shut up alone with it. We'll go to St. Moritz. There's spring skiing now, and sun. Then later we could go on to Paris and buy some clothes, and then the Riviera, Cannes or Cap d'Antibes. It's lovely there in May."

I could say nothing to her. She was quite mad.... Paris... the Riviera! All I knew about such places was what I had read in books, but in my mind I could see huge rooms filled with eyes, the shock, the incredulity, the laughter perhaps, and Helen passing through them defiantly with me trailing after.

"Oh, no," I said. "It would be dreadful for you."

She laughed shortly. "I don't care how dreadful other people might think it would be. For me it will be heaven to be in the world again. And you would help me. The thing is, will you come? I'll pay for everything, you understand—clothes, and your salary and the other money besides. You'd be a fool, really, to turn it down."

"But why me, why a stranger? I'm sure you could ——"

"No one," she interrupted. "What's left of my family feel that the place for me is either a hospital or a cottage in the country where they won't have to look at me. I don't know what my friends think. I haven't seen them in some time."

I stood up and gathered my gloves and handbag. "I'll come," I said. "You are being very generous. I shall try to earn it."

"Oh, you'll earn it"—and the metallic quality in her voice was strong. "If you'll come to lunch tomorrow we'll arrange all the details."

"I'll come tomorrow," I said. "Good-by."

I went out, leaving her where she had stood when I came into the room. It was not until I was out in the street again that I realized that she had not bothered to ask me my name.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Tree Man

By Nancy Byrd Turner

Washington's diary bristled with trees.
(A tree, to him, was a wondrous thing.)
Callers would find him on his knees
Setting out slips he had brought from the wood
To grace Mount Vernon. One late, cold spring
He wrote, "Not an ash has unfolded a bud,"
Noted his hemlocks were shivering;
Sassafras, juniper, delicate thorn
Seared by the cold, were all forlorn.
He worried a bit, as a gardener should.

In the next season he wrote again
(Spring had come back, as she always comes),
Cheerfully wrote about Cherokee plums,
And honey locust in sun and rain;
Entered some items on birch and beech,
On holly, and yew, and little young pines
(We can almost smell them between the lines),
Spanish chestnut and Portland peach.
Soldier and statesman, he dealt with kings;
Left to himself, he planted things!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

When I saw her next it was in a blaze of sunshine, and the daffodils, the good worn chintz of her dining room belonged entirely to the pleasant things of life. Across the table from me sat Lady Cynthia Combemere. She was a nice Englishwoman, limited, intelligent within those limitations, the sort of woman who might have been my friend if I had met her a few years before. It was Helen's house I was in, and she was Helen's sister.

There was little sympathy wasted between these sisters, that was plain. Lady Cynthia was one of those women in whose presence any situation seems normal, and under the force of her good breeding the luncheon, on the surface, was like any other. I tried to answer her politeness, though I hated being questioned about my former life, and it was an effort to sit there making small talk.

. . . No, I knew nothing of England beyond London. No, I never saw my husband's parents; they were old and lived far away in the country.

. . . Yes, it was a tragic marriage, like so many others—we had only six months. No, I could not go home to my parents; they died when I was five. Yes, I had my uncle and aunt; they brought me up.

. . . Yes, he was an Englishman in the RAF. No, I preferred New York to Florida, but it was in Miami that I met Julian. He came there to instruct American pilots early in the war, and we were married two weeks after we met.

. . . Thank you, my hair is quite a common color at home. No, we don't call it anything specially. Just reddish blond, I guess.

Helen made no effort to shield herself from the light, but sat facing the windows, saying nothing, content apparently to listen to the inanities which Lady Cynthia and I passed across the table.

Everyone was relieved when the meal was over and we were back in the room of last night, where the fire burned again and coffee was waiting.

As she sat down, Lady Cynthia said, "I feel you should know, Mrs. Murray, that I consider this plan of Helen's a great mistake. I cannot think that you will find much pleasure going about with a semi-invalid whose habits you may find confining. It's a great mistake, really."

Helen was pouring coffee. Without looking up she said quickly, "Ah, but *you're* mistaken, Cynthia. I don't intend to 'confine' her, as you call it. She will be perfectly free to do as she likes most of the time. There's not the slightest use in your trying to interfere. Our minds are made up."

"I'm not trying to interfere, Helen," Lady Cynthia replied. "I hope I have long since

(Continued on Page 70)

Free Home Demonstration Proves

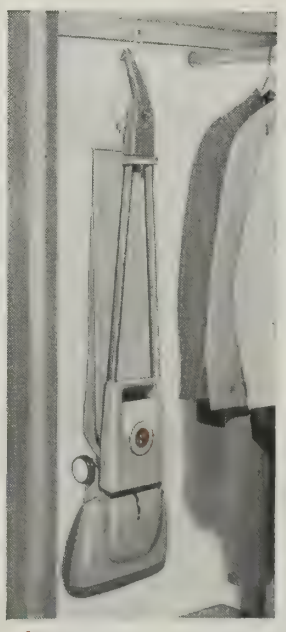
SINGER gives you

Greatest dirt-getting action



Dual Suction is the secret! The new SINGER* Vacuum Cleaner is the first to bring you *two* fans . . . for the greatest suction, the greatest dirt-getting action you ever saw!

PAYMENTS AS LOW AS $5 A MONTH
After minimum down payment
Liberal allowance on your present cleaner



*Plus the world's easiest-to-use vacuum cleaner!

Magic Handle! A completely new vacuum cleaner design that puts all controls at fingertip reach.

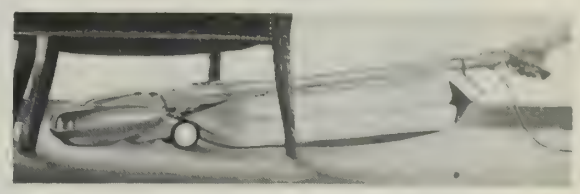
No winding of cord! Control button on handle reels cord in—gets it out of the way as you clean.

More cleaning power when you need it! Two-speed switch for heavy and light cleaning.

No more foot-pedal acrobatics! Touch the trigger—and adjust handle to any position.

Exclusive "floating" brush! Adjusts automatically to most any rug thickness.

Easy to carry with Midway Handgrip. Soft Vinylite bumper cannot mar furniture.



So easy to store! Hangs flat against wall. Ideal for small homes.

Gets under beds and furniture—easily. Housing unit is only 5 inches high.

SPECIAL—No Extra Charge! The famous SINGER Course in home Dressmaking or Decoration is freely given at no extra charge to the purchaser of this new SINGER Vacuum Cleaner.

SINGER Vacuum Cleaners are sold only through your...

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

Copyright, U.S.A., 1949 and 1950, by THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY. All rights reserved for all countries.
*A Trade Mark of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY



All of you who Bake or fry Should choose Swift'ning– Here is why:

Swift'ning* gives digestibility...plus

First of all, choose Swift'ning for this basic reason. Swift'ning is *digestible*. Emulsified for greater digestibility, it is unexcelled by any other all-purpose shortening. Then . . . choose Swift'ning because it gives you so much *extra*. Look at all the *pluses* Swift "built in" when they perfected Swift'ning!



DIGESTIBILITY *plus*

BETTER-TASTING FRIED FOODS!

No other all-purpose shortening makes such *delicious* digestible fried foods. The food fats used for Swift'ning are so carefully selected and highly refined that it doesn't develop "off" flavors or odors in frying as some shortenings do.



MARTHA LOGAN'S MARVELOUS FRIED CHICKEN

Cut *tender-grown* Swift's Premium Chicken into pieces for frying. Mix ½ c. flour, 2 tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper and 2 tsp. paprika in a paper sack. Shake 3 or 4 pieces of chicken in sack at a time to coat.

Put enough Swift'ning in a heavy skillet to make ½" layer, (about 2 c. for 10" skillet). Heat until a half-inch cube of bread browns in 60 seconds. Brown chicken on all sides in hot fat. Add 2 tbsp. water, cover tightly. Reduce heat and cook about 20 min. longer, until chicken is tender. To crisp the crust, remove cover and cook 5 to 10 min. more.

Pure tasteless Swift'ning, used at proper frying temperatures, won't develop "off flavors" and odors as some shortenings do. And remember, *no* other all-purpose shortening is more *digestible*.



"We have fried foods much more often since I've discovered how light and crisp and digestible Swift'ning makes them." *Mrs. Robert Quay, Erlton, N. J.*



"I'm a constant user of Swift'ning now. It makes my cakes lighter and I like it better than anything I ever used for frying." *Mrs. R. W. Seely, San Marino, Calif.*

Good cooks are switchin

you



DIGESTIBILITY *plus*

FINER CAKES-HIGH, LIGHT & HANDSOME!

Whether you use the creaming or no-creaming method, you'll be thrilled with your Swift'ning cakes. Heavenly light, yet moist—thanks to Swift's own special quick-mix ingredient. And Swift'ning cakes are *richer*, too.





DIGESTIBILITY *plus*

FLAKIER PIES!

Yes, that digestible Swift'ning piecrust is *flakier*, too. You see, Swift'ning has *higher shortening power* than any other all-purpose shortening. Because it's extra rich, it makes flakier pastry, more tender shortcakes and biscuits.

DIGESTIBILITY *plus*

MORE NUTRITION!

Still another "plus" for wonderful Swift'ning! It contains a special combination of nutritional values not supplied by any other all-purpose shortening . . . values important for your family's health





No other all-purpose shortening gives you:

Such delicious digestible fried foods as Swift'ning!
Such flaky pies as Swift'ning!
Such superlative cakes as Swift'ning!
So much nutrition as Swift'ning!

Pure, digestible Swift'ning is the *truly* all-purpose shortening. There is no other like it. Try wonderful Swift'ning *right away*.

*Swift'ning is the trade-mark for Swift & Company's Shortening

KVP Paper Maids for Neater, Easier Living

For Juicier, Tastier Frozen Meats

All the succulent, savory goodness nature puts into meat can be preserved practically 100% with KVP Freezer Papers. They keep the flavorful juices in — prevent mottling and freezerburn. Insist on KVP next time you freeze meats. See what a difference it makes!



Wrap tight — twice around.



Sealed-in flavor is so delicious!



(KVP Freezer Paper) The original freezer paper — the kind the commercial lockers use. 4 sizes 15" to 24" wide, 70 to 400 ft. long in rolls.

Paper Maids Save Time—Save Work

Shelf Papers • Freezer Papers • Heavy and Fancy Waxed • KVP and Mrs. Hayward's Dusting Papers • Pie Tape • Baking Cups • Place Mats • Cookery Parchment • Pressing Parchment • Kalacloths.

Your Guarantee of Quality

Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Co. Parchment, Michigan

NOW... HAVE CLEANER SWEETER REFRIGERATOR IN HALF THE TIME!

You don't scrub...you don't even rinse!

Recommended by 22 Leading Refrigerator Manufacturers

Clean with soda . . . and you save time and work. Just sprinkle soda on damp cloth—and wipe off inner surfaces. **Wipe only once!** Soda quickly emulsifies greasy film . . . sweetens as it cleans, removes sour musty odors that adhere to enamel. And there's nothing to rinse away—**no suds, no grit** and no "cleanser odor" to cling to food. Wash ice trays in soda solution. Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda is pure Bicarbonate of Soda, U.S.P.

Start today to keep your refrigerator soda-clean and sweet . . . at less than ½¢ a week!





(Continued from Page 67)

learned the folly of that where you're concerned. But I know Claude will agree with me that you would be much better off to go on quietly with the treatments."

Helen got up with a violent movement. "Go on quietly with the treatments yourselves, you and Claude, and see how you like them. Go quietly to hell, both of you—you're ready to send me there! I didn't see much of my precious brother *or* you in that hospital you got me into. I'm not going back yet. I don't care what you think." She turned to me. "Now you know why I have to hire someone if I want company. It's the tenderness of brothers and sisters. You're lucky to have none."

"You're incredibly rude, Helen," her sister said calmly. "I hope you'll forgive us, Mrs. Murray."

"Oh, she'll forgive us," Helen said. "If I'm as rude as that, she had much better know it now, since she'll have to live with it for six months. You're not going to let me down?" she demanded. "You *are* still coming?"

"I'm still coming," I said.

Lady Cynthia stared at me. She gave the tiniest shake of her head. "Very well," she said, getting up. "If you two are agreed, then there's nothing more to be said."

She went away soon afterward. When she was gone Helen became almost gay. She sat down in the corner of a sofa and put her feet up under her, girlishly. Her long hair fell down, shielding her face. She no longer seemed to have any desire to flaunt her scars. It was as if, having served her purpose, they could be hidden again.

"I've got to get back to the office," I said.

With the lack of imagination of those who have never had to work for a living, she went on, "Stay for a while. We have so much to discuss."

"No, I must go back."

"Please call me Helen," she said, "and may I say Georgia? I can't go about 'Mrs. Murraying' you."

I HAD told the maid when I arrived that it was Mrs. Murray calling, but I knew that I had never told her my first name. I looked at her in astonishment.

"How did you know?"

"I looked on your card."

"What card?"

"The card on your door. I followed you home last night, and when you went in I looked on the door."

"You followed me home?" Suddenly something like terror touched my heart. "It would have been simpler to ask me my name," I said.

"Oh, but I wanted to know where you lived."

"You could have asked me that too."

"You might have lied to me. You see, I don't intend to lose you, Georgia."

"How many more hours?" I asked.

"If the trains are on time, as they always used to be in this country, we'll be there at six." Helen settled herself comfortably in the corner seat of the compartment. "You'll love St. Moritz." She leaned back, shutting her eyes, and her voice trailed off into silence. She looked contented and sleepy.

There was no one else in the compartment. We were both tired. It was a lot longer in emotional hours than the forty-eight in time that had gone by since we left London. We had come a lot farther than the distance from London too. We had come to a sort of relationship that was not friendship, but a taking for granted that we should be together. Reaching this had been difficult for her, I knew; for me it had been terrible. Many a time I longed to leave her and run back to the Knightsbridge flat . . . anywhere, so long as I should not have to see her, to be with her, to see other people watching us together.

She knew, for she watched me too. She talked superficialities as if we were two ordinary young women off on a junket, her face blank, her voice calm. But there was no cringing, no self-pity in her attitude. She watched me and waited.

I HAD allowed her to buy me only the clothes that I had to have to ski. I was shabby in a neat sort of way—I looked like a combination maid and nurse, and we quarreled about this a little. No, "quarreled" is too large a word.

"You're foolish, Georgia, not to let me get you something to wear."

"You spent enough on these skiing things."

"But when I have the money why should you insist on looking like a mouse?"

"I don't care," I said, and she shrugged and was silent.

I thought that she, at least, had no intention of looking like a mouse. I had never seen her then, nor did I ever see her afterward, wearing a hat—no hat could have been anything but cruel to that face—but her tweed suit was handsome, her shoes and her handbag were perfect, and her magnificent coat was worn in a magnificent manner, as casually as I wore my poor one.

St. Moritz is the last stop that the little electric train makes on its long trip up the mountains. We were silent on the journey up. I had never been in mountains before and I felt lost in vastness. I was afraid again. A little of the panic that followed Julian's death was coming back; I was afraid of my own shadow in the window beside me, and of this tremendous upheaval of stone against the evening sky that seemed to shut out everything familiar.

I sat watching her, but she scarcely looked at me. I had not known her long, but I was beginning to know her well. She was planning. She was like a general on the night before the battle. Somewhere behind my head where her eyes rested lay a country for conquest, and I, like the humblest soldier, watched her eyes and knew only that, whatever the campaign, I should be part of it, and was afraid.

The station platform was crowded with people in skiing clothes, rushing about with luggage, embracing one another in shrill delight, their voices strange and sharp in the thin air. We got down from the train stiffly searching in the confusion for a porter. I felt bewildered and stupid, as if I had been pushed onto the stage of some crowded operetta without knowing my part.

In the sleigh, climbing the steep hill to the town, the illusion of theater deepened. It was dusk and the snow was blue in it, pricked out by lights as brightly individual as if they

(Continued on Page 72)

What we desire for all children everywhere, both others' and our own, is not that their lives shall be easy, but that they shall be productive and fruitful. We desire that they be kept from hunger, from fear and from frustration. We pray that they may grow up with strong bodies and with clear minds, and with the inner control that we call character.

The chief means to this high end, more efficacious than any other, is the family. There is a true sense in which every family is potentially a holy family.

When we understand that the home is our best chance to produce a place where love is supreme and where the Kingdom of God can start, we also begin to see that the religion of the home may be more important than that of the church. The Bible speaks of "the church that is in thy house" and most prayer books include services for the home.

In this regard the Jewish faith has contributed marvelously to our entire culture.

ELTON TRUEBLOOD
The Common Ventures of Life
(Harper & Brothers, used by permission)



MORE ROOM
for frozen foods!



MORE ROOM
for meats!

cords—*not tummies!*

25% to 50% mo

. . . and so many convenience fe

General Electri

G-E Refrigerators give you much more storage space than most refrigerators now in use—yet they occupy no larger floor area!

WHEN YOU INVEST in a refrigerator, you want space for *all* your foods. You want the *finest convenience features*. You want the refrigerator that has proved, over the years, to be the most *dependable*.

Remember that the G-E gives you more of all *three* . . .

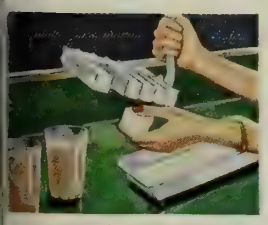
1. SPACE. 25% to 50% more space for foods than most old-style refrigerators now in use. Yet, no larger floor area is required. Model shown has 18 square feet of shelf space.

2. CONVENIENCES. G-E Refrigerators have so many special convenience features that you won't find in any other refrigerator. Some of these are shown below.

3. DEPENDABILITY. No other refrigerator can surpass General Electric's enviable record for dependability. *More than 2,700,000 G-E Refrigerators with sealed refrigerating systems are still in service after 10 years. Many as long as 15 and 20 years!*

Your G-E dealer will be very proud to show you General Electric Refrigerators. You'll find him listed in your classified telephone directory under General Electric Refrigerators. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Only General Electric Refrigerators give you all these wonderful features . . .



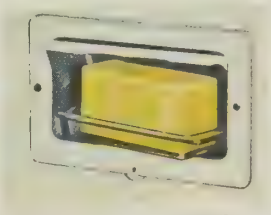
NEW! REDI-CUBE ICE TRAYS!

ou can pick out cubes singly, nd return the rest—still in the ividers—to the refrigerator. ubes will not drop out! It's anther General Electric first!



NEW! VEGETABLE ROLLA-DRAWERS!

New Rolla-Drawers, on rubber-tired wheels, roll in and out *quietly*. So easy to keep clean. High humidity cold keeps vegetables garden-fresh.



SPECIAL BUTTER CONDITIONER!

No more hard butter! This special conditioner, built into the door of the G-E Refrigerator, keeps a pound of butter at best *spreading* temperature!

You can put you

GENERAL

Warner's STA-UP-TOP

Thousands of women wear them once—and love them forever!

Tummy roll after tummy roll has disappeared...vanished! That's because more women now come back for more Sta-Up-Top girdles than for any other girdles in the world!

WARNER'S STA-UP-TOP
never rolls over • always stays up

✳ The loveliest stories begin in the middle!

This Spring's stem-slim suits begin with a little middle. So begin with a Warner's Sta-Up-Top girdle — topped with the most ingenious waist-whittler a girdle ever boasted. The lazy-stretch elastic tape, in 2- or 3-inch widths, grows like a grin with every breath you take . . . snugly inches you in, never pinches you in. Sta-Up-Top *always stays up!* That's the secret of the band's every-now-and-then bones . . . the flattest, most pliable bones you *never* noticed.

Many girdles *look* like Sta-Up-Top. None can be made like it—none can fit like it. Insist on the *one and only* Sta-Up-Top. From $5 to $27.50 at the nicest stores. Match yours with a beautiful Warner's bra. From $1.50 to $10.





KVP Paper Maids for Neater, Easier Living

For Juicier, Tastier Frozen Meats

All the succulent, savory goodness nature puts into meat can be preserved practically 100% with KVP Freezer Papers. They keep the flavorful juices in — prevent mottling and freezerburn. Insist on KVP next time you freeze meats. See what a difference it makes!



Wrap tight — twice around.



Sealed-in flavor is so delicious!



(KVP Freezer Paper) The original freezer paper — the kind the commercial lockers use. 4 sizes, 15" to 24" wide, 70 to 400 ft. long in rolls.

Paper Maids Save Time—Save Work

Shelf Papers • Freezer Papers • Heavy and Fancy Waxed • KVP and Mrs. Hayward's Dusting Papers • Pie Tape • Baking Cups • Place Mats • Cookery Parchment • Pressing Parchment • Kalacloths.

Your Guarantee of Quality

Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Co. Parchment, Michigan

NOW... HAVE CLEANER SWEETER REFRIGERATOR IN HALF THE TIME!

You don't scrub...you don't even rinse!

Recommended by 22 Leading Refrigerator Manufacturers

Clean with soda . . . and you save time and work. Just sprinkle soda on damp cloth—and wipe off inner surfaces. Wipe only once! Soda quickly emulsifies greasy film . . . sweetens as it cleans, removes sour musty odors that adhere to enamel. And there's nothing to rinse away—no suds, no grit and no "cleanser odor" to cling to food. Wash ice trays in soda solution. Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda is pure Bicarbonate of Soda, U.S.P.

Start today to keep your refrigerator soda-clean and sweet . . . at less than ½¢ a week!





(Continued from Page 70)

leand been each the head of a newly struck cerlatch.

me We drove into the courtyard of the hotel, on nd a blaze of light from the opened doors Dveloped us. Someone ran up and took the "Ceap of rugs from our knees, standing beside selne sleigh to help us down. I shrank back intheoluntarily.

yor "It looks very grand," I said to Helen.

mu "It's about the best hotel left in the hoorld," she said.

ye: They were obsequious at the desk. "Yes, to ady Helen, we were expecting you. Would sorou sign here, and would Mrs. Murray?"

ne: "You have my instructions about the dinhag room?"

"Everything exactly as you wish, milady."

ter

MNo one engaged in the business of installng us appeared to notice anything unusual I'rbout her. Passers-by gave a few startled knlances that I caught and reflected for an forstant, but there were not many people in dohe entrance hall.

ing *Come,* I said to myself, *this isn't so bad.* My heart began to beat more quietly, and I ollowed Helen to the lift.

tir Upstairs we had two big bedrooms with a sarath between. They had French doors leadthng onto a balcony which stretched across he length of both. I put down what I was warrying and went out to the balcony.

do It was as if I had stepped onto a parapet upverlooking heaven. Opposite, the jagged doower of a mountain rose, white-gilded, into sehe night. It was as mysterious as it had been It the dawn of its creation, and something of cohe peace of that dawn struck into my feeble eart. Between the hotel and the mountain as a white space. It was far below; the only haeality was the mountain and the velvet onight.

dis I could touch the mountain; I could feel ne goodness of its granite and moss beneath ny fingers. I gripped the rail of the balcony mand I stood breathing like a runner, thirsty Mo the bottom of my soul.

"I told you so, didn't I?"

I I had not heard her come out, but when wae spoke I turned and saw her standing as hawas, close to the railing. She was staring, hes I had been staring, across at the mountain, nd her voice rang with emotion. But I hated 'r voice and I hated her emotion. There as evil in her. I felt it strongly and I had ' struggle to answer her without fear in my hoice. My throat was tight.

loo I swallowed and said thickly, "It's beyond y words of mine."

thi "Now perhaps you see why I had to come wore! I've dreamed of all this for years. What na

liv

do

us

siz

co

St

ey

Sl

does it matter about my face, what does an thing matter except to *be* here?" She bro off and came over to me. "I *can* be hapy here, can't I, Georgia? Help me to be happ I'll do anything for you."

My eyes filled with tears and the mounta swam and was lost. They were not tears pity for her—or, if they were, not for h alone. They were tears for all of us, for J for myself, for all the people who had looke on the mountain before, for all of us wh clutch each other crying, "I *can* be happ help me to be happy!"

"I'll try, Helen." I took her hand an cried, "I do want to help you, truly I d That's why I'm here."

In that moment it was true. We were los and lonely, we both belonged to the legio of the damned who wake up each mornin thinking that nothing they may do today i going to be any good either. But I was th stronger, for I wanted to help her, I wante to be her friend.

The dinner hour was late at the Grand Auberge. When we came down it was nin o'clock, and all the athletes, back from th ski slopes, filled the bar with their heart laughter.

A long corridor ran the length of the hote from the lifts to the dining room. Openin off it were lounges and sun porches and read ing rooms where the guests gathered nightl to watch one another sweep into dinner. I was Peacock Alley with a vengeance; it wa a movie star's dream. When you had gaine the dining room there were steps to descen and a long room, lit by crystal chandeliers to face before you arrived at your table.

Helen came into my room and found m sitting ready, on a chair by the French doors Sounds of music, of the big hotel coming t life, rose faintly from below.

I said, "When we arrived you asked the desk clerk something about a table in the dining room. You intend to dine down there every night?"

"Where else?"

"I thought perhaps up here it might be less, less . . . oh, I thought you'd like it better," I said lamely.

HELEN opened the doors of the balcony and stood, her back to me, looking out. She was wearing the dress that she had worn the second time I saw her, and again it lent her the poise, the quality that had astonished me so that night.

"I didn't come all this way to skulk, Georgia," she said. "I asked for a table at the farthest end of the dining room. It's a

(Continued on Page 75)



"I couldn't get a wink of sleep last night on account of these new pajamas you bought me. I couldn't see them in the dark, but I knew they were there!"

It rolls up records—*not tummies!*



Warner's STA-UP-TOP

Thousands of women wear them once—and love them forever!

Tummy roll after tummy roll has disappeared... vanished! That's because more women now come back for more Sta-Up-Top girdles than for any other girdles in the world!

WARNER'S STA-UP-TOP ✳
never rolls over • always stays up

✳ The loveliest stories begin in the middle!

This Spring's stem-slim suits begin with a little middle. So begin with a Warner's Sta-Up-Top girdle — topped with the most ingenious waist-whittler a girdle ever boasted. The lazy-stretch elastic tape, in 2- or 3-inch widths, grows like a grin with every breath you take... snugly inches you in, never pinches you in. Sta-Up-Top *always stays up!* That's the secret of the band's every-now-and-then bones... the flattest, most pliable bones you *never* noticed.

Many girdles *look* like Sta-Up-Top. None can be made like it—none can fit like it. Insist on the *one and only* Sta-Up-Top. From $5 to $27.50 at the nicest stores. Match yours with a beautiful Warner's bra. From $1.50 to $10.

WARNER'S®
3-Way-Sized
Foundations and Bras

WORLD FAMOUS FOR LE GANT® • A'LURE® WARNERETTE® • STA-UP-TOP® • FREE-LIFT®
®Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., The Warner Brothers Company
New York 16 • Chicago 6 • San Francisco 8

Choose yours in your very own 3-Way-Sizes

Your length... short, medium, long or extra long. No more *too-long* girdles that ride up or *too-short* girdles that pull stocking runs.

Your hip size... straight, average or full. No more *too-wide* girdles that side-wrinkle or *too-small* girdles that bind your thighs.

Your control... whether you like the soft knits or those designed to discipline. Sta-Up-Top girdles come in 100 or more styles and sizes. Panties or step-ins. Nylon or not.







Scotties* are softies!

Scotties are thrifties too!

It's no wonder the whole family likes Scotties—they're so soft and snowy white, yet they're so strong and practical too. You can sneeze and "blow" into a Scottie and it doesn't go to pieces. A Scottie doesn't crumble when you remove make-up. And Scotties are "thrifties" too. You'll see how economical they are when you compare their value with all others.

*another tissue by **Scott** that's "soft as old linen"

"Scotties," "Soft as old linen," Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 72)

room, and twice a day we'll be walking vn it, so you'd better gird your loins." She ned with an actress' grace. "I told you would earn your money."

t was all a little overdone. *So she is afraid,* ought. *She is human. She does need me.*

"All right," I said. "I'm ready."

We went down and walked into the dining m. In the first long moments I saw noth- but a phantasmagoric wash of color, rd no sound distinctly except Helen's ce and the beating of my own heart inst a hum and a strain of music. Then descended the steps and began to go down room, Helen, a little in front, behind the iter, myself walking like a doll, eyes front, f-jointed.

t seemed to me that every head turned to tch us. We went steadily forward, reached table, and sat down. Helen faced the m; there was no one in it who could fail see her face.

picked up my napkin and unfolded it; it mediately fell to the floor. I took the huge nu and opened it, and the edge of it tled against my water glass like castanets.

"We'll have champagne," Helen said. his is an occasion."

She smiled at the waiter and described to n in French exactly what she wanted. His e was as blank as he could make it, but en he had to bend over to listen atten- ely his whole body became rigid.

"Could you manage to look less miser- le, Georgia?"

"I'll do the best I can, Helen."

"Of course you will," she agreed.

Champagne came, and then dinner. My ner was wet cardboard. lon't know what it was led on the menu. We on. A meal can last st so long. In a year or o it was over.

"We'll have coffee in e lounge," Helen said.

In the lounge an or- estra played and we sat ere we could watch the stless passage of the ests between the dining room and the r, between the bar and the lifts.

Helen twisted her cigarette out on the ash ay. "Would you like to go to bed?"

"I'd like to, very much. I—I'm tired."

What I wanted was to go back to the bal- ny, to breathe the life from the mountain ain; even more, I wanted to be away from e lights and the eyes. I wanted to be alone.

We went upstairs not speaking. In our oms she turned to me and said quietly, t'll be all right, Georgia. Good night, sleep ll."

"Helen," I stammered, "I don't think you n be happy here. In the dining room ——"

"I'll worry about that," she said, inter- pting me. "You get a good night's sleep." e went into her own room and closed the or.

My room was drenched in sunshine when I oke next morning. I went out on the bal- ny, and there was the mountain, more than er glorious in the fresh morning. Never d I known anything like such air, nor such sense of freedom. The white expanse that retched between the mountain and me, I scovered, was a lake, lying quiet under a ick coverlet of ice. It was early, but already ere were people skating down there to usic that came faintly up, gay and thin— tune played on a music box.

"Do you think it's too cold to have break- st out here? It's so wonderful." Helen was tting, huddled up in furs and rugs in the rner away from me. "I hope you had a od night," she went on. "You definitely eeded it. Now let's have breakfast."

When we had eaten she said, "I told them have your skis ready at ten. The valet ok your boots to have them fitted."

"What about *your* skis?"

"Oh, I shan't be going out for a day or two. never do."

"Well, then, I'll stay with you."

"No, Georgia. I want you to go. There's o need for you to be tied indoors with me."

It was useless to protest, I knew that. For some reason she wanted me to go alone.

When I was dressed I came out on the balcony again. She was still sitting where I had left her.

"You look very nice," she said. "You've the right sort of leanness for those trousers."

"Thank you. Am I to come back for lunch?"

"Do exactly as you please. If it's amusing, stay as long as you like. I shall be perfectly all right here."

There was a queue of people waiting for the funicular, their skis on their shoulders. I pushed in with the rest when the funicular arrived. Halfway up, some of them, mostly children and older people, got out, and I with them. I put on my skis as quickly as I could. There was a cold wind blowing and I dug my poles into the ground and pushed off, following the others down a path that sloped gently in front of me, not much caring whether I fell down but hoping that if I did it would not be in front of their skis.

To my surprise I did not fall at all. The hills slid away behind me and presently we were on the level, moving swiftly over the hard-packed snow. I kept my head down out of the wind, my eyes on the back of a girl in a scarlet jacket. The path went around the edge of two slopes, gently enough, but always upward. I had to go very slowly, breathing hard from the effort and the sharp air. The blessed blankness that shuts off the mind when the body is busy with physical effort came over me, and I forgot Helen and myself, and the war and Ju and St. Moritz, and became simply a thing, toiling on in a silent wilderness of snow. Suddenly I was conscious of lessening tension in my arms and legs. I was on level ground again. I stopped and looked around me.

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an "honest man."

—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The other skiers had passed me and disappeared. I seemed to be alone on the roof of the world. There was utter silence. I leaned back against my poles and savored the scene. I was not cold, I was no longer even tired. For the first time in a weary while it was good to exist. When I started on I heard myself whistling softly under my breath.

I skied almost all day, lunching at a hut where people lay outside in deck chairs, swallowing hot chocolate, absorbing the sun. No one spoke to me or noticed me. I found my own paths and my own little hills. I was very happy.

When I came down again I was so weary that I could have crawled on all fours, but the good day was with me even when I came up to my room and found her there, waiting for me.

"Well, you *have* been a time!" she said. "You look frightfully healthy. Did you meet anyone?"

"Not a soul."

"I mean, talk to anyone?"

"No, not anyone."

I was unzipping my jacket with my back toward her, but I heard the swift intake of her breath. "You *are* a solitary person, Georgia. The slopes must have been full of people."

"They were, but not where I went."

"I see."

When we went down to dinner that night the room stared again. They must have been surprised to find us still there and still inexplicable. Afterward we sat in the lounge as we had the night before. We didn't talk much, and when I went to bed I did not dream at all.

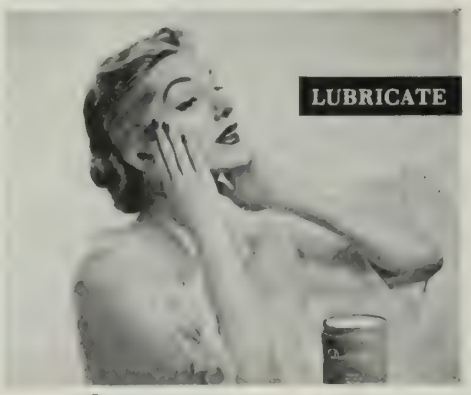
The pattern of the next day was the same. I ate breakfast with Helen on the balcony, left her sitting there and went up in the funicular to the mountains. Again I stayed up all day, and again no one took any notice of me, or I of them. When I came down again she was waiting for me as she had been the night before, and she asked me exactly the same questions.



1 Use Dry-Skin Cleanser for dry skin, Salon Cold Cream for normal skin, Cleansing Cream (Liquefying) if your skin is oily. Priced from $1 to $4.



2 Pat on Orange Flower Skin Lotion if your skin is dry or normal. Oily skin gets a "lift" from Texture Lotion. Priced from $1 to $3.75.



3 Smooth and soften dry or normal skin with Special Dry-Skin Mixture. $2.25 to $8. For oily skin, Suppling Cream, $1 and $2.00. *All prices plus tax.*

for skin as lovely as yours can be... follow this famous "Rule of Three"



. . . m-mm! See the lovely result!

More beautiful women use Dorothy Gray creams than any other salon creams in America! They've learned —as you will—that here are the irreducible beauty basics . . . the made-for-you creams and lotions which, used faithfully, can make and keep you a *natural* beauty.

Gown by Ceil Chapman,
Jewels by
Seaman Schepps

"Trust Dorothy Gray



"You seem able to turn St. Moritz into a desert island," she said when I replied that I had spoken to no one.

"I don't in the least want to be the belle of the place," I said. "I haven't had much social life for some time now."

"It's of no consequence. You must please yourself." She went into her room and closed the door.

I got dressed and waited, but she didn't come out. There was no sound from her room. I tapped at the communicating door.

"Helen, is anything wrong? It's time to go down."

"I'm not going to dinner tonight," she called through the closed door.

"Shall I stay up here with you then? I'd much rather."

She came out and stood in the doorway. Of all the colors in the world, black was the one she ought never to have worn. The velvet negligee was beautiful, but above it her face was more terrible than I had ever seen it.

"What is the matter?" My voice was almost a whisper.

"Nothing. I want to be alone for a while. Go down to dinner as usual. I'll see you in the morning."

"Helen," I began, "please, let me ——"

But she went into her room and shut the door, and the key turned in the lock.

I had no choice. I went down the steps and ran the gantlet of the dining room. The heads turned again as I walked by, and the noise of their speculation was louder than the orchestra.

I ate in silence, and when I had finished I wondered what I should do. There seemed no place that was sanctuary until I remembered the mountain outside my room. I sat on my balcony, wrapped in a blanket, for many hours. It was coming dawn when I went to bed, heavy with sleeplessness and indecision.

I was awakened by the noise of curtains rattling. The sun poured in and Helen stood in the flood of it, dressed in heavy tweeds and a sweater.

"I'd almost given you up. I thought you were going to sleep all day." Her mood had changed again, her voice was cheerful.

"What time is it?"

"Almost eleven. Georgia, I must apologize for what seems to be a misunderstanding between us. You feel, I know, that you ought to be with me all the time. Do realize that I want you to enjoy yourself. I want you to meet people and be as gay as you like."

"But I don't ——"

"Oh, I know you don't *feel* like meeting people, but you'll be surprised what the mountain air will do for you in a week or two. It's a heavenly morning. Get up and get out in it."

"You're not coming?"

"Perhaps tomorrow. This morning I'm taking a long walk. I've had my breakfast. I was only waiting to talk to you. Good-by for now." She waved her hand and disappeared.

THE climb after leaving the funicular seemed difficult that morning. It had turned cold again in the night, and the thaw of the day before had become ice under my feet.

After noon I set out from the lunch hut and worked at the turn I was trying to learn, worked doggedly, away off on a little hill by myself.

Suddenly I realized that it was beginning to be difficult to see clearly when I was coming down, and I stopped at the end of a run and looked around. It was snowing hard. The lunch hut, just behind my hill, had completely disappeared, and so had all the skiers in the distance. Down to the left, where I knew the town lay, the pines were losing form behind a curtain of whirling snow.

For a second I began to panic. Then I forced myself to move through the gray cloud that was smothering me. I skied as fast as I could.

The walls of snow fell away for an instant and I saw straight in front of me a wide trail leading down and, below it, some roofs of houses. They were far enough away, but the angle was gentle. I knew that many people walked up here from St. Moritz, and where they could walk I could surely ski. I pushed off, going cautiously.

Suddenly I heard the noise of someth rushing down behind me, and in the sa instant I shot onto a piece of windsw ground where there was only ice beneath My skis began to slip wildly. There was ominous slithering scratch of wood on and a voice, frantic with mixed fear a anger, screamed, "Stem, you idiot, ste Cawn't you stem?"

Something in bright green trousers roa past me, screeching, and I threw myself of its path, plunging face downward into deep snow at the trail's side. It was soft sn but I hit it like someone diving off a boa into an empty swimming pool.

"*Est-ce que tout va bien? Etes-vous blessé*

MY feet were higher than my head, an had to juggle my stunned neck and ar around to lift it. When I did I saw a m bending over me.

"It wasn't you?" I asked shakily.

"No. I think you were struck by lightni She passed me beyond, up there, going li a streak. Are you all right?"

"I don't know."

"Let's see if we can get you on your fe Now you can bend both your arms? A good. Can you move your legs a little, s Ah, you're all right."

When he spoke English it was nearly i possible to trace the accent in it, but th was an accent there. I could scarcely see h in the falling snow and the darkness.

"Would you rather walk down, perha It isn't far to the village."

"I'd *love* to walk down," I said so ferven that he laughed.

"I'll walk down with you," he said.

We went down the trail, staggering a lit in the snow and over the ice, not talki Very soon the lights of St. Moritz came meet us, and we were down on the str among the sleighs and the late skiers and t people in fur coats and snow boots going o to tea.

"Which way do you go?" he asked, ar when I told him, "Then you must go rig through the town and turn to the left at t Place. You know the way?"

"I'll find it," I said. "I'm perfectly a right, and thank you very much."

As I spoke one of my skis lurched sudden off my shoulder and I tottered a little wit the weight of it.

"No," he said, "I think you are not a right. My pension is just there. Will yo come and drink some tea with me? Afte ward we will find a sleigh."

"I'm a mess to go anywhere," I said, co scious of the snow trickling down my fac and no make-up since the morning.

"Mine is a simple hotel. There is no nee to worry about your appearance. I woul like you to come."

I shifted my skis back into place on m shoulder. "Let's go, then," I said.

We came back to the hotel in a sleigh. had stopped snowing and scuds of whi cloud blew across the sky, hiding and revea ing the transient stars.

"I'm afraid it's terribly late. Helen will b wondering where on earth I am."

"The lady who is with you?"

"Other way round, really. I am with her.

"You will tell her it is my fault for havin kept you talking so long." He pulled the fu rug more closely around me. "I wish yo would consent to come with me tonight. Yo must have a gala. You don't know St Moritz until you have a gala, and they ar amusing, these friends of mine. If you ar tired with your bruises you have only to g upstairs to your room."

"I wouldn't be tired. It's just tha Helen ——"

"We would be delighted to have her too."

I had not told him. I had told him a goo deal, told him more than I had told anyon for years, but not that. The past two hour were good ones, but now I knew that if I wa to see him again I must tell him quickly

"Look," I said, "there's something that ought to have explained to you before ——"

But the sleigh was turning into the hote entrance. He jumped down and held out hi hand to help me. "Explain to me tonight. I'l

phone you from downstairs at nine." got quickly into the sleigh and nodded to driver to start up again. I stood a mo- it looking after him, and then I went in up to the daily reckoning.

he was sitting in my room smoking. parently my room was her room and her m was her own. I had never yet been in it.

I'm awfully sorry," I began in a rush. 's so late and you must have been ——"

Not a bit worried," she interrupted. "I e it you can look after yourself."

Well, as it happens, I can't apparently k after myself. I mean, I had a fall."

Have you been all this time coming vn?"

No, I was rescued and my rescuer took to tea."

There was such a pause that I turned to ke sure she was still there. She was light- another cigarette. Over the flame of the tch she asked, "A male rescuer?"

'Yes."

'English?"

'French."

'Attractive?"

'That depends."

'Oh, Georgia, you *are* being mysterious. pends on what?"

'On what you mean by 'attractive.'"

'You know perfectly well what I mean."

ere was a sort of gay exasperation in her ice, but there was nsion in it too.

I faced her. "I don't nk it can concern her you or me, the ractiveness of men. s a bit outside our es, I think."

"You think altogether too much." She as again the toler- t, interested friend. What's his name?"

"Guy de Montrt."

I saw her face ange, it contorted mehow—I cannot scribe it—but she ly said sharply, What does he look e?"

I quoted from The laster of Ballantrae. 'A small dark young ntleman of a plain nd not cheerful face, very strong in body ut not so strong in health.'"

"You seem to have done a lot of observg, fall or no fall."

"I sat across a table from him for two ours. Anyway, it isn't my description, it's tevenson's."

HE shrugged elaborately. "Well, I'm glad ou've met someone, though it's like pulling eth to find out anything about him. Shall ou be seeing him tomorrow? Is he staying ere?" She had got up and was walking ward the door.

"He's in a pension down the road. He sked us both to the gala tonight."

Helen stopped. "And ——"

"I refused."

"Why?"

"I didn't think you would want to go, and —I don't care about it. I scarcely know im." My voice trailed away. I sat down and egan to pull my boots off, deliberately not ooking at her. Waves of dislike seemed to be olling across the room toward me, bent ver my boots.

She went into her room without a word nd shut the door. For an instant I had an mpulse to call through the door, "Helen, if ou'd like to go, we still can." But instead I ent in to my bath.

After a while, over the noise of the bath ater, I heard a waiter tap at her door and o in, and the sound of dishes rattling on a ay. Again, it seemed, I had condemned her, r she had condemned herself, to solitary onfinement.

A dozen times I began to go to her, but he thought of the cold, tortured face she ould turn to me kept me in my chair.

The telephone rang through the stillness. I reached for it. "Yes?"

"Madame Murray? It is Guy here. Have you changed your mind? Won't you come down and join us?"

My heart quickened a little at the sound of his voice—I could not help it. "Thank you," I said. "It's good of you to ask me, but I'm afraid I can't possibly."

"I'm sorry. I had hoped —— Ah, well, I shall see you tomorrow."

"Perhaps," I said. I did not mean to be coy. "Perhaps" was the only word in my situation.

But he said, "Not 'perhaps'—'*definitely*,' and if you get bored tonight with resting, I'll be downstairs."

I sat staring at the telephone.

"You really want to go, don't you?" Helen was standing in the doorway of her room. "Yes, I listened, Georgia. I frankly admit it. Come in here."

SHE stretched out her hand and led me into her room. It was the same size, but it had acquired a personality, while mine was as negative as a nun's cell. There were cushions and soft woolen throws on the chairs and on the couch. Strewn all over were dress boxes, hatboxes and litters of tissue paper.

"Look," she said, and went to the cupboards against the wall and took out a dress. She spread it over the bed and it shone against the scarlet eider down like sequins in moonlight. It was white velvet, heavy and gleaming. There was a band of sable around the hem of the skirt. It was the most magnificent dress I had ever seen. "It was made for you," she said.

"Oh, no, Helen!"

"Oh, yes, Georgia!" she mimicked. "I had it made for you in London before we left. You can put it on and go down and have a wonderful time and let me have the pleasure of knowing that it's partly my doing. Try for once in your life to get your blood stirring and do something on impulse."

"All right," I said, "I'll do something on impulse and ask you—what's the catch?"

"Really, Georgia, for a Southerner you seem to have extraordinarily Yankee instincts. You call it 'Yankee,' don't you?"

"I don't call it anything," I said. "I'm simply trying to understand why you refuse to come near me for hours and then suddenly feel friendly enough to give me the most fabulous dress in the world."

"It's not sudden, you idiot. I know I'm difficult to live with, but I want you to have some pleasure; it gives me a vicarious pleasure. Can you understand that?" She was still smiling. There was a sort of half-quizzical pleading in her tone. "You'll go down and join your friends, then? You'll wear the dress?"

"I'll wear it. I'm trying to believe in you, Helen."

"'Believe,' 'understand'! The girl's a mass of words. Tell me if you need anything while you're dressing. And hurry. It's getting late."

At the door I said, "I hope it's true, Helen."

She looked at me. "Hope away," she said.

I had forgotten what it is like to come into a room and have a man's eyes light up at the sight of you, but as I walked across the room to where I saw Guy sitting I remembered, and it was good. He got up and came to me, and brought me to his table. They all stared—indeed, the whole room was staring—but Guy seemed to be waiting for me—welcoming me, as if he had done so a hundred times before.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Wisdom

By Jane H. Merchant

Those who have suffered and grown strong,
They have a right to say
To those who suffer, "There is strength
And wisdom, from dismay."

Those who have suffered and grown strong
Are silent, having learned
Man's wisdom, like his suffering,
Is separately discerned.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



these are

Town & Country Shoes

in navy with violet rays

Here are the versatile fashion shoes that make you look better, walk better, because you feel better in them . . . the low-heels and uplift wedges give you a wonderful sense of security as you go on your busy way. Always fashion right too, designed to complete your wardrobe . . . late, early, round the clock. Witness our newest exclusive . . . classic navy suede with new violet kid rainbow trim. It's Spring '51's first fashion scoop. Ask to see it at your nearest store, or write we'll tell you, Town & Country Shoes, St. Louis, Mo.

Wedge Shoes above, STARBOUND **9.95**, BALI BOUND **10.95**
Flat below, SHARP NOTE **10.95**, Bag **8.95** plus tax
All sizes 4 to 10, widths to B . . . All also in black, brown, navy, red.

Wonderful Deodorant News for You!

New finer Mum more effective longer!

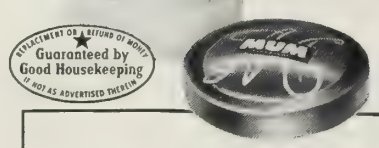


NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer.* For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical —no shrinkage, no waste.



Mum's protection grows and GROWS! Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria—but keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum!

Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM** *cream deodorant*

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

"This is Mrs. Murray," he said, and began to introduce me.

There were six people sitting around a table, top-heavy with flowers. The women were beautifully dressed, the men were anonymous faces above starched white. Their names all seemed to be French except for a sleek dark woman and a fair man who was her husband.

"These are the Bradfords," Guy said of these two. "They are American also. If you sit there beside Brad I can sit here on the other side, and listen while you talk about America." I sat down while he went on. "Annette tells me I am a fool to suppose Americans all know each other, but that is not what I supposed at all." He motioned toward a girl sitting next to Mrs. Bradford. "She is my sister, so naturally she thinks I am a fool always."

"Oh, Guy," she said languidly, "you know I meant that they might all not *want* to know each other."

It was a rude enough remark, but Guy whirled the champagne in the bucket and laughed back at her. "Do the French want to know all the French?"

Everyone laughed, and then as Guy began pouring champagne, the other side of the table began talking in French to one another. The man Bradford asked me where my home was in America.

"I was born in Atlanta, but I've been living in England," I said.

"I knew some Murrays who lived in Atlanta," Mrs. Bradford said. "I wonder if you're related to them, by any chance." She had a cool Eastern Seaboard voice that seemed to imply that she very much doubted it.

"That was my husband's name. Mine was Riley," I said.

She looked blank for an instant, and then murmured, "Ah, of course, how stupid of me."

Guy put his hand on my arm. "Come and dance with me." We went silently out onto the floor.

I can dance and swim. I have no other accomplishments so I am proud of these two, but I realized that I had never danced like this before. Guy was not just a good dancer. He danced as if he had written the music and knew, before each note sounded, exactly how his body should move to it. When it was over we went back to the table slowly. It seemed to me that the women could not take their eyes from us. Not till then did I realize that we still held each other's hand. Bradford turned and asked me something and I answered, dropping Guy's hand. Everyone began to chatter.

"Well, I don't suppose I'll ever understand," Bradford said. "It isn't the only thing I don't understand about women. But how they can go to so much trouble, let alone the expense, to get something gorgeous, and then trail it about as if it were calico, beats me. And that *is* gorgeous, you know. I know something about sable, to my sorrow. Martha's got some."

Oh, I thought, *he asked me a question about the dress.* I tried frantically to remember what it was and what I'd answered.

Before I could gather my wits his wife said, "It's the loveliest thing I ever saw—absolutely stunning."

"Thank you," I said. "It was a gift."

GUY lifted his glass and announced, "We will drink to the dress, the most beautiful in the room, and to Georgia and the United States and to us all. This is a very ——"

"Oh, my God!" Annette's shocked, incredulous voice cut through his words. We turned from Guy and I saw what Annette saw as I followed her eyes to the doorway.

Helen stood at the top of the steps. She came toward us through the bright, crowded room, and if anyone there could have torn their eyes away from her, those fascinated eyes would have turned to me. For she wore the same dress that she had given me, except that the velvet folds that followed her across the floor were black and the extravagant band of fur was ermine to my sable.

"Guy, she's coming here!" Annette voice was shrill enough to be heard ever where as we watched this witch's counterpa of myself moving toward us.

"Guy," I stammered, "it's Helen. I didn tell you, I didn't know that she would — I—I . . . she —— It's my fault."

Very low, his voice came to me, "*Tais chérie.*"

I tried to get up to go to her, but he he me fast by the hand. She swept around t table and, ignoring me, held out both h hands to Guy.

"Oh, my sweets, I am so madly pleased see you! Of course you are astonished, b you needn't look thunderstruck! I'm a so of Lazarus, you know!" She paused, taki Guy's hand as he stood up and faced h while we all sat dumb. He bent to kiss h hand and she said in the tone of a seraph sinners, "Guy, Annette and Bruno as ways! May I sit down?"

Guy said, "It is tremendous, Helen. W did not dream to see you." He made almost visible effort and went on in a norm voice, "You know everyone? You kno Georgia, of course, and these are the Bra fords."

Her eyes slid off me like a snake off a ro as she nodded and sat down with a rapturo sigh. "Oh, what utter heaven to see you again!"

It was not I. I began to realize that, aft all, it was not I. I understood nothing el

WE sat there in the gay room, those attra tive people, and Helen and I, black a white, light and dark, like some horrib travesty of a sister act. Everyone talked good deal and too loud in the first few minutes. N one said anything abo the dresses, then or lat There was no need; th all understood their syn bolism the moment the realized that it was I wh was Helen's companio

> **Whether the knife fall on the melon, or the melon on the knife, the melon suffers.** —HINDU PROVERB.

I came out from my trance to hear Hele talking to Annette and Henri.

"—— deserve a little fun, I think," sh was saying. "None of you ever come to s me, except Gisèle, so I thought I'd come t see you. *I'm* not dead yet, you know."

Bruno said jovially, "Very far from it, should say, my dear," and the others a murmured something politely. Except Guy He sat beside me, in silence like my own, an held my hand. No one could see him, ou hands were under the table. I had no feelin of attraction or flirtation. He was a rock an a refuge; with him there, the loneliness of th world, through which I seemed to walk s gingerly, fell away.

Mrs. Bradford turned toward me. "Hav you known Lady Helen long?"

"No, not long."

"What a tragic pity about her face. Sh must have had a dreadful accident. Was during the war?"

"She has never told me," I said.

I thought she guessed that Helen and were nearly strangers, brought together i some unconventional fashion which woul not be to my credit if she could ferret it ou but she was taken aback by my blank man ner. She made a laughing *moue.*

"Bad taste to be curious, I suppose." Sh leaned across to Guy. "Dance with me an tell me about her. It's terrible of me, but on can't help longing to know."

Guy stood up. "I'm so sorry, Mrs. Brad ford, but I have just asked Georgia. After ward, if you'll be so kind."

She knew he had not opened his mouth i ten minutes. Then she turned to the other and I heard her begin, "Oh, Lady Helen, d tell me ——".

"The elephant's child," I murmured.

"What?" Guy asked as we began to dance

"Mrs. Bradford. Asking questions, yo know. '*Do* tell me—I want to know!'"

"I don't," he said, "but you'll tell me There are so many things you must tell me."

"I can't, I don't understand anything an more."

"Nor I."

(Continued on Page 80)

She nodded.

"And you brought me here as a sort of coy?"

Again she nodded.

"When Nicole was alive did *she* know you ved him?"

"She knew everything; we were very close. was wartime; no one quite knew whom ey loved really. We were together, the ree of us, all the time, all fond of each ner. Nicole and I, we sort of shared Guy. ou know what it was like in the war."

"I never shared any man in my life and ver would," I said.

"Oh, all I mean is that Guy could have ved me just as easily as Nicole. He was lf in love with me all the time, but then nen Nicole was killed he dramatized it, ealized her . . . and everything fell apart."

Her voice was the voice of one who exains a simple logical argument. I felt that e had gone over all this in her mind many nes before and her conclusions were unakable.

"Nicole was killed?"

"It was a flying bomb. We were in the ansport Corps. It was a bad raid, one mb after another. We were coming back om a run to Henley and we ran into a doory but we didn't quite make it. At the last cond we threw our arms around each other d the blast knocked us down. When I woke in the hospital they told me she must ve died directly. I don't want to talk about any more."

"No," I said, "don't talk about it any ore. Go to bed and I'll bring you one of the eping things I used to take in London."

"I've got to know what u're thinking. Has this anged anything? Will u stay with me now that u understand me a little ore? I know you think n hard and bitter, but I'm t so hard that I don't derstand your goodness. my friend. I need you."

"God knows no one else does," I said, ning with tiredness. "All right, Helen, 's try again."

Climbing the little hill below the luncheon t, I could see them all, the party of last ght, sitting in deck chairs, drinking chocoe. Annette saw me and waved, and I shed on toward them.

"We've been discussing you," Annette d. "We have a plan. Guy tells me you're ng to ski a bit before lunch, so he can exin. Do say 'yes.'"

Guy was putting on his skis. He looked up d smiled. "Come along and I'll tell you out it."

We pushed off together down the hill, and en we came onto the level he said, "You very tired."

"I didn't sleep much. Last night Helen ked a bit."

he was surprised he did not show it. He rely said, "So?" and was silent while we ed down a little hill. At the bottom he pped and said, "Georgia, I want you and len to come and stay at my home in ance for a few weeks. The others are com, my sister, her husband. It cannot be a use party as before the war—we are poor w, and life in the country is very simple—t it will be interesting for you who do not ow France, and we will make you very lcome."

"Have you asked Helen about this?" I d, poking the snow with my ski pole.

"Annette asked her last night. She would e to come. But you, I want so much for u to like to come too."

"Since she is my employer it scarcely mats, does it?" I said pettishly.

"You are tired," he said again. "This is t like you." He held out his hand, but I used to see it.

"I should like to come, Guy," I said forlly. "I'm sorry to be so rude. I suppose n tired, as you say. Please, forgive me."

I heard him draw a quick breath. "I'm deghted," he said. "And now shall we ski ck? It is nearly lunchtime."

It was a long way from the highway to the house. Turning into the driveway, we passed between two crumbling stone pillars, linked by gates, each bearing a coat of arms.

"We are a little down at heel, you'll observe," Guy said, "but the house is better. We manage to keep that going somehow."

I sat beside Bruno and Guy in the front seat of his battered but still gallant-looking Delahaye. Through the trees I caught glimpses of a stream.

"Is there a lake near here?" I asked Guy.

"It is not so grand to be called a lake—more truthfully, what you would call a pond. But we swim in it. We have a little boat too."

Bruno said, "We might swim next month maybe?"

"Well—it's possible," Guy replied.

INVARIABLY, in the last few weeks, Bruno had spoken in French, unless he was talking to the Bradfords. To me he never spoke at all. I thought I was not so much beneath his notice as beyond his consciousness; though I was there every day, he simply did not see me.

The Bradfords came from Maryland and were rich, and the Langlois, Annette and Henri, lived sometimes with Guy and sometimes with Guy's mother in Paris. I did not think that life was easy for them. Annette had a discontented face and a thorny manner, and her husband said almost as little as I did. The Lady Helen Childe was extremely gay, and Georgia Murray was extremely lonely. All this I knew, and not much else.

We turned sharply to the left, and "*Voilà*," Guy said, directing my attention.

It was a long, simple house in the gray stone of the countryside, turreted at each end and with tall French windows regularly spaced, opening onto a rather unkempt lawn. A conventional small château, as I learned afterward, it was badly set in a tangle of trees, with no open space or height of ground to give it importance, and yet, strangely, it was impressive. It seemed to belong exactly where it was.

Mirth is from God, and dullness is from the devil. You can never be too sprightly, you can never be too good-tempered. —ST. TERESA.

The other car came up behind us, and Helen got out with the Langlois. She stood still beside it, and held out both her hands. "Oh, Guy, Annette, you don't know what it means to me to be here again. Oh, I can't bear it, it's so wonderful."

Suddenly she put her hands to her face and began to weep. Guy and Annette were instantly beside her, while the Bradfords busied themselves with their luggage, and I stood by, trying not to look as superfluous as I felt. We fussed about the car until Annette and Helen, who was still weeping, had gone into the house, and Guy came over to us.

"I am sorry it begins sadly, your first visit," he said. "It's only that Helen used to come here so much as a child. It is not strange, I think, that she should feel so much emotion."

I thought that it was not at all strange, considering that it was only twelve o'clock and that she had finished both the pint flasks of brandy she carried with her, but I followed the others into the house.

Austere as it was, Longueville was a house that took you by the hand and warmed you when you entered. In the hall old dim portraits in heavy gilt frames looked down from whitewashed walls. The floor was sandstone-scrubbed to a glistening rose color, and beside heavy oak chests and massive chairs shooting sticks and guns were propped casually, as if they might be needed at any moment.

The maid who had been toiling with the luggage came into the hall. "*Tout est arrangé pour vous, mesdames, messieurs.*" She looked at Guy and he nodded.

"If you'll follow Honoré, she'll see that you have everything you want."

I went over to the stairs and went up after the others.

I liked my room. It was small and plain, but the sun was in it, dancing across the ceiling and decorating the white coverlet of the

(Continued on Page 83)



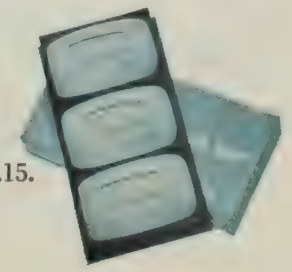
First *luxurious complexion treatment for hands and body...*

Revlon's *new Aquamarine Lotion*

A miraculous blend of balms scented with costly imported perfumes . . . smoothes you head to toe . . . wraps you in fragrance . . . keeps hands velvet smooth. *Never* before a rich, creamy-blue lotion with such a genius for fondling every blessed inch of you! 1.00 PLUS TAX

NOW! Aquamarine Lotion-Soap

A *soap* with a lotion's softening touch...the *only* soap made with Aquamarine *Lotion!* Same skin-smoothing ingredients, same jewel-color, and same fragrance. Box of 3, complexion-size, 1.15. Box of 3, bath-size, 1.65.



IN THIS NEAT PACKAGE



8 perfect SLICES

...WITH WONDERFUL FLAVOR IN EVERY SLICE!



Laugh *with* "THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE" *every Wednesday Evening* NBC Stations.

Finest process cheese slices you've ever had! Slices cut, wrapped, sealed by Kraft

The *mellowest*, most delicious pasteurized process cheese you've ever tasted! The most *perfect* slices you've ever had! The *handiest* package for quick cheese snacks you've ever kept in your refrigerator!

They're Kraft De Luxe Slices—made possible by a marvelous new Kraft invention! Now, just as the fine process cheese comes from the pasteurizers it is *formed into slices—perfect* slices with extra cheese goodness captured in every one!

Immediately the slices are wrapped and sealed in a neat package—protected all the way to *your* kitchen!

You have to *taste* Kraft De Luxe Slices to know how much more delicious they are than ordinary sliced cheese.

See for yourself how *easily* the pack-of-eight separates into *perfect* slices (*no* slivers, no dried edges!) Once you discover this convenience you'll keep *several* kinds of Kraft De Luxe Slices on hand always—for snacks, sandwiches. Discover Kraft De Luxe Slices *right away*.



5 KINDS! Keep several on hand! They're time-savers—space-savers!



KRAFT *De Luxe* SLICES

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY KRAFT

(Continued from Page 81)

h with golden bars. I leaned on the window
king out. It was at the back of the house,
l below me was a flagged terrace and a
e beyond, leading to some kennels where
s were barking frantically. I had never
d in the country, but as I looked over the
gh lawn with the great trees crowding
nd like badly arranged sentinels I felt
ething of the satisfaction that the moun-
n had given me.

A gong sounded downstairs. There was a
at the door and Honoré's voice, *"Le
euner est servi, madame."*

had not combed my hair or washed even,
I did it now hastily and went clattering
vn the stairway, guided by their voices
m the living room. They were all there,
ing around the fire.

"Whatever have you been doing, Georgia?
t changing, obviously." Helen was sitting
the floor, her legs folded under her girl-
ly. *She* had changed, and into more than a
ss. She wore a simple woolen one of an
l color that suited her; its wide bluish
is were spread out gracefully around her
e a fan. The tears were gone, and inno-
t gaiety had taken their place. Mrs. Brad-
d had merely added a few diamond brace-
s to the expensive simplicity of her tweed
t, and Annette, too,
l combed her hair.

sat down on a
oden window bench
ttle away from them.
was looking out my
ndow," I said.

"For an hour?" Helen
oduced a tinkling
gh which I was to
rn was part of her
ntry manner.

Guy was showing
's. Bradford some
otographs. He looked
. "You found it
rth it, to look an
ur?"

"Oh, yes."

He said nothing
re, but a warmth
ne across the room,
d I felt composed
d happy.

The dining room was
itewashed like the
ll, with a long refec-
y oak table. Guy sat at the end of the ta-
, and Honoré pulled out the chair at his
t for me. The others were arranging them-
ves, and under cover of their noise he said
ietly, "Yes, Georgia, I want you there,
ase."

DID not know that in France the place of
portance is the middle where Helen and
nette were sitting.

Guy sat down and picked up his napkin
d Honoré began to pour the weak *vin rosé*.

"Now, darling Guy, do tell us what we're
do. We know you're a busy 'farmer'"—
rs. Bradford's voice put the quotation
rks around the last word—"and we truly
ll not get in the way, but I so adore this
erly perfect place and you must give us
r orders."

"Orders?" he said, smiling. "I cannot give
u any orders."

"Oh, but you must tell us where we are to
, or rather where we must *not* go, so we
n't disturb you."

"The house, the park, the farm, it is all
urs," he answered. "It is not very amus-
g, but it is all yours."

"I can tell you one thing," said Annette.
You won't see much of Guy. His idea of a
rfect day is to be up to the hips in mud
lping to drain the pond. He disappears all
y when he gets down here, yawns through
ner, and goes to bed at nine."

"Well, my dear, he must work," Henri
d quietly.

"Oh, work!" She shrugged. "You call
at *work!* The men and Lafitte can do it
ne."

"If he didn't oversee them I expect they'd
nothing," Helen said sunnily. "It's always
e same in the country."

"Farming's hard work," Bradford agreed heartily. "If I had to do in Wall Street what I do down at our place, Martha'd never hear the end of it."

Everyone began to argue whether or not it was a good life. I was longing for lunch to be over and to be able to get outdoors. It seemed a long while before Guy rose and, saying that Annette would attend to anything we wanted, excused himself for the afternoon.

WE all straggled out into the living room, drank our coffee, and drifted away, one by one. I looked at Helen for a cue. She was talking to Annette and paid no more attention to me than if I had been left behind in St. Moritz. I was glad. I wanted to go out alone and explore. I wanted to find the little lake.

I put on some heavy shoes and came downstairs again. The house was silent except for the conversation of the servants in the kitchen. Outside, the light was dappled on the lawn, and I went down a wide grassy trail away from the house with a wonderful sense of freedom.

This was an ancient forest, I realized as I walked on. The trees were thick-trunked and heavy-branched, and their tops were out of sight above me, lacing together to form a pavilion of shadow that moved as I moved, like a giant canopy.

I came upon the pond suddenly, around a corner in the woods. Down to its very edge the trees marched, and some even had ventured into it and stood with its water lapping at their ankles. The pond was about a half mile long and as much across, and though it had the melancholy beauty of a water color I thought I should not like to swim there. It would be weedy and the weeds would brush past one's legs. Out in the middle of the pond a raft bobbed in the sunlight, and near me, on the bank, there was a little stone boathouse with a thatched roof.

I tried, sitting by the side of the pond, to think of the future; not the long future, but the immediate future—tonight, tomorrow, next week. But my mind did not seem to belong to me; it gave me no answers for my questions. I got up and went back in a dull despair. The woods were flaming in the sunset, and birds everywhere were discussing it, but my peace was gone and the beauty around only made the heart ache.

Helen's door was closed, but I knocked, saying, "It's me—Georgia. I thought you might want me."

She opened the door and stood there, holding the knob. "Whatever for?"

"I can't imagine," I said wearily and turned away to go down the hall. But she called after me.

"Georgia."

"What?" I made it as flat and unresponsive as I could.

"Aren't you happy here? Why are you mooning about covered with brambles, looking like Ophelia?"

"I've been for a walk to try to think things over. I was exploring," I added, feeling like a grubby schoolgirl before the headmistress.

"Obviously," she said. "Why you can't relax in this heavenly place and enjoy yourself I fail to understand."

"Why don't you let me go away? I don't belong here."

"Are you afraid?"

It seemed to me that she waited almost breathlessly for my answer. "Afraid of what?"

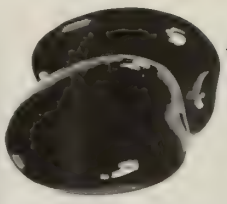
"Oh, how should I know? Of a strange place, perhaps, or the people, or even of me."

(Continued on Page 86)

DIE IN THE LAST DITCH

William, Prince of Orange, who later became William III, King of England, was defending the United Provinces against England and France in 1672. Without an adequate army or war material for defense this courageous young man scorned all temptations to bribery. When Lord Buckingham, the English ambassador, pointed out that destruction was inevitable and urged him to make terms before his commonwealth was ruined, he replied, "There is one certain means by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin. *I will die in the last ditch.*" His courage was contagious, for it inspired his people with heroism. The dikes were opened and the areas occupied by the invaders flooded, as a result of which William eventually saved his country and his people.

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.



RIPE OLIVES
FROM CALIFORNIA

Elegant in Casseroles



More ideas for tasty dishes with ripe olives are yours for the asking. Write for free booklet of Elegant Ripe Olive Recipes: Olive Advisory Board, Dept. D-2, 16 Beale St., San Francisco 5, Calif.

EL PASEO CASSEROLE

¾ cup ripe olives
½ cup grated American cheese
2 ounces (½ cup) chipped dried beef
1½ cups thin white sauce
2 cups cooked noodles
Buttered dry bread crumbs

Cut olives from pits into chunks. Blend cheese, olives and beef into hot white sauce. Pour over drained noodles in casserole and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 25 minutes. Serves 4.

(CUT OUT AND PASTE ON CARD FOR YOUR RECIPE FILE)

Elegant in so *many* ways. To give your table an "air"... to glamorize your appetizer tray ... to make ordinary dishes extraordinary. And, eaten right from the olive bowl, how they *sharpen* appetites! Yes, for the credit they do your cooking and your serving, ripe olives are ... elegant! Keep some on hand always. Ripe Olives from California.



WRIGHT'S FOR THAT "HEIRLOOM" LOOK
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
America's Largest Selling Silver Cleaner

EVERYBODY ENJOYS JOLLY TIME POP CORN
MORE TENDER-MORE DELICIOUS

PRIZE RECIPE

"PARTY" HAMBURGER

1 *lb. chuck beef, ground*
1 *teasp. salt*
2 *tablesp. minced onion*
¼ *cup water*
1 *tablesp. LEA & PERRINS Worcestershire Sauce*

Combine all ingredients. Ground beef is best handled lightly —otherwise cakes become too compact. Shape gently into 6 cakes. Sauté in a little hot fat in a skillet for about 3 min. on each side, or until of desired rareness. Makes 6 servings. Nancy Sasser says that the success of this prize recipe depends on LEA & PERRINS Sauce, the *original* Worcestershire.

Whenever recipes call for Worcestershire, you can be almost certain that the experts who write the recipes mean you to use LEA & PERRINS Sauce. Always ask for it by name.

FREE RECIPE BOOK. Write Lea & Perrins, Inc. 241 West St., New York 13, N. Y., Dept. L-2.

MAKE MONEY SELL DRESSES FROM NEW YORK
... 5th Ave., N.Y. firm desires women to sell Dresses, Suits, Lingerie. As seen in "Vogue," "Mademoiselle." Featuring the New York Look. Experience unnecessary. Good commissions. Get your own dress at home. Write for sample Book.
MODERN MANNER, 260 Fifth Ave., Dept. L-2, New York

$50 or more easy selling America's leading 21 card Everyday Assortments. Samples on approval. Amazing line newest money-making Gift Items. Don't delay. Write today.
LORAIN ART STUDIOS
Dept. F-25 Vermilion, Ohio

FREE SAMPLES
350 for $1.00
NAME & ADDRESS IMPRINTED STATIONERY SAMPLES FREE



BE A Nurse
MAKE $35-$45 A WEEK
You can learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. 52nd yr. One graduate has charge of 10 bed hospital. Another saved $400 while learning. Equipment included. Men, women 18 to 60. High school not required. Easy tuition payments. Trial plan. Write today.
CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 282, 41 East Pearson Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.
Name
City State Age

Tell us why you like Betty Crocker's new easy STIR-N-ROLL Recipes

WIN $100 A

GRAND PRIZE

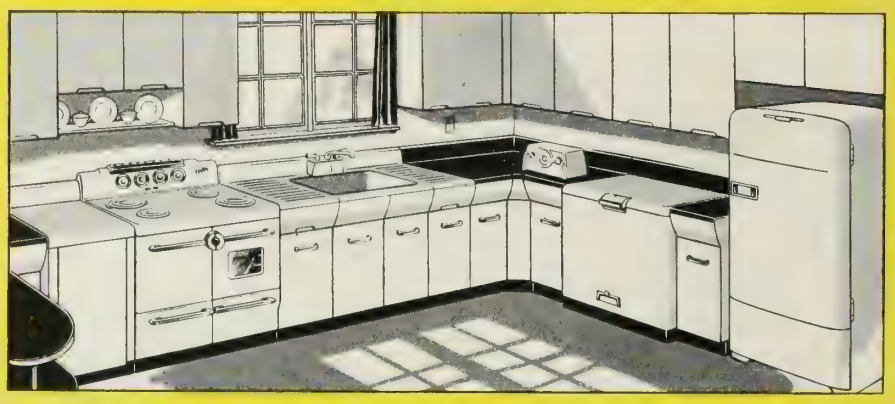
And Look! 2170 Wonderful CROSLEY Appliances

ENTER THIS BIG $150,000 CONTEST NOW!

Famous Crosley Kitchens
Refrigerators...Electric Ranges
Home Freezers...Television Sets
Radios...as prizes!

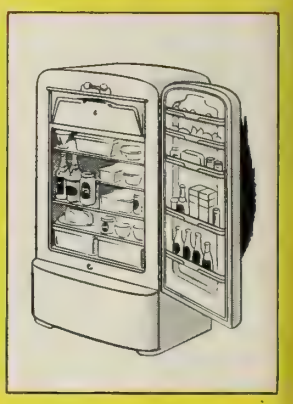
• Here's your opportunity to win a big cash prize or a complete Crosley all-steel electric kitchen.

Thousands of other prizes, too! *Crosley Electric Ranges* which let you cook automatically with a master-mind timer! *Shelvador® Refrigerators* . . . with automatic defrosting, full-width freezer, extra "front row" space in door. *Crosley Home Freezers* . . . with "floating action" lid and new faster freezing. *Crosley Family Theatre TV Sets.* And *Crosley Table Radios* . . . designed for big set performance and smart appearance. *See these wonderful prizes at your Crosley dealers.* Send in your entry today!

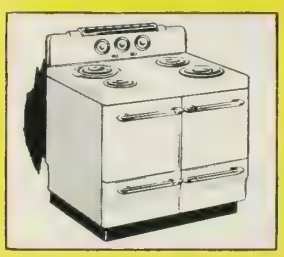


10 SECOND PRIZES—EACH A COMPLETE CROSLEY KITCHEN

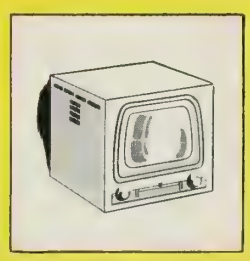
EACH KITCHEN *includes:* Shelvador Refrigerator, Home Freezer, Electric Range, Garbage Disposer, Sink, Steel Cabinets, Electric Water Heater, Kitchen Radio, "Whatnot" Shelves.



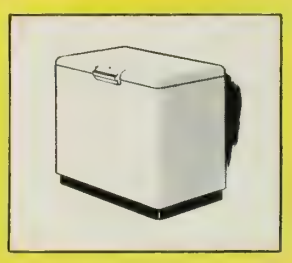
25 THIRD PRIZES
Shelvador Refrigerators
With "Care-free" Automatic Defrosting



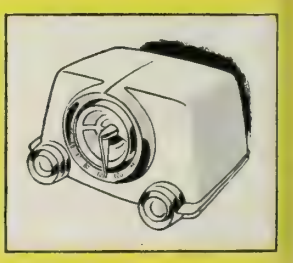
35 FOURTH PRIZES
Crosley Electric Ranges
Fully Automatic. Divided Top



50 FIFTH PRIZES
Crosley Television Sets
Full Room Vision. 16 in. Tube



50 SIXTH PRIZES
Crosley 8 cu. ft. Home Freezers
Food Storage Cap. up to 287 lbs.



2000 SEVENTH PRIZES
Crosley Dynamic Radios
Rich, True "Big Set" Tone

"Betty Crocker" and "*Kitchen-tested*" are reg. trade marks of General Mills. Copyright 1951, General Mills, Inc.

"Wesson Oil" is a reg. trade mark of Wesson Oil & Snowdrift Co., Inc.



Even a beginner gets amazing results with Betty Crocker's new, easy STIR-N-ROLL recipe

Wesson Oil is one big reason why women everywhere are having wonderful success—making biscuits and pies the STIR-N-ROLL way. There is no "cutting in" shortening, no guess work about amount of liquid. Wesson Oil is easy to measure accurately, stirs in quickly. Mild, delicate Wesson Oil means tops in flavor always and Wesson Oil helps make pastry flaky and biscuits light and more tender.

Start with Gold Medal Flour! You ca count on Gold Medal "*Kitchen-tested*" E riched Flour. Its superb baking qualiti never vary. Each cupful always acts t same . . . from sack to sack . . . month t month. So always use Gold Medal to he assure you success with STIR-N-ROLL Bi cuits, Pastry—and all your bakings. It mu be better—more sacks of Gold Medal Flo are sold than the next 5 brands combine

America's No. 1 Salad Oil

WESSON OIL and

MONTH FOR LIFE

OR $20,000 CASH



"EASY, NEW RECIPES... EASY CONTEST, TOO!"

Make these *delicious* STIR-N-ROLL Biscuits and this flaky STIR-N-ROLL Pie Crust *—to win praises and prizes*

Try Betty Crocker's new STIR-N-ROLL Recipes

STIR-N-ROLL PASTRY
(DOUBLE CRUST)

Preheat oven to 425°.

1. Mix together ..... **2 cups *sifted* GOLD MEDAL Flour**
***1½ tsp. salt**

Pour into a measuring cup (*but don't stir*) .... **½ cup Wesson Oil** + **¼ cup cold milk**

Then pour all at once into flour.

2. Stir lightly until mixed. Round up dough ... divide in halves. Flatten each half slightly.

3. Place one half between 2 sheets of waxed paper (12-in. square). Roll out gently until circle reaches edges of paper. If bottom paper wrinkles, turn, roll on other side. Peel off top paper. If dough breaks, mend without moistening by pressing edges together ... or by pressing a scrap lightly over tear.

4. Lift paper and pastry by top corners; they will cling together. Place (paper side up) in 8 or 9-in. pie pan. Carefully peel off paper. Gently ease and fit pastry into pan. Trim even with rim.

TOP CRUST: Roll as above and place over filling. Trim to rim. Seal by pressing gently with fork or by fluting edge. Snip 3 or 4 small slits near center. Bake about 40 minutes, until golden brown and the juice bubbles through the slits, in hot oven (425°).

IMPORTANT! For one-crust pie shell, make half the recipe. Place rolled dough in pan. Prick thoroughly with fork. Bake in very hot oven (475°) 8 to 10 min.

*If you use *Gold Medal* Self-Rising Flour (sold in parts of the South) omit salt and reduce baking temperature 50°. Bake double-crust pie about 10 minutes longer.

STIR-N-ROLL BISCUITS
You can make rolled, patted or dropped biscuits with this same recipe

Preheat oven to 475°.

Sift together ..... **2 cups *sifted* GOLD MEDAL Flour**
****3 tsp. double-action baking powder**
****1 tsp. salt**

Pour into a measuring cup (*but don't stir together*) .... **⅓ cup Wesson Oil** + **⅔ cup milk**

Then pour all at once into the flour.

Stir with a fork until mixture cleans sides of bowl and rounds up into a ball. For drop biscuits: drop dough onto ungreased cooky sheet. For rolled or patted biscuits: smooth up dough by kneading about 10 times without additional flour. With the dough on waxed paper, press out ¼-in. thick with hands, or roll out between waxed papers. For a thicker biscuit, roll dough ½-inch thick. Cut with unfloured biscuit cutter. Bake *10 to 12 minutes* on ungreased cooky sheet in *very hot oven* (475°). *Makes about 20 medium biscuits.*

NOTE:

1. For buttermilk biscuits, use 2 tsp. double-action baking powder and ¼ tsp. soda. 2. If you are doubling or tripling the recipe, measure oil and milk into a bowl; then pour all at once into the flour.

**If you use *Gold Medal* Self-Rising Flour (sold in parts of the South) omit baking powder, salt and soda.

America's No. 1 All-Purpose Flour

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

SIMPLE CONTEST RULES

1. On entry blank or sheet of paper complete the following in 25 additional words or less: "I like Betty Crocker's STIR-N-ROLL recipes because..." Add your name and address, enclose the 70th Anniversary Emblem clipped from the top of the recipe folder found in sacks of Gold Medal Flour, or the label from a bottle of Wesson Oil, and mail to STIR-N-ROLL Contest, Box 900, Minneapolis, Minn.

2. Send as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by a 70th Anniversary Emblem or a Wesson Oil label. Only one prize will be awarded to members of a household.

3. Entries must be postmarked not later than February 28, 1951 and received by March 10, 1951.

4. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality, uniqueness, aptness of thought and clearness.

5. Judges' decisions are final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All entries become the property of General Mills, Inc.

6. Contest open to all residents of continental United States, except employees and families of employees of General Mills, Inc., Wesson Oil & Snowdrift Co., Inc., its subsidiaries and their advertising agencies.



ENTRY BLANK

Additional Entry Blanks at Grocer or Crosley Dealer

MAIL TO:

STIR-N-ROLL Contest,
Box 900, Minneapolis, Minnesota

"I like Betty Crocker's STIR-N-ROLL *Recipes because.....*

.....

.....

.....

....."

(Complete in 25 words or less)

....
NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

....
ADDRESS

....
TOWN STATE

(Include Wesson Oil label, or 70th Anniversary Emblem from recipe folder in Gold Medal Flour sack.)

The next major appliance I intend to buy is .....



"This new Dry Yeast is easier and faster"

South Dakota Cook Wins Governor's Award At 1950 State Fair

In a traditional State Fair ceremony, Mrs. Leonard Kirkeby, of Madison, winner of the coveted "Governor's Cookie Jar" award, presents Former Governor George T. Mickelson with her winning entry. Mrs. Kirkeby, who won an award for every entry she submitted, is a veteran Fleischmann's Yeast user. She says: "I'm so pleased with Fleischmann's New Improved Active Dry Yeast. It's easier to use and dissolves faster."

Do you know—the world's most delicious treats are made with yeast! The delectable flavor and nourishing goodness of yeast-raised goodies make them *everybody's* favorite. When you bake at home—use yeast . . . the very best yeast. Fleischmann's New Improved Active Dry Yeast is easier, faster, gives better results. Just add it to warm water and stir it well . . . that's all! Get several packages today at your grocer's.



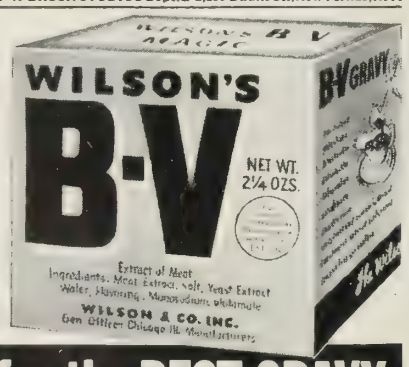
Easy tricks work magic!

Pep up casseroles, add zest to salads, brighten meats—it's simple with whole Sunshine Pimientos. Their vivid red color and mild, spicy flavor make the generous difference between average cooking and exciting meals. Keep jars or cans of Sunshine Pimiento on the pantry shelf.



POMONA PRODUCTS COMPANY
Griffin, Georgia

EARN EXTRA $$$$
JOIN THE RUSH TO PEN-'N-BRUSH. NEW BONUS PLAN EARNS YOU OVER 100% PROFIT. EASY, PLEASANT. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.
For GREETING CARDS of every description, stationery, personalized napkins, towels, dolls, books, novelties, etc., write for our unusual sample on approval.
PEN-'N-BRUSH STUDIOS Dept. L-2, 139 Duane St., New York 13, N.Y.



for the BEST GRAVY you ever tasted

B-V GRAVY
Blend 2 tbsp. fat or drippings with 2 tbsp. flour. Gradually stir in 1 cup water or milk. Mix smooth, cook and stir to gravy thickness. Add and dissolve 1 tsp. Wilson's B-V. Result: the best gravy you've ever tasted and enough for three.
Delicious served with Rice

The Wilson label protects your table

(Continued from Page 83)

She spoke lightly, contemptuously, but I felt that these things were not what she had guessed I might fear.

"I'm not afraid," I answered slowly. "I'm just out of place. But you haven't answered me. I asked you why you won't let me go."

"I want you to stay," she said, "because—well, because I want you to." She put up her hand and tumbled her long hair around her bad cheek. "I think you'll like the country, and once you pick up a little French, you won't feel so out of place. There are books in the library. Why don't you start reading in French?"

It was all reasonable, it was kind. Why was there something wrong with it?

At dinner that night I began to realize that I did not have at all the right clothes for country-house living. I had some old tweeds and a sweater or two, and I thought I could manage the daytimes, but I had only one dinner dress and it seemed that we were going to change each night for dinner. All the women looked wonderful, I thought, as we gathered in the long, low living room, waiting for Honoré to call us to dinner. Helen had another of her soft, mysteriously colored dresses; Annette, in gray wool that swept the floor, looked completely right; and Mrs. Bradford, her blond hair brushed into a burnished knot on top of her head, wore a sort of black velvet overall, buttoned with diamonds. I came in slowly, conscious that my suit, even minus the brambles of my walk, was shabby. I felt very self-conscious. Guy was not there.

"Oh, but will she come?" Helen was asking Annette. "It's always been so hard to drag her away from England."

"She'll come this time," Annette said; her voice had its slight edge. "She's bringing Dickie Mainwaring. Guy is not going to be pleased."

Our primary education is controlled by women, our social life exists for women, our literature is adapted to women, our manners are dictated by women, our earnings are spent by women.

—GAMALIEL BRADFORD:
Biography and the Human Heart
(Houghton Mifflin Co.)

"I've heard she's divine," Mrs. Bradford put in. "I have some friends who met her in London and they said she was the most utterly chic ——" She broke off and turned to the doorway as Guy came in from the hall. "Oh, Guy, we *are* going to be gay. Aren't you thrilled that your sister is coming?"

"What is it?" he demanded. "You have some news, Annette?"

She answered him rapidly in French. I could just catch the word "Gisèle."

It was always difficult to guess what Guy was thinking, but I thought that Annette had been right—he was not pleased. He talked to Annette in a low voice for a moment and then shrugged.

"*Enfin*, if she will come, she will come."

"And Dickie?" Annette asked.

"He too. What can I do?" He moved away from her and stood with his back against the fireplace, looking at us. "What have you been doing all afternoon, Mrs. Bradford?"

She smiled delightedly. "Oh, I've been most beautifully lazy. I've bathed and rested and just adored the peace. You are an angel, darling Guy, to bring us here."

"We've all been lazy," said Helen, "except Georgia. She was bouncing about, exploring!"

She made me sound like a hearty schoolgirl rushing through the woods with shrill cries. Guy came across the room and sat down by my side on the window seat.

"I saw you," he said. "I was far away, across the pond with Lafitte, but I thought you looked quiet and content."

"I loved the woods and the pond," I said. "I mean to walk a lot."

Then Honoré came in to announce dinner and we all went into the dining room and sat down as we had at lunch.

"Now, Guy," Mrs. Bradford began, "do tell me about your sister, Gisèle. She's quite lovely, isn't she, and goes absolutely everywhere and knows utterly everyone—court, I mean, and royal house parties and all that adorable English life?"

"She is partly English, as we all are—my mother is English—and she is very gay, very social," he said with a slight grimace. "I think she is beautiful. They are both beautiful," gesturing toward Annette. "I am the only one ugly in the family."

"You," she said, "are fascinating."

She spoke in such a low voice that I scarcely caught the words, and obviously they were meant for Guy alone. Her eyes glistened; this was the sort of thing she understood, this flirtation was wonderful to her. They went on talking throughout the rest of the meal, Guy guarded but enjoying himself, Mrs. Bradford sparkling like a sequin.

After dinner Guy went into his little office to do accounts and the others began to play bridge. No one asked me to play, and I wandered across the hall to the library to begin my lessons in French. But there was a magnificent set of Dickens there, with queer old illustrations. I put Bleak House down on the arm of a chair and curled up, my elbows holding the edges of the open book. I began to read. In a corner of my mind I was conscious of the scratching of Guy's pen from the office beyond. Presently I became so engrossed that I heard nothing. Then the door opened and Guy stood on the threshold.

"Ah, yes," he said, "I thought you were near. How long have you been here?"

His voice was expressionless, but I felt guilty. I was filled with fear that he might think I had come there so that he would find me. I had not, consciously. I had intended to go away before he should come out.

"I came in here right after dinner," I said. "The others ——"

He came over and leaned down to see what I was reading. "You like this?" he asked.

"I have read them over and over since I was five, and these are wonderful ones. They're a pleasure to handle."

We went into the living room together. They had finished their game and they all looked up as we came in. Mrs. Bradford said "Oh," very loudly. Helen got up from a couch where she had been lying and poured herself a mammoth glass of Scotch straight, and looked at it speculatively. She had not been drinking when we came in.

"Been helping Guy with his work, Georgia?" she asked.

"I've been reading in the library," I said. "I'm going to bed now. Good night, everyone."

They all murmured something, and on the crest of the murmur I went out and up to my room. I locked my door. I wanted no midnight visitation.

Life at Longueville began to fall into a loose routine in which everyone did what they pleased and more or less the same things each day. We all met at lunch and dinner; the rest of the time we were scattered throughout the park and the woods and the house. The men walked and rode and did a little shooting. Sometimes Helen and Mrs. Bradford sauntered after them, seemingly on excellent terms. Annette stayed mostly indoors, running the household. Sometimes they went to pay calls on neighbors, and always Helen went with them. She seemed to know everyone in all the big houses nearby, and on each expedition she was the most perfectly turned out, the most gay.

I did not go with them very often. I always was invited, but after one or two visits, when I sat ill at ease surrounded by strangers talking very fast and very loud in a language I imperfectly understood, I begrudged the time away from Longueville. From the night that I discovered the Dickens in the library, my new life took on a sort of pattern. Honoré would bring my breakfast to my room. Then I would dress and go downstairs and out, and wander till lunchtime. Lunch would bring me back into the orbit of the household briefly; I would sit beside Guy and talk to him a little,

(Continued on Page 89)



Heapin' good with ham!

Heaps of Sweetness

There's nothing like genuine corn sweetness—and DEL MONTE Corn is specially raised for higher natural sugar content.

Heaps of Rich Flavor

Hearty, summery goodness—that's what DEL MONTE Corn kernels are full of. Compare it with any you've tasted!

Heaps of Tenderness

Exceptionally tender corn! For DEL MONTE makes a point of growing it for extra-thin-skinned kernels, plump and bright.

Superb Quality

You know the promise of the DEL MONTE name—flavor, quality, dependability. You get *real value* in DEL MONTE Corn!

3 styles to enjoy:

Golden Whole Kernel
Golden Cream Style
White Cream Style

However you like your ham, there's a perfect DEL MONTE Corn dish to set it off!

BROILED HAM *(illustrated):* Spread DEL MONTE Golden Whole Kernel Corn in broiler pan; sprinkle with pepper; broil ham slices on rack over corn.

FRIED HAM: Team it with crispy corn fritters, rich in hearty DEL MONTE flavor.

BAKED HAM: Delicate corn pudding is an ideal partner—and tender, wonderfully sweet DEL MONTE Corn is ideal for it.

BOILED HAM SHANKS with VEGETABLES: Top with fluffy corn dumplings: Use recipe on biscuit mix package, adding **½ cup DEL MONTE Brand Golden Whole Kernel Corn** to each **2 cups mix.**

COLD BAKED OR BOILED HAM: Perfect with easy Corn Relish: Mix **½ cup sweet pickle relish, 2 tbsps. DEL MONTE Catsup, 1 can (12-oz.) DEL MONTE Golden Whole Kernel Corn,** salt to taste. No cooking!

Del Monte Corn

BRAND

—the brand that puts flavor first

Don't miss any of these PYREX® Ware Dishes!

CHECK YOUR CUPBOARD NOW!

LOOK OVER the Pyrex Ware dishes on this page. There's plenty of pleasure in every single one!

Have you found the fun of cooking in a Pyrex Flameware Saucepan—*seeing* when things are done just right? Have you used those wonderful new Hostess sets—casserole and ramekins in bright, gay *color?* Do you own all three sizes of Pyrex measures?

You'll enjoy every piece of Pyrex Ware . . . its looks, the way it cooks, the many ways you can use it. It doesn't stain, it doesn't hold odors. And it's truly a joy to keep clean.

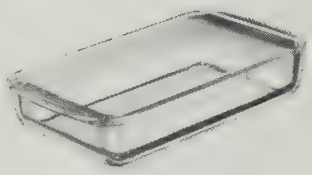
Check your cupboard. Note what's missing. Then go to your nearest Pyrex Ware counter, and select the ones you need from the *dozens* of wonderful dishes. You'll find a wide assortment of shapes and sizes—for every use, for every kind of family!



PYREX Flameware Percolator

For perfect coffee every time—always the right strength!

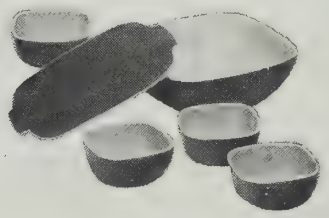
6-cup size. **$2.95**



PYREX Utility Dish

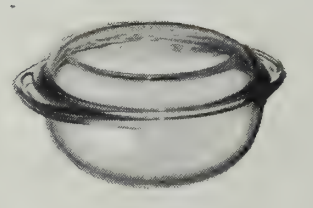
Bake in it, serve in it! It's useful a dozen different ways.

10½-inch size. **69¢**



New PYREX Hostess Set

—in color! 1½-qt. covered casserole with 4 individual ramekins. Red or yellow. **$2.95**



PYREX Casserole

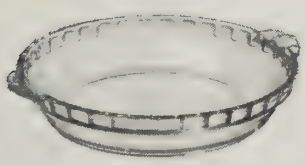
Handy 1-quart size for just-the-family. Cover doubles as an extra pie plate! **79¢**



PYREX Measure

Easy to read! 1-cup, 1-pint, 1-quart sizes.

1-pint size. **59¢**



PYREX Flavor-Saver Pie Plate

High fluted edges keep juices and flavors in your pie.

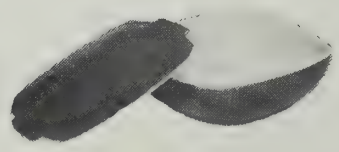
9-inch size. **59¢**



PYREX Flameware Teapot

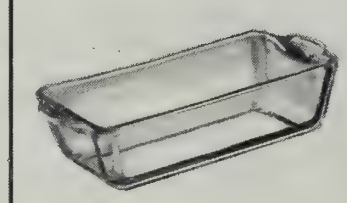
Boils water, brews tea, looks handsome on your table!

$1.95



PYREX Hostess Casserole

—in color! 2½-quart casserole with cover, in gay red or sunny yellow. **$2.25**



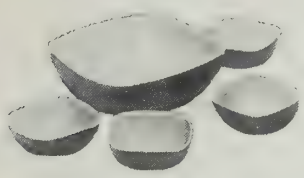
PYREX Loaf Pan

Bakes your meat loaf—serves it in style. 9⅛-inch size. **69¢**



PYREX Color Bowl Set

Four bowls—for mixing, baking, serving. Each bowl a different color. **$2.95**



PYREX Hostess Oven-and-Table Set

2½-quart open bowl with four 12-oz. individual dishes. Set in red or yellow. **$2.95**



PYREX Custard Cups

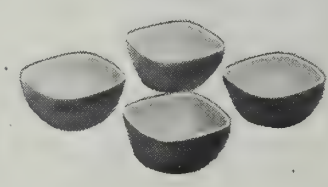
The cups you couldn't live without! Bake, serve, store in them.

5-oz. size. Each **10¢**



PYREX Flameware Saucepan

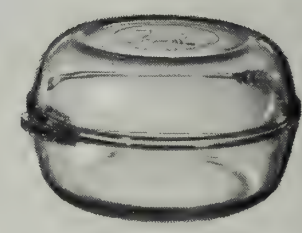
Lets you see what's cooking, and see it turn out right! 1½-quart size. **$2.25**



PYREX Hostess Ramekins

For baking individual meat pies, for serving soup, cereal. Red or yellow, 7-oz. size.

Each **29¢**



PYREX Oven Roaster

See how the Sunday roast is cooking. Use top and bottom separately, too. **$1.39**



PYREX Flameware Double Boiler

For perfect sauces and frostings—or use as two separate saucepans. **$3.45**



PYREX Clear Bowl Set

A nest of three clear glass bowls for mixing, serving, or for baking. **$1.39**

100th ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL for a limited time only!

(Offer expires March 31, 1951)

Join us in celebrating a century of making glass better and more useful . . . the 100th Anniversary of Corning Glass Works.

For a limited time we're offering you a big saving on that popular round Pyrex Ware cake dish—for baking, for serving, for dozens of uses.

Get this wonderful dish at your dealer's *now.* The special offer expires March 31, 1951.



Better buy 2—to use for layer cakes!

PYREX ROUND CAKE DISH

Regularly ~~59¢~~

SPECIALLY PRICED AT ONLY **39¢**

PYREX® WARE—A PRODUCT OF CORNING GLASS WORKS



If it's Pyrex Ware the trade mark is on it

Pyrex is a registered trade-mark of Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 86)

nange a word or two with the others, and
n almost forget about them till sherry be-
dinner assembled us again. And each
nt when they began to play bridge I would
nto the library, read until Guy was fin-
d with his work. When he came out we
uld discuss in French what I had been
ding. He said that my accent was good.

The first two weeks of March drifted by still Gisèle did not come.

me morning I awoke with the sun so hot my face that I was blinking before my s were open. I pushed both windows wide the balmy air rushed in, as warm as sum- but sweeter than summer. It was more n an invitation: it was like a command. I outside, breakfastless, before the house stirring. I went round to the kennels to Mia. She was a great black retriever, wing fat from lack of exercise, and even tte, the keeper, who never spoke to any- but Guy, nodded approval when he met ogether on the paths.

lia danced with happiness when she saw coming. We went along the grassy forest , under the thick trees, Mia jumping ut ridiculously like a dowager at a chil- n's fete. We came out from the shadow of woods onto the log road and stopped in sunshine, staring across the meadow be- d. The men were working there already, among them, with a quickened heart, I Guy. I had always to pause and stand ng at him, feeling with a deep pang how t it was that he should be there, how bolic it was that I should be looking at so, from far away. For in the quiet days, quieter evenings, he had come to mean so h, to be so important to me. The night in Moritz was like a night in a dream. Never r that did he seem to remember that he once said to me, "And now, you see, I you." Sometimes I had a fleeting sense here being something in his face when he ed at me, that was beyond hospitality, nd the limits of his rather formal polite- . But I put the thought from me. I took eyes away from the meadow, called to , and went on down the path.

e walked a long time, half the morning, ting the cultivated fields. I wanted sud- y to be beside the pond, and we turned went back slowly. When I saw the reedy gin of the pond ahead, I realized that I tired. I missed my breakfast. I sat down smooth stone by the boathouse and Mia g herself on the grass beside me, panting. sun shone comfortingly on my back. I off my shoes and stockings and, pulling skirt well up on my thighs, lay back, tching with pleasure. The extraordinary entment that contact with the earth ed to give me washed over, and, lapped nshine, I lay absolutely still, listening to 's breathing.

"You look like a nymph, you look like the spirit of the lake, resting. I am wrong to disturb you."

I opened my eyes, and above me there were Guy's looking down. I blinked at him in the sunlight and said, "It's warm enough to swim."

He sat down beside me and took out a cigarette. "I have been looking for you all morning. Honoré told me you ate no breakfast."

Honoré's name brought me back to the life of the house. I sat up and pulled my skirt down over my knees.

"We walked a long way," I said. "I forgot about the time. Is it late?"

"It is nearly noon and I am extremely cross. You are too thin, Georgia. You take no care of yourself. I must ——" He broke off and reached for my hand. He took it and put it to his mouth and with the other hand he touched my hair gently. "You are so beautiful, and it is astonishing—at first I could not believe— but it is true, you do not know it."

I turned my head and looked at him. The thick black hair, his bony head, just a fraction too big for his body, his eyes and the lines of some unknown trouble that framed them, and the faintly scornful mouth—all these were Guy, and nothing must be changed at all, for it was absolutely right that he should look and speak and be as he was. With a terrible pain, with a sharp, neat pain, I realized that this was love . . . not giving the beloved some accepted reaction to a standard of good looks, but the flow of recognition that these, all these ordinary things, were together in his person, the beauty of the world.

We sat for a while in silence and then Guy said, "Do you realize that I have never kissed you? I have wanted it always since I first saw you that night on the mountain."

I could not help it, even if it hurt him, and I knew somehow that he would not lie to me. I said, "Because I was like Nicole?"

His face was very grave. "It was you I wanted to kiss. It is you I want to kiss now."

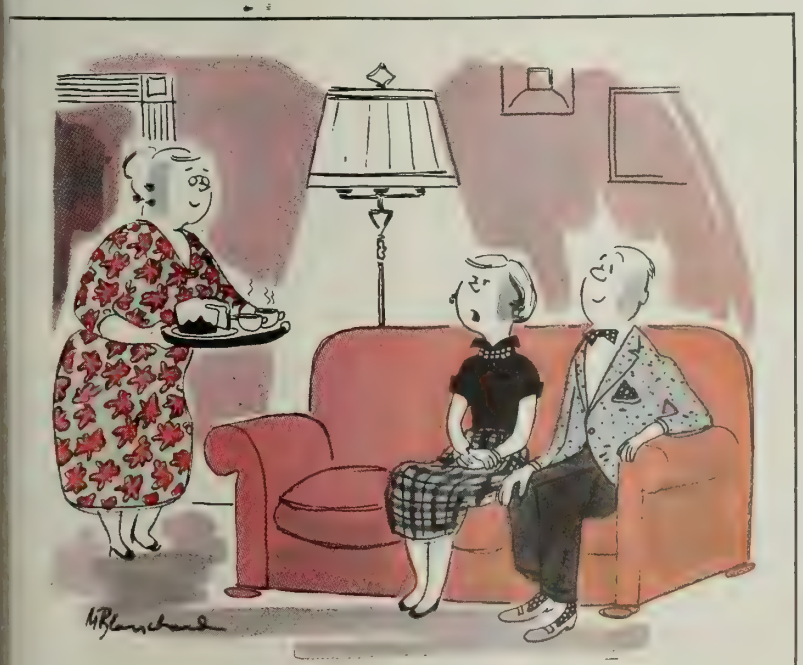
He took my face in his hands and kissed me. The world went away and the sun and the pond, ourselves even, and there was nothing except our lips that clung and clung together, as if they had been made in one, divided, and were now united again. I could hear Guy's quick breathing, and my hand trembled as it lay on his arm.

He whispered, "My lovely, lovely Georgia. My sweet, lovely darling."

I put my head down on his shoulder. There was such naked adoration in my eyes, I did not want him to see it.

"I thought you had forgotten me," I murmured.

"Forgotten you? How could anyone forget you? I have known always where you are. In the house I know which room you are in.



"I can handle this myself, mother."



Your guide to the best in modern automatic cookery

Only Range with the TEL-U-SET



Automatic all the way from "go to stop"... wonderful TEL-U-SET puts automatic cooking at your pretty finger tips.

Convenient ... more cooking room on top, more baking space in the oversize chrome-lined oven with the convenient Visualite glass oven door.

Thrifty to buy and to own. There's a Tappan model to fit every budget. Models for city gas, Philgas or other LP Gas. For helpful information on selecting a range, write The Tappan Stove Company, Dept. L-21, Mansfield, Ohio. In Canada, John Inglis Company, Ltd., Toronto.



CRISP-CHEST keeps cereals, crackers and other dry foods appetizingly crisp. EXCLUSIVE.



NEW "AIR-FRESHEN'R" fits back of TEL-U-SET . . . just reach, press to dispel after-cooking odors. EXCLUSIVE.

Choose wisely...choose

TAPPAN Gas Ranges

automatic lighting of all burners — automatic oven heat control — automatic oven time control
automatic oven illumination — automatic interval timer — automatic "burner on" signals

Here's a cheese food you'll use 40 different ways during Lent!



See what exciting things BORDEN'S CHATEAU* can do for meatless meals!

FOR EATING'S SAKE, we urge you to compare Chateau with other process cheese foods.

Cold or hot . . . in sandwiches or cooking . . . Borden's Chateau has a mellow-mild flavor, a richness, a clean-slicing texture unlike any other cheese food! Not sharp—but rich and mellow as fine American Cheddar should be. Every ounce adds important protein nourishment to meatless meals.

Get Borden's Chateau—½-lb. pkg. (plain or pimento) or 2-lb. loaf—at your store today and treat your family to cheese-rich main dishes like these:

LENTEN CASSEROLE. Cook one 8-oz. pkg. spaghetti and place in buttered 2-qt. casserole. On it arrange 4 medium-size tomatoes, peeled, scooped out, and filled with mixed cooked vegetables.

Cover with 2 cups Chateau cheese sauce, made by adding ½-lb. Borden's Chateau (cut fine) to well-seasoned white sauce. Bake in moderate oven (350° F) about 30 minutes, or until lightly browned.

FISH FILLETS À LA CHATEAU. Arrange fresh or frozen fish fillets on greased oven-proof platter. Season and brush with melted butter. Broil 8 to 10 minutes.

Pour medium white sauce, seasoned with Worcestershire Sauce, over fish. Sprinkle with 1 cup finely diced Chateau cheese food. Continue broiling till flecked with brown.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



BORDEN'S GRATED AMERICAN
melts and toasts to crusty brown on top!

For a tempting cheese-rich crust of golden brown on bubbling casseroles of vegetables, macaroni, or potatoes, be sure to choose Borden's Grated American Cheese. It's made with fine-flavored American Cheddar cheese—dried and grated for your convenience. In handy 2-oz. and 4-oz. shaker top canisters at your store.

©The Borden Company

Borden's Fine Cheeses

FOLKS WHO KNOW CHEESE SAY "BORDEN'S, PLEASE"!

Here in the woods I look for you, and if I cannot find you the men come to tell me. They have orders to."

I looked up in astonishment. "You mean when I thought I was alone and away from anyone ——"

"It is not spying, my darling, you understand," he said quickly. "It is only that I must know you are safe and that I must know where you are. Then I am content to work." He took my hands and, turning them over, kissed both the palms and closed them firmly. "The woman one adores, she must be protected."

It seemed to me that every bird around the pond suddenly burst out singing. I laughed with sheer pleasure. "I thought I was so lonely," I said.

"You were alone, but you were not lonely." He took me in his arms and tilted my head back. "Your eyes are like a dream one dreams in childhood. They are beautiful because you are beautiful and good. You are good," he said very low. It was as if he were talking to himself, reassuring himself. He brought his mouth down on mine again, and this kiss was immeasurably sweet, strong with the same passion, full of the memory of the first.

The sound of the luncheon gong from the house came faintly.

"We must go," I said.

"Come then, darling," he said, getting to his feet.

He held out his hands to me, helping me up, and we walked up the wide path toward the house. I was as tremulous as a schoolgirl inside. He had said, "my sweet darling"; he had said, "the woman one adores"; he had not said, "I love you." With all my heart I longed for the courage to turn to him—"Guy, do you love me?"—but the words would not come, and there was something that told me I must wait, if I had to wait forever, until Guy said them to me. He was French, he was male . . . I must wait.

Most of us, if you will pardon me for betraying the universal secret, have, at some time or other, discovered in ourselves a readiness to stray far, ever so far, on the wrong road. —JOSEPH CONRAD.

He was telling me about Lafitte, who had taught him to hunt when he was five, as we approached the house. He broke off suddenly and said, "*Tiens!*"

I followed his eyes, and there before the door was an enormous Rolls-Bentley, dust-stained and bulging with luggage.

"She would wait for weeks to come and then she would come today. Today, of all days, she would come."

"Who is it?" But I did not need to ask.

"It is Gisèle." His face darkened and I began to feel panic.

"But you ——" I began.

"It is only my sister," he said. "There is much I do not like—*enfin*, come and meet her." He tucked my arm in his and we went toward the house.

THE hall was choked with luggage, and as we threaded our way through it I said, "I'll go upstairs now and get ready for lunch."

But Guy said, "No, first come and meet her."

We went down the steps into the living room. In the center, talking to everybody at once, was Gisèle. She was very like him, but what was plain in his face had flowered in hers to beauty. I remember she wore a pale blue suit of soft wool, and her ridiculous little hat with its antenna of feather was the same shade. She was exquisite. As we walked down the room toward them I felt like a peasant. I could not have been more out of place.

"Ah, here he is," caroled Mrs. Bradford. "Gisèle has *come*, darling Guy."

Guy went to his sister and embraced her, kissing her on both cheeks, saying something to her quietly in French. She answered him in English. I was to learn that Gisèle never spoke French in France and rarely anything else in England. She was Gisèle de Montfort, unreasonable, captivating—other people's usage was not for her.

"Well, my lamb," she said to Guy, "how is the good earth?" She indicated the cocktail shaker which had replaced the us sherry tray. "We're well into the drinki but you can catch up. We have not seen o beds for two nights and Dickie is in a parl state." She looked around vaguely. "Wh is he?"

I had not noticed the long young man w was half lying in the big chair by the f place, but now he stirred and waved a l guid hand.

"—— old man," he muttered.

Annette said, "Zee, you have not met M Murray. Georgia, this is my sister, La Conford."

"I am not at all," Gisèle said. "I am i Lady Conford, Georgia—that is, not her am Lady Conford in England where comfy, but here on the ancestral acres I Gisèle de Montfort, a mademoiselle." S smiled at me dazzlingly. "You look nice a American. I adore Americans. Come and down beside me."

GUY came behind us and put a light ha on my shoulder. "You are going to be es cially nice to Georgia," he said very clea

They all stopped talking and looked at

Then he added, "And to us all. We ha been living in peace. This is not Clarid and you will behave."

He disengaged his hand and went over Mrs. Bradford. There was nothing in it, whole thing was no more than a min long, but I saw Annette look at Henri then at Bruno. Their eyes flickered toget and in the air was something as real as fugitive as the smoke of our cigaret

Then Gisèle sa "Dickie, come m Georgia." Her eyes w stormy, but her voice as smooth as her tav cheek, half turned av from me.

With a groan he mov up and out of his chair a lounged his long bo across the space betw us. He was very tall a as thin as a polo mallet. His gray flannel s was a masterpiece. You felt that he would rather than raise his voice or admit to emotion. "Hello," he said. "I haven't n you before, have I?"

"No," I said.

He sat down on the other side of me a leaned back, closing his eyes.

I felt awkward sitting between them. Fr the fireplace Mrs. Bradford stared at Gis and me like a cat watching birds on a la

"What have you been doing?" Gisèle quired. "You must catch me up on all Longueville gossip, Georgia. Don't be s I won't have it. What are *you* up to, instance?"

It was so exactly what they all wante know that I think it took everyone's bre away. There was a pause and then I s quietly, "I am learning to love the count side."

She threw me a quick look. "Very n but it won't do. You have a secret, people, and I must know it. I can't b secrets. Tell me!" she demanded.

It was rare that Helen saved me from a thing, but she did now by appearing at entrance to the living room. Gisèle cau sight of her and I realized that somehow t had not told her that Helen was there.

"Well, I will surely be damned," Gis said. "You did come after all!"

Helen came toward her, arms outstretch "Darling Zee! Honoré told me you arrived. You can't be so surprised to see I told you in London that I ——"

"I can't be, but I am. This is truly triguing. Now I *am* glad I came." She s mitted to Helen's embrace. "Here's Dic You remember my devoted Dickie?"

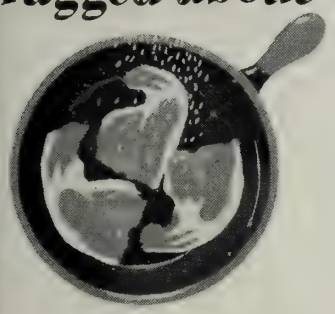
"I haven't seen him in years, but of cou I couldn't forget you," Helen said as turned round.

He gave her a long look from his insol eyes. "Nor I you." It might have me anything or nothing, but his eyes raked face and his meaning was unmistakable.

I saw Guy's jaw tighten. But Gisèle t Helen's hand. "How long is it since I s



How to get your cooking bragged about



TONIGHT, add a touch of Ac'cent to your cooking—and listen to the family rave! A pure vegetable substance, this miracle seasoning adds no flavor of its own, yet marvelously brings out more good natural flavor than you ever dreamed your familiar dishes had in them! Used in cooking, as you use salt—and in similar amounts—Ac'cent amazingly heightens *and holds* the good natural flavors in meats, poultry, vegetables, soups, salads—does wonderful things to leftovers! You'll like this third shaker." Ask your grocer today for the handy kitchen shaker. If he doesn't have Ac'cent, write us, enclosing his name and address. Amino Products, 20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Illinois. *Also in Canada.*

Ac'cent®

PURE MONOSODIUM GLUTAMATE

...makes food cooking taste better!





you in London? Two months? I've been in such a scramble, I've lost track of time."

Honoré came into the room. She looked for direction at Guy and, when he nodded, announced lunch.

"We are going to eat, Gisèle," Guy said. "Everyone is hungry."

"All right," she said amiably. She paused and turned to me. "Do you come to the table, Georgia?"

Again the room was thunderstruck. How had she guessed my position there?

She went on as I did not answer, "I mean that perhaps you slip away into the woods with a sandwich, like the country lover you say you are." As she said it, it became a contemptible thing to love the country, or at best a pose.

I felt my cheeks get hot but I only said, "I am always here at lunch."

"So much the nicer for us," she said charmingly, and we went in.

But there was another bad moment as we sat down to the table. Mrs. Bradford went to Guy's right where she always sat, and Gisèle went around to his left.

Guy said quickly, "No, you are down there next to Bradford, Gisèle, I think." He pulled back the chair I was used to sitting in, said quietly, "Georgia?"

Gisèle stared straight into his eyes. "Sorry," she said. "I must not interfere with the arrangements."

"No," he said, "you must not interfere."

I sat down miserably and began to try to eat, but the emotion of the morning, followed by the impact of Gisèle, brought hot tears stingingly behind my eyes. Mrs. Bradford launched on a panegyric to Guy about Gisèle.

"—— so chic, so aristocratic, if you know what I mean. When these friends of ours told us to look you up in St. Moritz, they said that Gisèle was the most elegant woman in London."

He murmured back at her pleasantly, and I continued to push my food around my plate.

JUST before we finished, Guy said to me, "Will you go down by the pond this afternoon? I must go to Tours, but I will come as soon as I can. Take Mia and read. You must not walk any more today. You are tired."

Gisèle said, getting up, "I am going to talk to Helen, and you had better go to bed, Dickie. It exhausts me to look at you. What are we going to do tonight, Annette?"

"We play bridge, generally."

"Well then, it's time you had a change. I want to go over to the Jennerets'. They're always good fun."

"I thought you wanted a rest," Annette said.

"My good girl, I can't rest at night, and well you know it."

"But other people can," Guy said. "If you want to go to the Jennerets', you are free, you have the car."

Gisèle looked at him challengingly, "And your permission?"

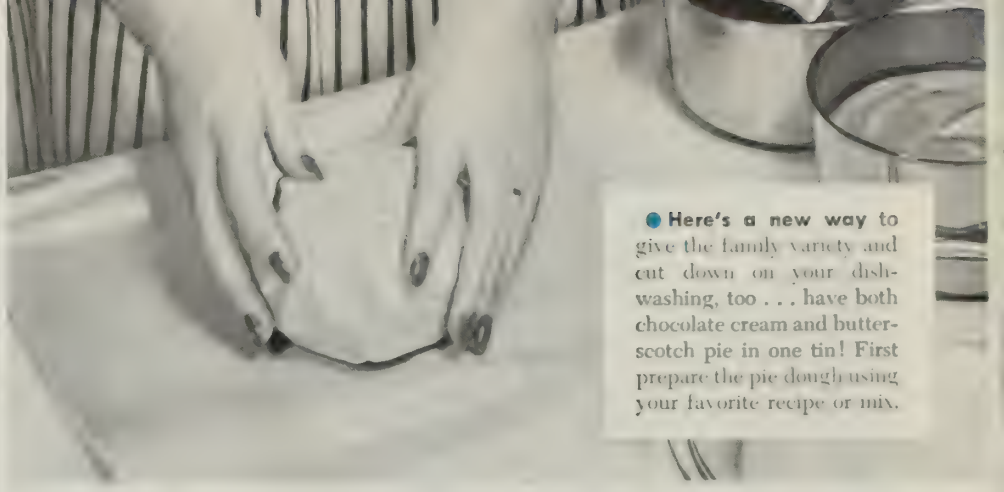
"I cannot remember you requiring it before," he said. "Do as you please. Now I am going to say *au revoir* to everyone. I am going to Tours and I shall not be back until dinner."

He nodded around the table and left the room. He had lied to them and I knew that Guy lied rarely. He had lied to them on my account. My heart lightened as I got up with the rest and pushed my chair back.

Mia and I sat on the grassy bank looking out over the pond where baby waves frolicked in the sunlight. Guy was a long time coming and I felt lonely. Gisèle had been there only a few hours, but I felt that her hostility had already strengthened the indifference of the others into hostility too.

I got up restlessly and began to walk along the bank, Mia padding beside me. I had been a pawn to get Helen here, serving two purposes at once. I had been someone to travel with, and because of my resemblance to Nicole, bound to be noticed by Guy, to draw him to her. I stopped short on the path. Perhaps she had even foreseen that he might fall in love with me a little. Loving him herself,

(Continued on Page 93)



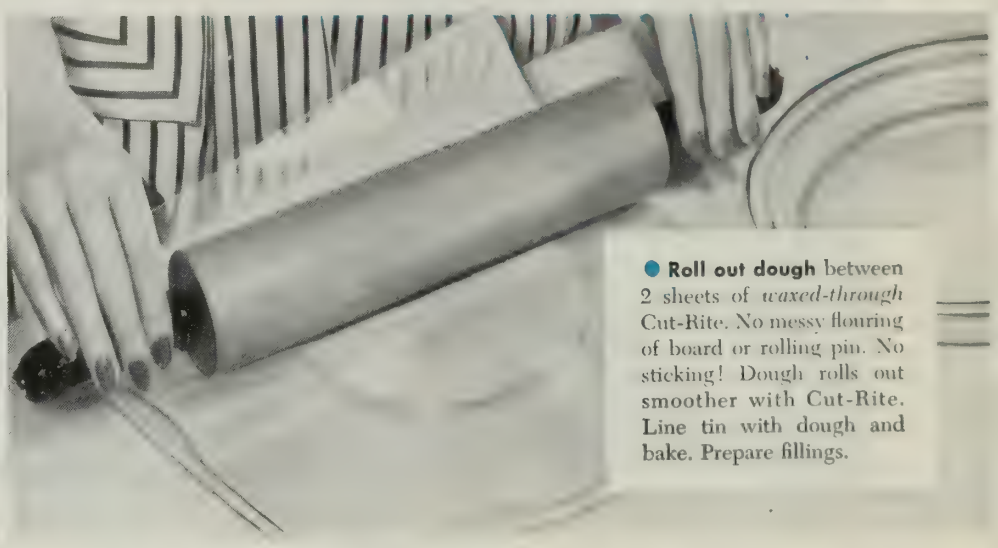
● **Here's a new way** to give the family variety and cut down on your dish-washing, too . . . have both chocolate cream and butterscotch pie in one tin! First prepare the pie dough using your favorite recipe or mix.

DIONE LUCAS TELLS YOU

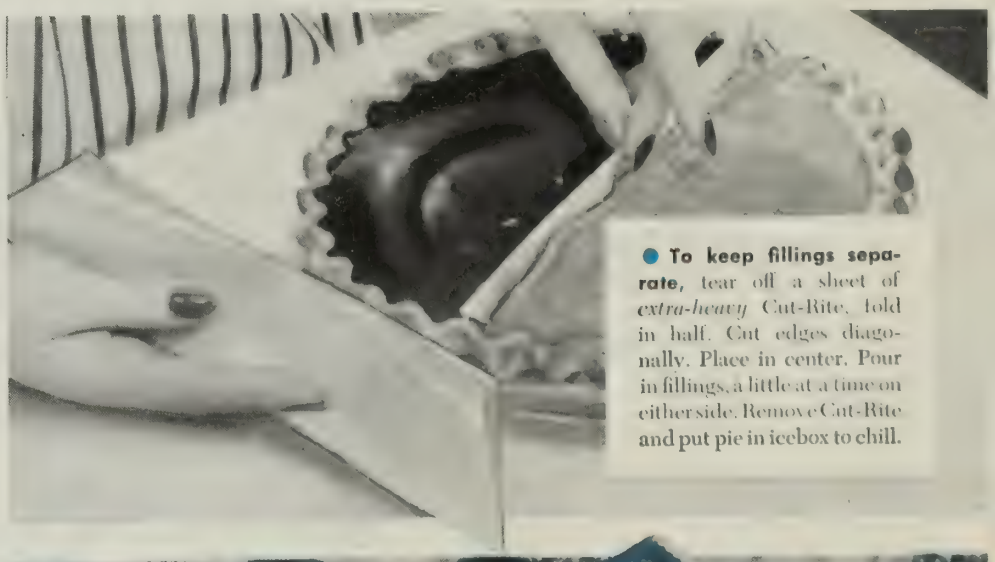
How to make 2 kinds of pie in one tin



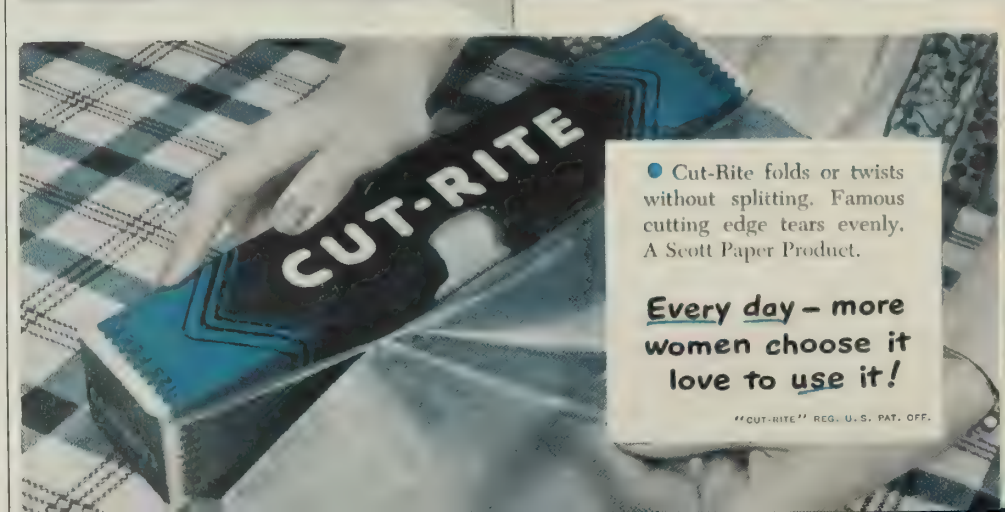
...famous cooking authority



● **Roll out dough** between 2 sheets of *waxed-through* Cut-Rite. No messy flouring of board or rolling pin. No sticking! Dough rolls out smoother with Cut-Rite. Line tin with dough and bake. Prepare fillings.



● **To keep fillings separate,** tear off a sheet of *extra-heavy* Cut-Rite, fold in half. Cut edges diagonally. Place in center. Pour in fillings, a little at a time on either side. Remove Cut-Rite and put pie in icebox to chill.



● Cut-Rite folds or twists without splitting. Famous cutting edge tears evenly. A Scott Paper Product.

Every day – more women choose it love to use it!

"CUT-RITE" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Look—a brand new reason for loving this love of a make-up!

Angel Face

by POND'S

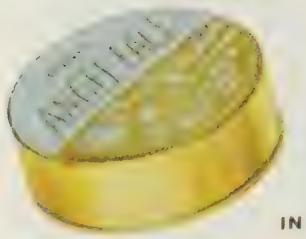


"MIRROR CASE

If you thought Angel Face *couldn't* be sweeter—just *see* it in this adorable new "Mirror Case"! All ivory-and-golden loveliness, slim as a wafer . . . it's the neatest bit of complexion glamour you've ever owned!

Velvety foundation and powder in-one . . . in a new, slim case for your handbag

You see it . . . you adore it . . . you *have* to have it—Pond's Angel Face in its enchanting new "Mirror Case"! It's delicately etched with golden tracery, *elegant* in its simplicity. Enduringly clasped and hinged. Inside this slim and sleek new "Mirror Case"—Pond's *unique* blend of foundation and powder in-one . . . velvety complexion flattery that smooths on with its own soft puff, and clings *much* longer than powder. Perfect to carry because it *can't* spill! In 6 beautifully soft-tinted complexion shades. The new Angel Face "Mirror Case" is just **$1** PLUS TAX



"I think we've all been wanting just this! In its new Mirror Case we're going to love Pond's Angel Face even more," says Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.

IN THE SWEET BLUE-AND-GOLD BOXES, TOO—89¢, 59¢ PLUS TAX

(Continued from Page 91)

uld she dare take that chance? Then I saw it she would have to take it, she was perate, she had no other. After all, was it h a dangerous gamble? I was nobody, and y, French, realistic, was unlikely to take more seriously than a little flirtation.

Miserably I walked on and then turned k toward the boathouse. I lifted my head l saw him walking toward me down the h. My heart moved with pleasure and I l to check myself to keep from running to n. He came on quickly, and when he ched me he took me in his arms.

'My poor darling," Guy said, "you look unhappy." He pressed me close and kissed . "Come and sit down. I must talk to you ttle." He led me over to the log and we sat wn. "Is it Gisèle?" he asked. "You must t mind about Gisèle. Is there something e beside? Tell me."

OULD only say wretchedly, "I am so bedered, they don't like me. I think that I uld go."

'You are not happy with me?"

'Oh, yes, Guy." It was true. In his arms I s happier than ever before in my life.

'Then you must stay. Listen, my darling orgia. There are certain things you must w. They do not make me very proud to , but it is unfair ——" He stopped and lit cigarettes for us. His face was very ious. "Gisèle is my sister and Longueville er home. She can come to it whenever she oses. I cannot stop her. I would not if I ld. But I do not have to approve of her and I do not have to like her friends. She spoiled because she has always been so utiful. My father was severe with Annette l me, but Gisèle was fect always to him. d her husband" — he ugged—"is worse than father."

'Her husband?" I could picture Gisèle having a sband.

'He is an old man. lives in the country Conford. She does not see him. Oh, it is her fault alone," he broke out earnestly, was a mistake. My father thought she uld be safe so. Can you understand why is restless and cruel perhaps, and why she s not desire that anyone else should ve ——"

His face was troubled, and my heart ached h pity for him. *He* could not understand, new, but he wanted to.

Presently he went on, "This Dickie has his wife. He and Gisèle are always to- her. They are a scandal. I, I am not so e that I cannot forgive these things." He ghed shortly. "But to go on year after ar, not to want ever what is good. No, that annot understand."

'But she worships you," I said. "If you ked to her, if she knew how unhappy she kes you ——"

'She knows and she laughs because, you , I am no better."

We were sitting with our backs to the path d we had not heard them come on the piny d. Suddenly Gisèle's voice said, "No ter than what, Guy?" Helen and Gisèle e standing behind us on the path. I woned how much they had heard, how much y had seen.

'No better than you," Guy said calmly. 'Ah, so at last you admit it. D'you mind if sit down? Or is this a private conference?" asked, gazing with very innocent eyes at . She sat down as she spoke. "We came vn to see if the water was warm enough to m tomorrow."

Guy got up. "Well, now you are here, you st test it. Georgia thinks it's warm ough."

'And, of course, Georgia must know." len gave her tinkling laugh.

Suddenly I had had enough of it. I felt self- ertive for the first time in too many years.

'I know quite a lot about it," I said etly. "I have been swimming since I was ee."

Guy looked down at me. "Have you in- d, *chérie?* Then you must teach us. I am very inadequate and Gisèle will not disarrange her costume. I do not know about you, Helen."

"You ought to remember from our childhood," Helen said. "I could never swim at all." Her voice was quite normal. Only her eyes, in the fading light, were strange.

"Well, then, as Guy says, Georgia must teach us all," Gisèle said briskly. "Let's swim tomorrow." She slipped her hand through Guy's arm. "Darling, are you coming back to the house now? I must talk to you about the Kermesse. I simply cannot bear it if we don't have it while I'm here, and we've got to push on to Deauville for Easter."

Guy patted her on the shoulder and gave her a gentle push. "No, you three go on. I must see Lafitte. I will ask him what the village says about the Kermesse." He smiled at me. "Explain to Georgia what is the Kermesse." He waved his hand and went off down the ride.

I was left with the two of them, and for a moment there was a little silence. Then Gisèle took my arm. "Come along, beautiful Georgia," she said. "I'll tell you about it as we go back."

Helen fell in on the other side of Gisèle as we started up the path.

"The Kermesse is divine," Gisèle said animatedly. "It's a sort of fete, a fair, and we hold it in the grounds, in the park. We've had it for centuries, and all the village adores it. They ought to, all the money is for them, for the school and such feudal falderal. I know it would amuse Dickie, and he needs it. He's very low, poor angel."

She babbled on, telling me about the fun they had as children. She was gay, she was kind, she was amusing, but it all shut me out, and I knew it was designed for that. She was drawing a line, as we used to do on the pavements of my childhood, and daring me to step over it.

There were people to dinner that night and I had no time to talk to Guy. It was extremely gay, and the conversation was rapidly French for the most part. Afterward, when I started for the library as usual, Gisèle followed me across the hall.

"Where are you going, Georgia?"

"My French is so poor," I said, "and you all know each other so well, I thought I would go and read."

"Nonsense, you're much too decorative to 'go and read.' You come along with me and I won't let them bore you."

"I'd rather read, Gisèle, truly."

"No doubt. They've told me about your solitary habits. But I've my duty as a De Montfort, and I won't let you out of my sight."

THAT night marked the beginning of it. From that night onward I was under supervision, as closely chaperoned as any Victorian miss. From her windows above the front door, Helen could observe my comings and goings, and I suppose she signaled the others, and whoever was on duty followed me out if I was bound for the woods or came to sit and talk with me if I was in the house. I was a threat, and in the face of it they united, guarding Guy, guarding Longueville and their tight little social group from this undesirable stranger.

I think it was some time before Guy began to wonder why we were never alone. He was occupied by the plans of the Kermesse, which was to take place at Gisèle's insistence the next week, and he was often in the village conferring with the mayor and the curé.

The espionage system had been in operation for three or four days when I brought up the subject of swimming. They could not prevent me from talking to Guy at the table, though they could and did listen to everything we said. Their only difficulty was Bradford, who was not in the plot, having, as I think they felt, no head for it. That day, he was full of some wild-boar tracks that Lafitte had shown him in the woods, and he demanded everyone's notice while he described them.

The remembrance of the good done those we have loved is the only consolation left us when we have lost them. —DEMOUSTIER.



You'll both find fun in Canada

(Above) **Lakes and streams** and hard-hitting fish tempt you to stop and "try your luck".



You'll find many a "shot" for your album in Canada's fascinating old cities.



A million lakes, and more, smile an invitation to swim, paddle and sail.



Choose those "take-home" items from imported china, colourful woollens, handicrafts.

You —"he"— the whole family will find the answer to your vacation dreams in Canada.

Here the great open spaces are just a step from big cities. Here you can know the thrill of exploring great National Parks — and of stopping at "name" resorts for casual fun in a luxury setting. You can enjoy a family vacation by the sea in Canada's ocean provinces, or play amid mountain grandeur.

You'll find *your* kind of country, *your* kind of holiday over the border in Canada.



For a welcome change, a friendly welcome
CANADA...
VACATIONS UNLIMITED

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
Ottawa, Canada — D. Leo Dolan, *Director*

Please send me your illustrated book, "CANADA, VACATIONS UNLIMITED"

Name ..
(Please Print)

Street and No. ..

Town ..... *State* .....

01-1-16-51-01



5 words of advice
for the wife who worries
when her husband travels

Ask him to
Go Pullman

COMFORTABLE, DEPENDABLE,
AND—ABOVE ALL—SAFE!



COPYRIGHT 1951, THE PULLMAN COMPANY

Under cover of this, I said quickly, "Guy, do you think we could swim this afternoon? You and I, I mean. Would you have time? The others are going into Tours."

"I will make the time," he said. "I would love to swim with you, *chérie*. You have been so busy, we have had no talk at all, and I am feeling neglected."

"Oh, Guy," I said, my voice quavering a little, "don't let them make me go with them. I want to stay here with you."

"Make you go?" he repeated. "No one will make you do anything you don't want, surely, Georgia."

Gisèle immediately said, "What on earth are you two muttering about down there?"

"Must we tell you all our secrets?" Guy asked blandly.

"It was something about swimming, Gisèle," Mrs. Bradford put in quickly. "I'm sorry, I was eavesdropping," she said disarmingly to Guy. "I know I'm terribly rude."

He only shrugged and said lightly, "We *have* no secrets, it seems. We were making a rendezvous. We are going to swim this afternoon."

"Oh, but Georgia can't. We are going into Tours and then on to see some châteaux. She's seen nothing of the countryside, and the châteaux are a must." Gisèle spoke as if this was all there was to be said on the subject.

"Georgia prefers to swim," Guy said.

"But the arrangements are all made," Annette said. "You can swim another day."

Guy's face tightened. "We will not argue, Annette. You will follow your arrangements. Georgia and I will swim."

In the end, of course, we all went swimming.

I think it was the swimming that added the final spark to the smoldering hatred which Helen felt for me. It was very obvious that I was more proficient than they had dreamed, and although Gisèle attempted to twist it into something derogatory, to make it seem ill bred to swim so well, even she could not disguise a sort of admiration. I had been miserable and the water was like a haven. It was my element, and I relaxed, forgetting them. I was almost able to ignore the weeds. They grew rankly on the bottom of the pond, and Guy called to me warningly as I set out from the bank to swim to the raft in the middle.

"Be careful, Georgia. The weeds are very thick there to your left."

I waved my hand to show I had heard him. It was no distance to the raft, and when I climbed up on it and looked back, the others were still standing on the bank, seemingly in consultation. Guy was halfway across the pond, coming toward me. When he reached me he stayed in the water, holding onto the edge of the raft.

"You are certainly a nymph," he said. "I have never seen a woman with wet hair look beautiful before."

I DISLIKE bathing caps and my hair streamed down my back in a tangle. I could not have looked in the least beautiful, but there was something in his eyes, with the sun flickering over them, that I had never seen before, not even in Julian's.

Then he said, "Come back into the water and swim with me, Georgia."

I dived and came up beside him, and together, lazily, we moved through the cool water. I turned over to swim on my back and saw a little boat coming across toward the raft. The situation was too absurd for anger and I giggled, "Oh, Guy, they're coming over by boat."

He turned to look back. "They cannot swim this far, I think. We are not swimmers at Longueville. I hope Lafitte has repaired the boat. It is not a very safe one—worn out like everything else." Obviously, their pursuit of us, even to the raft, seemed to him simply a desire for our companionship.

They came closer. Henri was rowing clumsily, trying to avoid Dickie's legs, which were stretched out half the length of the boat from the stern. Mrs. Bradford in yellow and Gisèle in white were crowded together in the prow. Guy called:

"Have you come for a lesson?"

"No, of course not, it's silly to swim in this weather, it's freezing. We're going to lie on the raft and sun. You'd better come in before Georgia has to pull you out with cramp." Gisèle's voice was sharp with annoyance as the boat bumped the raft and she began to climb out. They got out and lay down, except for Henri, who sat in the boat.

"She is right perhaps. I regret that I am not very proficient." Guy smiled at me and turned back while I swam on alone.

When I climbed up on the raft again, I realized that I was tired too. I shook my hair out in the sun and stood for a moment getting my breath.

Mrs. Bradford said, "Why, even Georgia's cold!" in an amazed voice that seemed to imply that I was some sort of water-dwelling animal.

They all looked up, and Guy reached for a towel. "Dry yourself quickly," he said.

"I'm not cold, truly," I said. "I'm used to colder water than ——" I broke off as I caught Dickie's glance. There was no mistaking what was in *his* eyes. I felt myself blushing. Gisèle looked quickly at his face, and her own darkened.

"You have a perfect body, Georgia. Hasn't she, Dickie?" she said.

"Ah," he said, and his voice was an insult.

"And such a marvelous swimmer," she went on smoothly. "Were you ever a professional, Georgia?"

"No."

"Not in *any* capacity?"

Stung, I said, "I used to teach blind children to swim in Florida. There was no pay attached to it."

If I had hoped to make her ashamed of what she had implied, I was mistaken. "Admirable," she said.

Guy got to his feet and, coming over to me, put his hand lightly on my shoulder. "Come, we will swim back, *chérie*. I, too, am getting cold."

There was a look on his face that told me that none of this had been lost on him, that he was on my side, that we were together. In that look I saw almost everything that I had wanted to know from him, and in front of them, not caring, I put my hand around his arm and pressed it for an instant, tight against my wet shoulder. Then without a backward glance at them I dived off the raft.

When I came up I swam slowly, waiting for him, and when he was beside me I said, "Thank you, Guy."

He said, "You will forgive Gisèle. She jealous." He moved a little away from m and began swimming forward. "But we wi not forgive Dickie. I will talk to him, but i the meantime you will be careful to avoi being alone with him. Has he ever ——"

Guy, embarrassed, was new to me, and was so happy that I wanted to laugh. "Mad a pass at me, you mean? No, never. Anyway I'm not afraid of him."

"So much the better, but you take car my child."

Helen and Annette and Bradford wer sitting on the bank.

"Why didn't you come to swim?" Gu called to them.

Dripping, we came up the bank.

"You're some swimmer," Bradford said t me. "It was a real treat to see you cuttin across there. Wish I could do it myself."

Guy sat down beside Helen. In the specia voice that he always used when speaking t her, a kind, considerate voice, full of a sort c brotherly affection which must have mad her want to curse him, he asked why she ha not gone into the water.

"I cannot swim," she answered withou expression.

"Georgia would teach both you an Annette."

"Perhaps I don't want to learn," she sai and, getting up, walked back along the pat

THE weather that week was freakish. Eac day dawned hotter than the one before, an Longueville lay as if under a spell, qui within its circle of guardian trees.

The day of the Kermesse was the hotte of all. I woke to a tremendous hammerin coming from the side of the house away fro the pond, and I leaned out my window. Th men of Longueville, assisted by others fro the village, were erecting a little street booths and stalls and tacking up garish bun ing in Gallic abandon. I hung out the windo looking on until the breakfast bell summone me downstairs.

I hurried, but even so I was late and the were all at the table when I came into th dining room. I thought that I had never see Gisèle look so ravishing. She wore a peasan dress of starched cotton with a stiff musli pinafore over it, and her hair was tied in pig tails and strained over her carved cheek bones like a good little girl's. She was rural t absurdity, adorable.

(Continued on Page 96)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

GRANDMOTHER used to say, "Live far enough away from your daughter-in-law that you have to dress up when you go to visit her."

Youth is stranger than fiction.

Schoolrooms are like living rooms: you can tell the ones that are learned in.

Parking meters have helped to balance more than one budget.

Teen-age truism: "He must be serious about her; he's mentioned her in two letters."

The one regret about our first married years is that my husband and I owned a picture window without our knowing it.

The male is first pestered by his mother, keeping him away from mud puddles, then by his wife, keeping him away from white rugs.

Oh, blessings on thee, movie star!
No matter how remote you are,
Your voice, decorum, graceful walk
Do more than years of mother's talk.

The school janitor bares his heart: "Thos Boy Scouts play games before the meetin and next day the halls are a mess, but haven't said a word and don't intend to b cause this building was made for kids."

He's the kind of man who probably wa called by his last name in the first grade.

The best time to go to Reno is before th wedding.

A man first worries about his heir appar ent—then his hair not apparent.

It seemed to a pair of parents that thei son had reached a milestone when, instea of asking for money outright, he requested loan.

Educators, like stylists in women's clothes always go to extremes; yet everyone know there's that between-line on a woman's le where a skirt looks exactly right.

Leftovers in our refrigerator go through three stages: big bowl, middle-sized bowl baby bowl.

As helpless as a newborn lady.

Be Happy - Go Lucky!

Come join me at the Mardi Gras
In dear old New Orleans,
Where Kings who know tobacco best
Give Luckies to their Queens!



Enjoy your cigarette! Enjoy truly fine tobacco that combines <u>both</u> perfect mildness and rich taste in one great cigarette – Lucky Strike!

Perfect mildness? You bet. Scientific tests, confirmed by three independent consulting laboratories, prove that Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand. *Rich taste?* Yes, the full, rich taste of truly fine tobacco.

Only fine tobacco gives you both real mildness and rich taste. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So enjoy the happy blending that combines perfect mildness with a rich, true tobacco taste. Be Happy—Go Lucky!

L.S./M.F.T.–Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

I ski right off the highest jumps
And never take a spill,
But I prefer a Lucky Strike
To really get a thrill!

I strut my stuff upon a stage
And thousands praise my name.
But praise for Lucky Strike, I fear,
Puts all <u>my</u> praise to shame!

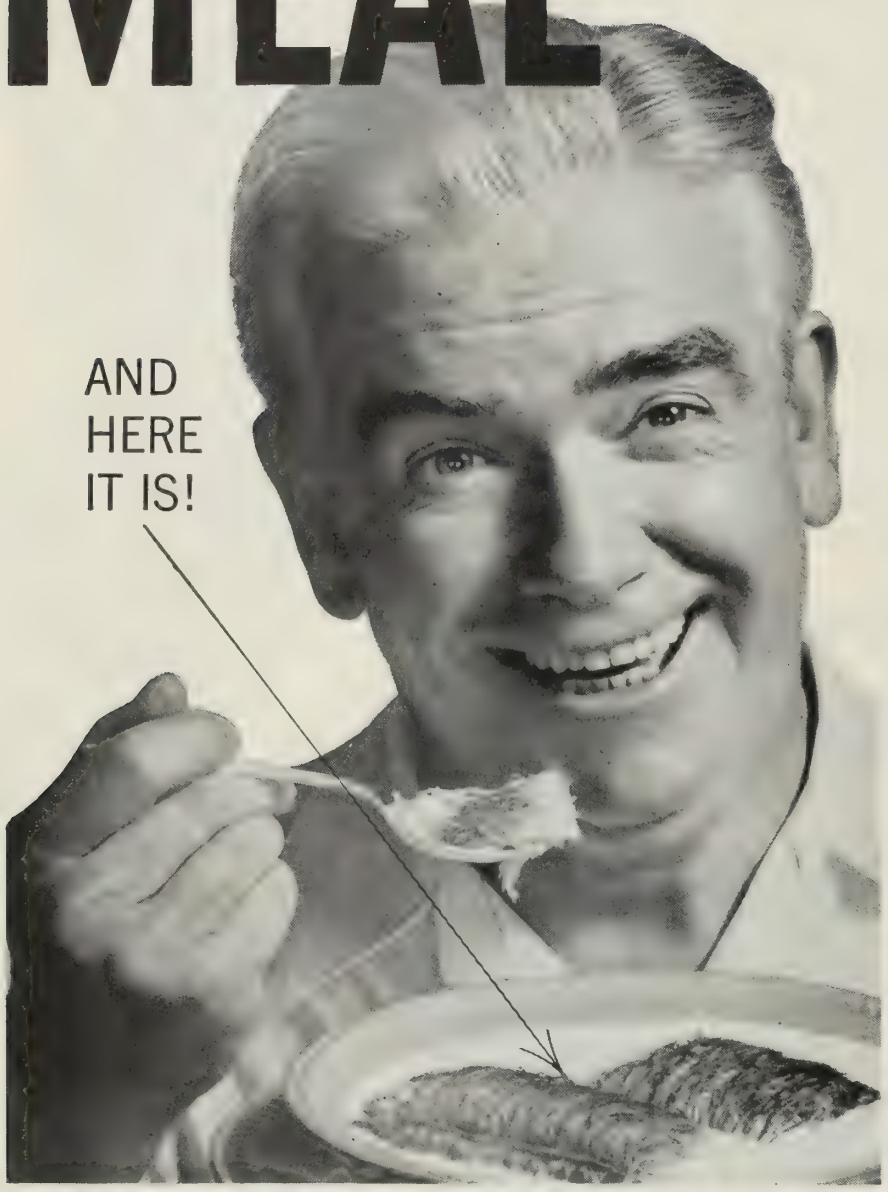
OPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

GIVE HIM A BREAKFAST THAT'S A GOOD

HONEST MEAL

NOT "SISSY" FOOD!

AND HERE IT IS!



NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT

...100% WHOLE WHEAT...

WITH MILK IT'S AMERICA'S GREAT BODY-BUILDING BREAKFAST!



Nothing fancy-sounding or faddy about nourishing NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT! Just hearty, flavorful whole wheat, with bran and wheat germ, the "grow and go" cereal favorite of three generations! This original Niagara Falls product is *honest* food your family needs and always enjoys!

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

THE BREAKFAST FULL OF POWER FROM NIAGARA FALLS

(Continued from Page 94)

"I told you so," she called to Guy. "I was the one who made you have the Kermesse in March. You can all come along after breakfast and thank me personally for the weather. Georgia, aren't I clever?"

"Very," I said and meant it. I had no idea what was responsible for her gaiety, but I was unreasonably gay myself. "Guy," I said, "you won't have time to swim this morning?"

"*Hélas*, my pretty, I shall have scarcely time to breathe. This is an extremely important affair, you know," he said laughingly. "But you will swim and be cool and then rest." He looked down at his plate for a moment and then said gravely, "Tonight you and I will talk, Georgia. I have been waiting a long time."

And I, I thought, *have been waiting all my life.*

He got up and said, "The men will be coming into my office for a glass of wine. I want you to come, too, for a little, to meet them. Will you come when you are finished?"

I could only nod, flattered, happy.

Guy pushed back his chair. He went to the door, but Gisèle's voice stopped him.

"Darling, I want to come for the *coup de vin*. Are you going now?"

He hesitated and then he said, "Yes, of course, come if you would like to. Come with Georgia in a few minutes." He smiled at me and went out.

The childish gaiety faded from Gisèle's face. "You are going, then, Georgia?"

"Guy has invited me. I should like to go," I said quietly.

She shrugged. "Then we will go together."

Guy's little office seemed to be crowded to the rafters with enormous men. Their faces were the faces seen in old Dutch paintings, self-contained, lined with living, withdrawn, and yet as simple as the soil whose servants they were. They looked at us in a frank admiration, and the bolder ones murmured, "*Bon jour, mesdames,*" while the rest stared with ferocious attention at Guy's carpet.

I HAD never heard Gisèle speak French before, and I marveled as I watched her move among these men, chatting easily, charming them. Guy came over to me and, holding me lightly by the elbow, began to take me around the room, introducing me to each of the men. I was timid of trying to say anything, but he said, "*Parles français*, Georgia," and to the men, "*Elle est américaine, mais déja elle parle bien français.*" They heard him use the second-person singular and they looked at me with interest. In a few moments I found I was enjoying myself. Their affection for Guy, their delight in the prospect of the afternoon was so evident, it was impossible not to reflect it.

Presently, I whispered to Guy, "Would it be impolite to go?"

"Of course you may go, darling," he said. "You have been a great success."

Again we went round the room and I shook hands with each one, while they filled their glasses and drank my health.

I thought I would take Mia to the pond. I was letting her out of the kennel when I saw Gisèle coming toward me from the house. I felt none of my customary annoyance at never being alone, and I called, "Do you want to come swimming?"

She replied sunnily, "Well, I'll paddle while you swim, if that's where you're going."

As we walked down the path to the pond she astounded me by asking suddenly, "Where on earth did Helen ever find you?"

"She hasn't told you?"

"She can't talk about anything but Guy, poor wretch."

"We met in the street."

Gisèle gave a shout of laughter. "Georgia, you are absolutely the end. Next thing you'll tell me she picked you up."

"She did. She was lonely, she wanted someone to travel with her, and no one she knew would. They were ——" I still could never bring myself to talk about Helen's face.

"I don't blame them. She's been hell's own nuisance since she was hurt," said Gisèle callously. "I don't mean because she looks



Tempting Flavor on a Budget

SPANISH LAMB STEW— Brown in fat, 2 lbs. lamb breast, cubed. Add quart each, hot water, and Herb-Ox Bouillon. Simmer covered 1½ hrs. Add sliced large onion; chopped green pepper; ½ c. washed, raw rice; ¼ tsp. pepper. Simmer 20 minutes. Add 2 cs. cooked peas, 1 cup cooked tomatoes. Cook 10 minutes longer. Thicken gravy if desired.

FREE! *Send for "The Herb-Ox Money-Saver" booklet!* It's filled with 28 delicious menus and recipes. Herb-Ox flavors bring out the goodness of low cost cuts. Bouillon or Chicken cubes add zest to *all* meats, make rich soup stocks, or gravy...improve flavor, stretch budgets! Send to The Pure Food Co., Inc., Mamaroneck, N. Y. Dept. LHJ-2.

Herb-Ox

BOUILLON CUBES

THESE NEW CONTRAPTIONS WORK GOOD WITH 3-IN-ONE



3-IN-ONE OIL

P.S. Mend broken dolls, wood toys with amazing PLASTIC WOOD

CAN-WELL CANNER



WITH RACK AND INSTRUCTIONS

COLD PACKING AND PRESERVING

FLETCHER ENAMEL CO. DUNBAR, W. VA.

Make More Money

SELL WOMEN'S WEAR

Up-to-minute styles — DRESSES — street — house — DRESS GOODS — cotton — rayon — HOSIERY — LINGERIE — APRONS — TOWELS — STATIONERY — GREETING CARDS — Beautiful Free Sample. Make Easy Sales — good PROFITS without experience. Exclusive. Be First. Write Now.

MITCHELL & CHURCH CO. Dept. 36 Binghamton, N. Y.

AMAZING OFFER—$50 IS YOURS

- for selling only 100 boxes of MERIT'S out standing 21 for $1 All Occasion cards.
- No experience necessary, costs nothing to try. Write for Selling Plan and Samples on Approval now.

MERIT, Dept. 69, 370 Plane St., Newark 2, N. J.

Also Free Samples Personalized Stationery, Napkins, Book Matches

e warmed-over death. One pities that. She as a terrific rage, you know, before. The ouble is, she's gone all self-pitying and amatic. She was always dramatic; every-dy kowtowed to her. Now you're doing it."

"I am supposed to be being paid to do it," said, "but I don't have much chance these ys."

"Yes," Gisèle agreed indifferently, "she's eerer than ever. But I still don't under-and. We thought you'd applied to an ency or something . . . you know, as a sec-tary or companion, and she found you in e ordinary way. We never dreamed of any-ing so romantic. . . . Look, there's Helen."

We had come round a corner in the woods id there the pond lay, gleaming like wet een velvet in the brilliant sunlight. Near e bank a bright red bathing-capped head as bobbing, and as we watched, its owner rned over on her back and floated, with her et well up in the water.

"Gisèle!" I cried in amazement. "Helen id she couldn't swim."

"I don't suppose she can, compared to ou." She began to run toward the boat-ouse, calling, "Helen, we've come to join ou."

She left me so suddenly that I stopped in urprise, and Mia, behind me, was aston-hed, too, and almost fell over herself. I saw elen put her feet down on the bottom and me slowly wading to the bank where Gisèle ood.

I did not clearly know why I lacked the urage to join them, but I was somehow mpelled to turn back to the house. The nd was like a stronghold that had been ptured by the enemy.

I paused at Gisèle's out, "Where are you go-g, Georgia?"

"Home," I called back ver my shoulder, and ent on.

It was childish, it was de, but I felt that some-ing was pushing me back to Longueville. hen I had turned the corner of the path ading to the house I started to run, and lia, deprived of her swim, clamored loudly protest. We raced along the path. I was anting when I reached the house.

As the day lengthened it grew hotter and otter. From my window as I was dressing I aw the people begin to arrive for the Ker-esse. The lawn swarmed with children, and lready the chairs set up on the little plat-rm, where there would be dancing in the vening, were filled. The music of the carrou-el floated up to me. The Kermesse had be-un.

My dress was spread out on the bed. It was n old one I had brought from the States, ut the most becoming dress I owned. I ipped it over my head. It was very simple, ut Honoré had starched it until its wide hite skirt swung like a ballerina's as I oved.

I pattered down the stairs in the straw andals I had bought in Tours for a dollar, eling very light and summery. Guy was in he hall.

"Where are the others?" I asked.

"They have not yet come down. We will ot wait." He looked at me admiringly. You are going to be a sensation, my pretty."

He took my hand and we went out across he lawn. It was four o'clock and the fete was n full swing.

IT was a very little fete. A dozen stalls, ome benches and chairs lining the way, the iny carrousel, and a little roped-off space vith rickety tables to serve as a *bistro* made p the whole. But it was as gay as Versailles t the height of its glory, and the whole-earted happiness of the people, living this ovely moment of change and color to the ull, touched it with glamour.

As we went along, the people fell back a ittle, exclaiming about my dress, nodding espectfully to Guy. I would have had to ave been deaf and blind not to realize the peculation in their looks and chatter. But Guy was no grand seigneur coming patron-zingly among his people. He knew every-ne's name and everyone's foible. I had never thought him so charming; I was so proud of him that my heart was overflowing.

The afternoon wore on, and from time to time I caught a glimpse of the rest of the house party in the distance.

We made our way to the enclosure, where the tables were crowded now. Guy went to get some champagne, and I sat contentedly, listening to the babble of voices, wondering idly how it had happened that the others had left us so long alone. As I thought of them they appeared.

"Well," Gisèle said, "you and Guy are wonderfully elusive. We've been pursuing you all over the Kermesse." Guy came back followed by a waiter with a tray and she attacked him at once. "Guy, you've neglected us shamefully. We haven't seen you for two hours."

GUY was helping the waiter open the champagne. He poured her a brimming glassful. "Forgive us, all of you. We will devote ourselves to you from now on."

I looked round at them. Helen and Dickie were missing. The others, even Gisèle, appeared to have had almost enough of rural fun.

Turning to Gisèle, Guy asked, "Helen did not come with you?"

"She's at the house with Dickie," Gisèle told him.

"Why did she not come?"

Gisèle shrugged. "She has her own pleasures. Today they come out of a bottle, and I can't say I blame her. Oh, don't fuss, Guy."

"I dislike her to be unhappy," he said.

"My dear, that is a priceless statement coming from you," said Gisèle, and turned away.

"Georgia, can you help her?"

"No," I said, "no."

"Will you try, for me?"

"But I am the cause of it, I think, Guy."

"Ah," he said slowly. "Then there is nothing to be done."

Everything has been thought of before, but the difficulty is to think of it again. —GOETHE

The dinner table was stretched to its full length that night. There were ten guests, friends of the De Montforts from country houses as far away as Blois and Orléans. They spoke in French, but I was beginning to be able to understand almost all that was said around me. We were all changed around for the occasion, and Guy, flanked by two women I had never seen before, was half the table away from me. On my left was Bradford and on my right a nervous little Frenchman, the Marquis d'Artirier.

"Bah," someone was saying, "if everyone who swears now that they were of the Resistance had been so in truth, we would have had some army! Me, I am ashamed to wear my medals."

"Victor is right," said the Marquis. "There is a concierge in the Rue Monsieur who is selling them for ten thousand francs."

"But it was not quite so simple in the country," Annette said. "We knew who everyone was, we knew what they had done."

"We all knew Guy, at any rate," put in the girl at Guy's left, "and you, Annette, and Henri. You were wonderful."

"Guy took terrible chances," the Marquis agreed, "and Henri, my friend Henri, was a lion."

I had known that Guy was at Dunkirk and afterward with the Free French, but I had heard nothing of his part in the Resistance.

I turned to the Marquis. "They have not told us about it. What were they doing?"

"There was a field, not far, where the English would land. Henri and Guy would meet the airplanes, help them to land with the flashlights. Sometimes Guy would return with them to London. On the radio one would hear that they were coming. It was in the hut that one guarded the so important radios." He shrugged. "But you have heard these stories many times, madame. It was all so secret then. Now the whole world knows."

"Yes, we heard about some of it in England," I said, "but hearing is not like being with the people who did these things. I think you were magnificent."



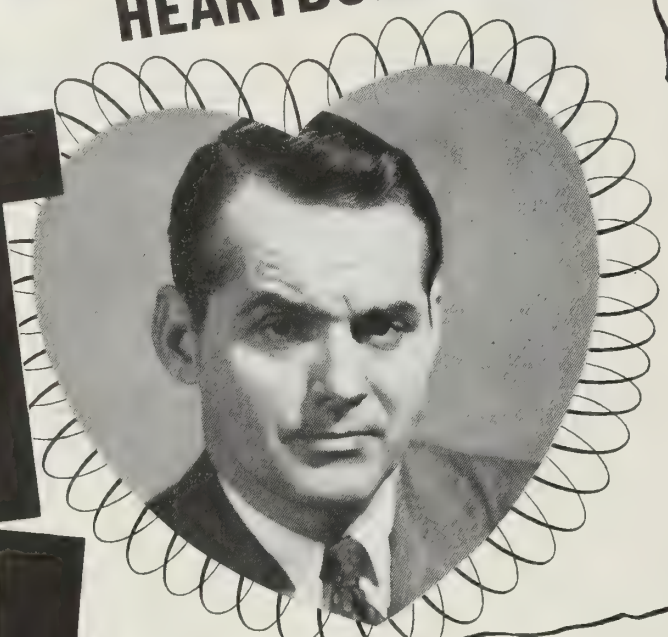
The Best Cooks Use Stokely's Finest Foods

Mrs. Chris F. Arnoult, 1053 Maury Ave., Memphis, chosen Best Cook by Christian Brothers College Mothers' Club.

It takes the finest to make the finest eating . . . and with Mrs. Arnoult that means Stokely's Finest Foods. Tomato Juice so red-ripe, so full-flavored could only be Stokely's *prize*-tomato quality. Whole-Kernel Corn so plump and tender, so corn-patch fresh could only be *blue-ribbon* corn, the Stokely kind. Like Mrs. Arnoult, *you* get the finest when you reach for Stokely's . . . for homey dinner-dishes like:

SKILLET CORN DINNER—Drain a 303 can Stokely's Finest Golden Bantam Whole Kernel Corn. Slowly brown 1 lb. link sausage in skillet; remove and keep hot. Drain off all but 2 tablespoons fat. Add corn; heat with ½ teaspoon salt and few grains pepper. Top with sausages. Makes 4 servings.

EVEN THE SWEETEST HUSBAND GETS ACID INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN



TUMS

Acid indigestion plays no favorites. Your sweet man, your angel child, you yourself may get upset stomach *tonight*. So for fast, dependable relief be sure you have Tums handy always.

SPEEDY! . . . Tums work amazingly fast to relieve acid indigestion, heartburn, gas. Soothe and settle sour stomach.

PLEASANT! . . . You eat tasty Tums like candy mints. Delicious! No water needed.

SAFE! . . . Your doctor will tell you—Tums are safe. Tums are guaranteed to contain no soda or other water-soluble alkalies. Tums cannot overalkalize or irritate delicate stomach or intestinal lining.

DEPENDABLE! . . . A million dollars couldn't buy you faster relief than Tums give for only 10¢ a roll. So for acid indigestion take Tums.



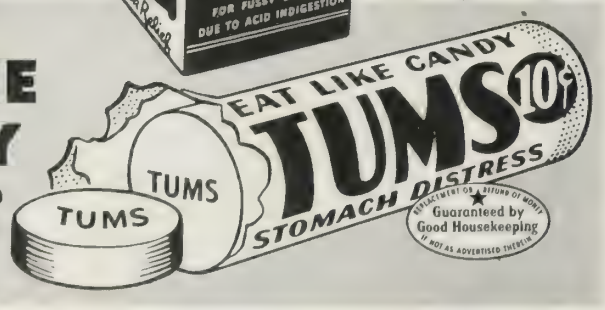
EXPECTANT MOTHERS

Tums are wonderful for relief of heartburn, gas, so common in pregnancy. Your doctor will confirm: "Tums are safe for children." Give Tums, dissolved in warm water, to relieve small children's gas, hiccups.

✓ SOMEONE IN YOUR FAMILY MAY NEED TUMS TONIGHT

ECONOMY BOX $1.00
Contains twelve 10-cent rolls

FOR THE TUMMY
GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO SODA



✓ TRY 1 OR 2 TUMS AFTER BREAKFAST, SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER

"But you in England, there was some danger beneath the bombs, I think?"

"Oh, but we had to do our work," I said.

He smiled. "Exactly. And we had to do ours." He paused and looked down the table at Guy. "I did not think to sit at his table again and to see him at the head." He bowed to me. "For this happy moment I can thank your wonderful country, madame."

"And England, too," I said quickly.

"And England."

"Alain," Guy called down the table, "what are you saying to Georgia? She has never been so fascinated by me."

"You," the Marquis said scornfully, "you are only a hero. The world is full of heroes. But *I* was a spy! You will dance with me later, madame?"

"*Avec grand plaisir.*"

After dinner, when the others went into the living room to drink coffee, I ran upstairs to get the lipstick I had forgotten to put into my evening bag. I found it at once, but I lingered, kneeling by the window sill, thinking of what the old man had told me, savoring my pride in Guy and in Longueville.

I caught a glimpse of Gisèle's white dress and then Annette's red one crossing the lawn toward the music. Most of the party seemed to be with them. I saw Helen, her arm tucked through Bruno's, with Bradford on the other side. There was no sign of the Marquis or of Guy.

I stood up and smoothed down my old black dress. I had not turned on my light, and I crossed the room to the switch beside my bed. At that moment I heard a sound outside the door.

"Who's there?" I called sharply.

The door swung open, and Dickie sauntered into the room and closed the door behind him.

"What do you want?" I demanded.

He sat down on my bed, making a great show of acting deliberately, but I saw that he was drunk. "I want to talk to you, beautiful."

"Please go," I said.

"Not yet, gorgeous Georgia, not *quite* yet. We will have li'l' talk, maybe li'l' more than talk. I don't blame old Guy. You are a nice li'l' bit and no mistake, nice li'l' fancy bit."

"Will you please go? You're acting like a fool."

"Notatall, I'm acting like a sensible man. Why should old Guy have all the fun? Sanctimonious stinker with his bastards all over the place." He swung his legs over the edge of the bed and got up unsteadily. "Come here," he said roughly.

I had not realized that he was more dangerous than any fumbling drunk. Now I saw my mistake and darted for the door. But he was in front of it in an instant.

"Not so fast, my sweet."

"Will you get out of my room? You disgust me. You're beneath contempt."

He seized me by the elbows, jerking me around to face him. "The hell with your contempt," he muttered. "I'm not innarested. Only innarested in one li'l' ——" He forced me to him. His hot alcoholic breath seemed to fill the room. He had my wrists locked together in his hands, but I managed to get one free, and with all my strength I smashed my fist in his face. At the same second Gisèle's voice, sharp with irritation, came from below.

"Dickie! Dickie! Where *are* you!"

"I think you'll go now," I said. "There's your master's voice."

For a moment he said nothing. Then he took out a handkerchief and wiped his mouth with it.

"I'm sorry I couldn't hit harder," I said.

He tried for some dignity. "The field is yours." He had suddenly become almost sober. "They're going to have more trouble with you than they think." He put a cigarette in his mouth. "Good hunting," he said and went out the door.

I stood for a moment by the dressing table. I was in no danger of maidenly hysterics. I was much more angry than frightened. Then I thought as I combed my hair and tried to tidy my face that perhaps it was more than a coincidence that this had happened tonight, after Helen and Dickie had spent the afternoon together. Suddenly I needed to be near Guy and I ran down the stairs.

The living room was empty, though the lights were blazing. The office door was closed, but through it I could hear the sound of Guy's voice. Without a thought of anything but my need of him, I knocked on it. The door opened and he stood there, sharply outlined in the light behind him. Over his shoulder I could see the Marquis.

"Why, Georgia," Guy said, "I thought you had gone with the others."

My face, in the light, must have startled him. Try as I may, it is always a telltale face. I made it as smooth as I could as I answered, "I missed you. I—I thought I would come and claim Monsieur le Marquis. It's getting late. I don't want to miss our dance."

D'Artirier stood up. "Madame," he said, "in forty years I have not been so flattered. I have never, also, heard so charming a lie. In appreciation I shall go now alone to the dancing, but I warn you that if you do not appear to claim again our dance in one half hour"—he looked at his watch—"you will have broken an old man's vanity, which is more grave than a young man's heart." He went over to the door and was gone.

Guy took my hand. "Now sit down here. What has happened?" he asked.

"I was wrong about Dickie," I said. "He came up to my room just now. He seemed to think he would be welcome."

"Did he hurt you?" he demanded.

"No, he—he upset me a little. It was because he made me feel so cheap, as if I had been asking for it. I don't, do I, Guy? I am awkward and out of place and maybe people think . . . perhaps you have thought ——"

He put his hand over my mouth, bending over me. "You are not awkward and you are not out of place. As to Dickie, I will see to that tomorrow. I shall talk to my sister. There will be no more Dickie around you, Georgia. You will take my word?"

"Of course," I said.

He had turned away from me. "I am afraid of you, Georgia. I am afraid of what you will say. I have been a coward and unkind."

"*You* are afraid of *me?*"

He turned back and in that instant I felt that I knew how he would look when he was old. "I love you," he said.

I got up and went to him so quickly that I was in his arms before I was conscious of moving. Silly tears slid down from my eyes. "I cannot bear to be so happy," I said, "my heart, my darling heart."

"You love me, too, my darling?" His voice was incredulous.

I cannot describe that kiss. I remember only my soaring happiness and my pride, and the strength that came to me, in those seconds, from his arms. I remember knowing that nothing would ever defeat me again as long as this was true.

"Hi there, you two. I thought you were dead, but I see you're very much the contrary." Gisèle was standing just outside the French door on the lawn. She looked faintly bored, like someone in a laboratory holding a rather commonplace insect on a pin.

"Gisèle," Guy exploded, as close to losing his temper as I had ever seen him, "how you have developed a talent for appearing when you are not wanted!"

She drifted into the room, looking cool and glamorous as she always did. "I want to talk

(Continued on Page 101)

A woman selling gardenias outside the Music Hall in New York City had this printed sign on her tray:

I am not hungry and I have no children to feed. I sell flowers because I love flowers and enjoy selling them. If you care to buy, they are 25c each and I will thank you. If you are not interested, that's your business, and God speed you on your way.

She emptied five trays in fifteen minutes.

The groom was 7 years late

How a Woodbury Deb lost and found her man

'at Burrage and Bob Young first met on a blind date. He was stationed at an air base in Texas near Pat's home.

Bob was so captivated by Pat and her dazzling Woodbury complexion, he immediately made a date for the following day. But that very night, Bob shipped out without notice . . . and without Pat's address!

Seven years later in New York, Pat was a famous photographer's model. A friend kept burbling to Pat about a wonderful young man she wanted her to meet.

Finally, Pat agreed—and a date was arranged. Here's what happened:





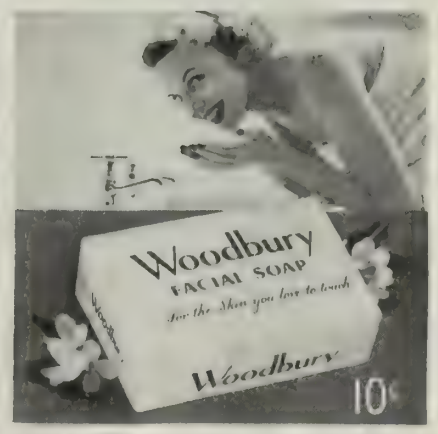
IT WAS BOB YOUNG—7 years late for their second date. He had carried the memory of her sparkling face all those years. And Pat was thankful for her Woodbury Facial Soap, with its rich beauty-cream ingredient.



SEVEN YEARS didn't change Pat's fresh young glow. Sensitive skin like hers might become cloudy from a drying soap. But Woodbury has a precious softening oil intended to help replace the natural oils you wash away.



IN SIX WEEKS, Pat became a bride. She's still a model, and still depends on Woodbury to keep her complexion "camera perfect". Woodbury skin specialists make Woodbury more than a soap . . . it's a skin-smoother, too!



TRY PAT'S beauty soap on your skin! Here's a special offer! For 6 full-size 10¢ cakes, send 25¢ and your name and address to Woodbury, Box 45, Dept. 421, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Offer expires April 1, 1951. Only 6 cakes to a customer.

Woodbury Facial Soap—*with the Beauty-Cream Ingredient*

for the skin you love to touch

ALL-FAMILY SMASH HIT!

"fresh up" with Seven-Up!



BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

Advertised in American Medical Association Publications

COMMENDED by PARENTS' MAGAZINE

It's natural for Jimmie and Janie to share their 7-Up with the puppets because children want others to like what they like. And clean-tasting 7-Up—the *all-family* drink—is right for all ages. So pure . . . so good . . . so completely wholesome, crystal-clear 7-Up can be enjoyed by the very youngest. It adds extra fun to all family activities. *Buy a case* of 7-Up today wherever you see those bright 7-Up signs, and "fresh up" . . . often.



You like it ... it likes you!

Copyright 1951 by The Seven-Up Company



FAMILY GAME BOOKLET. Family fun suggestions for youngsters and grownups! Send 20¢ in coin to FAMILY FUN, 1523 S. 10th Street, St. Louis (4), Missouri, or your local Seven-Up Bottling Company.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____



(Continued from Page 98)

you, Guy. I think it would be better if
orgia went away."
"I will go," I said, reaching for my hand-

With his eyes on Gisèle, Guy said, "You
l stay, my pretty."
"She won't like it," Gisèle said.
"If you have anything to say, please say
quickly. We are going to the dancing."
"It's the outside of enough, Guy!" Gisèle
ke out. "You've neglected your guests all
for her, and since dinner you haven't
peared. They're all talking. I cannot bear
ave them criticize you!"
"You only, it appears, are to criticize me."
came over to me where I stood by the
r. "Come, darling, Alain will be waiting
us."
The dancing was at its height and the
tform was crowded when we arrived at
Kermesse. The house party and the
ner guests were sitting in chairs below the
tform. The Marquis stood up when he
us. He put his hand beneath my elbow
l led me onto the bumpy floor.
"My dancing is not
dern," the Mar-
s said, "but you
l not mind, for I
ve interesting
ngs to say to you."
waited, but he
l no more for a few
ments as we moved
ately around the
r.
"You have talked
Guy?" he asked
ast.
"For a little while,"
nswered. "Gisèle
ne to get him."
"Yes," he said, "I
that you were go-
to be interrupted.
u must not think
t I am interfering
that I am prying.
n an old friend, I
e a good friend,
Guy. I cannot per-
him to lose his
piness."
looked at him
tely.
"You," he said,
e his happiness, or
l be, when we have
oothed some com-
ations. You know
t there is trouble in his life?"
"I know that he lost his fiancée, and I
nk that Gisèle ——"
"Ah, yes," he interrupted, "I do not deny
t it is complicated. They do not under-
nd you, and people always fear what they
not understand. But that is a little thing.
y is not afraid of that."
"He told me he was afraid of *me*. I don't
lerstand."
"Ah," he said comprehendingly, "he did
have the chance to tell you. No matter,
will tell you tonight. You will listen with
e and patience. It is between you and
y. I can say no more now."
He took me back to the table. For another
ur we sat on with the dinner guests. From
e to time someone would get up and
nce, but the splintery floor, the uncertain
sic kept us sitting quietly for the most
t.

ST before midnight the guests got up to
ve, and the house party began to walk
k with them toward the house. I had not
l a chance to speak to Guy alone, but he
ne to me then.
"Georgia, do not come back to the house
h us, my darling. I will make your ex-
es. Stay here for a few moments and then
toward the pond. I will join you. You
n't be afraid to be alone?"
"I know that path so well, Guy. I am
er afraid in the woods."
"My love," he said, "I will be very quick."
turned and went toward the house after
others.

I stood for a little while, my heart beating fast. It seemed to me that I was at the moment of my life's decision, that everything that came after would proceed from this night.

I WENT behind the dance platform, and began to walk slowly down the path to the pond. The music became fainter behind me until, as I turned the corner of the path and saw the pond like a lighter shadow upon the shadow of the night, it faded away altogether and I was alone. I shivered in the warm night, reaching out my hand to the stone of the boathouse for comfort. I had been wrong—there *was* a threat here, there was some evil in the weeds and in the quiet water. Suddenly I did not want to stay there and I turned in a kind of panic. I had not gone ten yards when I heard someone coming toward me.

"Georgia," came Guy's voice, "is that you?" and instantly he materialized in the darkness. We came together with a shock, like people meeting in a fog, and clung, our arms around each other. "You *were* frightened, darling. I was wrong to ask you to come here alone."

"I'm all right, I'm perfectly all right. Just suddenly, by the pond, there was something . . . I felt I could not bear to stay there alone."

"We will not go there," Guy said. "We'll go to the hut. There's a place for you to sit there, and you will be comfortable."

He took me by the shoulders and we turned off the path onto a narrower one into the thick woods.

"Isn't it strange that I have never seen the hut? I've explored the woods so often, but I didn't know it existed until the Marquis told me about it tonight."

"Not so strange, my darling. The Germans did a good deal of exploring here for two years, and they did not find it either. We arranged it well, Henri and I. It is in the place where we had a hideaway when we were children. Wait, I will go first. Can you pick up your skirts? I am afraid there are thorns. Bend your head down and hold onto my hand."

He reached back his hand to guide me and, bending down, led the way off the path into the bushes at the side. We pushed our way through slowly for about twenty yards, and there a great rock rose. We moved around its edge, and I saw, built onto the back of the rock, a little woodsman's hut of unpeeled saplings. In the daylight it would take on the color of its surroundings; now, by the light of the moon, it was invisible until you were upon it.

"*Entrez, madame,*" Guy said.

The door had been taken off, and, going in, I saw there were some tools stacked in a corner, a rush-seated chair, and a wooden bench along one wall.

"Lafitte has his lunch here when it is wet," said Guy, wiping off the chair with his handkerchief. "Sit down, my darling. I think it is clean enough for your dress."

I sat and took the cigarette he gave me, and for a few moments there was silence. At length Guy came from the doorway and sat down on the bench.

"Ah, my darling, you cannot know how it has moved my heart to see your tired face become calm and happy here, to know that it was my country that had made it so. I have been afraid that what I must say would change it once more." He paused. "In Switzerland," he said, "I told you of Nicole." He

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

It's All Right

By William Stafford

It cannot make any difference to you
But—the place we walked is all
changed now.

It's just a small thing, I know,
But—the tree is gone that was so tall.

You wouldn't care, it's all done
But—the tree is down and the lilacs
gone.

No one stands on the hill at noon;
Hundreds tramp where we walked
alone.

It's all right, it's the way things go;
You wouldn't care. There's one
thing though

That I wanted to tell you: I went
back once.
It doesn't make any difference.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Competition for chills 'n' thrills—Even if Hoppie's riding high, the kids' anguish at being dragged to dinner will vanish when they find dessert's their favorite—real, genuine Minute Tapioca! *Everybody* loves that dreamy, creamy flavor! Minute's milk-and-egg wholesomeness is so nourishing, yet it's really

Exciting eating!

So easy-so delicious-made the real Minute Tapioca way!



"CHILLS 'N' THRILLS" CHERRY TAPIOCA

1 recipe Minute Tapioca Cream Bing Cherry Sauce

Prepare Minute Tapioca according to package directions. Chill it thoroughly. Turn into chilled serving dishes. At serving time, spoon over it—surprise—WARM Bing cherry sauce! Icy-cold, creamy-smooth Minute Tapioca, blended with warm tart-sweet cherry sauce—mmm, there's a taste-thrill that makes any meal a party! (Bing Cherry Sauce: Drain 2½ can of pitted Bing cherries. Blend 5 teaspoons cornstarch with 2 tablespoons cherry juice, add to remaining juice. Cook about five minutes until thickened and clear, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add cherries and ½ teaspoon lemon juice.) Super-special, yet so thrifty, easy to prepare. No ready-made dessert can ever compare with the "country kitchen" goodness of real Minute Tapioca! Buy a box today!

REAL TAPIOCA! MINUTE BRAND TAPIOCA

FULL OF COUNTRY-KITCHEN GOODNESS!



Did you know that Minute Tapioca makes the best possible thickener for fruit pies? If your recipe calls for cornstarch, substitute the same amount of Minute Tapioca. If it calls for flour substitute slightly less.

FREE! Over 50 recipes for pies and other delicious desserts made with Minute Tapioca. Send your name and address to Minute Tapioca, Box 815, New York 46, N. Y.

Offer expires Sept. 1, 1951. Good only in U. S. A. Product of General Foods



FOR *naturally* BEAUTIFUL HAIR ...

"Pure Castile is the Best Shampoo!"

LOVELY MRS. ROBERT INCH of Queens Village, Long Island, says "I like Conti because it leaves my hair soft, easy-to-manage and glowing with highlights." Mrs. Inch is typical of the attractive young wives all over America who agree with beauty authorities that pure castile is the best shampoo. "There's no shampoo like Conti," says Mrs. Inch, "for naturally beautiful hair!"



For Entire Family "Of course, I never use anything but pure Conti Castile Shampoo on Betsy's delicate hair. I know it's mild and gentle . . . contains no alcohol or harsh chemicals. I always make sure there is enough Conti in the house," says Mrs. Inch. "It's the economical shampoo for my entire family!"



Groom-up Time "Being busy is no excuse for neglecting your hair. I shampoo regularly with Conti . . . its olive oil keeps my hair soft and radiant."

For lovelier hair... today... tomorrow... and always



Conti Castile
THE PURE SHAMPOO

stopped and it seemed to me that he was waiting for me to speak.

"Only a little about her, Guy," I said quietly.

But he had not seemed to hear me. He went on, "And I told you that you were like her, and that I loved you. I loved her, I love her still, and I love you. Can you understand that at all?"

I said, "I can understand. I ought to feel the same, and so I understand. But I have lost Julian; you have not lost Nicole. Oh, I am ashamed of it, and it does hurt me." I clenched my hands together, hating myself for feeling only pity for Julian while I still had jealousy of Nicole, who was as powerless to claim Guy as Julian was to claim me.

"I have never lost Nicole. Yes, you are right, Georgia. I will never lose her entirely. You see, we have a son."

The shock of the words seemed to jolt first into my spine like a hypodermic needle, and then the sense of the words flowed up through my body slowly, arousing my jealousy until it seemed to soar up like a rocket in my heart and explode inside me. Hardly aware that I was doing it, I put my hands around my burning face. I looked at Guy and then, as suddenly as the rocket had soared, it fell again, burned out, diminished. I could feel pity for Nicole stir again, and I knew that I had no wish to destroy or invade what had been hers, only to inherit what she had been forced to leave.

"You cannot speak," Guy said. He got up and went over to the door again.

"Will you tell me about it, Guy?" I said.

HE came back to the bench and sat down. "I will be brief, for this is pain to both of us. When I was very young I was at Eton because my mother is English and of course I must learn to speak correctly. There I was the fag of Claude Childe. When it was a holiday and his sister came to the school, they would take me to tea. Sometimes they would bring their cousin, who was younger. She was my age, and I thought she must be an angel, she was so beautiful. And she was like you, Georgia, she was good. It—it shone from her face to make you feel good also. When I came back to France I remembered her and I asked my mother to invite them, Claude and his sister Helen and their cousin, to stay with us in France. They came and we were very happy that summer. I was eleven years old. Next year they came again and the next and the next, and our childhood and our growing up were together.

"When I next went to England I was eighteen and going to Oxford. I thought to see Nicole, but her father sent her to school in Switzerland when he knew that I was coming. He did not like me. He dislikes everyone who is not English. We wrote long letters, of course, Nicole and I. I wanted her to marry me at once, but she was afraid. There she was not like you, she was so often afraid, the poor little one. It was her father always, always her father. Her mother had died when she was born, and she had so much pity for him. So, I come now to the part I do not like to tell."

He got up and walked across the little room. "Well, and so I was young, I grew impatient. I did not forget Nicole; I had always the intention of someday going again to find her, but I was spoiled, I was amused, and I waited too long. My father died and suddenly we were poor. Then the war came and I could do nothing. . . . This is growing a long story, Georgia. You are not weary?"

"Go on, Guy," I said.

"I approach the end. At Dunkirk I was lucky. They took me to England, and there in London I met Helen. The next day I saw Nicole. They were together in ridiculous uniforms, driving trucks. We wept when we met, and laughed, and it was very gay. It was the old time again, but better. The war changed everything. Nicole was free of her father, he did not dare interfere with her job, and I could be with her often. I said a hundred times, 'Marry me, Nicole,' but she would say, 'No, wait until I get my leave and you are quite well.' I had a little thing in my leg; it was not important at all. She said, 'No, wait, we have waited so long, what is a

Don't be HALF-SAFE



by VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you mature. Now, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a new type of perspiration containing milky substances which will — if they reach your dress — cause ugly stains and clinging odor.

You'll face this problem throughout womanhood. It's not enough merely to stop the odor of this perspiration. You must now use a deodorant that stops the perspiration itself before it reaches — and ruins — your clothes.

As doctors know, not all deodorants stop both perspiration and odor. But Arrid does! It's been proved that the new cream deodorant Arrid stops underarm perspiration 1 to 3 days safely—keeps underarms dry and sweet.

Remember this, too. Arrid's antiseptic action kills odor on contact — prevents formation of odor up to 48 hours and keeps you "shower-bath" fresh. And it's safe for skin —safe for fabrics.

So, don't be half-safe. Don't risk your happiness with half-safe deodorants. *Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure.* Arrid with Creamogen will not dry out, and it's so pleasant and easy to apply. Get Arrid today.

CASH TODAY-THE FANMOUR WAY

YOU can make plenty of extra cash showing FANMOUR'S 1951 Everyday Cards, Easter, Personalized Stationery, Children's Items and Novel Gifts that "sell on sight" up to 100% profit.

WRITE TODAY SAMPLES ON APPROVAL and receive FREE package of colorful Gift Cards, samples of Personalized Stationery and Illustrated CATALOG. Be first—Start now.

SPECIAL FUND RAISING PLAN FOR ORGANIZATIONS

FANMOUR Corp. Dept. FX 200 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 10, N.Y.

Amazing New Chin and Throat Strap!



15 Minutes a Day Brings Thrilling New Loveliness!

Today thousands of happy women are giving thanks—because they have discovered the amazing new loveliness this wonderful Model Chin and Throat Strap can bring them.

Many women despair when they gaze in the mirror. If you are one of these, here is new hope! Now you can look for a vast improvement in a few weeks!

Just use this wonderful Model Chin Strap method regularly 15 minutes a day, exercising according to directions, and massaging with any throat cream. The natural movements of your chin and neck do their part. Muscles obtain the exercise they need; circulation is stimulated. Soon you should notice a vast improvement. In a matter of weeks you can expect new loveliness. And you can help keep that new loveliness by regular daily use.

A Lovelier Profile or Your Money Back!

Fill in the coupon below now. Take this definite step toward new beauty today. The Model Chin Strap will come to you in a plain wrapper. On arrival pay postman $1.50 plus postage. If cash accompanies order, we pay postage. Your money back if not satisfied after 7 days' trial. Rush coupon today. Please print name.

MODEL COMPANY, Dept. 704
936-A, Merchandise Mart, Chicago 54, Illinois
Please send me a MODEL CHIN STRAP. I'll pay postman $1.50 plus postage. If I am not satisfied after 7 days, I'll return it for refund of my purchase price. (If you send cash we pay postage.)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....*State*.....

onth? We will go down to daddy and he ll be happy too.' She loved me, you see, d we were together. It was enough for en."

His voice stopped and he dug at the earth th his toe, then swung around.

"They telephoned me at three o'clock in e morning and told me I was to go to rica in two hours. I had begged to go, but ways they refused me. Now I was to go, d I was to tell no one. I spent the two urs on the telephone. I could not find her. n minutes before I had to leave, I found elen. I told her what to tell Nicole. I am ench and I was young then—I could only nd my love. I tell you, I almost went mad t to see her. But I went to Africa and we ere very occupied.

"There was a long time that I got no let- rs at all, and then one morning I had many. here were four from Nicole, dated a long me before, and a new one from Helen tell- g me that Nicole had had a child and was o ill to write. There was one also from the ther of Nicole. That also I will not tell, ex- pt that I was not to have my son, I was not see his daughter, and that he hoped I ould die, as France had died. I never saw s daughter again; she was killed before I uld get home. He took my son."

The hut was filled with silence. Then I id, "Have you been allowed to see him?"

"I have seen him each year. He is five ears old. I do not wish to dispute him, it is nhappy for him. I can only give him Longue- lle. He will have money from his grand- ther."

"What is his name?"

"Nicholas."

"Do you want to have him here, Guy?"

"Of course, he is mine and he is so like er." Once again the weary gh in the darkness.

"Then I think you have een very weak. You must ght for him." I had never riticized Guy before. I was mazed at myself.

"You would want to ave him here?" His voice as astonished.

"What have I to do ith it?" I said. "It is your decision."

"When I had told you I was going to hope or the courage to ask you to marry me? I ould do what you desire about Nicholas."

I got up and went to the door. "You would ave been very wrong. You must think first f your son."

He came and stood behind me, gripping ny arms. "You will marry me, Georgia?"

"Oh, Guy," I said, "you are giving me eaven." I turned round into his embrace. We will take Nicholas. I will love him with ll my heart if he will let me."

Guy kissed me. This was the not-to-be- neasured moment for which all the other noments of my life, all good things, were nerely prelude. As he kissed me then, he was o longer Guy but all joy, all passion, all ove, the sum of ecstasy that has existed ince the beginning. Time was neither our nemy nor our friend. There was no time.

It was a strange day, that next day. Rain vas banging against my windows when I wakened very late. Honoré told me when he brought me my breakfast, "*Je vous offre nes félicitations respectueuses, madame.*" Mon- ieur had told them all, she said. All the itchen was delighted for Monsieur. She gave ne a note from Guy and went out, smiling.

"Darling," the note read, "I have told Annette and Gisèle that we are going to be narried. Alas, I must go into the village di- ectly as there is some difficulty with the noney from the Kermesse, but I hope to re- urn at lunch when I shall have the pleasure f informing the others. Until then! I love ou. Guy."

I knelt by the window sill and, as I had done so many times, looked out across the awn to the old trees. It was impossible for me to realize that I was to be the mistress of his house, mistress of the farm. It was I who should sit at Guy's table now, every day, all the days until I should die. It was too much, t was my heart's desire.

I put on my tweed skirt and a sweater and did the best I could with my face and hair. There was a tap at the door, and I heard Annette's voice. I opened the door.

"Come in," I said.

She said, "I understand I am to congratulate you."

"I hope you don't mind too much, Annette. We are very happy."

"That is fortunate," she said. "You will have need to be. I have come to tell you that Henri and I will go to my mother in Paris. We will not disarrange you."

She began to go out the door, but stopped with her hand on the knob as I said, "I wish you would let me be your friend."

"That is impossible," she said. "I do not know you." She went out, closing the door behind her.

She did not know me. No, and she never would. I sat down on the bed wearily. I would never be a part of this family—always the stranger, the interloper.

I wondered about Gisèle. I wondered what show she would make of controlling her anger, her jealousy, which I was sure would be terrible. And beyond Gisèle was Guy's mother, of whom I knew nothing except that she had had a title in England before she was married. There was no reason to suppose that she would be anything but bitterly angry too.

I went to find Gisèle. It was infinitely worse to wait for her to come to me, imagining what she would say, than to go to her directly and find out. There was no one in the living room, and I recrossed the hall to the library. The door was closed, but I opened it and went in. Gisèle was there alone, lying full length on the chesterfield.

"Ah," she said. "The lady of the house. Forgive me if I don't get up. I can make my obeisance from here."

I sat down and Gisèle went on:

"I must say, for a newly affianced maiden you don't seem exactly burbling with joy. I hope you're not hurt by a little lack of enthusiasm from the De Montforts. You didn't expect anything else, did you?"

"I expected nothing."

"Lucky you. The only thing is that from me you're going to get something worse than nothing. Late, last night, weren't you?"

"Very."

"What a coincidence that this morning you wake up to find yourself engaged!"

"It's not precisely a coincidence," I told her.

She sat up. "Do you deny that you were in the woods by the hut with Guy last night, and not precisely discussing your widowed state? Why, Helen saw you, you fool, she ——" She broke off and then said violently, "Anyway, you can't deny it."

"I'm not denying anything."

"I should think not. You've outsmarted yourself, my fine sister-in-law to be. But you *won't* be. I know Guy and it won't last."

"What won't last?" demanded Guy from the doorway.

Gisèle whirled to face him. "Your affair with this cheap American nobody. Guy, you can't, you *can't*. She's not good enough to touch you. She's ——"

"Be quiet." Guy took her arms from around his neck and moved away from her. He came to me and took my hand. He said, "Gisèle, I told you this morning that you would either welcome Georgia and treat her as my future wife, as will everybody in this house, or you and they will leave. You agreed, and three hours later I find you have lied to me. You have no choice now. You will go."

Gisèle stood where he had left her. "Guy, you can't be serious. You don't mean this?"

"I have never been so serious. You will go at once, please."

For the first time since I had known her, her cool detachment slipped away. "Guy ——" She took a step toward him, reaching out her

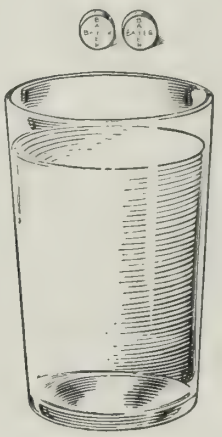
(Continued on Page 105)

A really plain woman is one who, however beautiful, neglects to charm.

—EDGAR SALTUS: The Pomps of Satan (Coward-McCann).

Here's Why You Need Bayer Aspirin When You Have A Cold

—to Feel Better Fast!



AT THE first sign of a cold—*before you do anything else*—take two BAYER ASPIRIN tablets with a full glass of water. Here's why:

When you have a cold, it's almost invariably accompanied by a headachy, feverish feeling and muscular aches and pains. And it's very important to your well being that you treat these distressing symptoms with a medication that will *relieve* them . . . *relieve* them quickly. By taking BAYER ASPIRIN at the first sign of a cold, you'll get this important relief.

No matter how you try to stop or shorten a cold, we believe that your own doctor will tell you that this is sound advice.

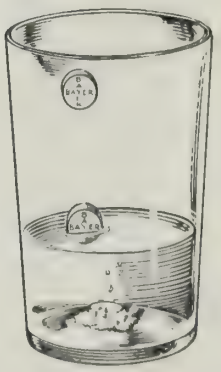
FEEL BETTER FAST

And when you use BAYER ASPIRIN, you'll discover why millions have followed this advice with remarkable results. For BAYER ASPIRIN works fast. It's actually ready to go to work in two seconds. And this is one reason why it brings you amazingly quick relief from these painful cold symptoms.



This two second speed is something you can see with your own eyes by dropping a BAYER ASPIRIN tablet in a glass of water and "clocking" its disintegration.

WHAT TO DO FOR SORE THROAT



When your cold causes a sore throat, gargle with three BAYER ASPIRIN tablets dissolved in one-third of a glass of water. This makes a highly potent medicinal gargle that almost instantly soothes tender throat membranes, relieves pain and irritation.

Besides being effective, BAYER ASPIRIN is also gentle. Its single active ingredient is so gentle to the system that doctors regularly prescribe it even for small children.

Keep BAYER ASPIRIN handy. When you buy, be sure to ask for it by its full name—*Bayer* Aspirin—not just for "Aspirin" alone.

Because no other pain reliever can match its record of use by millions of normal people, without ill effect, one thing you can take with complete confidence is genuine

BAYER ASPIRIN



Aunt Jemima Pancakes

So Light, So Tender, they melt in your mouth!



It's an old custom . . . to eat pancakes on Pancake Day. Traditionally celebrated throughout Europe, this custom originated in England more than 500 years ago. Later it spread to Canada. Now all America joins in the fun.

And so can you . . . with fluffy stacks of golden Aunt Jemimas—the lightest pancakes that ever invited forks to get busy!

In fact, light-hearted Aunt Jemimas make a holiday out of any day you serve 'em. Yes, there's something about their golden goodness that makes for family fun.

So on Tuesday, Feb. 6th—and through all the Lenten weeks ahead—join the folks from coast to coast who enjoy pancake *days* with steaming stacks of Aunt Jemimas. *No others* give such tempting, flavory lightness.

GET BOTH KINDS!

The red box for Pancakes—the yellow box for Buckwheats



See for yourself why...

more women prefer

AUNT JEMIMAS

than all other brands combined!

(Continued from Page 103)

nd. "I'll do anything, anything, only don't ake me go away."

Guy said coldly, "It is for Georgia to for- ve you."

My heart was full of pity for them both. e was calm, but his hand trembled as it ld mine. "Gisèle," I said, "I understand. do forgive you."

She looked at me and, though her pain was ry real, I saw her face tighten. *Ah,* I ought, *you will never forgive me.* But she id, "Georgia, ask him to let me stay."

I did not want her to stay, I was afraid of r, but I said, pressing Guy's hand, "Dar- ng, ask your sister to stay. It is her home o."

The room was silent. At last Guy said, You do not deserve this, but stay if you ish." He touched my cheek lightly. "I will me back in a few moments, Georgia. I ave you to Gisèle's apology," and quickly went out the door.

Gisèle said, her voice as cool now as the indrops that were sliding down the window front of me. "Thank you, Georgia. I sup- se that was generous of you."

"You're welcome," I said dryly.

"You did it for Guy, of course, not for me. am going to behave, Georgia, but I—I n't apologize to you." When I remained ent she said, "You won't tell Guy that I dn't?"

I faced her. "You know I will not," I said. Otherwise you wouldn't dare to omit it."

I walked through the or, upstairs and into y room. I took a coat m the cupboard and nt down the stairs again d out onto the terrace. ne rain fell on my bare ad. I went around the use and down toward the rm.

"Hi, my Mia," I called. began to run toward her lcoming voice.

When I came in from y walk I was drench- g wet. Helen's door was sed as I passed it. I d not seen her since e night before at the Kermesse, but, as in e case of Gisèle, I knew I would have to e her soon.

When I came into the living room half an ur later she was still missing, but the hers were all there, drinking champagne. s I came down the shallow steps, Guy came meet me and drew my hand through his m. We went down the room together, to e fireplace.

Guy said, "I had been intending to give u a surprise, but I am afraid that so poor our hospitality at Longueville that when e has champagne before lunch one knows at it must be celebration. I have the great ppiness to tell you that Georgia has con- nted to be my wife. You cannot congratu- te her, perhaps, but you will be quick to ngratulate me." He smiled and, putting s arm around my waist, stood beside me, cing them.

RADFORD said heartily, "Well, that's just e. Do I get to kiss the bride?"

His wife gave him a look of intense dislike he came across the room and kissed me on e cheek. It was a moment or two before e could say anything. Then, "But I *do* con- atulate you," she said to me. "This must wonderful for you."

"And me," Guy said, "am I not to be con- atulated also?"

She hesitated, then she raised her glass. Congratulations," she said half audibly.

"You will forgive our lack of astonished light," Gisèle began, and added, "Guy told this morning."

Dickie said, "I congratulate Georgia. I do solutely congratulate Georgia." He lifted s glass high. "Can't do anything about u, old man," he told Guy. "No more drink ft."

Annette had no glass. She sat silent, look- g into the fire. Henri murmured something French, and Bruno moved off the window seat and came to us where we stood by the fire. He kissed Guy on either cheek, in the French fashion, and then, without speaking, turned to me and bowed.

It was not a success, the announcement of our engagement.

Late that afternoon I went back up the stairs to lie down in my room. I had been sitting with Guy while he tried to bring some order out of the chaos of the Kermesse. Now, climbing the stairs, I thought again of Helen. As if by magic, as I passed her door, I heard her voice.

"Is that you? Come in, please. I want to talk to you."

I WAS tired to my bones, but this must be got through, sooner or later. I pushed the door open and went in. She was sitting in a low chair, the inevitable bottle of Scotch on a table beside her. I realized that she was extremely drunk.

"Is it true," she asked, "this thing that Gisèle told me?"

"I don't know what Gisèle told you, but it's true that I am going to marry Guy."

"It is infamous!"

"Really, Helen, I am fed up with all this abuse. There is nothing so appalling about me that everyone must practically die with horror because I'm going to marry Guy."

"How can you marry him, when you know how I love him?" Helen demanded. "You are a traitor to me." Her voice was rising.

"I don't want to be unkind," I said as patiently as I could, "but Guy does not love you. He is free to choose whom he will love."

"But he *would* have loved me, I would have made him love me. You will never be happy together. I will not permit it."

"Helen, are you threatening me?" She did not reply, and I went on, "I am going now."

"Wait," she said. "You think you are going to have Nicole's child too. You forget that his grandfather is my uncle. He will never let him go. I've written him what kind of woman you are, that you are unfit—unfit ——" She staggered across the room to the little desk. I could hear her muttering, "Find the letter . . . must find the letter."

I said, "Helen, I warn you, if you have done anything to hurt Guy I shall fight you back. You can lie about me from the rooftops, but keep your scheming away from Guy and Nicholas. I have something to fight for now, and I intend to do it."

My words seemed to hit her like a blow on the face. She sank down on the bed and burst into a storm of weeping.

I waited until her sobbing had subsided a little, then I said quietly, "I don't mean to be unkind. I have no feeling of triumph, though I know you won't believe me. I pity you from my heart."

"I don't want your pity."

She began to cry again.

I waited, but there was no sound except her choked breathing. I opened the door and left her. Uncertain and miserable, I went to my room and lay down on the bed in the dark, trying to think.

I awoke with a sense of its being very late. There was a tap at the door.

"Yes," I said, "what is it?"

Honoré sidled into the room. She was desolate to disturb Madame, but Monsieur was wondering if perhaps Madame had awakened and was hungry. Would Madame go to the little office? Monsieur awaited her there.

As I came down the stairs a few minutes later, I glanced into the living room. Annette, Bruno, Henri and Mrs. Bradford were playing bridge. The others were sitting around the fireplace. Helen lay on the chesterfield, in a long blue robe. As they heard my feet on the tiled floor, they all looked up.

"Oh, Georgia," Gisèle called, "did you have a good sleep? Guy's waiting for you in the office."

The female of the European field cricket will not allow her mate to woo another maiden. The wooing is done by use of a fiddle which is a part of the male's wings. After a female has accepted him, she tears the wings of her lover and breaks his fiddle so that never again can he play for the enticement of another female cricket.

—JOHN Y. BEATY: Nature is Stranger Than Fiction (Lippincott).



"Sugaring-off Party in 1850." The young folks loved to invade the sugar camp and enjoy fresh-made maple sugar cooled on the snow.

PANCAKE DAY, FEBRUARY 6th
Enjoy Real Maple Sugar Flavor with
VERMONT MAID SYRUP

Real maple sugar flavor is what you get in every jug of Vermont Maid Syrup! Our skilled blenders select maple sugar that is unusually rich, blend it with cane sugar. This gives you, at moderate cost, real maple sugar flavor that is *always* the same, always delicious! At your grocer's—in the attractive 24-ounce or 12-ounce jugs.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc.,
Burlington, Vermont



© 1951, P. & F. Ltd., Inc.

Made by the makers of My-T-Fine Desserts and Brer Rabbit Molasses

Startlingly effective on wrinkles, puffiness, age lines..!



Firmo-Lift
Treatment Lotion

This one bottle can help you look years younger! No other preparation can give you the age-defying action of Elizabeth Arden's remarkable Firmo-Lift Treatment Lotion. It has proven unusually successful when used to combat double chin, heavy jowls, surface lines. There are enough treatments in a single 4-oz. bottle to help make an overwhelming difference in your skin and contours. You press it, mould it, work it up, up, up into your skin. Why lose another precious moment before you try it!
2 ounces, **2.50** . . . . 4 ounces, **5.00**
prices plus taxes

Elizabeth Arden

"Thank you," I said, startled. This was extraordinary. Peace and harmony seemed to have come to Longueville.

Guy got up from behind his desk as I came into his room. "Oh, darling, are you rested? I disliked to waken you, but I have been thinking and I wanted to talk to you. Your supper is there."

There was a tray in front of the fireplace with cold chicken and salad. He began to fill a plate for me.

"Everything seems to be sweetness and light," I said. "You must have made a miracle while I was asleep." I took the plate he offered me. "I want to talk to you, too," I said, "about Nicholas."

Guy sat down beside me. "And I to you, about Nicholas. You have not changed your mind? You want still to have him here?"

"I want beyond everything to have him here," I said. "Do you think we can? Can his grandfather prevent it?"

His face darkened, and he got up restlessly and began to walk about the room. "I do not know. He is an unreasonable man and he does not like me. There is nothing legal. Nicholas has not been adopted. I have been afraid to argue with Nicole's father for fear he would take away the money from Nicholas. I had no name to give him; I thought I could not deprive him of the money. I have been weak."

"Yes, darling, I think so."

"You make me ashamed," he said. "But I will be weak no longer. I am going to England. I have decided tonight."

"Oh, Guy!" I cried involuntarily.

He took my face in his hands. "Do not look so dismayed, my pretty." He kissed me and I clung to him a moment, feeling suddenly desolate. "You will not like to stay here? I think you must go to Paris to my mother."

Oh, no, I thought, I was not going to begin my relationship with the one person in Guy's family whom I had still some hope of winning by foisting myself on her, unknown and uninvited. "I think I ought to wait a little, darling, until she is used to the idea of me."

"You are perhaps right," he said. "She is a difficult woman."

My life is full of them, I thought. "I'll be all right here," I said. "I'll stay outdoors and out of the way. Perhaps they'll get used to me."

Guy left next morning. Longueville was strange without him. I missed him with a pain like that following an amputation; the agony of separation was gone, but the wound ached on. I had a wire from London to tell me that he had arrived, and then for two days there was silence.

The others were very gay. Often I was alone for lunch and dinner. I felt as if I were a guest in a hotel where I knew the other guests by sight. We spoke on the stairs, in the hall. I lived in a vacuum, waiting. Then, the second night, I had another encounter with Helen.

I CAME back to the house about dusk, having been out all day. There were no lights showing and I thought that they must all be out. Then as I went across the hall I heard a voice call, "Georgia?"

I stopped and went to the living room. "Who is it? Oh, it's you, Helen. Did you call me?"

She was sitting at the end of the room by the remains of a dying fire. "Will you come here a moment? I want to talk to you," she said. I went down the steps and over to the nearest lamp. "No, don't," she said. "I like this time of day; it's kind to me." Her voice was thick, as it always was these days, but it was quiet, and without any emotion at all.

"All right," I said, and walked down the room and stood behind the chesterfield.

"I have never paid you. I have just remembered. Look, I have a lot of money. I promised you five hundred pounds. Will you take five thousand and go away?"

"Odd as it may seem to you, I am not to be bought."

"I am a fool," she said. "Of course it isn't enough compared with what you can get. Fifty thousand, then. It's about all I have, but I could raise more. You could go anywhere, do anything. Forget Guy. You have never had money. You'll be the catch of the year. You can have anyone."

"I don't want 'anyone.' I want Guy. You're wasting your breath, Helen."

She got up and swayed toward me. "You'll be sorry," she said. "You had better take my money and get out."

"Are you suggesting ——" I began, when Honoré came to the top of the little steps.

"Madame," she said agitatedly, "are you there? Monsieur is on the telephone wanting to speak to you. He is in London."

I ran out of the room and into the office. Guy's voice came faintly.

"Yes," I said, "yes."

I could hear, or I thought I could hear, the waves beating under the night sky between us as his voice went on. When we had finished talking I walked back to the living room.

"Helen?" I said. "That was Guy on the telephone. The old man is dead; he died this morning. Guy is bringing Nicholas here tomorrow."

The next day was a wonderful one on which to come to Longueville for the first time. The trees stood stark against the sky, dramatically etched in the clear light of France; the landscape was like a picture of itself. I could not stay indoors waiting for Guy and Nicholas. I lingered with Mia near the driveway, listening for the sound of the car. But when I heard them coming I hung back. I went slowly to the front of the house to see that the car was already there and Guy was getting out. He looked round and saw me.

"Ah, darling, there you are. Here is Nicholas."

I WENT up to Guy quickly and he drew me to him and kissed me, reaching out his hand to the little boy who was getting out of the car. He was a small child, and delicate-looking, in a gray flannel suit. His blond head was bare. I did not think he resembled Guy at all, except for his serious expression.

I offered him my hand. "Hello, Nicholas. I am so very glad to see you."

"Hello," he said. Then he turned to Guy. "This is Georgia, papa?"

"And this is Mia," I said. "She is my special friend. I hope you will like her too."

Hearing her name, Mia rolled over on her back. Her thick legs, beating at the air, brushed against the boy's bare knees.

"She's nice," he said, bending down to pat her, and a smile broke over his grave face.

"She's a great one for a walk," I said.

He looked up at me from where he knelt stroking the dog. "I'm a great one for a walk too," he said shyly.

"That's fine. Maybe you'll like to come with us. We know all the paths."

"I should like to, awfully," he said in his correct English voice. He was like a little old man.

"Well, then, that's settled," I said, all the more briskly for suddenly feeling that I wanted to cry.

Guy came over to us. "Come and meet your aunts, Nickie," he said, and we began to walk toward the house.

We went in the door and down the steps to the living room. Annette and Henri were talking together at the end of the room; Gisèle was lounging on the window seat, buffing her nails.

"Nickie," Guy said, his hand around the child's shoulder, "this is your Aunt Annette, your Aunt Gisèle, your Uncle Henri." He pushed him gently and the boy went over to each in turn, holding out his hand, saying, "How do you do?"

"He is not at all like you, Guy," Gisèle said. "He is the very image of Nicole. He is utterly like Nicole." She looked at me fleetingly, and then she said to Nicholas, "Your mother was very beautiful—that's a compliment. You should thank me."

"Thank you," the child said awkwardly.

"I must go upstairs," I murmured and turned to leave the room.

"Shall I go with Georgia, papa?" asked Nickie.

"Yes, my dear. Go with Georgia. She will take you to Honoré."

NULLO
NEW PILL
KILLS
Stops all fear of offending in close contact
BODY
Take it like a vitamin
ODORS

BAD BREATH, TOO!

TAKE one or two Nullo tablets daily! Then no amount of rushing or nervous excitement can produce the slightest body odor. Women's special odor problems—during the menstrual period, for instance—are stopped! Even your socks and underwear carry no odor. And your winter wools...dresses and sweaters ...never pick up a trace of unpleasant perspiration odor. That's because you have no odors when you take Nullo regularly.

Easy to Carry! Easy to Take!
For bad breath, chew Nullo. Even garlic, alcohol, and tobacco are no match for Nullo. Try it today! If not delighted, your money back! Nullo is clinically tested . . . absolutely harmless.

THE DE PREE COMPANY, Holland, Michigan
Established 1906 • Manufacturers of Nurse Brand Drugs and Wheatamin Vitamins



Featured in Reader's Digest!

Nullo is the consumer-advertised product made according to the Westcott process—the product investigated and referred to in the recent article in Reader's Digest. No other product can make this statement.



nullo*
IT REALLY WORKS!

New Pocket Size 29¢
30 Day Supply $1.25
Economical Family Size (100 tablets) $2.95

I waited while he came quickly over to me
d put his hand in mine again.
We went up slowly, allowing for short legs
the slippery steps, and he began to talk
out France. He broke off sharply and
essed himself against me. I had been look-
down at him, but I glanced up quickly
d saw Helen descending. Nickie shrank
ck, staring at her, and I murmured, "It's
right, darling." Helen's face was terrible.
e did not have to be five years old to be
ghtened by her.
She stopped a few steps above us and
od silently.
"This is Nicholas, Helen. Nickie, Lady
len is your second cousin." I pressed his
nd.
"How do you do," he managed to say.
"It is Nicole again," Helen said.
For a second or two we stood facing each
er, and then she picked up her skirt and
nt on down the stairs.
The child gave a deep sigh. "I don't like
. Does she live here?"
"Just now she does, darling, but not al-
ys. Here is my room. We'll go in here while
ll you about her. Nickie, that lady is not
y because she is wicked but because she
s hurt. In the war, one night there was a
mb, and it cut her face so that she looks
y now. But when you are near her you
be very kind, for of course she is sad."
He turned his head and looked at me.
Will you be with me when she is there?"
asked.
"Yes," I said.
"Then I expect it'll be all right."
came downstairs half an hour later,
ving him chattering away in French to
noré as she unpacked his clothes. My
d was full of him, and although I heard
ces in the living room I did not hear the
ds until it was too late to retreat.
—— never go through with it," Gisèle's
ce was saying. "No one wants another
man's child around indefinitely. She's no
nt, no matter what you may think." She
ke off as she saw me.
I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean to
errupt you."
Oh, come in," said Gisèle. "We can
ays change the subject."

Y came over and took my hand. "Or
room. You will excuse us, Gisèle. I'd like
alk before lunch."
he waved a hand in sardonic farewell as
went out of the room and out the door.
oing along the path toward the pond,
y said, "They are not happy to have
holas here, but then I did not expect any-
ng else. But you?"

"I am extremely happy," I said, putting my arm around him. "He is an adorable little boy."

"It was difficult in England," he said. "The old man was ill when I got there. I never saw him. The lawyer came from London the next day. We had an argument." Guy smiled wearily. "'He is my son,' I said, 'and I am taking him to France.' He told me I could not. I said again simply that I could and would."

"Of course you were right, but there may be some trouble."

"I know," he said, sighing, "but he is here at least. He will not be too much trouble?"

"He won't be in the least any trouble. He'll be happiness. You love him very much, don't you, darling?"

"I did not know how much," he said.

I was right when I said that Nicholas would be happiness. The sunny days unfolded, and his presence wove through them like a golden thread. The others ignored him for the most part and spent more and more time away from the house. Nickie took them for granted in the detached way of children for whom only those they love are real. He even lost his initial fear of Helen. She drank all the time, but she was very quiet. The Bradfords were getting ready to leave, and Annette and Henri were going with them to Paris.

With Mia, Nickie and I explored Longueville. He was a wonderful companion, Nickie. He was too old for his years; he had been so much alone. He was interested, polite, observant. I found myself talking to him exactly as if we were the same age, except that his grammar was more correct than mine.

"I am rather afraid of geese, darling," I said one day when we were leaning on the farm gate, reluctant to leave Mia, who had just been shut up in the kennel after a walk.

"Afraid of geese?" Nickie said. "But they're so silly." He looked at me from beneath his lashes. "You are a silly goose," he said slyly, waiting for the effect.

"You made a pun," I said.

"I know," he smiled, pleased with himself.

"Well, a sort of a pun, not a very good one. I can make one too. 'You made fun, you made a pun.'"

"It's more like a poem," said Nickie.

"You're right, it isn't a pun at all. But it isn't a poem either. This is a poem: 'When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces, the mother of months in meadow or plain.'" I paused, watching his face.



"Unfortunately, her rich uncle got the announcement up in the moose country."





Spicy magic* for an oven specialty!

SPICY PARTY CASSEROLE

Checked by Good Housekeeping Kitchens

1 4-lb. drawn roaster, cut-up
6 slices bacon
¼ cup butter or margarine
5 tablesp. flour
1 teasp. salt
⅛ teasp. ground black pepper*
¼ teasp. celery salt*
¾ teasp. rubbed sage*
¾ teasp. powdered thyme*
2 chicken bouillon cubes
1 cup hot water
2 cups milk

Clean, wash, dry chicken. Saute 6 slices bacon in deep skillet until crisp; remove, drain, crumble 4 slices; reserve rest. Saute pieces of chicken, a few at a time, in bacon fat over medium heat until brown. As pieces brown, place in a 2½-qt. casserole, sprinkling crumbled bacon over each layer. When chicken is all sauteed, drain off bacon fat, melt butter in same skillet, remove from heat. Stir in next 6 ingredients. Dissolve cubes in water, stir into ingredients in skillet with milk. Stir over low heat until thickened and smooth, pour over chicken. Cover; bake in moderate oven of 350° F. 1½ hrs. Uncover at beginning of last 15 min., top with 4 reserve slices crisp bacon. Makes 6 servings.

* McCORMICK or SCHILLING SPICES make the meal "special." Yes, fine spices—with full, true, *lasting* flavor—help you work magic even with everyday ingredients. So always buy by brand: McCormick in the East, Schilling in the West, depending on where you live. At your grocer's now, where you'll also find McCormick Tea—world-famous for its flavor.

McCORMICK SPICES

Schilling SPICES



East or West—
the same pure spices
only the name
is different

McCORMICK & CO., Inc.

The World's Largest Spice and Extract House

"Say more," he said.

I repeated the whole slowly.

"It's like a dance. I can jump to it. You say it while I jump."

"'—— fills the *shadows*'"—Nickie jumped with both feet and came down on the rhythm—"'and windy *places*.'" A hop here and Nickie gestured to the woods. "'. . . with lisp of leaves, and murmur of *rain*.'" A terrific, a triumphant jump.

"Come on," I said, "we can jump home to lunch. You say it with me."

"You jump, too," he commanded.

We went up the path, jumping very hard indeed.

It was the day after that that I asked Guy if I could teach Nickie to swim. To my surprise he demurred a little.

"It's kind of you, darling," Guy said, "and he could not have a better teacher. But he's such a little boy and not very strong."

"Swimming would make him strong, Guy. It's partly on that account. He's little but he's smart. He'd learn quickly. Think of the advantage he'd have when he goes to school."

That won him. Nickie must have every advantage; we both saw that he would need it. But still Guy hesitated, and all my life I shall remember that he hesitated, and know that he remembers too.

"The pond is so weedy," he said, then he added, "But you are wonderful in the water, Georgia, and you would be always with him."

"Of course I would be. Surely you trust me, Guy?"

"It is not a question of trusting. It is only that sometimes I feel the responsibility ——" Guy sighed. "*Eh bien*, take him and teach him. I know how you love him."

We swam every afternoon and Nickie learned very quickly. In three days he could paddle about in the shallow water by himself, and by the end of a week we were taking the boat out to the raft.

RADICALISM, *n.* The conservatism of tomorrow injected into the affairs of today.
—AMBROSE BIERCE: The Devil's Dictionary (Albert & Charles Boni, Inc.).

"This is a tippy old boat, and it leaks dreadfully. We must ask papa if he will buy us another," I said one day when we were coming back to the shore. "But soon you will be able to swim out to the raft."

"I do like swimming from the raft. There are no weeds there. I don't like the weeds."

"Neither do I, darling."

Guy was standing on the bank. "I saw you," he called. "You are doing splendidly." He had a letter in his hand. He looked very pleased.

"Georgia says I can learn to dive soon," Nickie announced, scrambling out of the boat.

"He's doing so well, Guy. I'm terribly proud of him."

"Ah, you see, it is his teacher." Guy tied the boat. "Here, my love, I have a letter from *maman*."

"Is she very angry?"

He put his arm around my shoulders. "There is no need to look frightened. I do not think she is angry at all. She says, 'I am only your mother, but I should like to inquire when you intend to be married.'" He took my hands, pulling me to him. "When will you marry me, my pretty?"

"Tomorrow. Guy, let's be married tomorrow in the village!"

"My dear, you forget that this is France. So it cannot be tomorrow. I will speak to the mayor tonight. We can be married in a week. Will you marry me next week, my darling?" He took me in his arms. I was holding Nickie's hand so that the three of us embraced.

"With all my heart," I said.

As we approached the house we saw that Gisèle and Dickie, with Annette and Henri a little apart, were sitting on the terrace.

"Ah, good," Guy murmured. "We will tell them now." He patted the top of Nickie's head. "Go in to your dinner," he said. The child disappeared into the house. "I am glad to find you," Guy said to the others. "We have news. We are going to be married in the village as soon as it may be arranged. I think a week, no more than a week."

"And *maman?*" Annette demanded sharp

"I am going now to write to *maman* to a that she will come here. I hope you will main, and you, Gisèle?"

"If *maman* comes I shall remain, of course said Annette.

"Not I, thank you all the same," Gisè said. "Dickie and I are for Deauville. Wh are you going to do about Helen, Georgia

"Why, what should she do about Hele What do you mean?" Guy said quickly.

"Well, my dear, it's your party. But wh with the Bradfords going, and the rest of more or less poised for flight, you'll be seei rather a lot of her, and I don't think it'll too frightfully gay for you."

"You might invite Helen to Deauvil with you," Guy said.

"We might, but I think it highly unlikel No, the disposal of Helen is your litt problem."

"I think Helen will make up her ow mind. She generally does," I said. "I am g ing to go and tell her now, Guy."

I left them and went into the house an upstairs. I knocked at Helen's door.

"Who is it? Go away!" her voice calle from inside.

"It's Georgia."

"What do you want?"

"I only want to tell you that we are goi to be married here, next week. I'm sorry disturbed you." I began to walk down t hall.

The door flew open behind me, and turned. She stood clinging to the doorfram with one thin, long hand. In the other s held an almost burned-o cigarette.

"So you're going to b married at Longueville. It all true." She passed h hand across her forehea in the manner of a traged queen.

"Have you ever hear of accepting the inevitabl Helen?"

"Have *you?*" she retorted.

"Yes. I do not pretend that I did it well.

"But you did it. You could do it again. She sketched a figure in the air, the smoke o her cigarette spiraling after it. "You are lik that," she said. "You are nothing. You ar the ghost of something, and when you ar gone, it will be as it was before. You didn exist until I made you," she said, suddenl fierce. Then her shoulders sagged. "Yo have told me your news. Now go away." Sh went in and reached behind her to close th door. Then she paused and looked at me ove her shoulder. "I'm afraid you are unlucky," she said.

It was very hot next morning, I remember I got dressed quickly and went to fin Nickie. He was on the terrace in a deck chai his blond curls damp on his forehead.

"Have you had your breakfast already?" I asked.

"It's hot. I don't want any."

"Oh, come on, silly. We'll have an orang and a roll. Then I think the best place for u is the pond. Don't forget, today is divin day."

He got up obediently and followed me int the dining room.

"I'm going to learn to dive today," he tol Honoré as she brought the coffee.

"He is not too young, madame?"

"Oh, no, he swims well now. He'll do very well."

She patted his head, leaving the room. "What a nice little boy," she murmured fondly.

We wandered down to the pond. The field and the woods lay silent and empty under the burning sun.

"Where are all the men, Georgia? I wanted Mr. Lafitte to watch me swim."

"They're loading the wood today, darling out by the highway. Now you change first and then you can practice your stroke whil I am changing."

I sat on the bank while I waited for him. I thought I was happier than I had ever been in my life. My happiness was a great warm

(Continued on Page 110)

Libby's IS THE PEAK-FLAVOR PINEAPPLE



LL IN FAVOR OF FLAVOR

say "Libby's!"



y dessert with tropical tang! Serve cold, sweetened rice with by's crispy *Crushed* Pineapple, drained. Like Libby's slices, nks and juice, it's *peak-flavor* pineapple—luscious! Garnish your y, economical dish with mint and maraschino cherries.





Slices • Chunks • Crushed • Juice

Whenever they're thirsty, Libby's Pineapple Juice is *the thing!*

It's sweetened *only* by Hawaiian sunshine—this sparkling, natural juice pressed from Libby's famous *peak-flavor* pineapples.

It has a wonderful, wake-up tang . . . a luscious, thirst-quenching quality that makes Libby's a round-the-clock favorite.

Above, the glasses of Libby's "liquid sunshine" are garnished with Libby's peak-flavor Pineapple *Chunks* and maraschino cherries speared on tooth picks. You just cut a little slit in each cherry to make it fit over the rim of the glass.

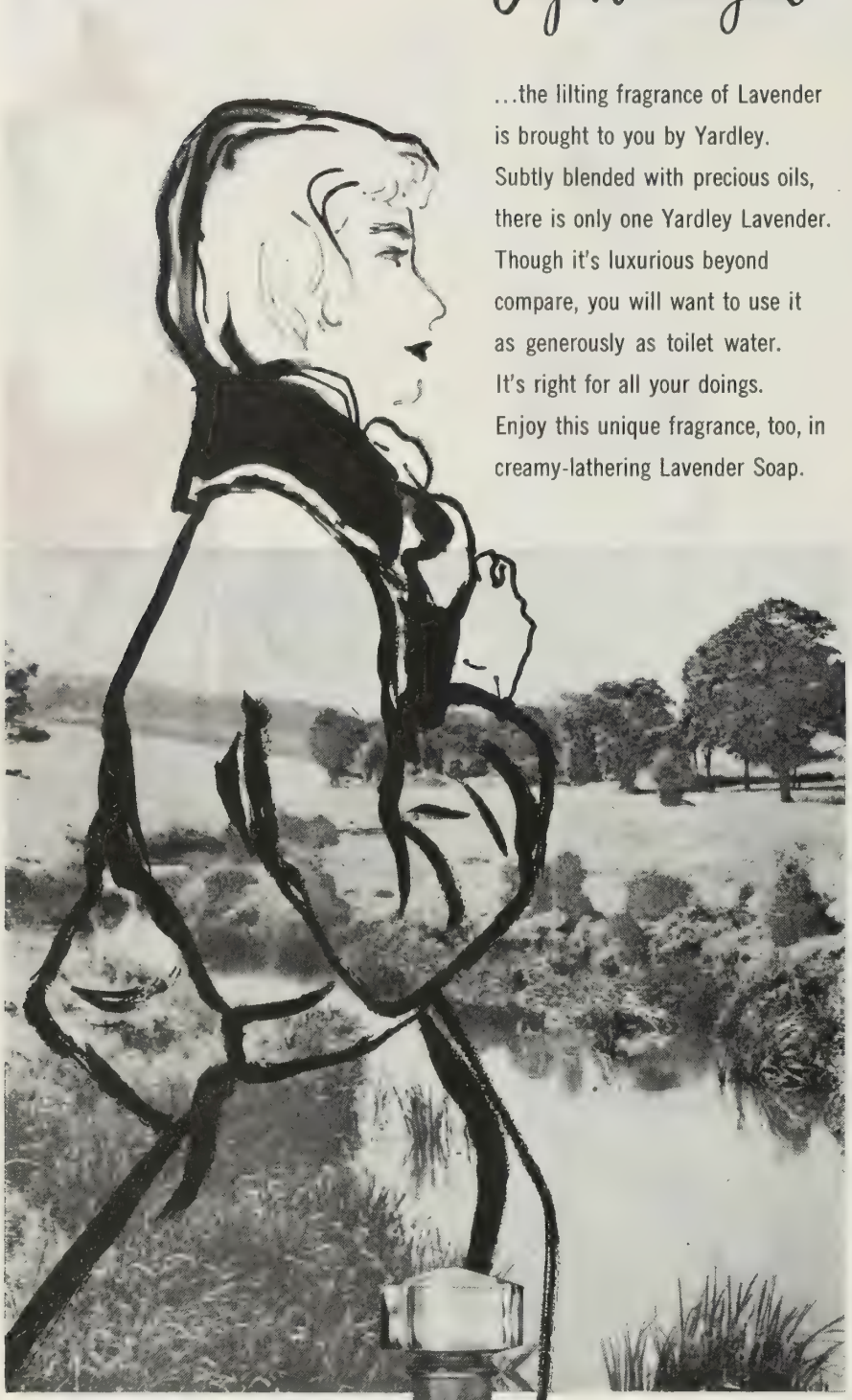
Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago 9, Ill.

LOOK TO Libby's FOR PERFECTION!

BY APPOINTMENT
PERFUMERS TO
H. M. QUEEN MARY.
YARDLEY, LONDON

fresh from the English countryside

...the lilting fragrance of Lavender is brought to you by Yardley. Subtly blended with precious oils, there is only one Yardley Lavender. Though it's luxurious beyond compare, you will want to use it as generously as toilet water. It's right for all your doings. Enjoy this unique fragrance, too, in creamy-lathering Lavender Soap.





Yardley English Lavender,
from $1.75, plus tax

Dusting Powder, $1.65, plus tax

Lavender Soap, $1.35 (box of three)
Bath size, 75c a tablet

YARDLEY
English Lavender

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

(Continued from Page 108)

core inside me. In a week, in a short week, I would be married to Guy, I would never have to leave them, Guy, Nicholas, Longueville. My love for Nickie was the strongest of my loves in that moment while I watched him coming out of the boathouse in his ridiculous little bathing suit.

"Georgia, shall I begin from the raft, right off from the raft?"

"Right off from the raft, but, you see, we begin by sitting down. It isn't much like diving at first—more like sliding."

I went past him into the boathouse and put on my bathing suit. I came out again and found him dutifully practicing his flutter kick by the bank.

"There's going to be a storm, darling," I said as we rowed out to the raft. "We don't have to have a long lesson today. We'll just learn a little and then lave ourselves."

"Lave ourselves, love ourselves," Nickie sang, making up the tune, as we swam from the raft. I had taught him to sing while he learned to swim. He seemed to be as relaxed in the water as I was.

"It's not truly diving," he said after half an hour. "It's only falling off with my head down."

"But this is only the beginning," I pointed out. "You are very quick, but you won't be *truly* diving till the end of the summer."

"Ah," he said, challenged, "I expect I can pretty soon. Dive again to show me."

I dived off the raft, and when I came up I heard someone calling. I saw Helen standing on the bank and waving her arms. Alarmed, I said, "Come along, darling. Someone must want us from the house, perhaps papa." I untied the boat and got in, holding it steady for Nickie, who jumped in after me.

We drew near the shore and I called, "What's wrong, Helen?"

She was standing very straight, very regal. "There's nothing wrong. I simply want the boat. Or is it exclusively yours and the child's? I want to go out on the water."

"I'm sorry," I said. "Of course you can have the boat any time. Can you get in from here or do you want me to take it over by the boathouse?"

"I can manage," she said. She clambered to the center and sat down, picking up the oars. She did not look at me at all. Nickie still sat in the boat at the stern.

"Come out, my love," I said. "We'll do some more flutter kicks."

Helen sat at the oars. "I don't suppose you'd like to come with me," she said.

"Oh, Georgia, could we go back to the raft? I can swim much better from the raft. I can hold on there. It's lovely for kicking." Nickie's voice begged me.

"I'll take you back out to the raft," Helen said. "At least it's a little cooler here. It's unutterable at the house."

"Do let's go back, Georgia," Nickie pleaded.

"All right," I said reluctantly, getting into the boat, "but no more swimming. You're too tired."

I SAT in the stern, facing her as she began to row awkwardly out onto the pond. Nickie sat in the bow, hugging his knees, singing softly to himself. There was no other sound except the creaking of the rowlocks.

"Helen, pull on your left oar. You're taking us into the weeds." She ignored me, and I said sharply, "I don't mean to sound bossy, but you can't see where you're going. Be careful!" She had dug into the water with her oar and the sudden movement rocked the little boat.

"I thought you told me to pull on my left oar."

"I didn't say to take a sounding. *Will* you be careful!" I cried warningly. Again she dug into the water, and the boat swayed. "I wish you'd let me row, this is dangerous." Over her shoulder, I could see Nickie's face. He had stopped singing and he looked a little frightened. "I think you had better take us back," I said.

"Very well, as you like," she replied indifferently and began to turn the boat. Suddenly she stood up, screaming. She lifted an oar out of the lock and began beating the water with it. "A snake," she yelled, "there's a snake beside the boat!" She bent over the side, thrashing the water with the oar.

I scrambled up, grabbing at her arms, trying to grasp the handle of the oar. "Stop it, Helen, you'll upset us," I cried, struggling with her.

She continued to flail the air and the water with the oar. I had hold of it, but it was wet and slippery and I could not pull it away from her. The boat was lurching violently.

"For God's sake, Helen," I begged, "stop this, think of the child!" I saw him behind her, he was standing up in panic. "Sit down, Nickie," I screamed. "Sit down!"

Helen raised her arms above her head, pulling the oar upward violently. The handle hit me on the side of the head, as the boat dipped to the side, and I had just a glimpse of Nickie's white face as he toppled over into the water. "Nickie!" I screamed, and let go the oar. Helen clutched me around the neck as I tried to plunge into the water, but she jerked away from her. She caught at my bathing suit and I could feel her legs on those of mine, as we fell into the water together.

I WENT down into the weeds below the surface, my head stingingly bright with a million flashing lights. I fought the weeds and pushed my way up. I was face to face with Helen. "Help me," she screamed, "I can't swim. I'm drowning!" She clutched at me and held my shoulder. I looked around frantically for Nickie and saw him, a few yards away, near the end of the boat. It was bobbing crazily but it was still afloat. My heart sent up a prayer of thankfulness.

"It's all right, darling," I called. "Don't try to swim, just kick with your feet. I'm coming to you."

He was treading water manfully. Helen clung to me, her hands on my shoulders forcing me down. I tore myself away from her and made for Nickie. He was beating the water with his hands and now his ashen face was half below the surface. I put all the effort of my panting heart into my body. I was almost close enough to touch him.

Helen gave a piercing shriek. "The snake. It touched me!"

I saw Nickie's face contorted with terror. He opened his mouth to scream and the water filled it. His head lolled and he went under without a sound.

"Get to the boat and hold it!" I yelled to Helen. "Scream, make them hear you on shore!"

I went down after him; he was just beyond me, but his body eluded me. I pushed forward violently, reaching out my arms, and caught his heels. His shoulders were held by the weeds, he was almost upside down. Frantically, I tore at them, pulling his little body backward, but they held firm. My heart was pounding so that I was afraid that when I got him free, I would not be able to get him to the surface.

It was like the culmination of every nightmare dreamed in a lifetime. The weeds were like all the demons of hell. I could see Nickie, my hands were upon him, but he was the prisoner still. At last, I tore him free. With what seemed like my last breath, I pushed up, holding him in my arms.

The boat was gone! I looked around dazedly, and there, perhaps twenty feet away, I saw it wobbling along toward the shore. I held Nickie's head out of the water and screamed, "Come back, come back." Helen was kneeling, using an oar as a paddle. She did not turn her head, the boat continued on its erratic course.

I saw Mia coming toward us. Nickie's head lay on my arm limply. His eyes were closed and water trickled from the corner of his open mouth. I did not try to move forward. I had no strength at all. I waited while Mia came to us and grabbed her thick coat with one hand, holding Nickie's face out of the water with the other. We swam slowly toward the bank. It was miles to the shore. It was a thousand years to the shore, it was like swimming an ocean. I heard my voice murmuring all the way . . . to Nickie, to Mia. I seemed to have them confused. All the time the effort went on, the furious, exhausting effort of holding Mia, of keeping this small

d cradled out of the water, of going on on and on.

When it was shallow enough to touch the om, I stood up, and lifting Nickie in my s, I staggered the rest of the way. The t was drifting close in. There was no sign Helen. I put my darling down on the bank went back for the boat. I dragged it up he marshy sand and turned it over. I was clearly conscious of what I was doing. re seemed to be a sort of metronome in head, ticking over and over again, "Be k, be quick, bequick, bequick." I put his y over the end of the boat and rocked it, ling him down on it. I knew he was dead. ew he was dead when I lifted him off the and knelt down over him, my hands sing his little back, but I pressed firmly, hmically, counting.

heard people running, but I did not look I felt Guy's hands on my shoulders, but I counted aloud, pressing, then releasing, sing and releasing.

heard Guy's voice say, "Here is the or, Georgia. Let the doctor take Nickie, rgia." He put his hands under my s and pulled me ny feet.

looked around mazement. The was crowded people. Helen, king more wned than tie, stood sway- between Henri Bradford. An- r man I had r seen had lifted tie up and stood ing him in his is. I looked nd at them from group to an- r, my eyes roll- lrunkenly, seek- Guy.

Nickie is dead, ," I said. He nothing and I ated, "You t understand. I k Nickie is ." I held out hands to him he stumbled to- l me.

She murdered ie! She let him n. I tell you I her let him wn!" Helen ed screaming and burst into a sort of king sob.

ifted Guy's face and looked into his eyes, in the dusk of the gathering storm. Guy, I tried to save him," I clutched ands as his face and the world began to away from me. "Guy!" I cried, out of lepths of my pain. Then it was dark.

EN I became conscious again I was ly- on a pile of coats in the boathouse, ped in Guy's terry-cloth robe. Bradford standing beside me.

at up. "Where is Nickie? Where is Guy?" They have taken the little boy up to the e. Guy is with him. Lean on me now. supposed to get you right up there."

e got into the truck. Lafitte, at the l, did not look up. He started the an- motor and we bumped up the muddy I sat huddled against the side of the on. My mind seemed to have stopped. ame up to the house, and when I saw it ain started, rushing into my heart as if I been given a sort of injection of misery. ford helped me out of the cab.

ere were voices in the library, but the was closed. I climbed slowly up the s. I wondered where they had put Nickie. nt into my own room. Someone had d down the bed and put a hot-water e in it. I took off my wet bathing suit wrapped my dressing gown around me, could not lie down. I sat on the chair by window. I put my head down on the side e chair and let the full weight of the pain wash over me. He was dead and they would think that I had killed him. They would think so because they wanted to think so. She had destroyed me. I did not know whether or not she had tried to drown me; it did not matter. But she had drowned Nickie as certainly as if she had held him under the water, and I wished she had drowned me too.

THERE was a knock on the door. It seemed to me that I had not used my voice in many years. "Who is it?" I asked huskily.

"It is I, Alain. Will you let me in?"

"The door is open."

He came into the room. "My poor child," he said, "my poor child."

"You know that I didn't do what she said."

"I know."

"He is dead?"

"Yes."

I put my hands to my face, but I could not cry.

"I am going to ask you to be more brave still. Do you think you can tell me exactly what happened? We only know what she told us when she came running up to the house."

"It was when she screamed that she had felt the snake in the water. Nickie was terrified. Before that, he was doing what I said. He was allright. I could have got to him. But he panicked then and went under. I could not get him from the weeds. I was tired from struggling with her. I knew I had to have the boat. I knew I had to have the boat," I repeated dully.

"Can you tell me from the beginning? I do not understand about the boat."

"There was no snake," I said. "I have never seen a snake in the pond, but she frightened him by screaming that there was one near the boat, and then she tipped it over."

"That was dangerous for her surely, since she cannot swim."

"Oh, Alain, she can swim. I saw her swimming."

He looked astonished. "She can swim? But she says that she cannot."

"Gisèle saw her swimming too. Gisèle knows that she can swim."

"This is very strange," he said. "Gisèle . . . we must get the truth of this. Georgia, it is cruel for you, but I have to tell you that there must be an investigation. She has formally accused you of allowing the boy to drown."

There was no sound in the room but the beating rain against the windows.

"It is not true," I said at last.

"No, it is not true," Alain said, "but the others . . . they do not know you. They say that she could not swim, that you were famous as a swimmer." He sighed deeply.

I asked the question I had been dreading to ask, "And Guy, does Guy believe her?"

"No, no," Alain replied quickly. "Guy does not believe that. He is stunned. He, too, is heartbroken."

"But he has not come to me. He has not come to comfort me, to let me comfort him."

"He cannot think yet. Tonight he will begin to see more clearly."

"I want to see him, I want to see him now. Please go, Alain, while I get dressed."

He stood up. "I think it would be better to wait until tomorrow," he said. He came over to me and took both my hands. "My poor little one, you must try to understand.

(Continued on Page 113)

NEXT MONTH

"If you can't stand a little of raw Africa, where peril is your bedfellow and every day an emergency, go home now! If you stay, remember that here a nurse is like a doctor. Pray, and go to work on any case they bring you."

THESE were Ellen's instructions—from old Doctor Mary, Big White Witch Doctor of the Congo. Ellen stayed twenty years, and was doctor, dentist and surgeon. She was a "Mighty Hunter of Hippopotamuses," because her people needed meat. She was past forty when the great adventure began, but the richest years lay ahead—when she was to become, for hundreds, their beloved

White Witch Doctor

by Louise A. Stinetorf

Complete in the March JOURNAL. Condensed from the novel recently published by Westminster Press.

The LESTER GRAND PIANO is the Official Piano of the Philadelphia Orchestra



the LESTER Concert Grand Piano

A Beautiful Piano with Magnificent Tone

Here is the ultimate in the art of fine piano making! Built by the same family since 1888 to the highest standards of quality . . . the Lester Grand Piano is a lifetime investment in musical perfection and enduring performance. Magnificent tone . . . responsive touch and resonant volume make this noble instrument the perfect choice for home and professional use. Permanency of the glorious tone is assured by the Tone Stabilator . . . a feature found only in Lester Grand Pianos. There is a model for every purpose in the complete line ranging from the 4 foot, 7 inch model at $1325.00 to the 9 foot Concert Grand, pictured, at $5225.00 . . . f.o.b. Lester, Pa. See, hear and play the incomparable Lester Grand Pianos; your dealer will also be glad to show you the genuine Betsy Ross Spinet . . . made ONLY by the Lester Piano Manufacturing Company, Inc.

Sold by America's Foremost Piano Dealers

mail this coupon for illustrated booklet

Lester Piano Manufacturing Co., Inc., Lester 13, Pa.

Send me your 24-page illustrated book showing piano arrangement in the home. (Enclose 10c for postage.)

Name

Address

City

Zone No. State LHJ 6B

Foreign Sales Representatives: H. A. ASTLETT & CO., 39 Broadway, New York 6, N.Y.

Gibson

...in all the world today only Gibson brings you all these features...



Pres-Toe Door

"So helpful"

HANDS FULL? Just PRES-TOE—door opens! What's more, it stays open—until you PRES-TOE again, walk away, door closes. All automatically . . . NO HANDS! (Model 1151)



Touch-a-Tap

"So considerate"

HOT? THIRSTY? Just TOUCH-A-TAP—enjoy cold running water any time. (Model 1131)



Super Locker

"So adaptable"

NEED EXTRA SPACE for frozen foods? Big 54-lb. Freez'r Locker and 55-lb. Fresh'ner Locker combine instantly into giant 109-lb. *Super Locker*. No subfreezing space wasted when you don't need it—plenty EXTRA space ready when you want it. (Model 1151)



To get these features you must get a *Gibson* Refrigerator!

Your pride and your practical common sense both are gratified when you choose a Gibson. You will be proud of the pleasing beauty of the Gibson, its tasteful ornamentation, the perfection with which it keeps your foods. Your practical common sense will rejoice in the comfort and convenience of the many labor-lightening features Gibson gives you. To name just a few in addition to the three pictured above:

Supermarket *Swing'r Crisp'rs*—swing open at touch, lift out easily, slip back into place easily.

Butt'ry—keeps full pound of butter sweet, easy to spread.

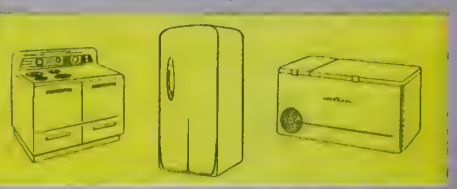
Door Racks—food variety at your fingertips.

Your Gibson dealer will be proud to demonstrate these and other Gibson features to you. See him at once!

GIBSON REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, GREENVILLE, MICHIGAN

Be a Gibson Girl!

Look for name of your Gibson dealer in the yellow classified pages of your telephone directory or write to Gibson. See your dealer now.



For Modern Convenience—
Gibson Electric Ranges, Freezers, Refrigerators

Gibson

6,000,000 HOME APPLIANCES PROVED IN USE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD SINCE 1877

©Copyright 1951, Gibson Refrigerator Co.

(Continued from Page 111)

grief has brought back so much old ache—he cannot see anyone at this ent."

May I see Nickie?"

hesitated. Then he said, "Yes. Dress self and wait for me here." He went out oor.

ook something from the cupboard and on without looking at it. I combed my and sat down. The house was very .

Georgia?" Alain's voice came from be- the door.

ot up and went into the corridor.

have talked to Guy," he said. "The in- gation will be tomorrow. You will tell simply what you have told me. Guy is nt that you should see Nicholas." He ne along the corridor and opened the of the big room at the end. "I will wait ou," he said.

e room was half in shadow. I had never here, but I knew it was Guy's room. His essions were scattered about. There had no attempt to make it into a chamber of lead lying in state. Nickie lay, very small e center of the big bed, like a good little who had gone to sleep without disturb- he white sheets. I kissed his hand and t back by his side.

ame into the dining room at Longueville next morning with Alain. They were all , sitting around the table. The doctor the mayor were there, too, and a little with a great mustache who, I found, the police agent of the village. The or bowed as we came in, and Alain pulled a chair for me. But I went around the to where Guy sat, his hands holding his d head. No one spoke. I put my hands uy's shoulders.

Guy," I said.

e reached back and put his hands on , but he did not look up.

You do not believe this, Guy," I said.

No, no," he said very low, his eyes on the . Then he added, "I do not understand."

went back to Alain and sat down.

he mayor cleared his throat. "I deeply t the necessity of this meeting and I ex- s the feeling of messieurs, my colleagues, the whole countryside when I say that hearts lie bleeding for the grief of Mon- de Montfort and his family." He cleared hroat again. "Madame la Comtesse, who present at this so terrible accident, has e an accusation against Madame yon- who was also present. I respectfully re- st Madame la Comtesse to repeat this ac- tion."

looked across at Helen. She was very gard and her black dress was as severe as ime's in a tragedy masque, but her face serene. She was completely sober.

I asked Mrs. Murray and the little boy ome for a ride in the boat with me," she an. "I rowed out onto the pond. Mrs. ray began to move about in the boat. I alarmed because I knew the boat was t unsafe and I cannot swim. Presently called the boy's attention to something he water and leaned over to show it to . She leaned over very far, and the boat ed, throwing us into the water."

A moment, if you will permit me." The or was writing on the pad in front of . "This 'something' in the water? What it, madame?"

I have no idea, I did not see it."

Go on, madame."

WHEN I came up I struggled toward the t. Luckily I was not far away. I reached the t and hung on. Mrs. Murray swam over and ed me right it. I said, 'I am all right now, the child,' and she said, 'He has gone un- I can't find him.' Then she pushed me the boat. I got in. I could not help with- the boat because I cannot swim. I began o toward the shore to get help. I ran to house, and when we came back we found she had brought the boy back, but he dead."

It is a little distance to the shore. As you e striving to reach it, did you look back ll?" The mayor's voice was very quiet.

"Yes, I was constantly looking back."

"And you saw ——"

"I saw Mrs. Murray swimming around."

"On the surface?"

"Yes."

"When you reached the house I understand that you told Monsieur de Montfort that Madame Murray had drowned his child. Why did you say that?"

"She was an accomplished swimmer, but she made no effort to reach him. She told me to take the boat back when she must have known that it was important to keep the boat."

"Madame, excuse me, you did not tell us that Madame Murray told you to take the boat back."

She threw her head back, putting her hand to her forehead. "Did I not? Forgive me. I am so very tired and distressed. She told me to go to the shore."

"It is a little confused," the mayor said. "You accuse Madame Murray of—of what, exactly, madame?"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Time Was

By Herbert Merrill

You call this snow, no deeper than your knees?
Why, when I was a boy it snowed and snowed
And covered up the fence and climbed the trees
And drifted shoulder-high across the road.
I've seen it swallow up the window sill
And pack against the pane and dim the light
And block up every opening until
We lit the lamps at noon as well as night.
You call this snow? This icing on a cake?
I've known it frost this deep a time or two,
With cold enough to make your back teeth ache
And icicles as big around as you.
And snow! We'll never see the like again.
The world has softened up somehow since then.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"I accuse her of letting Nicholas Archer drown."

"May I speak, gentlemen?" Alain said. "I have the honor of Madame Murray's confidence. Madame's French is beginning. She is not able to tell you what happened as she saw it. May I have your permission to tell you what she has told me?"

He told them what I had told him. When he had finished no one moved. I sat as Guy sat, my head in my hands. I could not look at Helen.

"It would seem to devolve on the question of the ability of Madame la Comtesse to swim," the mayor said at last. "We have two accounts here. They are opposite."

I stood up. "Gisèle, you know that she can swim."

Gisèle sat beside Guy, her arm around his shoulders. She looked up, her eyes burning in great hollows. "Helen cannot swim," she said clearly. "I have known her all my life. She cannot swim."

"Guy," I cried, "it is a lie," and turned and went out of the room.

I went out onto the lawn. Here, yesterday, Nickie and I had lingered together. It had been hot then and now it was cold and the fretful wind mourned him. I took the great trunk of a tree in my arms and pressed my face against it. My mind ached with bitterness, as well as my heart. I heard the door open and steps coming across the lawn.

"Georgia, they have come to a conclusion."

"Yes, Alain."

"The evidence is too conflicting. The mayor is a reasonable man. It is 'death by accident.'"

"Then no one will ever know," I said.

"Who knows securely anything? It is half-knowing that we must live with always."

"You mean I have to live with this lie? Oh, no, I cannot, I cannot." I went to him and clutched at his arm. "Alain, it's not true, it's not true. I don't deserve it." My voice rose hysterically, and I began to cry for the first time. "Will you take me to Tours? I've got to get away."

"Where would you go? Your place is here. It is for the others to go. Guy has told them so and they are going."

"They are all going?"

"All are going. The Bradford woman—me, I do not know why she ever came, but she is eager to go now certainly. Annette and Henri must go at once to Madame de Montfort. Gisèle does not want to go, but that Englishman, he will not stay."

"And Helen?"

"Ah," he said grimly, "she is going too. I would say that she was going to hell if I did not clearly know that already she is there. Never in my life have I seen anything like her face a moment ago. It was in the hall. She went to Guy and said, 'Come to England. I will make it up to you.'"

I shivered and Alain paused a minute, then he shook his head and went on.

"Guy looked at her as if he had never seen her before. He said, 'Good-by, Helen,' and went into the library. I went away too. I did not want to look at her any more. She is damned, she is utterly destroyed."

For a moment there was no sound but the sullen wind.

"She has destroyed it all," I said finally. "Take me to Tours. I can do nothing now."

"She has destroyed you indeed if I take you to the train. If you go in now to Guy, she can never harm you again."

"It's too late," I said.

"You are weak, Georgia," Alain said.

"It is Guy who is weak," I cried miserably. "Guy doesn't come to find me. It's you who are trying to comfort me, not Guy."

"Ah, but it is for you to comfort Guy; you are a woman, he is only an unhappy man. He has lost so much—so much . . . not only his son. Do you not see that he has lost his sister? That is always a terrible thing, but in France, where the family is so important . . . how bitter to lose one's son and one's sister on the same day!"

I thought it so strange to speak of Gisèle and Nickie in the same breath. "But Gisèle has always disappointed him, always troubled him. He ——"

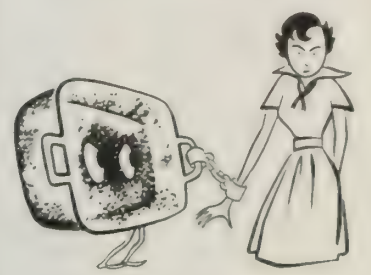
"He disapproved of her; that is not like this contempt, this final thing. He will never be able to forget her, there in the dining room; he must know forever that she was at the moment of truth, and she chose the lie."

I turned away from him. "Oh, no. I would always be wondering when he was silent, wondering if he was thinking —— Oh, no! I cannot do it. I cannot do it!"

Alain said slowly, "I told you that life is not simple. Guy is not weak, he is bewildered. He is unhappy and he does not understand why this should be. Men so dislike to be unhappy; women, being wiser, expect it. He needs you, he needs you more than the boy needed you."

He sighed and then I heard him move away across the lawn. I heard his car start up and drive away. Still I stood with my face pressed to the tree. I thought I had never felt so lonely in all my lonely life. Julian, Nicole, Nickie . . . all loved, all loving—with no time to argue with life, life snatched from them before their protests could be formed. I could do nothing for them . . . they could not help me at all, or I them. Only the living things, the rebellion, the fear, the uncertainty that were pounding in my soul like a heartbeat, could help me.

I rubbed my wet face with my hands. A light came on in the library. I went into the house to comfort my love. THE END



Handcuffed to crusty pans?



New "Shine meter" tests prove

BRILLO

gives

TWICE the SHINE in HALF the TIME!

A sturdy Brillo *pad-with-soap* makes dingy pans *sparkle!* Outshines all cleansers tested!

No soaking. No scraping!

A square Brillo metal-fiber pad polishes off gummy scorch—*quick!*

Brillo's jeweler's polish makes aluminums *shine!* Brillo every day keeps your whole kitchen spotless.

Brillo now lasts longer!

More Shines in Every Pad!



RED box—soap-filled pads
GREEN box—pads plus cake soap



STUART

Planned for good eating, easy on the budget too: a casserole of haddock amandine, baked Hubbard squash and cooked cucumbers vinaigrette. Last-minute tasks—minimum.



Formal touch—ivy frames candles and bright carnations.

Conversation Piece

By
RUTH
MILLS
TEAGUE

IN planning this dinner menu I didn't consciously have my eye on economy. Always I try not to break the bank, but I assume that if you ask people for dinner you want the food to be memorable and are willing to splurge. But no one will complain if she can produce a meal of high quality at reasonable cost. That's what we're doing this time.

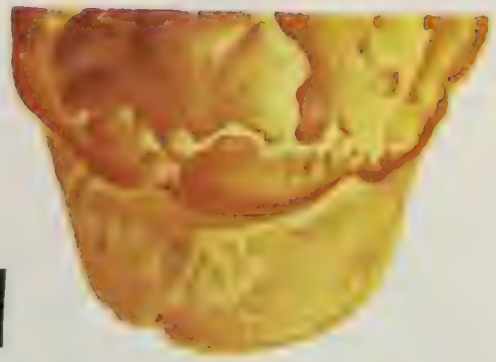
First there will be hot appetizers which can be finished early in the day except for about two minutes' broiling *(Continued on Page 117)*

Introductory flourish—toasted Parmesan canapés.



Mock Devonshire cream tops rich honey cake.





Family favorites... oven-warm muffins and delicious Parkay Margarine!





Parkay tastes so good because it's always fresh!

You're sure of fresh flavor whenever, wherever you buy Parkay Margarine. Every few days fresh stocks of Parkay are rushed to grocers by refrigerated truck. And each package is flavor-dated (with a special code number) so it can be withdrawn from sale before it has passed its peak of flavor freshness.

You can buy Yellow Parkay, each quarter wrapped in "Flavor-Saver" aluminum foil, in all markets where state laws permit the sale of colored margarine. In other markets Parkay is packaged in special Color-Kwik bag or with coloring enclosed in separate envelope.



Fresh flavor guaranteed by Kraft

Laugh with "The Great Gildersleeve" every Wednesday evening—8:30 E.S.T.—NBC Network



DIG IN! This friendly ol' Snowman is soooo happy because he's full o' a delicious tuna casserole* made with wonderful **Breast-O'-Chicken**...the brand that brings you only the **best o' tuna**. It's young-it's tenda'...actually hand caught and hand selected for lightness, fine texture, delicate flavor. For the best o' hot tuna dishes...always buy **Breast-O'-Chicken Tuna**. Dig in...fill up...be happy, too!

BREAST O' CHICKEN

brings you only the

best o' tuna





REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

*FREE: for the best o' tuna casseroles, use your favorite recipe and **Breast-O'-Chicken**. Write for our free recipe booklet, too. Westgate-Sun Harbor Company, Dept. J-9 1995 Bay Front, San Diego 12, California.

© 1961 BY WESTGATE-SUN HARBOR COMPANY

(Continued from Page 114)

ıst before they are served. I love hot hors 'oeuvres—they give such a nice introduc-ory flourish to a meal—but often they seem) be more trouble than they're worth. I ıink you'll agree that these little bite-size fairs are *well* worth the small effort that ›es into their production.

The main dish will be fillets of haddock mandine. This is a casserole dish and it can e prepared for baking early in the day of the arty, or even the day before if that suits our plans. Mushrooms, tomatoes, almonds nd herbs are involved with the haddock, and ıe result is pretty special in both taste and ›pearance.

The vegetable, baked Hubbard squash, is ıe of my favorites. Cooked Hubbard squash mealy and fine-textured, and when its land taste is combined with the strong avors of bacon and onion it is *so* good. It ın be cut into squares for individual servings nd baked in its shell, or it can be peeled and ›oked in a casserole. I'll describe both ıethods.

For a salad which is out of the groove, we'll ave cooked cucumbers vinaigrette. I have othing against raw cucumbers—they're rrific; but so are cooked ones, and if you've ever served them the way I'm going to escribe, you're in for a new treat. Also ıey're more digestible when cooked—at ast that's what many people who won't ouch a raw cucumber ave told me.

I won't suggest any omemade breadstuff r this occasion—your ven will be busy ıough without that—ut probably you can nd room to warm some ›lls you have bought the grocery or bak-y.

For our dessert we'll orrow from the Near ast. Several years ago an Armenian res-ıurant in New York had a dessert I was mply mad about. It as a thin slab of rather gooey cakelike uff, obviously made with honey, and it as topped with what tasted like Dev-ıshire cream. When I was planning this ienu I decided this would be the perfect essert for us, so I visited the restaurant gain and this time ate the dessert with a ighly inquisitive palate. Of course my in-uisitiveness didn't stop at my palate. I sked as many questions as I could think of, nd with what I learned from the most co-perative staff of the restaurant, plus a lot of perimentation in my own kitchen, I orked out the recipe. I was right in my first ıess about the topping: it was clotted eam—or Devonshire cream—but I'm not ›ing to suggest that you make it. For one ıing, it requires raw milk—which is far from enerally available; and for another thing, it quires more time in the making than most eople would be willing to spare. Instead I orked out a pretty good imitation with hipped cream and gelatin. The making of ıe honey cake itself, and the cream topping, easy and quick out of all proportion to the sult.

These recipes will serve six or eight people.

TOASTED PARMESAN CANAPÉS

ut tiny rounds of sliced bread, using the ıtter for the hole in a doughnut, or a cooky ıtter a little larger than that. I use the round nd of the funnel that belongs to the orange-ice attachment of my electric mixer. It akes bite-size rounds of a little more gen-rous size than the doughnut-hole cutter. Take a lot, because I can assure you they ill go like crazy. Cut small white onions into irly thin slices—about ⅛" or a little nicker. Mix 3 tablespoons grated Parmesan eese with 1 cup bland-tasting mayonnaise. ut a slice of onion on each round of bread nd top with a little mound of the mayon-aise-and-cheese mixture. Put canapés on a ›oky sheet and sprinkle each one with more ated Parmesan. Keep them in the refrigerator or equally cold place until you're ready to broil them. Broil in a preheated oven until their tops are nicely browned, and serve as hot as possible.

In a restaurant at Columbia University a college professor, speaking English with that acquired precision which so often shames the native-born, ordered "figs and cream." The waitress brought a dish of figs covered with cream. "I ordered figs *and* cream," the professor protested. "There they are," she retorted. "But this is figs *with* cream," he persisted. "But I don't see ——" she began, bewildered. "Madam," said the professor, icily, "would you say a woman and child were the same as a woman with child?"

FILLET OF HADDOCK AMANDINE

You will need 2 or 3 pounds of fillets, depending on the number and appetites of your guests. Fresh haddock can be used for this dish, but the frozen fillets are available practically everywhere the year around and they are good and inexpensive. Occasionally, in the frozen fillets, I find an outside cut with the skin left on. That's bad, because the skin must come off, and it's quite a job to get it off, but it doesn't happen often and if you have a cat handy it will be glad to take care of that piece and relieve you of the bother.

Separate the fillets into pieces the right size for a serving, sprinkle with salt and pepper and spread generously with softened butter or margarine. Slice 1–1½ pounds fresh mushrooms, stems and all, but reserve 6 or 8 caps of uniform size for the top of the casserole. Have ready 1 No. 2 can firm tomatoes, or 4 medium-size fresh tomatoes, skins removed, and 1 cup almonds which have been blanched, cut into slivers and fried to a pale golden brown in butter or margarine.

There are some tricks to making crisp almond slivers. To blanch, pour boiling water over shelled almonds, let them stand 6 or 7 minutes, rinse with cold water and pop off the skins. Slit each one open with the point of a knife. Most of them will split easily, and if you find a stubborn one let him stay whole. While the nuts are still damp, cut them into slender slivers the long way. The advantage of splitting them in half is that you get more slivers and that they are thinner, which is highly desirable. Do this several days in advance so that the almonds will be thoroughly dried before they are browned. Put them in a skillet with 4 tablespoons butter or margarine and cook over low heat, stirring and turning them over most of the time, until they are delicately browned.

If possible, use a casserole that is wide in diameter but quite shallow. In the bottom of the casserole put all but a small handful of the sliced mushrooms. Cut the tomatoes into small pieces and distribute these over the mushrooms. If your tomatoes are canned, use the firm parts and only 3 tablespoons of the juice. Reserve a few little pieces of tomato for the top. Sprinkle in salt, freshly ground black pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 clove garlic, finely minced, ½ teaspoon dried sweet basil, ¼ teaspoon dried tarragon, ¼ teaspoon crushed rosemary and 3 tablespoons finely chopped parsley. If you like, add a few tablespoons of white wine. Dot generously with butter or margarine and lay the fillets over this bed, fitting them in neatly. Now, for pretty, tuck the handful of sliced mushrooms here and there between the fillets, put the extra pieces of tomato where they will do the most good and spread mushroom caps with butter or margarine and arrange them in a border. Sprinkle the whole thing with 1 heaping tablespoon mono sodium glutamate.

The casserole can be prepared early in the day or the day before and stored in the refrigerator, but it should stand at room temperature an hour or two before baking or your casserole would almost surely crack when put into a hot oven. Half an hour before serving time, sprinkle almond slivers over fish and put casserole in a preheated moderate, 350° F., oven. Garnish generously with parsley and serve in casserole.

BAKED HUBBARD SQUASH

Use the strongest, sharpest knife you have and cut the squash into squares suitable for individual servings. I won't tell you it's easy to cut a Hubbard squash, or you'd throw the



Now—

"EASY AS PIE"
to make
flakiest crust ever!
MAZOLA
liquid shortening is the key

- No "Cutting In" Shortening
- Liquid Shortening Measures Easy
- Dough Rolls Out Quickly, Perfectly
- Uniform Results Every Time
- No Guesswork

You'll make perfect pie crust *every* time . . . the amazing new MAZOLA "EASY-MIX" way.

No sticky, hard-to-handle dough! Just roll out pastry between two squares of wax paper . . . and pop in oven! Your oh-so-flaky MAZOLA® crust *stays* crisp . . . never soggy, even with juicy fillings. Try it!

"EASY-MIX" PIE CRUST

The new, quick Mazola Oil way to *wonderfully flaky* pie crust.

Makes 2-crust 8 or 9-inch pie

(*All measurements are level*)

Sift together . . . 2 cups sifted **All-Purpose Flour**
1 teaspoon **salt**

Combine in measuring cup . . .
½ cup **Mazola** and
¼ cup plus 1 tablespoon **ice water.**
Beat with fork until creamy. Immediately pour all at once over flour mixture. Toss and mix with fork. Form into ball.

Divide . . . dough in half; shape each with hands into smooth, flat round. Roll between two 11-inch squares of wax paper to outer edges.

Remove . . . top sheet; invert dough over pan; peel off other sheet. Fit pastry into pan. Roll top crust. Cut gashes for escape of steam.

Fill . . . pastry-lined pan with desired filling. Place top crust over filling and trim ½ inch beyond rim. Fold top crust under bottom crust. Flute edge.

Bake . . . at temperature required for filling used.

FOR ONE PASTRY SHELL: Make ½ recipe as directed above. Prick entire crust with fork. Bake in hot oven (475° F.) 10 to 12 minutes.

JUST 4 EASY STEPS



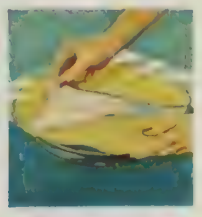
1 Blend MAZOLA Oil and ice water in measuring cup until thick and creamy.



2 Pour over *entire surface* of flour mixture! Form dough into ball—divide in half.



3 Roll to outer edge between two 11-in. squares of wax paper. Remove top paper.



4 Invert pastry over pie pan—peel off bottom paper. Fit the pastry into pan.



AVAILABLE IN PINT BOTTLES AND QUART TINS



Free! *Exciting new 24-page* MAZOLA *recipe book. Ways to use new "Easy-Mix" pie crust recipe for fruit, meat, chicken pie, etc. Crammed with how-to-hints . . . recipes for better baking, salad dressings, and delicious, digestible frying. Write: Jane Ashley, Dept. C, Box 611, Trenton, N. J.*



book at me, but with determination and a firm arm you can do it. Don't select a small round squash, because it will be too curvaceous. You want the pieces to be as flat on the bottom as possible. Scrape off the seeds and pulpy stuff and then with a sharp knife cut a thin slice from the top of each piece to remove any that won't scrape off. Perforate the squash deeply with the prongs of a fork many times. On each piece put 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and a good-size piece of butter or margarine. Put squash in a roasting pan, add ½ cup water and cover with lid.

An hour and three quarters before serving time put the squash in a moderate, 350° F., oven and bake, covered, 1¼ hours. In the meantime cut ¼ pound bacon into small pieces and finely chop 1 large onion. Remove squash from oven, put 1 teaspoon cream and some salt and pepper on each piece and again puncture with a fork so that the seasonings and moisture will penetrate the squash. Put on as much chopped onion as will stick and top with the bacon pieces. Return to oven and cook, uncovered, for ½ hour longer.

To bake in a casserole, peel squash and cut into large bite-size pieces. Put in a casserole with all the other ingredients, the chopped bacon and onion, Worcestershire, cream, salt, pepper and a lot of butter or margarine, and lay several slices of bacon over the top. Cook, covered, for 1 hour, remove cover and cook ½ hour longer.

When I go into my garden with a spade, and dig a bed, I feel such an exhilaration and health that I discover that I have been defrauding myself all this time in letting others do for me what I should have done with my own hands. —EMERSON: Man the Reformer.

COOKED CUCUMBERS VINAIGRETTE

Get slender cucumbers and allow approximately three fourths of one for each person to be served. Peel with a very delicate touch. All the skin must come off, but there's a delicate green color just under the skin and this we don't want to remove. Cut in half the long way and then into fairly slender strips. Barely cover with boiling water to which 3 envelopes chicken-bouillon powder or 3 chicken-bouillon cubes and salt to taste have been added. Boil until barely tender—about 10 minutes. Drain well and store in refrigerator. (The broth in which the cucumbers are cooked makes a wonderful delicately flavored soup with the addition of a can of chicken or beef bouillon.)

Vinaigrette Sauce. Into a jar put ⅔ cup salad oil, ⅓ cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon sugar, ⅛ teaspoon cayenne or Nepal pepper and ¼ teaspoon dry mustard. Shake well and add 3 tablespoons chopped onion, 3 tablespoons finely chopped chives, 5 tablespoons chopped sweet pickle, 3 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 4 tablespoons chopped pimiento and 1 finely chopped hard-cooked egg. Be sure the vegetables are all finely chopped and combine them with the oil and vinegar a couple of hours in advance.

To serve, arrange the cucumber strips, cu side down, on a bed of salad greens, surroun with more greens and spoon the vinaigrett sauce over all.

HONEY CAKE

Cut the crusts from 10 slices stale, not dry bread and break or cut bread into very sma pieces. In a saucepan put ¼ pound butte or margarine and ¾ well-packed cup brow sugar and cook over medium heat, stirrin constantly, 5 minutes. The mixture shoul bubble gently as it cooks, but it shoul be in no danger of burning, so watc the heat. Now add ¾ cup honey and th bread and cook 8 minutes more, stirrin most of the time. When done it will be a wax mass with a grainy consistency. Turn it int a 9″ cake pan with removable bottom an pat with a spatula until it completely cover the bottom of the pan and is of even thick ness over all. Dip the spatula into hot wate occasionally, because th stuff is very sticky. Put i refrigerator until ready t serve.

To make the topping soften 1 envelope unfla vored gelatin in ¼ cu cold water. Let stand a few minutes, put cup in a pan of gently boiling wate and heat until gelatin ha dissolved. Let cool a littl while you beat ½ pin heavy cream until almos thick, add gelatin and continue beating un til cream is quite stiff. Immediately turn int an 8″ cake pan with removable bottom an spread it over entire surface to an even thick ness. Store in refrigerator. Both the hone cake and cream topping should be prepare the day before.

Your dessert platter can be arranged sev eral hours in advance of serving if you have refrigerator space to hold it. Remove sides o cake pans and cut the honey cake and cream into 6 or 8 pie-shaped wedges. With a spatula remove pieces of honey cake from bottom o cake pan and transfer to serving platter, spacing them evenly with their points toward the center. Now put a wedge of cream on top of each piece of honey cake. The cream wedges will be a little smaller than the cake, which makes a pretty effect.

Service. A dinner such as this one can't be eaten comfortably except at a table, so why not set the food out buffet style and let your guests serve themselves? After they've seen your beautiful food and filled their plates to their satisfaction, they can carry them to the table in the dining room and settle down contentedly. Formal service is fine and dandy if you have enough well-trained help to perform it efficiently, but these days most of us have to find some dodge that will enable us to get around the no-help problem, and this one is about the easiest and pleasantest I know.

ROSES ARE RED, VIOLETS ARE BLUE

(Continued from Page 54)

as fitting a feast as you'll sit down to in many a long day. First on the program is a soup that comes along after all the little hors d'oeuvres and sundry small items that lead to bigger things, and here is the receipt:

LEMON MADRILÈNE SOUP

Add 4 whole cloves to three 12½-ounce cans consommé madrilène. Bring to a boil, reduce heat, and add 1 lemon, sliced paper thin (seeds removed); simmer slowly *5 minutes* to bring out the lemon flavor. Serve as soon as it's ready. Longer cooking makes the soup bitter, so don't add the lemon slices until you are almost ready to serve.

"Supreme" means tops. Now that you have agreed with us that since lemon makes jellied madrilène better, it should go well with the heated variety, we'll put you wise to this dish that is called "supreme." And that is a "rank understatement." "Supreme" means tops for chicken, and this is how it gets that way:

CHICKEN-AVOCADO SUPREME

Wash and clean a fine, young 5-pound chicken; put on to cook in a quart of water. Add salt, celery leaves, 1 large onion, cut up, and a sprig of parsley. Cover and simmer until the chicken is tender. Lift the chicken out and cool. Save the stock. Remove the skin and take the chicken off the bones in as large pieces as possible. Put the bones and skin back into the chicken stock. Add 1 cup more water and simmer slowly another hour. Strain stock. Melt ⅓ cup butter in a saucepan and add ⅓ cup flour. (Stir and heat until smooth.) Add 4 cups chicken stock and heat, stirring until the consistency of heavy cream. Then add the pieces of chicken and simmer until chicken is well heated through. Stir in 2 egg yolks which have been beaten

(Continued on Page 120)

Nourishing MEAT
Yardstick of Protein Foods



He will help you

Meat Serves the Nation
make the most of every pound

Get STEAKS, ROAST, STEW

From one cut of Beef Chuck

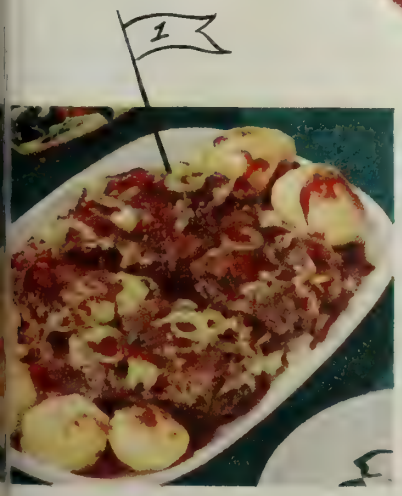


Since meat is America's preferred protein food, it is especially important right now to make the most of every pound. Ideas like this one will help you.

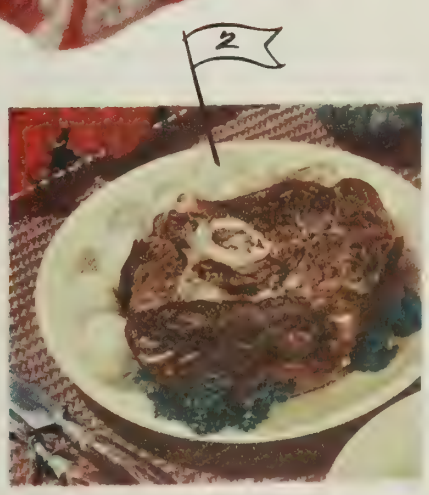
When you get three fresh-cooked meat dishes from a cut that you'd ordinarily cook all at once, you put the good nourishment of meat—*complete*, high-quality protein, B vitamins and food iron—in more of the week's meals.

Remember, meat is a "yardstick of protein foods." Meat on the table helps every member of your family to "keep up" on protein.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U.S.



1 Swiss Steak for lots of satisfaction. Braise your meat slowly and gently to get much of the brown of broiling, the flavor of roasting, the tenderness of simmering—and isn't the gravy good!



2 Everyone agrees on Pot Roast. Cooked in its own good juices, and giving its own good flavor to the vegetables that flank it on the platter, tender, meaty pot roast makes a meal that the whole family cheers.



3 Stew says, "Come on and eat." Stew on the table is a hearty invitation to a hearty meal—and stew provides the fine nutrition and good flavor of meat teamed up with the cheerful color of vegetables.

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.



Honey-happy apple pie

WITH A SIOUX BEE ACCENT!

You'll be "honey-happy" too, when you spoon into this spicy-sweet deep-dish apple pie. Sioux Bee Honey, wonderfully delicate in flavor, adds a lusciousness that you have to *experience*. Words can't describe it.

Sioux Bee Honey is delicious in so *many* ways . . . with hot biscuits or rolls, waffles or pancakes, breakfast cereals or French toast. So is Sioux Bee *Honey Spread*, the crystallized kind that spreads like butter. And *both* are sweetness in its most healthful and digestible form.

The world's largest honey packers bring you these fine products, in the same high quality *always*. Ask your grocer for them . . . and just say "Sue Bee."



COLORFUL FREE BOOKLET contains a treasure of tempting honey recipes. Write for your copy—to Sioux Honey Association, Dept. L-251, Sioux City 6, Iowa.

For finest honey, say
"Sue Bee"



(Continued from Page 118)

slightly with ¼ cup of the chicken gravy. Heat slowly about 5 minutes, stirring all the while so the egg yolks won't curdle. Season with salt and pepper. Just before serving, add balls or cubes cut from 2 medium-size avocados. Heat a few minutes longer. Serve over pimiento rice, and sprinkle with toasted, slivered almonds.

Pimiento Rice: Take a fork and mix lightly 1 can drained pimiento, chopped, with 5 cups hot, perfectly cooked rice. Arrange on a platter and serve covered with the chicken and sauce.

You wouldn't, would you? You wouldn't keep your best bonnet in the kitchen, would you? And it's possible, but not probable, that you *might* keep the ice cream on the radiator. The point is this: you wouldn't serve a green salad without at least *some* cheese, if only a hint of it—would you? Well, don't. And to help you over any possible hurdle, here's a salad and cheese job all in one. And it isn't a cheese salad, either. It's both. The salad you know all about. The cheese part is here in black and white. It's wonderful with a green salad.

CHEESE CROUTONS

Brown 1 split clove garlic in ¼ cup butter or margarine. Remove the garlic. Turn and turn 2 cups soft bread cubes in the garlic butter and then toss in 3 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Spread the croutons out on a cooky sheet. Bake for about 15 minutes in a moderate oven, 325° F., until a golden brown, turning the cubes occasionally. Combine with crisp salad greens and your favorite French dressing.

You can make them too. Yes, those little half-moons, crusty and puff-pasty *croissants*—the tastiest of rolls—you can make right at home. So here's to the famous and fabulous, the French pastry in the breadbasket, only they aren't pastries at all—they're *croissants*. And it took a Frenchman to teach us how good they were.

CROISSANTS

Scald ½ cup milk. Pour over 1 tablespoon shortening, 1 tablespoon sugar and ½ teaspoon salt. Dissolve ½ package yeast, compressed or dry, in ¼ cup lukewarm water. When milk is lukewarm, add dissolved yeast, 1 egg, beaten, and ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Add about 2½ cups flour to make a soft dough. Turn out on a floured board and knead slightly. Place in a clean, greased bowl, cover and allow to rise until the dough is double in bulk. Punch down and chill 1 hour. Punch down again and roll ¼" thick in a rectangular shape. Divide ½ cup butter or margarine into 3 parts. Soften it with a warm spoon. Spread dough with ⅓ of the softened butter or margarine. Fold the ends of the dough toward the center, making 3 layers. Roll out again, spread with another third of the butter or margarine, fold over, roll out and repeat again. Fold over and chill 1 hour. Roll out to ¼" thickness in a long rectangular shape, cut into small triangles and roll up each triangle, beginning at the long side and finishing with the tip. Curve the ends in a crescent shape, place on ungreased baking sheet and chill ½ hour. Brush the top lightly with cream. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 15 minutes; then reduce heat to 350° F. and bake about 8–10 minutes longer until golden brown and crisp. Makes 2 dozen small *croissants*.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ninon Lendos

By Ethel Barnett de Vito

I was not really pretty, and the years
Took more and more of props to make me fair:
Days loaned to my complexion and my hair,
Nights given up to words that calmed men's fears.

I learned to say at random, "Why, how true—"
"How well you look!" to ugly and to clever;
"Your book's divine," to dabbler; and forever:
"No one could rule as cleverly as you."

Such was my beauty—and far less, I vow
The hours before my glass than learning how
To hold self-love's sweet mirror to men's eyes
And to my own. The pains I took, and why?
To live to ninety? No, more like the yearning
To turn years back, and I to do the turning.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A snowdrift might do. I've heard tha the milk pail used to be hung in the well t keep the milk sweet on long, hot, summe days. And frozen desserts in a bygone da were tucked away in the snowdrifts whic must have been more plentiful then. A though there's something about this jel freeze that reminds me of snow, you w make it in your refrigerator this very simp way:

CURRANT-JELLY FREEZE

Beat 3 egg whites with a pinch of salt unt stiff but not dry. Add ½ cup tart curra jelly to the egg whites by spoonfuls, beatin after each additio Add 1½ tablespoon lemon juice. Whip pint heavy cream to custardlike consis ency—not too sti Fold the cream in the jelly whip. Po the mixture into 1-quart freezing tra Freeze quickly, wit out stirring, 2 hours, until firm Makes 1 quart.

Where the heart i There you will fi the adorable Vale tine Cake you are r solving to make—least I *hope* you a By a majority vot including those wh voted twice, it's chocolate cake, ri and red. And th very thing to wi up this Valentine Da dinner with. See it isn't.

VALENTINE CAK

Cream ½ cup butt or margarine with 1 cups sugar until ligh Add 2 eggs, one at time, beating we after each one added. Add 1 teaspo vanilla and 2 squar chocolate, melte Sift together 2 cu sifted cake flour, teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon baki soda. Add the dry ingredients alternate with 1 cup sour milk or buttermilk to cream mixture, beating smooth after each ad tion. Then give it a whacking final beating until you get beater's cramp. Pour into greased, heart-shaped layer pans (or 8" rou layer pans, if you don't have the hear shaped pans) which have been lined wi wax paper and greased again. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 30 minutes. Let th layers cool 5 minutes; remove from the pan Frost with a boiled icing and decorate wi flowers to suit your fancy. We fancied viole to go with the roses—also with the love new china which seemed made for the occ sion. And, if your cake decorating is gettin a little rusty, you might check back to you October JOURNAL, where we told you a about how to do it.

Hearts and flowers. Whether love comes the light of the moon or by a flickering fi or in the soft light of candles in silver sconce it's the same old love. And there's nothin like it. Hearts and flowers, these are th themes for this sentimental journey into th romance that is everybody's heritage. Yo and I will be forever young and the years w fall away as unnoticed as autumn leaves, fo St. Valentine has us, for a time, in his kee ing. Perhaps in his keeping always.

THE EN

beautiful, practical
Krome-Kraft
table accessories



You'll love these unique, ever-so-smart Krome-Kraft table accessories with their fine hand-made colored glass inserts and detachable non-tarnishing chrome mountings! Easy to clean—always bright and attractive! For you to see at good stores everywhere.

Krome-Kraft
FARBER BROTHERS

FARBER BROTHERS
15 Crosby St., New York City
"Distinguished For Quality"

BEARING AGE PLANTS & TREES
Write for FREE Color Catalog, 40 pages of Bargains in fruit trees, Everbearing Strawberries, Raspberries, Grapes, etc. State Inspected. 20% discount on early orders. SOUTH MICHIGAN NURSERY, BOX 581, NEW BUFFALO, MICHIGAN

Planting Guide
FREE NURSERY BOOK
FERRIS
82nd ANNIVERSARY EDITION
Our finest catalog and guide in 82 years, more pages, more lovely colors—and more money saving offers on FERRIS Northern Grown EVERGREENS, Shade Trees, Ornamentals, Flowers, Shrubs, Bulbs, Fruit Trees, Berry Plants; etc. Write—it's FREE!
EARL FERRIS NURSERY
676 Bridge St. Hampton, Iowa

USE KITCHEN Bouquet



TO MAKE
GRAVY
EXTRA RICH·
BROWN·DELICIOUS
It's easy to make your gravy *extra*-rich, *extra*-brown, *extra*-delicious every time. Just stir in Kitchen Bouquet! Ah! What rich, brown color and how it brings out that true meat taste! Adds no artificial flavor. Good cooks have used Kitchen Bouquet for over 70 years.
COSTS SO LITTLE —ADDS SO MUCH!

WOMEN'S REVOLUTION IN THE ARAB WORLD

(Continued from Page 12)

women, in Egypt as elsewhere, have proved clever in raising money—by festivals, expositions and plain winsome begging.

From western standards, progress in education seems slow. From Arabic standards it is phenomenal. Compulsory primary education for all children from six to twelve has been established in law. It is not yet established in practice, for there are simply not enough schools or teachers. But the demand for the latter has speeded women's demand for secondary and higher education and created universal support for it. It is also, now, granted in law. In 1924 there was not a single secondary school for girls in the Arab world. Today free secondary education is open to both sexes, and although only about a third as many girls as boys take it, their number is rapidly growing, as women illustrate their capacity for distinguished careers.

The University of Cairo was opened to women in 1933. Today one meets women educated in every profession—women lawyers, physicians, nurses, journalists, executives, teachers, professors, and even engineers. One delightful woman, Mme. Amina El-Said, the mother of two children, and a personal protégée of the great Mme. Charaoui, edits a magazine with the modern title of She (in Arabic) and is on the staff of five other magazines. A very successful publisher and editor in Cairo is Mme. Doria Shafik, whom an American referred to as the Clare Boothe Luce of the Middle East. She is very chic, and publishes one glossy magazine, called La Femme Nouvelle, in French, and next year it will appear in English—most educated city women speak one or both of these languages. It is devoted to art, fashions, architecture and modern movements, handsomely printed and illustrated. She also publishes a simpler home magazine in Arabic, devoted to child and household advice, psychological questions and correspondence—questions addressed to and answered by the editor herself. This magazine is called Bent El Nil (Daughter of the Nile), and around it another woman's movement has sprung up devoted, like the others, to bringing special pressure for reform of the divorce laws, since correspondence showed that this matter is the one most greatly concerning Arabian women of all classes. And she publishes a children's magazine, called Chicks.

The old divorce law still stands. A man can divorce his wife at will. A woman can divorce her husband only on proved charges—of prolonged desertion or some forms of cruelty. The law protects the divorced woman in some particulars—and, indeed, in Islamic law there are actually many securities that western women have lost. The husband must make a reasonable property settlement and must support her and the children for two years. But when the children reach the age of eleven they automatically go to the father, in what is still a basically patriarchal society. The law still permits a man to have four wives—the legal limit—but polygamy is dying out of itself, through changing views and for economic reasons. (And, incidentally, there is a stronger feeling against adultery than in the west.) In the deserts of Saudi Arabia, which is still "out of this world," polygamy is common practice, but adultery is extremely dangerous. And in Egypt, in a population of 20,000,000, only 200 men have the legal limit of wives, and these live in the most backward country areas. Women, as I have talked with them, want the equalization of the divorce laws less for the sake of making divorce easier for themselves, than for the sake of checking divorce, which has grown to affect 27 per cent of marriages, and for protecting their children.

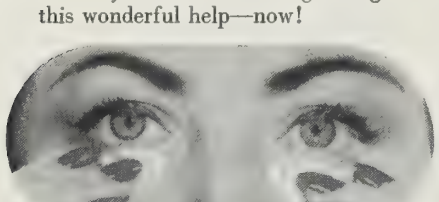
It has been my impression in Lebanon, Syria and Egypt that organized women are more progressive than men, and far more socially conscious. The men apparently think so, too, for I have made that observation to many groups of men, and never once has it



After 25 drying skin begins to show

IT'S NOTICEABLE how skin begins to *look drier* after 25. Then, natural skin softening oil starts decreasing. Then, you need a *special replacer* to offset this drying out. You need Pond's *lanolin-rich* Dry Skin Cream.

SEE BELOW how this quick *un*-drier works to soften and repair three common dry skin troubles. Begin to get this wonderful help—now!



Criss-Cross Lines Under Eyes print themselves into dry, papery skin.

To Smooth—*Cream-over* the tiny dry lines *nightly* with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Start at outer corners and tap cream *very lightly* under eyes toward nose. Feel your dry, papery eye skin soak up the cream's moistness.



Little Creases Settle by Earlobes when skin gets dry, inelastic.

To Flatten Out—Make "U-Turns" under your ears with Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream, working it back and forth. Homogenized to soak in better, this rich cream helps keep skin soft, helps flatten little dry skin lines.



Thread-Like Dry Lines on Forehead dig little furrows to age you.

To Help Erase—Circle lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream firmly over your dry forehead skin. Pay special attention to temples, where little dry lines like to fasten. A *special emulsifier* makes this cream *extra softening*.

• • • • •

3 features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream effective: 1. It is rich in *lanolin*, very like the skin's own oil. 2. It is *homogenized* to soak in better. 3. It has a softening *emulsifier*. *At night:* work Pond's Dry Skin Cream in richly. *By day:* use lightly under make-up. 89¢, 49¢, 29¢, 15¢ (all plus tax). Get *your* jar. Start this truly *remarkable* correction of dry skin today!

THE COUNTESS JEAN DE CARAMAN says, "*I think that Pond's Dry Skin Cream is superb for softening dry skin.*"

been challenged or denied. The facts speak for themselves. Women have pushed for reform not only in their own status, but all along the line. Whenever natural catastrophes or the epidemics that still curse the Middle East have occurred, women have been the most numerous and sacrificial volunteers. In a meeting of fourteen women's-club leaders in Damascus, the conversation turned on birth control and sex education, and a woman leader asked me whether there was an American film for sex education; an educational institute in which she teaches wanted to get one. She herself was a mature woman who had begun her adult life veiled and in a society where the very notion of such things would have been inconceivable.

The progressive women of the Middle East, imbued with that faith, and hope, characteristic of energy released after long dormancy, look forward to a century of work to do, for the habits of thousands of years cannot be undone in ten or twenty. Their hope lies in rapid expansion of education, of both men and women, as the essential foundation of all economic and social progress. They also realize that much of the existing emancipation has been diverted into having a wonderful time: into dances, parties, balls, sports, fashions, and trips to Paris and Italy—into doing all the gay things that their mothers were not allowed. The emancipated woman still belongs to the upper classes in the Middle East, and the absence of a substantial middle class, which can come only with industrialization and universal education, influences every attitude toward life. But social awareness is not absent, and those who are still fighting for their own rights are more naturally conscious of the rights of others.

"If we only have thirty years of peace," women leaders sigh. "If only there were a stronger United Nations . . . if only there is not another world war . . . then wonders will be accomplished."

For the modern mood of pessimism, so characteristic of the west, is not shared by Arab women, who have no nostalgia whatever for the past. For them history began with this generation. But though the feminist movement and much progress were actually furthered through two wars, no one in the Middle East—nor, I think, anywhere else—believes that another war will bring anything but retrogression. In peace, in international justice, and in the restraint of warring ideologies, they look forward to a renaissance of this old, old world more rapid even than that of the past generation, remarkable as it has been, especially for women

CLASSROOM ON TOUR

(Continued from Page 23)

Court Building, Mount Vernon, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, the Library of Congress." But what all liked most was Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington on the banks of the Potomac. It is the old clock, with its pendulum still swinging and marking the time, and the furnishings that fascinate the girls. "Wouldn't my family love this living room," comments one. "But I think we'd have that table over here," she adds.

"George Washington seems like a real person instead of a legend," decides Cloy Weisenborn, a member of Lynn's championship basketball team, as he roams over the grounds with his buddies.

But historical landmarks arouse no feeling in some. "I can't see reliving what's already happened," scoffs one student. Later, standing in the Lincoln Memorial, she ponders, "Yesterday we walked over the battleground at Gettysburg and stopped in the cemetery where Lincoln made his famous address. Then this morning we heard about the FEPC legislation coming up in the Senate. I guess you can't overlook the past," she concludes.

Inside the Library of Congress, they crowd around a display case, peering at a playbill. It's from Ford's Theatre, dated April 14, 1865—Good Friday—the night Lincoln was shot. Minutes before, they had glimpsed the brick theater and the house across the street where friends carried the dying President.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful to study here with displays and books on every subject our teachers could think of!" one girl exclaims, her blue eyes dancing.

They are quiet, these effervescent teenagers, riding along broad, tree-lined Constitution Avenue, seeing the stately buildings pictured on penny post cards they are sending home. And as they pass the Federal Reserve Building, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Pan American Building and the Department of Justice, one boy says loudly, for all to hear, "The heart of America."

"Yes," Ruth Ellen Hollingsworth murmurs, "I can't take the Government for granted after this."

Back in Lynn, Principal Will Moore had observed, "I've watched our graduates come back from Washington more interested in history and in what is going on around them. We wish all our students could go."

This past year, however, four Lynn students—two boys and two girls—stayed home: one boy for baseball practice with a Class D league in Missouri, the other to recover from illness; one girl wanted to start her new job as a medical secretary, and the other wanted to save the money she would have spent for entertainment and souvenirs.

Delilah Brown, who did come, wants her friends at home to learn as much as she about little-emphasized bits of history. She wants to tell them that the Washington and Lee families merged when Martha Washington's great-granddaughter wed Gen. Robert E. Lee, then a lieutenant in the U. S. Army . . . that John Marshall served as fourth Chief Justice but is called the first because he organized the Court as we know it . . . that United States (under the Articles of Confederation) and that Washington followed as first President under the Constitution.

Alice Robbins is taking back more than that to her mother, father, eleven brothers and two sisters. A plucky girl who kept up with her class even when both arms were broken in an auto crash, Alice wants them to know how she feels as she stands before the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National Cemetery. She's "impressed with its significance and its location" overlooking the capital city of the nation for which these honored war dead fought. "My family all came home," she says thoughtfully, "my father from World War I and my five brothers who served in World War II."

That night, some of the students who harmonized Carry Me Back to Old Virginny as they crossed the state line earlier in the day returned to Arlington. There, high above the Potomac, they looked across to the twinkling lights of Washington, dominated by the bright, steady glow from the Capitol dome. Others arranged weeks ago for tickets to a concert at the National Gallery of Art. And a few boys tour the city en route to an American League baseball game at Griffith Stadium. For free time is theirs, to do whatever they have looked forward to since they first planned their trip away from the flat, rich farmland in the "breadbasket of the world" where they live. Others anticipate shopping in large department stores, visiting big-name supper clubs, seeing famous stars perform on the stage, in opera and ballet.

All told, the trip is more than studying the U.S. of yesterday to learn something of their heritage, and more than seeing the U.S. of today. As for many other high-school boys and girls throughout the nation, this is their first journey outside their home state, their first meal away from the family dining table, their first lodging in hotels.

Speaking for his classmates, President Ralph Sterling, winner of the Lynn Lions Club 1950 Sportsmanship Award, declares, "Everyone has a great time staying in hotels." Even there, chaperons have little worry about discipline. Parents some 600 miles away, and their sons and daughters here in Washington, know that a mischievous student, even a busful of mischievous students, goes right back to Indiana.

Two of Lynn's four chaperons are faculty members—Mrs. Marie Spencer, commercial teacher and adviser for the Bulldog Mirror, monthly high-school paper, and Robert Byrd, music teacher and organist in a Richmond church. The others, Mr. and Mrs. John Jarrett, traveled as students on Lynn's first trip in 1936. John Jarrett, now a highway engineer, was the science and mathematics teacher when, as juniors, the class chose him for faculty sponsor. He helped them raise $73 toward their trip. They earned the rest of the $1100 in their senior year.

From this they deducted expenses for the chaperons. The remainder they divided equally among the students, who added what was necessary to bring the amount to the $55.50 each needed for transportation and hotel expenses. Last year each added $18. In addition, most students take about $60 to cover the cost of food, entertainment and souvenirs for the nine days. The husky boys help keep traveling expenses at a minimum by handling all luggage at overnight stops.

"The trip East," believes Joe Hamilton, Jr., editor of the Lynn Herald, "gives students something tangible to work toward."

But the students stubbornly refuse to think of it as work. "How can we when the whole community backs our projects?" they ask logically. Before they plunge into these projects, parents and the township trustees must approve the trip and all fund-raising schemes. The annual Market is held in a local store. This Lynn class netted $30 from the sale of dumplings, dressed chickens, baked beans, potato salad, pies, cakes, cookies and candy—donations from senior girls and mothers of senior boys.

Parents and friends also support soft-drink and candy concessions, class plays, band concerts, and buy what the youngsters sell—advertising space for special issues of the county newspaper, Christmas wreaths, booster tags, wrapping paper and, for those hard bleacher seats, plastic cushions, boldly painted with the bulldog mascot. Class dues for the two years come to $4.50 each.

Students agree "The trip is worth all we put into it," but offer two suggestions. They want to see Government in action. Mary Edwards wanted to hear the Senate filibuster on the FEPC bill, and Ralph Sterling wanted to see black-robed Justices handle cases in the Supreme Court. Secondly, they hoped to get inside the White House and perhaps catch a glimpse of the President. But the repair program dashed their expectations.

Regardless of these disappointments, Lynn's newest graduates returned to Indiana radiating a fresh appreciation for their nation, past and present. And as one enthusiastic girl phrased it, "determined to really deserve our Government." THE END

BROTHERHOOD WEEK
February 18-25, 1951
Sponsored by The National Conference of Christians and Jews

THE golden rule of conduct is mutual toleration, seeing that we will never all think alike and that we shall always see Truth in fragments and from different angles of vision. Conscience is not the same thing for all. Whilst, therefore, it is a good rule for individual conduct, imposition of that conduct upon all will be an insufferable interference with everybody else's freedom of conscience.
—MAHATMA GANDHI:
***The Gandhi Sutras*, by D. S. Sarma (Devin-Adair).**

Why Didn't Your Mother Give You Amm-i-dent Tooth Paste?



oday more dentists recommend mm-i-dent Tooth Paste nd Powder than any other entifrice in America!



NEW! Giant Size! Save up to 25¢

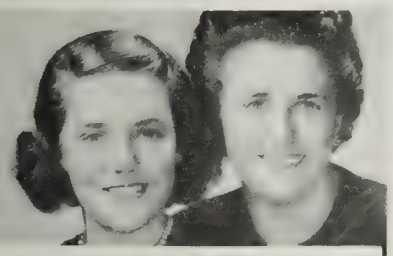


Too bad! This child has not had the benefit of ammoniated protection against decay. Her mother was too "smart" to believe the ads that told her..

Amm-i-dent Helps Prevent Cavities!

No Cavities at Last Dental Check

for daughter, only one for mother



Mrs. Margaret Mallen, of Staten Island, New York, had been averaging more than 4 decayed surfaces per year—before changing to Amm-i-dent. Early results showed a 62% reduction in her rate of tooth decay. Then, at her most recent dental check-up, Mrs. Mallen showed up with only one cavity.

Her daughter, Pam, got wonderful benefits from Amm-i-dent, too. Her last dental check revealed *no cavities at all*—a perfect record.

The Mallens started using Amm-i-dent in powder form in research. Their dental records have been published in dental journals and national magazines.

If you or your family is like the Mallens, you can definitely expect fewer cavities if you change to Amm-i-dent! Get Amm-i-dent toothpaste or powder today.

"Just another advertising claim" this girl's mother thought to herself, when she read that Amm-i-dent ammoniated Tooth Paste could reduce tooth decay. She didn't even bother to call her dentist, who could have given her the facts on Amm-i-dent. She just kept on buying the same tooth paste with which her family had been brushing—and having cavities—year after year.

And now, too late, she is sorry. At her child's regular dental check-up—*more* cavities! She wishes that she had followed the advice of the dentists of America. They recommend Amm-i-dent ammoniated Tooth Paste and Powder more than any other dentifrice. Surely these men must know best of all what is right for you and your children.

If you have provided Amm-i-dent for your family, you can feel justly proud! Your family is getting the best protection against tooth decay any dentifrice can offer, as proven in actual tests with people who followed regular brushing habits.

If your family is not using Amm-i-dent, you as a mother have not done all you can do—all you should do—to help them to have strong, healthy teeth. You can prove it to yourself. Were there any cavities in your family last year? What did you do to help prevent those cavities?

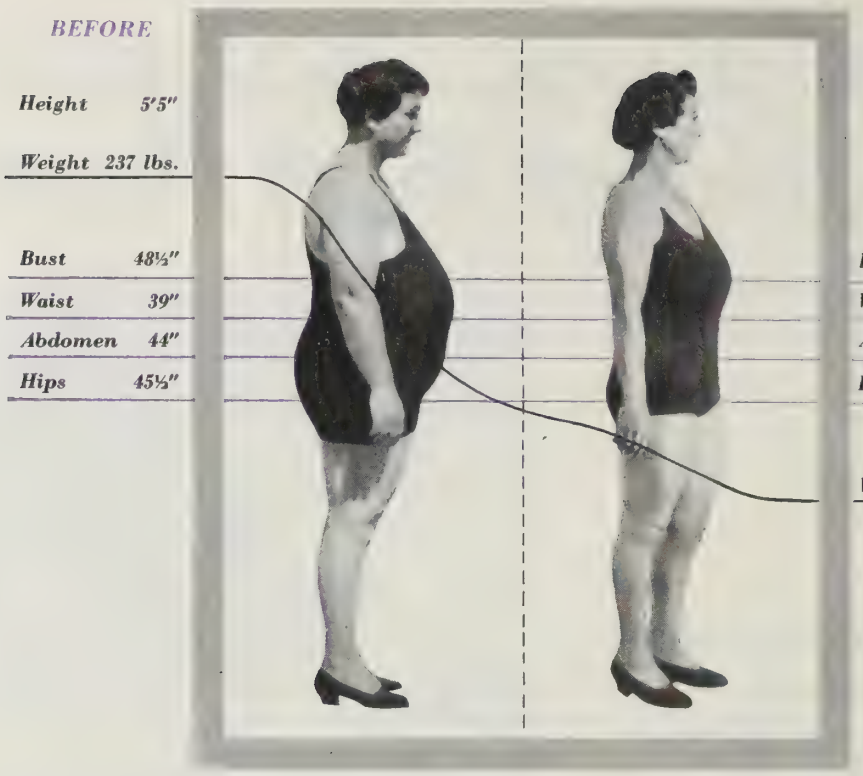
Does Your Present Tooth Paste Do Anything To Help Prevent Cavities?

No ordinary tooth paste, without ammoniated anti-decay ingredients, can do much to help prevent cavities—beyond what the simple act of brushing will do. Certainly it cannot do what Amm-i-dent can do. Amm-i-dent supplies *for many hours* the ammonia content found lacking in the mouths of cavity-susceptible people. *For many hours*, mind you.

That means Amm-i-dent's anti-decay protection continues—no matter when you brush. You don't have to brush after meals to get Amm-i-dent's effectiveness. Regular tooth brushing at any time with Amm-i-dent helps prevent cavities.

I lost 100 pounds

As told to Jean Z. Owen



A year of dieting reduced her weight to 135 pounds, and her dress size to an occasional Size 12 (from a 44).

A LITTLE over a year ago I weighed 237 pounds and I couldn't pull up the zipper of any dress less than a Size 44. Today I tip the scales at exactly 135, and occasionally I have to nip in the dresses marked Size 12, in order to make them fit properly.

People meeting me for the first time are amazed when they learn I used to be a "fatty." In fact, most of them *don't* believe it—until someone shows them a snapshot taken during my buxom past. Then they eye me with amazement, curiosity and sympathy.

I go along with the amazement and curiosity. But not the sympathy. It was my own fault I was fat. I could—and should—have shed those extra pounds years ago. Instead, I made occasional lukewarm attempts to diet, and when I didn't show any great weight loss after two or three days I abandoned the whole thing and sank back in the comfortable daydream of the "someday" when, with no effort on my part, I would wake up some morning and find myself delightfully thin.

Like most obese persons, I wasn't aware of the extent to which my pounds were imprisoning me. Of course, I never went shopping without giving the racks of attractive "little" dresses a wistful glance, and often when I saw other women in bathing suits or slacks or tight-bodiced formals, I felt a twinge of envy. But for the most part I wasn't too displeased with myself.

My husband loved me as I was. Whenever I questioned him, he always assured me, with unmistakable sincerity, that he would rather be married to me, no matter how large I became, than to any other woman in the world. My friends and family were fond of me as I was, too; weren't they always telling me that I wouldn't be *me* if I weren't chubby?

Large... Plump... Chubby... It's words like these that make a fat woman delude herself that she doesn't really show her true weight. Because she *wants* to believe it, she is easily convinced that her excess poundage is practically invisible. Whenever the delusion is shattered by a revealing snapshot or a glimpse of herself in a three-way mirror, she patches her pride by telling herself that even though she may be a bit heavy, it's probably all glands, and besides, a person can be attractive no matter what size she is, can't she?

I know all the little tricks of self-deception that fat women employ because I used every one of them to comfort myself as I waddled along year after year, going from a Size 20 to a Size 38. I reached Size 40 during the war, so I blamed it on material shortage. 42 . . . 44 . . . and I haven't a doubt in the world that by now I would be squeezing myself into somber, serviceable, "slenderizing" 46's if it weren't for a conversation I happened to overhear.

I was attending a garden party that day and I had just loaded my plate with fancy sandwiches and cute little frosted cakes when a long-distance telephone call came for me. I went into the house and while I was waiting for the operator to make the connection, I picked up the telephone and moved to an open window, directly over the tea table.

(Continued on Page 155)

The average woman can lose two pounds a week on a well-planned reducing diet. The following typical menu counts up to 1100 calories, provided you help yourself to no more than *medium servings* and refrain from going back for "seconds"! A calorie chart will show you what to choose if you wish to be strict with yourself—or what you may have if you prefer to be lenient.

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

TYPICAL DAY'S DIET MENU

Breakfast

Orange juice (4-ounce glass)
or 1 whole orange (medium)
1 egg—soft-boiled, poached, coddled
1 slice whole-wheat toast *or* 1 bran muffin
1 pat butter
Coffee, plain

10 a.m.

1 cup beef bouillon *or* consommé, clear

Lunch

Cottage-cheese salad

½ cup drained cottage cheese combined with any mixture of fresh or drained canned fruit to equal about 100 calories; *or* 1 medium serving baked or broiled white-meat fish, lettuce and tomato slices.

1 slice whole-grain toast

1 pat butter 1 glass skim milk

4 p.m.

1 cup tea, plain

Dinner

Lean meat *or* white-meat fish
(1 medium serving, broiled or baked)
Green or yellow vegetable
(medium serving)
Lettuce-and-tomato salad with lemon or vinegar dressing
Fruit-flavor gelatin *or* custard
(made with skim milk)
Tea or coffee, plain

Before Bedtime

1 glass skim milk

(Continued on Page 166)

Marshall Field & Company Chicago

Create your own springtime loveliness with these two L'Aiglon forecasters, ıe in lustrous imported linen, the other in rich silk shantung. Have them now and enjoy them every summery day to come. The linen (1) with a plunge of covered buttons; a pretty pair of notched slit pockets, one real, one make-believe. Tebilized® for tested crease-resistance. Pink, navy, copen blue, chamois. Sizes 12 to 20, 38 to 44, 12½ to 24½. The silk shantung (2) with winged collar and a gentle skirt. Brown, ‹ford, navy. Sizes 10 to 20. Each, **$17.95.** To have, to look wonderful imply fill in and return the order blank below. House & Town®-Fifth Floor



TS BY JOHN-FREDERICS



soon it's spring

and here are the L'AIGLONS you'll be wearing

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY BOX 8500 CHICAGO 80, ILLINOIS

Please send me the following L'Aiglon dresses...

STYLE	QUANTITY	COLOR	SIZE	PRICE
1				17.95
2				17.95

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

☐ Charge ☐ C.O.D. ☐ Check or Money Order

Please include 2% Illinois Retailers' tax on purchases to be delivered in Illinois.
Postage extra outside our regular delivery zone. Estimated postage on each dress, 16c.

the

NEW SHAPE

is the

NEWS



The new-shape sash dress. Brilliant new idea in silhouette. A sash as big and important as a skirt . . . with a life and movement of its own. Magically gives a whole new contour to a slim-molded gown..

The new-shape Modess box. Another brilliant new silhouette idea. A napkin box shaped like a box of candy . . . or note paper or . . . so *many* things. Wrapped, it hides its secret completely. And Modess is now tactfully pre-wrapped before it even reaches your store.

Same number of fine Modess napkins. In Junior, Regular, and Super sizes.

MY SON DIED IN KOREA

(Continued from Page 40)

Well, I knew I'd better let him get the golf clubs, but I put in for a car. They were hard to get then so I went right down when he wrote that. I even told the man it had to be red, but I didn't care what make it was.

That was about a year before he got home. A month before, I called up. No, he was still way down the list. I told them they just had to get me that car for him. I thought I wasn't going to be able to make it. It was 1948 by then, but they were still hard to get. Just a week before, though, the dealer called and he had a car. Said that it was really for someone else but they could wait. Only thing, it was a gray convertible.

He trusted me for the money and I got the car. Joan and I—that's our youngest, she's only nineteen—we went down to the station to meet him. I drove so carefully. When Bud saw that car, he acted like a kid. I'll never forget that ride home. He drove it as if it were a tank, and on the wrong side of the road too the way they do in Japan. The next day we got the dog—a German shepherd, like one he had when he was a boy.

When he went back west, he drove out in that car, with the dog beside him. It was the last time I ever saw him. He wanted to get back home again, he planned it time and time again, but then there was Hawaii, and Alaska, and then just as he was starting his leave, Korea.

That's why I'm bringing his body home. He did so want to come back again. A West Point friend wanted him buried at the Academy, but I asked David and I asked Gayle—that's Bud's wife . . . or bride, I guess—and they both said, "No, Bud wanted to come home."

Gayle will come with him when he comes. They got married just before he shipped out. I've never met her, but it was she who broke the news to me, not the Army. Someone at the post in Fort Lewis—that's in Washington—told her. She called me right away. She tried to tell me gently, but you can't tell something like that any way but straight out.

I thought it was David's wife calling—they live in Yakima, near Tacoma, where Bud was. It was midnight here and I'd been asleep. But when she said Bud's name, I knew. Joan was just coming in the door and I was standing there, I couldn't say a word, and then I fainted. Joan picked up the phone, and I guess I came to for I went into dad's room. I shouldn't have—it doesn't do with heart trouble to break news like that suddenly, but I wasn't thinking. I just put my head down on his bed and cried. Poor dad, he had to take care of me that night.

I DON'T know what went on that next week. It was like I was in a daze. I got somebody in, or they came in, and ran the nursery school—I put the school in the house six years ago when I had to get some work, but I couldn't leave home.

I remember, though, one morning I realized I had to go on living—that Bud would have wanted me to. Something he said once came back to me suddenly. It was when my sister died. It sounded almost hardhearted to me at the time. He told me not to worry: "A thing that's over with is in the past," he said, "don't look back. Go on."

I took over the nursery that morning, but I didn't last the morning. There's a little prayer we say, and I got as far as the line "God is good" and it stuck in my throat. I couldn't say it. You can't help but think at a time like that that God has let you down. I pulled myself together that night, though, and thought about things.

There's a prayer the cadets say at Point that helped me back. It always my heart turn over when I heard ther it. It wasn't just their country they trained to fight for, but God too. "En age us in our endeavor to live above common level of life," they said. "Ma to choose the harder right instead o easier wrong and never be content w half truth when the whole can be w

BUD chose the harder right. He c want to go. He didn't want to leave G He didn't want to ship out—he want drive east, and home. But he went, ar went willingly and ready to do his bes said it when he was on the ship.

He called it a fast scribble. They wer ing to land at Pusan the next day an wanted me to know where he was. Wait read it to you.

"I will miss Gayle," he wrote, "but we are on our way, I am glad. That so like an Army man, doesn't it? But kno me, you can see why I feel that way—I to get things done rather than wait for to happen."

All his letters were like that. It was twenty-two days after he left that he killed. The last letter I got was just befo crossed the Naktong River and went action at Yongsan wrote so clearly what went on, I see it all. I foll him on a map. thought a lot o men with him, and me how brave were. He espec admired the ma there—"Braver ordinary people," said they were.

His last letter me so happy—fo course, I didn't k it was his last. He still two miles be the front and it lo like he might be there awhile, thou was itching to mov He was very optim "When we get a the river, we'll really roll—and push t jokers right back to the 38th parallel.' talked about how it would be over how he would come home, where he w be assigned next after the war, and wound up, just as always, saying, "I worry about me."

I wish I knew what happened then. P say I'm wrong to want to know how he that I shouldn't think about it. Bud w have told me, though. He'd know I cou sleep nights, imagining, trying to live the end with him.

People ask me if I am bitter or resen No, I am neither. I am resigned. It is part of mothers always to be giving. So times it is little; othertimes it is m Occasionally we are called on to give most. My consolation for Bud's loss li my faith that he is now "home"—in house of many mansions." I feel we meet him again there.

We had a flag ceremony in the scho don't think the youngsters get enough t days about their flag and what it stands I was playing The Star-Spangled Banne them to march to and they were singing i best they could, the way children do, wh suddenly thought, "This is for Bud," and hands started trembling. "He died for country, and for these children, and mill of other children."

One of my friends, who knew Bud the time he was little, wrote me somet I'll never forget. It made me feel proud humble, both.

"Comfort yourself," she said, "with knowledge that with all his fine abil and his good record, he was yours."

Yes, God was good to me, I thought, I a fine son. THE

The great majority of women go out into the world to a single occupation. The married women bear and rear children; and a great many unmarried women bring up the children of others. An immense majority of women go into that one occupation. Because that single occupation has not been regarded as an intellectual occupation, I venture to think that this is one of the greatest mistakes civilized men and women have committed. The one great occupation of women, lived up to, is the most intellectual occupation there is in the world for people by the million. It calls, and calls loudly—and often in vain—for careful trained mental powers, as well as great moral powers.

—DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT.



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K

RECK HAIRDRESS HELPS KEEP HAIR SOFT AND IN PLACE

ck Hairdress, formerly called Trucene, leaves hair soft easy to arrange without leaving an oily appearance. It specially recommended when the ends of the hair are dry and for use after permanent waves. Breck Hairdress may be applied directly to the hair, or diluted and used as a cream rinse. Use Breck Hairdress for the daily care of your hair.

Breck Hairdress in the 2½ ounce, 4 ounce and 16 ounce sizes is available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.

H BRECK INC · MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS · SPRINGFIELD 3 MASSACHUSETTS
W YORK · SAN FRANCISCO · OTTAWA CANADA



No more fears of dry skin...



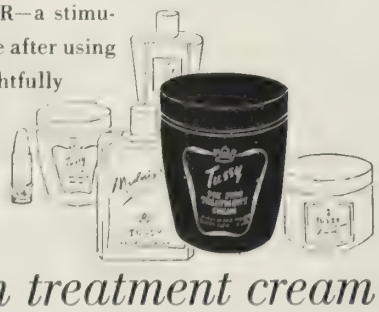
Laugh at bad weather and birthdays

Don't let dry skin steal your youth...use Tussy Dry Skin Treatment Cream... and see the wonders it works against flakiness, tenseness, lines caused by dryness. For this delightful-to-use cream is made with an exclusive Tussy ingredient—counterpart of the natural oil that gives perfect skins their morning-glory freshness!

A PERFECT CLEANSER...Tussy Dry Skin Treatment Cream removes every trace of dust and make-up, without depriving your skin of precious complexion oils. And Tussy Dry Skin Treatment Cream soothes and smoothes as it cleanses, helps restore the *natural* beauty balance of your skin, leaves it dewy fresh.

LUSCIOUS, BUT LIGHT, Tussy Dry Skin Treatment Cream leaves your skin dewy-fresh, is never sticky. See how much smoother and softer your skin can be under the soothing daily touch of Tussy Dry Skin Treatment Cream. $1, $1.75, $3. plus tax.

TUSSY DRY SKIN FRESHENER—a stimulating pick up—splash on your face after using Dry Skin Treatment Cream. Delightfully fragrant—non-drying. $1, $1.75.



TUSSY *dry skin treatment cream*



Firelight and candlelight make a circle of soft illumination, and Aladdin, the small tawny Abyssinian, basks near the warmth.

Diary of Domesticity

BY GLADYS TABER

APPLES, grapes and pears can be pruned now, says the garden book. Our pear tree finally managed to bear two delicious pears last year, and we had a handful of apples. The Japanese beetles had the grapes. Nevertheless, nothing is more hopeful than a gardener in winter, so sister Jill sallies forth with the pruning shears while I caution her not to cut too much. Pruning is an art which I never can understand. Wrong pruning can be disastrous.

The wistaria vine clambered over the well house thickly until an earnest yardman gave it a fine clipping, at which point it gave up and we had only a few winding stems for several years. By last year, it began to bear a few pale lovely clusters of bloom, whereupon we just had to have the house painted, and the painters unwound it all and spread it on the yard, so it is all to do over again.

The lilac buds begin to swell now, and they are such a hopeful sign of winter's end. They are pointed and polished-looking and beautiful on the dark bushes. The lilac outside my bedroom window has reached the edge of the roof and should be cut back, but I love the swinging of purple clusters against the windowpane in spring and the heavenly scent that drifts in all night.

Jonquil and Aladdin have become inseparable. It would be a revelation to anyone who thinks cats and dogs can't get along to see the small tawny Abyssinian fling himself with outstretched arms at the golden cocker and roll over with her in a mad scramble. They play a definite game, with rules, a kind of hide-and-seek climaxed by a wrestling match on the bed. Aladdin is a better pouncer, but Jonquil holds her own. Wherever one is, the other is not far behind.

Aladdin likes all dogs, all people—all the world, in fact. He even plays with Linda, who is by nature a chaser of small things. The look on her face when he first walked up to her and rubbed against her was astounding. Her lip twitched, her eyes grew round, she breathed heavily, looked foc and sat down.

Water is his favorite thing. He love get in the sink and play with the drip faucet which we have never, never b able to control. I suspect it is now justi in dripping because this small cat gets s fun from it. He also likes to fish in the d water pan.

He also, alas, loves to eat Afri violets. My poor plants are just chew up stubs now, and any time I can look and see the kitten ranging past wit large leaf in his mouth.

He is by all odds the most loving c ever knew, and so sociable. Esmé, Siamese, has her own fierce affection, she makes it clear that she is a supe aristocrat just being attached to an ferior. Whereas Aladdin is a great kne of paws and purrer and kisser. And E likes only one or two of the dogs. She lo Honey and is mildly fond of Sister, but have nothing to do with just any old coc She discriminates.

The two Irish love the cold and the sn and now that Daphne is filled out, they almost like twins as they race around. til you see their faces. Daphne still has adolescent look, a sort of wild eagern "She looks just like half the girls in school," says my friend who teaches i very select one. She is almost never tacked by the Celtic melancholy wh Maeve is so subject to; she is too busy l ing life.

Sister had just one puppy. Jill said Sis knew I was going to keep only one, so was what I would get. She mothered him most to death, polishing him day and nig hovering over his every breath with aw maternal anxiety. We named him Hi Heritage, since Sister is Heritage a Buddy is Champion Vagabonded Hi Command. Being able to eat all the ti and never having to push anyone away, grew like mad and was very placid fr

(Continued on Page 130)

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?



How to save your glamour after peeling onions?

☐ *Wear cologne* ☐ *Try salt* ☐ *Use Kleenex*

Last two answers are right. Banish onion odor from hands by rubbing with dry salt . . . soothe "weepy" eyes with Kleenex! To save your complexion—after cold creaming, let Kleenex gulp up the grease. (A special process keeps this sturdy tissue *extra* soft.)



When fastening stockings, what helps prevent runs?

☐ *Lady, be seated* ☐ *Wear round garters*

Don't let garter-pull strain your nylons, your budget. Fasten stockings while in a sitting position to avoid future hosiery strain, runs, when seated. Another neat trick is to cover garter clasps with Kleenex. Saves stocking wear and tear, saves money.



What's best for removing lipstick?

☐ *A towel* ☐ *A tissue* ☐ *A Kleenex tissue*

Why should your towels take spot luck? See how gently a Kleenex tissue smooths away lipstick. Soft as a kiss, with just the right strength to "off" the stubbornest smear. Kleenex is not like ordinary tissues. Your best bet for saving trouble, laundry bills.



Which makes perfume last longer?

☐ *An atomizer* ☐ *Occasional use*
☐ *Glass beads* ☐ *Add alcohol*

To make the most of your perfume—drop small glass beads in the bottle. This keeps the liquid level high; leaves less air space, helps prevent evaporation. Don't drop the *bottle!* But if you should—there's nothing like a Kleenex tissue to safely pick up tiny glass particles. Saves your hands!



When you need a tissue, do you—

☐ *Find one handy* ☐ *Fumble with a handful*

Next to your bed, you'll like Kleenex best—to check a sneeze or sniffle! Keep a box on the night stand. No fumbling; no need to turn on the light to find a *Kleenex* tissue. Only Kleenex serves *one at a time*—not a handful!—and another pops up, ready to use. Saves tender noses, during colds!



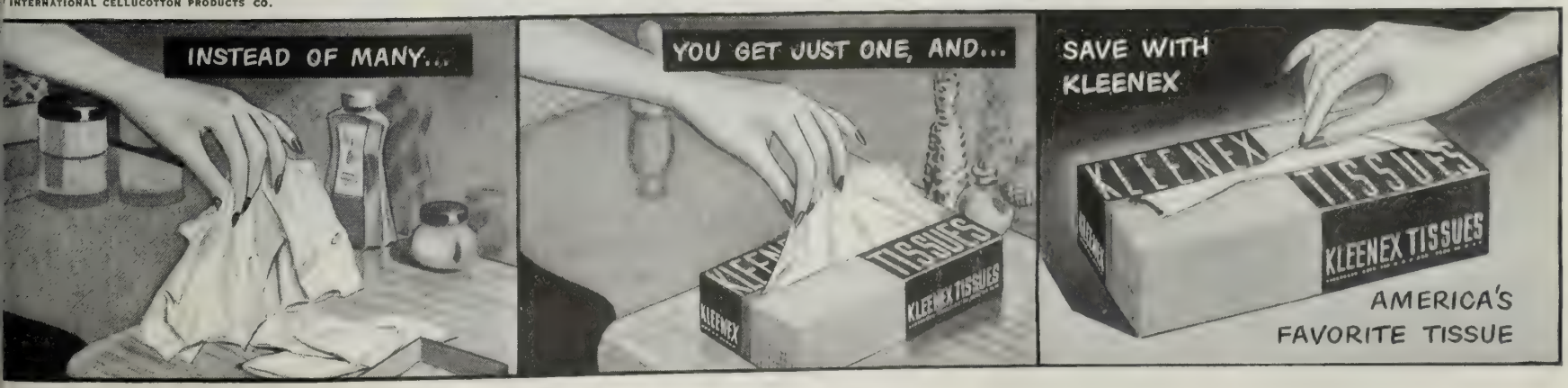
FREE! Easy-to-follow instructions for making this attractive Kleenex box cover!

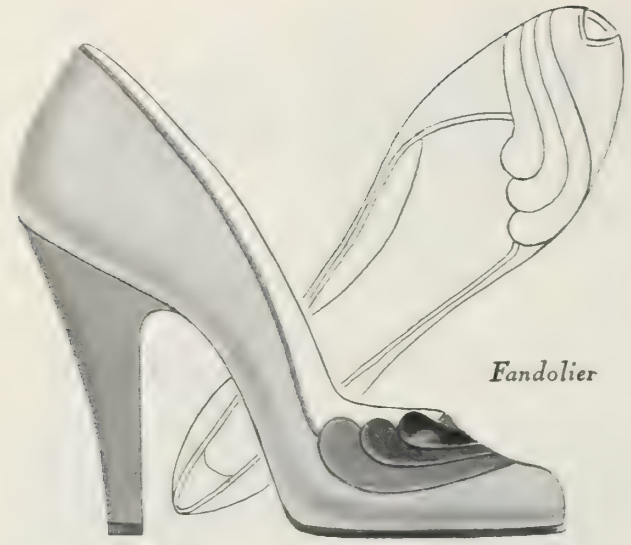
Here's a smart way to dress up your dressing table! A welcome gift for your family or friends! Just turn scraps of fabric—your man's old ties, for instance—into a handsome box cover for Kleenex tissues. (As shown above.) Easy to make! Convenient to use! *Free* instructions by Mary Brooks Picken, famous sewing authority. Get *your* Patch-Patch design by writing to Educational Director, Dept. PP-42, International Cellucotton Products Co., Chicago 11, Ill.

Kleenex* ends waste - saves money...

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO.







Tweedies®
ALLURING FOOTWEAR

a fantasy
of lines
dramatic coloration.
There is a dealer near you.

TWEEDIE FOOTWEAR CORPORATION • JEFFERSON CITY • MISSOURI



(Continued from Page 128)

birth. But the problem with a single puppy is the same as with an only child: the lack of competition makes him slow to develop mentally and we keep urging him to be active, have some initiative about life, be adventurous with his small fat black-and-white self!

Winter is soup-kettle time, and I keep the pot simmering on the back of the range. Stock can be made of almost any leftover meat, chicken or just bones. Meat drippings are elegant. I brown sliced onions until they are golden as a beginning, then simmer the stock and add celery, lettuce leaves, peppers, leftover vegetables. A little mashed potato makes a fine thickener. We like chunks of French bread toasted and laid gently on top of the tureen and sprinkled with Parmesan cheese before serving. Or a nice fattening spoonful of smooth sour cream.

I was brought up believing in leftovers. Mamma always said one should not waste good food; it somehow was not right. She was a great hand at making a savory meal by creating something from what happened to be at hand in the old icebox. She was a quick person, and she would dash to the kitchen, swing open the door to the refrigerator and whip out a few items, and immediately good smells would waft from the gas range.

Mamma was a very smart manager, and the older I grow the more I realize it. Father didn't like for her to be away from home very much. He was a natural roamer, but he liked the feeling that she was right at home, fixing things for him or mending his long underwear. Or laying out his dress suit for some college function. It made him nervous to have her away.

Mamma went anyhow. She loved people, and she loved her Clio Club and her Dickens Club and the Church Supper group. She always managed to whip in five minutes before he got in from college, and her apron was tied around her plump middle and she was busily browning things in the old iron spider. So he beamed and said, "Supper soon?" and everything was peaceful. Over his beef stew he might say, "I don't think much of all these fancy clubs."

"Have some more biscuits," mamma would say mildly.

In those days there was no frozen food. And when I think how she managed, I wonder whether we are degenerating in brains, or *what!* She had to cook every vegetable from scratch. The potatoes had to be scrubbed and boiled or baked and the old gas range was not so fast! Pies were baked fresh and serve with the juice oozing and crusty fresh. No much could be kept for any time. But mamm baked and brewed and skipped off to he lovely readings of Oliver Twist and the hom front was untroubled.

Mixes were never heard of. Mamma mixe her own biscuits and cakes out of her ow head, turned out the pastries, and had tim to embroider too! How I wish she could kee house now with all the fabulous aids devise to give women an added hour a day to jus wrap packages to send to Europe or read Mr Churchill's symphonic prose.

On a cold February night we often hav Mexican Stew, and it seems fine in Connect cut! I brown 2 pounds lean beef cut int cubes in salad oil (about 3 tablespoons oil). add 3 onions, thinly sliced, and sauté unt golden. Then I add 1 can tomato paste and cups boiling water, cover and simmer 2 hour or until tender, adding hot water if necessary Then I add 1 cup sliced ripe olives, a das of cayenne, salt to taste, and cook 1 minutes longer. Served over hot rice, thi is a rib-sticker. It should serve four hungry o six mildly hungry persons.

After supper, the dogs settle in their fa vorite chairs and we sit wherever there room while Aladdin basks right on the heart and Esmé stretches on the hottest radiato Time to read an old favorite book, leavin the new ones for summer, or listen to the fol songs of Josef Marais or Burl Ives. Or if w are ambitious, play an entire symphony o the phonograph.

Firelight and candlelight make a circle soft illumination. A drowsy red setter hea leans against my shoulder, a couple of cocke fill up my lap. The wild February win sounds like the sea outside and all the ol windows rattle.

But the house is steadfast against th storm and the logs burn brightly on the ol stone hearth. Winter in the country has a lo of happy living in it!

Red setters in the snow
So lightly go,
Free their flight and bright with grace.
Small Jonquil, ears ablow,
Comes bravely after at her cocker pace.

However far they run,
The hunt's soon done. .
Feathered with snow, they turn, they race.
And coming home, I smile to find
The small one leaves the brace
So far behind!

THE EN



"That'll be sixty cents for the sodas, madam, and a quarter for the straws."

For every woman who leads a double life...



ILIGENT YOU—scouring pots n' pans, polishing dishes and glass, sudsing undies very day. Do your hands end up all red and rough? Not YOURS! For you keep a big ottle of creamy, fragrant Trushay right by your sink—and use it *before* each suds-id-water task. That's why—when your best beau shows up—it's . . .

ADORABLE YOU—with hands soft as a whisper of love. Different Trushay—used in its own "beforehand" way—protects your hands right in the hot, sudsy water! And that's only *part* of its wonder! It's such a luxurious, quick softener for all your lotion needs—you'll want a bottle on your dressing table, as well as in your kitchen!

TRUSHAY... *the "beforehand" lotion... guards your hands even in hot, sudsy water!*



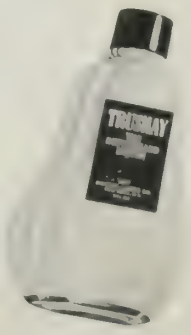
ondrous, too, as a softener! Trushay's fabu-us oil-richness makes rough skin feel velvety in wink! Softens and smooths elbows, heels, knees.



A compliment-catching powder base! Your powder clings so beautifully with Trushay, your complexion looks *naturally* nicer!



And OH, what relief for chapped skin! Skin all chapped and cracked from wintry winds? Oil-rich Trushay smooths it, soothes it back to comfort.



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

BUY TWO BOTTLES OF TRUSHAY—ONE FOR YOUR KITCHEN AND ONE FOR YOUR DRESSING TABLE.

NOW! De Luxe Automatic Washing at real economy to you!

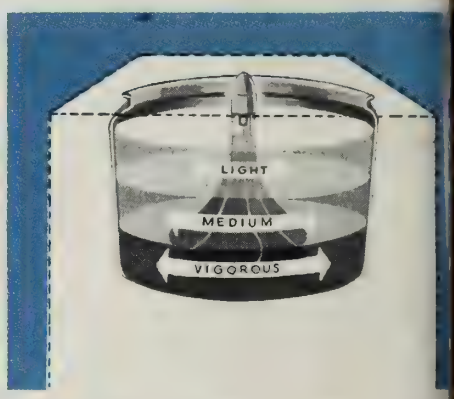
The New General Electric Automatic Washe



With the NEW General Electric Automa Washer, your clothes are washed as cl and bright as a fine hand laundress wo do them.

But all you do is set a dial! *Your ha need never soak in soapy wash water.*

Here, at a real economy, is a washer t will do your clothes more carefully, s you more work than you've ever drea *any* washer could.



G-E Activator washing action does your w as you'd do it by hand—but automatically. Ea piece is dipped, flexed, and gently cleansed; pas again and again through 3 zones of washing act —vigorous, medium, and light.



Clothes feel fluffy-dry, so thoroughly does t new G-E spin water from your wash. It remo up to 1 quart more water from an 8-lb wash t most wringer washers!

●Let your G-E dealer give you a COMPLETE DE ONSTRATION. You'll find his name under "Was ing Machines" in your Classified Telephone D rectory. *General Electric Co., Bridgeport 2, Con*

PROVED clean-washing, worksaving features!

Famed G-E Activator® washing action—Washes clothes piece by piece in enough water to get them really clean.

High-speed "Spin-out" drying action—Water is spun OUT of clothes and UP over edge of washbasket.

"Wash-as-you-wish" control—Water-temperature Selector mixes water to suit your wash. Washer is completely automatic but you can stop at any point to reset dial, shortening or repeating any cycle.

Complete rinsing—A spray-rinse kills suds, and then a deep-rinse (activated) forces away soap curd and dirt to leave your clothes sparkling clean.

1-year warranty on entire washer . . . Sealed Drive Mechanism Never needs Oiling . . . Convenient Top Opening . . . Portable . . . No Bolting . . . White Porcelain Top with Tough Baked-Enamel sides and front . . . AND BEST OF ALL—IT'S BUILT FOR LONG LIFE, BY GENERAL ELECTRIC!

Try G-E "DRY HANDS" washing—your hands needn't soak in wash water

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC



This is the fall effect of a gardened fence corner twelve feet square where you can sit in sun or shade literally framed in color.

A CORNER IN BLOOM

THE white and yellow chrysanthemums are from eighteen cuttings stuck in pots of sandy soil indoors right now in February (a few cents' worth if you have to buy them), then set outside in a garden row in April to grow, and moved into a place like this on Labor Day, just coming into bloom. You can do just about anything with chrysanthemums, any time you want.

Something which doesn't appear in the picture is a thick setting of tulip bulbs, a foot deep where the chrysanthemum roots can't disturb them, which had *their* show in the spring. These are permanent. Also permanent are several plants of long-lived perennials: Siberian iris, two Hyperion day lilies, and the eupatorium you see blooming back of the chrysanthemums, which automatically every year keep the spot in bloom between tulip time and Labor Day. I would say this is an ideal succession of bloom for long-lasting color effects in a limited space with limited effort.

This version of the JOURNAL alternating-board fence is one of the best garden fences I have ever seen. When the sun shines through it, it literally glows; it lets through the air, but keeps out the wind; it has an open effect but is completely private, and it flatters all styles of architecture. It is one of James Rose's many various and original JOURNAL garden details and designs which will appear from time to time in our garden pictures.

The rush-and-metal chair in the foreground is as good indoors as out, very comfortable. The mesh chair is light, comfortable and completely weatherproof. The rush tray is removable from any low support you want to place it on.

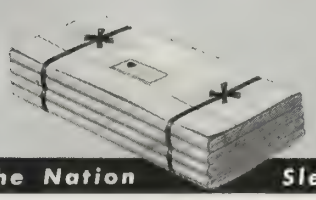
By RICHARD PRATT

An instant's touch a feeling fleet— You're sure to buy a Pequot sheet!



PEQUOT
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.
PLUS-SERVICE
SHEETS
PILLOW CASES

PEQUOT
Fine Combed
PERCALE
SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES
OVER 200 COMBED THREADS PER INCH



First impressions are often lasting ones—so true of Pequots! Always soft, always sturdy, and long wearing, all ways a wonderful buy!

Send for **the "Do's and Dont's of Sheet Care"—*it's free.* PEQUOT MILLS, Dept. A1, Salem, Mass.**

More than 40,000,000 PEQUOT SHEETS are continuously in use.

"The Nation Sleeps on PEQUOT SHEETS"



DON'T LET THE *"Ghost of the Past"* HAUNT YOUR BATHROOM!

Drive this daily menace from your bathroom with fresh, fragrant VANISH that

- **Goes to work the instant it hits the water**
- **Cleans with a fast agitating action**
- **Releases an air freshening fragrance on contact with water.**

Open VANISH with a flick of the finger with its new Expellid Opener —easy, quick, no fuss or muss. Get this bathroom necessity from your grocer today.



Double-Action VANISH makes bathrooms fragrant as it cleans

Ask your dealer for ELF, sensational new drain opener and deodorant

Get Yourself
EXTRA CASH

THOUSANDS of our most successful subscription representatives got their start by sending us a postcard asking for our plan. By return mail we sent them a generous cash commission offer and easy-to-follow ideas that have helped others make money. Many of these folks earn up to $1.50 an hour in their spare time. YOU CAN DO THE SAME! Just mail that postcard today to

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
402 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Penna.

Can You Equal This Home for $2915

Shipped Direct from Our Mill



Save 30% to 40% on Your New Home.. Act Now!

Don't pay several hundred dollars more than necessary when you build a home! Buy direct from our mill at our low factory price. We ship you the lumber cut-to-fit, ready to erect. Paint, glass, hardware, nails, etc., all included in the price—no extra charges. Plans furnished—also complete building instructions. No wonder our customers write us that we saved them 30% to 40%. Easy terms—monthly payments.

BIG BOOK of House Plans in Colors 25¢

Handsome Big CATALOGUE
Pictures wonderful homes in colors at money saving prices. Designs to suit everyone. Send 25c for catalogue today.

LEWIS MANUFACTURING CO.
7012 Lafayette Ave., Bay City, Michigan

MEMORIAL TO A BAD MAN

(Continued from Page 37)

he was charming not to draw people to him in an act of friendship or love or loyalty or any of the common weaknesses, he beguiled them only so that they would do what he wanted done. Actresses, actors, directors, writers who didn't know him fell at his feet—until the contracts were signed; but then, oh, then—— Almost nobody ever worked for him twice. I would say that more people in the theater could get exercised over Gil McBride than over any other man on Broadway; but it didn't bother Gil, indeed he had the quite genuine and annoying habit of forgetting everybody's name.

Of course I exaggerate a little. There were people—little people, like myself for instance, or minor actors or stage managers—who could get along fairly peacefully with him. You knew if you were connected with one of his shows that you were likely to have a job for a good long time; that can make you overlook a lot. It was with the people of real talent, the creators in the theater, that he fought, the big people.

To be fair I will have to speak of his success with women. I can't try to explain it: even when I first knew him, and he was then only thirty, he was no one you would think women would obviously be attracted to, but they were, my word they were!

At dinner we made no pretense of talking about anything but Gil. Lennie Frost, the producer, said to me, "What I can't understand, Joe, is why you went to the hospital to see him. I never would have."

"That's easy," I said. "My reason was mercenary. I'd thought for a long time I might write something about him."

"Are you going to?" Frank Fistere said.

I shook my head. "No. I could never make him understandable."

Eleanor Tait said, "The visit didn't help?"

"No. He was just tired, not vulnerable."

Eleanor laughed. "I know, I know. The well-remembered voice, hurling insults."

I NODDED. "When I sat down beside his bed he asked me what I was doing now. I said, 'Trying to write short stories.' He laughed and said, 'You'll never succeed. You don't know anything about people.'"

"A jolly opening," Eleanor said, "but believe me, I've heard worse."

"We all have," Lennie said. "But tell about the letter. Did he start right off about that?"

"That wasn't until the second visit."

"You went *twice?*"

"He had a nurse telephone me to come. But on the first visit he had asked about you three. He wanted to know if I ever saw you."

"I wonder," Frank said, "why, out of his army of admirers, he chose us?"

"Whatever the reason," Eleanor said, "it won't be sentimental."

"It may have had something to do with Hollywood," I said. "He hated the place. I don't know why, but I know for a fact he turned down hundreds of thousands of dollars to come out here."

"Yes," Lennie said, impatiently I thought. "But the letter."

"When I went in that second time, it was lying on his bed. He said, 'I want you to get Tait and Fistere and Frost together some night and read this to them. Just those three, nobody else. And don't open it till then. Get that?' He handed me the letter. 'Yes, sir,' I said. And then he did a strange thing. He held his hand out for me to shake. In all the time I had worked for him, all those five years, I had never shaken hands with him. I was startled for a moment, but then I realized that this was an agreement—calling you together, reading the letter—not an agreement between us, but one from him to me, that was to wait until he was dead."

Eleanor shivered. "I know," she said, "it doesn't make sense, but I know."

Lennie said, "Did you open the letter?"

"No."

SUNBURN means ruin for draperies and rugs!



It's just a plain shame the way some people let their finest furnishings take a terrific beating—*all year 'round*—from sunshine streaming through the windows. Fabrics fade and rot, wood finishes lose their luster—and it's all so unnecessary. **CLOTH** window shades, specially treated to withstand this punishment year after year, will shield your valued possessions from harm, save you grief and money. With a strong, flexible base of firm cotton fabric . . . either oil-painted or plastic-coated . . . smart, smooth-rolling, easy-to-clean **CLOTH** window shades give you positive "sunburn insurance" at every window for only a few pennies a year.

Feel that fabric! At your dealer's, the Joanna Western Quality Demonstrator turns window shades "inside out" . . . lets you *feel the difference* between **CLOTH** and substitute materials.

Joanna Western **Cloth** Window Shades
...tell the world you're a smart housekeeper!

JOANNA WESTERN MILLS CO · CHICAGO

DO YOU NEED MONEY
$40.00 IS YOURS
for selling only 50 boxes of our 200 greeting card line. And this can be done in a single day. Free samples. Other leading boxes on approval. Many surprise items. It costs nothing to try. Write today.

FREE SAMPLES
PERSONALIZED STATIONERY and NAPKINS

CHEERFUL CARD CO., Dept. G-2, White Plains, New Yo

NEW! Beautiful HOM DECORATION BOO
PLUS 25 FABRIC SAMPLES...ONLY 2

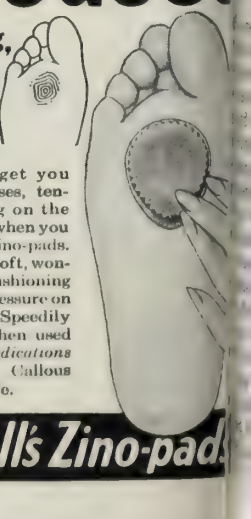


Unusual decoration bo "Interiors Beautiful crammed with smart c orful ideas for *your* home. Co plete instruction and idea bo showing how to make slipcove drapes, bedspreads, upholsteri Color, decoration ideas galore *all* you need to redecorate y home PLUS 25 SAMPLES handsome Itasca "Treasu Weaves" — superb textures & quality. Send 25c today for yo "Interiors Beautiful."

Write to
ITASCA WEAVERS GUILD
Dept. S-6
ITASCA, TEXAS

Callouses

Pain, Burning, Tenderness Quickly Relieved



You'll quickly forget you have painful callouses, tenderness or burning on the bottom of your feet when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, downy-soft, wonderfully soothing, cushioning pads instantly lift pressure on the sensitive spot. Speedily remove callouses when used with the separate *Medications* included. Ask for Callous size. Cost but a trifle.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

ınk said, "Why not?"
or the same reason," I said, "that got
hree to come here to dinner tonight
I told you what I had." I stood up.
ll we have coffee?"

rranged the three in deep chairs in a
er circle, facing me. The letter lay on
offee table at my knees, white, un-
d, unmarked.
re you ready?" I said.
hoot," Lennie said.
icked up the envelope, ripped it open.
there was no salutation.
ll right," I said, "brace yourselves." I
thed out the sheets, leaned back, and
.
hatever in your little minds you think
.' I read, 'is of not much importance,
ne thing I know: you trust me. I have
ying here all night remembering, which
't often bother to do, and planning,
I am still capable of. I have a proposal.
I were alive I would not need you, but
dead, and I do.
rst of all you will have to do a little
ng, each of you, but unless I am very
ful, that is something none of you will
The only difficulty is that you will
to tell the truth.
ere's not much question in any of your
that you hate me. We'll take that for
ed. It's no very great distinction, but I
that you'd try to
y yourselves by
ng it.
is is what you
do: each of you,
n, is to tell *why*
ate me. No non-
leave out all your
ated sensitivities,
to the facts, or as
ed it a couple of
raphs back, the
Unless you tell
uth, the rest of
tter won't work.
nless you all three
to go through with
the reading is to
ere, and the letter
troyed.
t Lennie go first.'
oked up.
y word," Eleanor said.
hat's he getting at?" Frank said.
nie was looking at the floor. "The
on is," he said, "do we agree?"
do," Eleanor said, "gladly."
nk said, frowning, "I suppose we can't
urselves."
ould we ever," Lennie said, "when Gil
round?"
anor picked up a cigarette. She lighted
then, a little nervously I thought, ran a
through her hair. "All right," she said,
t are we waiting for? Lennie, you go."

. [Lennie said] the truth won't be hard
. because for once it's enough.
's see. I went to work for Gil as an as-
t stage manager, and on the very first
scared the life out of me. But you re-
er, that was routine. From then on he
looked at me, or spoke to me or gave
gn that he knew I was alive. That, too,
utine.

one night three or four months later,
llow who was the stage manager col-
l smack in the middle of the second act.
s standing right beside me, I saw him
nd I knew what it was. Epilepsy. I
I him as much as you can, got him into
sing room, called the doctor, and had a
and stay with him. And I ran the
so that nobody, not even the actors,
what had happened.
ounds heartless to say it, but that was
eak. Gil of course heard about it, called
the next day and gave me the show.
ot only that one, but every other for
xt couple of years. I stayed with each
play during rehearsals and after it
d and until a new one got ready. I re-
d the second companies, and even
l to round up casts; I was his boy.

I knew how he treated other people, but I can't say that in those days I hated Gil. I was afraid of him, but I was in awe of him. Anyone would have been, who was as close to him as I was, who saw the things he did to scripts, the chances he took on casting, the daring of his direction. Well, I should tell you people. . . . At the end of two years he took me into his office.

What I had actually was the job of general manager for Gil McBride Productions. Gil would go to Europe and leave me in complete charge of the works, his checkbook, everything; and the day he got back he'd send me out to buy him a carton of coffee. Not have it brought in, but go out and buy it myself. But that was all right, God knows there were compensations.

THE point is this: for five years I was a slave to Gil McBride. I was allowed no concern but his concern, I had no life but his life.

Why I put up with it is another question; I don't have to explain it to you people, for you all did the same thing. But I wish I could explain it to myself. What was it?

I loved the theater beyond anything. He was the best man in the theater. Was that it? As a theory it makes sense, but you don't live by theory. No. . . . Gil was a man who assumed that you were put into the world for *his* purposes. But "assumed" isn't the word, for it implies active thought, and that's not right; it never occurred to Gil that you were put there for any other purpose.

Well. One June, before he went west for his vacation—he came from Colorado, did you know that?—he said to me, "Kid, find me a play." He was in a bad humor, he didn't have a single script that he liked for the next season. "If you find one I can use," he said, "I'll cut you in on it. Twenty per cent." I said, "Are you kidding?" and he said, "I don't kid."

So of course I found him a play. Chicago Style. You remember. It was one of the biggest hits he ever had. I pried the script out of a pile of junk the agents had sent in, got the author around and went to work. Jim Sansom. It was his first play.

I worked with Jim every day and half the nights of that long hot summer. I made him rip Chicago Style apart and put it together again half a dozen times. Jimmy could write and he had something to say, but he just didn't know much about the theater. I don't mean to flatter myself, but by that time I did. I taught Jim every lesson I had learned from Gil, and by September we had a play. You know.

Gil read it, nodded, put it into rehearsal. Nodded. *That's all he ever did.* Never even one "thank you." And never, after it was in and successful, any mention of my twenty per cent. I should have been getting around fifteen hundred bucks a week.

Finally, of course, I had to call him on it. You can probably imagine what happened. He said, "What are you trying to pull on me? That play was sent into this office. Wasn't it?" I had to admit it was. "It's part of your job to read plays for me. I'm not shelling out anything extra for that. And if you don't like it you know what you can do."

I was so mad I did it. I walked out of the office and never came back. It sounds, I suppose, as if it were the money that made me do it. If such a thing were to happen today, that would be true. But, believe me, then it was not. Money was not that important to me then. I was hurt. Hurt as you can only be when you are young and have been faithful.

But you revive, of course. By that time Jim Sansom wouldn't even speak to Gil—on his own account, you understand, not mine—and when he wrote his next play he brought it to me. On the strength of the success of

(Continued on Page 137)

The word "Dixie," familiar and beloved term for the South, came into being through early banking practices. Up to comparatively modern times, every bank could issue its own legal tender. Prior to the Civil War, the Citizen's Bank of Louisiana issued a ten-dollar note. Since many local citizens spoke French, the reverse side was inscribed with the word "Dix." Carefree Southerners associated good times in New Orleans with the Dix, which was familiarly called a Dixie. The term caught the imagination of the South and soon came to stand for the section in general.

—WEBB B. GARRISON.

SAVE up to ½ - and get Lovelier BROADLOOM RUGS like these!



How the OLSON RUG FACTORY uses the Valuable Materials in YOUR OLD RUGS, CARPETS, CLOTHING

It's All So Easy! Write for the beautiful FREE *Olson Rug Catalog and Decorating Guide* in full colors that tells how your. . .

Materials are Picked Up at Your Door and sent at our expense to the Factory, where,

By Famous Olson Re-Weaving Process we shred, sterilize, sort, merge and reclaim the wool and other valuable materials in worn carpets, rugs, clothing; then picker, card, bleach, spin, dye and weave lovely, NEW . . .

Deeply-Tufted, Two-Sided Broadloom rugs with the thrilling, twist-weave beauty and "feel" of luxury-priced wool rugs—at a fraction the cost. No underneath pads are needed.

Colors, Patterns, Sizes for All Needs—unusual and extra large sizes up to 16 feet wide without seams and *any* length. Choice of:

Solid Colors	**Early American**	**Florals**	**Embossed**
Tweed Blends	**Oriental Designs**	**Ovals**	**Effects**

Factory-to-You. We do not have agents or sell thru stores. We guarantee to please or pay for materials. 3 million customers. *Our 77th year.*

Orders Completed in a Week. Read praise from editors and women everywhere.

OLSON RUG CO. *Chicago, New York, San Francisco*

Mail this Coupon or 1c Postcard for—

FREE Catalog in Colors

OLSON RUG CO., Dept. E-13, Chicago 41, Ill.

Please mail Book of Rugs, Model Rooms to:

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

BUY-LINES

AN ADVERTISING PA



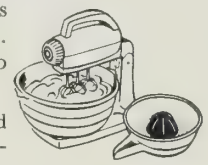
When a Man Marries

he expects his wife to be the smiling, cheerful girl he courted . . . but it's impossible if you're suffering from the painful hurt of a corn. And it's so unnecessary . . . for BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters can get rid of such toe "tormentors" quickly, easily and completely. Just wrap one of these soft felt pads around your sore toe the minute a corn appears . . . *instantly* it ends painful shoe pressure. Then BLUE-JAY'S medication soothes away biting surface pain while it gently loosens the corn . . . in a few days you simply lift it out. But if the corn is on your little toe, use BLUE-JAY Little Toe Corn Plasters...they contain all the regular BLUE-JAY features, and are a special "woman's size" designed to fit your little toe. So get both kinds of BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters . . . always be your gay, happy, carefree self.



DID you know that "canapes" (those little fancy-shaped, just-a-bite snacks) is a French word meaning "sofas"? I think it's a perfect definition, too . . . for they are ideal "resting places" for all kinds of delicious spreads. So why not serve them at your parties this month . . . on Valentine's Day, Lincoln's and Washington's birthday? Just let your imagination "go" . . . color various spreads a bright red and blue . . . then let them "rest" on a "sofa" of crackers, biscuits or bread cut into the shape of hearts, flags and hatchets.

GET SET FOR A THRILL . . . for the beautiful new GENERAL ELECTRIC Triple-Whip Mixer was especially designed with you in mind! Never before was such "thoughtfulness" and performance combined in any mixer . . . just look at all the "custom-built" features the G-E Triple-Whip Mixer offers you:



1. *Three* powerful beaters that give you fast, thorough mixing. And they're 1-2-3-easy to clean . . . with no troublesome center shaft or hard-to-reach corners to bother you. 2. A built-in light that shines directly down into the bowl . . . lets you *see* what you're mixing. 3. A new juicer that's a joy . . . even when you juice more than a dozen oranges, the *automatic* No-Clog strainer keeps juice p-o-u-r-i-n-g through. 4. *New* Speed Selector right out in front where it's easy to read and set . . . with 12 speeds to choose from and plenty of *constant* power in each . . . whether the speed is low or the batter heavy.

But why go on . . . the new GENERAL ELECTRIC Triple-Whip Mixer is made for *you*. See it soon . . . at your G-E Dealer's.

WANT TO BE HIS Valentine

. . . all the time? Then don't let your
become dry, brittle and unruly from u
drying shampoos . . . for that limits
chance of romance. What to do abou
Well, if I were you, I'd switch to
KREML Shampoo . . . for it h
natural oil base that pampers your ha
prettiness. That's no exaggeration .
find it not only leaves my hair ador
soft and a darling to manage, but actu
encourages the natural curl that dr
shampoos tend to destroy. And h
another reason why you'll want to
KREML Shampoo regularly . .
magic new ingredient "Folisan" has
cial cleansing qualities . . . brings ou
the natural highlights in your hair
make it sparkle with glorious, glam
radiance. Truly, KREML Shampoo
make a beautiful difference in
hair . . . try it tonight and see if
doesn't think so, too.



I'M ALWAYS SURPRISED when I see people "jumping" from one cigarette to another . . . but they always claim they just can't find one that's both mild and flavorsome, too! And know why they can't? Because they haven't tried CAVALIERS . . . for if they did, they'd never have to change to any other brand! Reason is this . . . this distinctive, new king-size cigarette is extremely mild with a subtle, natural flavor that's rich and mellow. The secret, of course, is the tobaccos that go into CAVALIERS . . . an exclusive modern blend of fine, light tobaccos of the original Colonial type which are naturally *mild* and *delightful*. And besides their flavorful mildness, you'll like the longer, more leisurely smoking afforded by their king-size length . . . so get a smart white pack of CAVALIERS today! And for your Valentine, let me suggest a carton of king-size CAVALIERS; a wonderful way to say "I'm thinking of you"!

CUPID REIGNS throughout the year... but you must look your loveliest to attract his "darts". That's why I want to call your attention to CO-ETS . . . for these little fluted cotton squares (wonderfully soft, smooth and absorbent!) answer every beauty need to perfection. And that isn't just my opinion . . . most women agree that a CO-ET is your best bet for applying make-up, astringents and foundations . . . as well as removing excess make-up, creams and nail polish. And take this tip . . . to feel rested and refreshed after a busy day, try this quick-trick "pick-up":



Cleanse your face . . . then dampen a CO-ET with astringent and apply to face and neck with gentle, upward strokes. Next saturate 2 CO-ETS with ice water and put 1 on each eye . . . lie down and rest 10 mins.

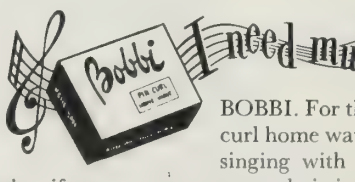
Cost of CO-ETS? Only 33¢ for the large economy package with 80 fluted cotton squares. At all Drug and Cosmetic Counters.



YOU WON'T CATCH ME NAPPING . . .
when it comes to knowing wond
sheet values. I'm wide awake to the
that Lady PEPPERELL Superfine M
Sheets are your best "buy-line". . .
there are many reasons why I say
First, they're exquisitely textured . . .
derfully soft and smooth, smooth, smooth. S
they wear beyond your fondest hopes . .
recent tests prove that these Superfine M
Sheets are 33% stronger crosswise than r
muslins, and it's the crosswise threads that
most wear 'n' tear. And third, they grow sm
and sleeker with washing . . . actually
lovelier with time.
So remember all this next time
shop . . . and get the extra value of
firmer Lady PEPPERELL Supe
Muslin Sheets. I know you'll want
the snowy-white ones, but be sure t
at the gorgeous "personality co
too . . . Aqua, Pink, Misty Y
Hyacinth Blue, Ashes of Roses, S
Green and Peach Bloom.

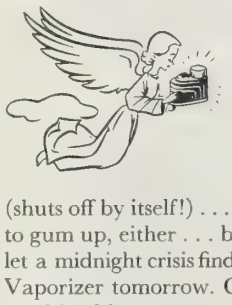
YOUR BABY is your most precious possession . . . so I know you "handle with care". But let me make a suggestion . . . since cotton tips are used for such delicate purposes, it's important that you use the finest. What kind is that? JOHNSON'S COTTON TIPS . . . and I say that for two reasons. First, no one else in the world has such experience and skill in making baby products . . . and second, JOHNSON'S COTTON TIPS have so many advantages. To begin with, they're *baby-soft* . . . made of the world's finest cotton. And they're *baby-safe* . . . for they're sterilized right in the box by the famous Johnson & Johnson quality-control method. The cotton is spun directly on the stick, too . . . stays firmly anchored and doesn't twist in use. And they're double-tipped . . . for extra convenience and economy. So don't just ask for "cotton tips" . . . get the very finest: JOHNSON'S COTTON TIPS. Come in two sizes . . . 29¢ and 49¢.





to go with these words about BOBBI. For this amazing new pin-curl home wave has me practically singing with joy! It's really true that if you can put up your hair in pin curls (and what woman can't!), you can give yourself a lovely BOBBI wave—and do it all by yourself. NO curlers, NO blocking and NO re-setting. You set, style and wave your hair all at one time. You won't have to worry about frizzy ends or wait for days till your permanent loosens up enough to look natural. With BOBBI, as soon as your curls are dry, you just brush them out . . . and there's the beautiful, soft wave you've always wanted! I can assure you that BOBBI leaves your hair lustrous, tangle-free, and oh! so wonderfully easy to manage. So get your BOBBI Pin Curl Home Wave Kit at your favorite cosmetic counter . . . and try it soon. Then you'll be singing BOBBI's praises, too!

YOU ARE THE GUARDIAN ANGEL of your children's health . . . but loving care can't protect them from bronchitis, croup and asthma. These attacks usually occur at night, too, when drug stores are closed and neighbors are asleep . . . but if your doctor advises a vaporizer (and he's likely to!), the lack of one can be dangerous. And I'd like to recommend the new DeVILBISS Vaporizer . . . for when it comes to the all-important question of the *amount* of vapor produced for the patient, it's "tops" . . . converts over 10 ounces of medicated liquid into steam every hour! Is safe, fully automatic (shuts off by itself!) . . . and works equally well with all types of water. Has no electrodes to gum up, either . . . because it works on the clean, simple, hot-plate method. So don't let a midnight crisis find your home without one . . . ask your druggist about a DeVILBISS Vaporizer tomorrow. Costs $15 . . . a small price to pay for such a wise investment in good health.

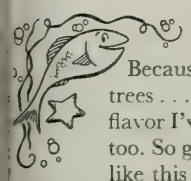


YOU'LL STRIKE IT RICH at meal-fixing time . . . onc
"discover" KNOX Gelatine.
don't take my word for it . . .
package today and try the re
enclosed. Do that, and you'll
why I call it my "prize package
for I learned long ago that K
is the "secret" of delicious and d
ent salads, desserts and main c
to freshen up your menus . . . which save you
work and money. And that's not all, either . . . K
recipes provide health-giving protein, vitamins and
erals "missing" in some factory-flavored desserts.
find 4 envelopes of Gelatine for 4 different meals in
package of KNOX, too. And let me send you
FREE RECIPE BOOKLET called *"Better Meals*
Gel-Cookery". It's "packed" with peak treats you'll w
serve often, and you can . . . for they're all quick, ea
economical when they're made the modern Gel-C
way with KNOX. So don't delay . . . write Nancy
Dept. J5, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



...y Nancy Sasser

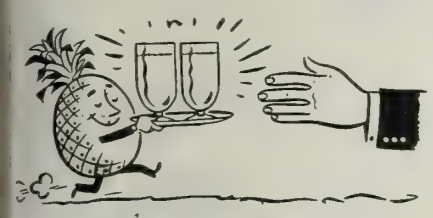
~ Memo On Foods! ~



MY FIRST CHOICE for delicious, but economical, Lenten dishes can be summed up in very few words . . . DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets. Why? Because it's not only a luscious treat "as is", but in all kinds of salads and entrees . . . for it's a deliciously-different light meat salmon with the most delicate flavor I've ever tasted. But that's not all . . . the skin and backbone are removed, too. So get DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets today . . . try it in your favorite recipes or like this *Mushroom Salmon on Toast:*

Combine 1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup and ⅓ cup milk. Heat and stir until well blended. Flake 1 cup (½ pound can) DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets and add to mushroom mixture; season with ½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce. Serve on hot buttered toast halves.

And when you're shopping for DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets, don't overlook this delightful "twosome" . . . DEMING'S Sirloin Salmon (that old favorite Alaska Red Sockeye) with skin and backbone removed, and DEMING'S Recipe Pink Salmon in the regular pack.



IT'S A TOAST TO THE KING'S TASTE (and your royal family's, too!) when you serve tall glasses of DEL MONTE Unsweetened Pineapple Juice . . . for most people agree it's delicious, sunny refreshment at its best. You see, DEL MONTE selects only the juiciest pineapples and picks them at the exact moment of sun-sweetened ripeness . . . when natural tartness and sweetness are in perfect flavor balance. That's why it has a rich, tropical goodness and appetizing sparkle all its own . . . *not too tart, not too sweet . . . the perfect juice for all 'round use.* And it's a "toast" to your health as well as to your taste . . . abounds in energy-giving natural sugars and is a good source of health-protecting Vitamin C. I don't know any other juice (or drink, either!) that fits so many occasions or goes so well with so many foods . . . so serve DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice often.



I TREAT MY FAMILY like special guests these days . . . for I've learned a marvelous new way to add glamour to my cooking. And it's so easy . . . I just "dress up" all kinds of sweet treats with BAKER'S Chocolate Chips. You know WALTER BAKER, maker of Premium No. 1, America's favorite cooking chocolate, now makes these extra-rich, extra-chocolaty chips. They taste better—*(everything* chocolate tastes best when it's BAKER'S!)—and bake better too! They resist oven heat, don't melt away—stay firm and chewy right through baking. So get BAKER'S Semi-Sweet Chocolate Chips today . . . and use them in cookies, cakes, brownies, frostings, puddings, ice cream and other sweets. And don't miss the recipes on the package—there's one for a brand new kind of brownie, as well as for the popular chip cookie *everybody* loves. Don't wait another day—give your family a surprise Chocolate Chip dessert this very evening!

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY wherever I go is always TRISCUIT Wafers . . . for people are all alike in liking their just-right-for-crunching texture, hearty, tangy, whole-wheat taste. I don't think there's anything like 'em . . . they're so zesty, so golden-toasted and salted to a "turn". Little wonder that when TRISCUIT Wafers appear, they "monopolize" the conversation . . . then keep all the guests "traybound" until only the tray is left. I wouldn't dream of giving a party without them . . . and for special occasions I "dress" 'em up like this:



Mince 2 hard-cooked eggs; combine with one 4-oz. can sardines, mashed. Add 1 tbsp. lemon juice, 2 tbsp. mayonnaise, 1 tbsp. French Dressing. Spread it on TRISCUIT Wafers . . . for wonderful canapes!

Be sure you always have plenty of TRISCUIT Wafers on hand for the family . . . wonderful for between-meal nibbling and as an "escort" for soups, salads and entrees with meals. Just be sure you get TRISCUIT Wafers . . . baked purely for your pleasure by NABISCO.

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART is still "via" delicious dishes . . . and UNCLE BEN'S *Converted* Long Grain Rice is one sure way to "hit-the-spot". It tastes supreme . . . "thanks" to an exclusive new process which gives it a luscious nut-like flavor everybody loves. And it's absolutely "miss-proof" . . . in fact, it's *guaranteed* to cook up light, white and fluffy every time or your money back. What's more, those fluffy grains *stay* apart . . . even when stored in the refrigerator and reheated. It's the easiest-to-cook rice I've ever seen, too . . . so get UNCLE BEN'S today . . . and try this deliciously different treat tonight:



Combine 1½ cups UNCLE BEN'S *Converted* Rice, 3 cups chicken stock, 1 tbsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. salt, 1 bay leaf and ½ cup butter. Put in top of double boiler; cook 35 mins. or until rice is tender. Stir occasionally. Place rice in casserole and add ½ cup melted butter. Cover, bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 10–15 mins. Serves 6.

(Continued from Page 135)

Chicago Style I was able to dig up some money. So I produced my first play, and was on my way.

Lennie leaned back in his chair and shut his eyes for a moment. Then he said, "I haven't allowed myself to go over that period for years now. My lost youth."

"I know," Eleanor said. "I'm getting scared. I can feel Gil, I can feel him coming alive. God forbid."

Frank Fistere said, "Who's next?"

I picked up the letter. 'And now Eleanor,' I read, and read on, 'and leave out those Hollywood tricks. Don't stamp out a cigarette as if you were driving a nail, don't hold your head down and look up competently from under your lashes. I taught you to talk straight once. Do it.'

"Damn him," Eleanor said, "damn him," for at that moment she was stamping out a cigarette, her head was down and she was looking up. A coincidence, sure, but a nice one.

"Go on," Frank said.

I [Eleanor said, and her voice shook a little] can tell you what he means by the "truth" very quickly. And I won't need any tricks.

Perhaps none of you remember, but I was an actress before I ever met Gil McBride. I had been in summer stock, I had played in a couple of road companies—that was before they called them "national" companies—and I had been in three plays on Broadway. I grant you I wasn't quite making a living, but I was on the verge of it.

One day out of the blue Gil called me. I had never met him, but you know what he meant. I was more excited to have a call from him than from any other producer in New York. He gave me the script of Jack's Place and told me to read it. I did and naturally I thought he wanted me for the second lead, which was a quite good part, and I told him I'd love to do it. *Possibly* you can imagine how I felt when he said I was a fool, that he wanted me for the lead. I was on top of the world.

> **Whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister: And whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all.**
> —MARK 10:43–44.

I fought with him, yes. He insulted me publicly, privately, and if there is any midway point for insult, he did that too. But I could take it, for it was about work, about my job. Just as a doctor doesn't insult you when he tells you what's the matter with you, so Gil didn't really disturb me. Oh, I was upset or furious a hundred times, but he had given me a glimpse into the world of real acting, and I knew I had to follow him no matter what.

So much for that. Jack's Place opened and if I do say so myself I made the hit of my life. I've still got the notices carefully preserved under cellophane if you're interested in seeing them. I was it, I was the town's new girl, people came to the theater as much to see me as the play. It didn't go to my head, though. I was perfectly willing to let it, but Gil saw that it didn't.

But despite him I had a wonderful winter, and in the spring I did the accepted thing. I fell in love. With the most right young man.

He was the handsomest thing I ever saw, Bill Tailer was, and I've seen everything that Hollywood has to offer. Yale, Harvard Law, a great tennis player, wonderful family, he was too good to be true, and he was mad for me. And Little Eleanor, I don't mind telling you, was mad for him.

Gil broke it up. I was at the office one day for something or other and he called me in and said, "I caught your performance last night and you stink. I want you to stop running around and get some sleep." I said, "Gil, I'm giving exactly the same performance. And I'm getting lots of sleep." He said, "I saw you. You stink."

Well, you know, there comes a point where you've had it. After a year of insults, that one mild little word was too much. "Listen" I said, "any time you want to get rid of me let me know. I have three new plays I can go into."

And he laughed. I could feel myself shaking with anger. "Why, you second-rate little pot," he said, "you think you're a star. After I showed you every gesture, gave you every reading, you think you can act. Ha. You haven't got it and you'll never have it unless I pull the strings see? My orders to you are to stop running around *or whatever you want to call it* with that Bill Tailer and get some sleep."

I shouldn't have done it, but I did. I had a glass of water in my hand and I threw it at Gil McBride.

In a second he was around his desk, slapping me around. Oh, slapping isn't the word; he was beating me, my face, my arms, my head. He knocked me to the floor and kicked me. I don't know what would have happened if I hadn't screamed so that people from the outer office ran in and stopped him. This tooth, see, it's false. He knocked mine out.

You can imagine how I looked. I was out of the play, of course, I had a black eye, my mouth was swollen, I was covered with bruises, and there was the question of Bill Tailer. I had to tell him what had happened. He was all for going and giving Gil a beating, naturally, but I talked him out of that; it would only have made things worse, the papers would have picked it up and then the rumors and dirt would have started, you know. I was too sore and scared to get into any more trouble.

Bill was wonderful all during the time my bruises were healing. He sent me roomfuls of flowers, he came and saw me twice a day, he couldn't have been sweeter, but I knew even then he was leaving me.

I don't want to make him out a heel. He wasn't. I don't know what he thought. Perhaps he suspected I was just someone cast off by Gil, and he didn't want secondhand goods. Perhaps he hated the violence, and was afraid that as his wife I might attract it again. Perhaps he just thought it was dirty—which God knows it was—and he didn't want to be touched by such dirt. Or perhaps he didn't love me. I don't know. Anyway, as time went on, he called me less and less, and finally not at all. . . . My beautiful Bill.

Frank Fistere said, "It won't be easy to follow that."

I picked up the letter. 'And now Frank Fistere.'

Mine isn't quite the same kind of story [Frank said] for I never had one of those knock-down-and-drag-outs with Gil. Professionally, except for the usual theatrical short temper, we got along quite well. All Gil did to me was break my heart.

My wife and I lived in a small town in Central Pennsylvania. I won't say it was a great life, but it was a pleasant one. I worked on the newspaper, a not too exacting job, we had a little apartment and a secondhand car.

But I, alas, was a quasi-intellectual, and I was ambitious. The road to fame, I was convinced, could be traversed on a typewriter. I had the time. I wrote.

For a while it was short stories. I imagine everyone tries short stories first. Betsy, my wife, read mine and loved them, but she was the only one; regularly they came back from every magazine I sent them to. But twice—and this will show you how careers are shaped—twice editors had written on the rejection slips "Nice dialogue."

Dialogue. Why did I not, therefore, write a play? Plays are short, a hundred and ten or twenty pages, and all talk. I wrote three. Three bad ones.

But I wrote a fourth, Souvenir of Gettysburg, which an agent liked well enough to peddle, and she peddled it to Gil McBride.

You can imagine what it was like, on a February day, in the middle of Pennsylvania, to receive that telegram. Within one

(Continued on Page 139)



THE DRESS...
A **BLACK MAGIC** ORIGINAL
BY *Jo Copeland*

New High Point in Hospitality

ZENITH BLACK MAGIC TELEVISION—PLUS
COBRA-MATIC RECORD PLAYING WITH *Pitch and Tempo Contr*

You feel a thrill of pride when you turn on your Zenith. Everyone in the room is so delighted, so impressed. By the breath-taking size and clarity of Zenith's Giant Circle picture. By the absence of eye-straining glare or room light reflections, due to Zenith's amazing Reflection-Proof Blaxide Screen. By the startling realism of voices and music, with Zenith's life-like FM sound. Yes, it all adds up to sheer "Black Magic"!

And when it's time to change stations, presto! From your easy chair, you press the little "Lazy Bones" Remote Control in your palm. There's your new picture, sound, everything. NOT ONE KNOB TO TOUCH!

Later in the evening someone suggests records, and Zenith's new Cobra-Matic Record-Player holds your audience spellbound. You point out why: No other automatic phonograph lets you play all records at the exact speed they were recorded...lets you adjust speed for perfect pitch, tempo and timbre—the "tone color" that gives great voices and masterfu played instruments their individual, breath-tak beauty! You can play not only 33⅓, 45, 78, but all termediate speeds—thousands of them—from 10 to including the coming new 16 RPM! Even your cherish old records that were recorded at different speeds now be played in perfect pitch and with new, rich to quality.

Add to this the finest in FM and AM radio recepti plus a cabinet of lifetime beauty and quality, and y know why so many families of excellent taste agree wherever you find modern living in the gracious m ner, a Zenith TV-Radio-Phonograph Combination is new High Point in Hospitality!



The Music Lover's Dream

THE INSTRUMENT: New Zenith "Hawthorne" TV-Radio-Phonograph. 165 sq. in. 2-in-1 (circular and rectangular) Reflection-Proof Screen. New "Super-Range" chassis with built-in provision for tuner strips to receive proposed ultra-high frequencies on present standards. Cobra-Matic Record Player. AM-FM radio. 18th Century cabinet, exquisite Mahogany veneers. **$549.95***

*Include... Prices subject to change without notice.



(Continued from Page 137)

ur Betsy saw herself in mink coats, living
n Park Avenue.

Gil was a shock, but to me a profoundly
citing one. You see, his was the first really
werful mind I had ever encountered. The
ople I had known before had been sensible
astute or goodhearted, but none had ever
d a *big* mind. The play, as you might know,
asn't right. Gil made his suggestions,
hich required a good deal of work, and I
ied very hard to do what he wanted. But
fore ten days were over he saw and I saw
wasn't coming through.

Maybe I was having too much fun. Betsy
as overcome by merely being in New York;
e sight, the sound, the smell of it entranced
r. Even when we couldn't go anywhere, she
ed to walk the late deserted streets, to look
the midnight lights. It was going to be her
wn, and she was getting her bearings.

Probably Gil suspected what was going
: he seemed to know everything; he had
t Betsy three or four times and had us to
nner twice. Anyway, at the end of two
eks, he shipped me off to a little inn in Con-
cticut which was practically deserted at
at time of year, and made Betsy stay in
w York without me.

I suppose it was then that it happened;
ere wasn't any other time that it could
ve. I worked innocently and well in Con-
cticut, mailed Gil a scene a day. At the end
three weeks I was done and he was happy.
ame back and we went into rehearsal.

HE play isn't important, except that it
s my first, and a hit. What is important is
at one week after we opened, I came back
our hotel and found a note from Betsy say-
g she had left for Reno and that Gil was go-
g to take care of her from then on.

Well, you can imagine. Gil disappeared
). I thought then he had gone to Reno with
tsy, but now I don't believe he did. I tried
erything, but everything was a blank wall.
tsy was adamant; she had left me and
uld never come back.

I had money, that was something. I was
ting a fat royalty check every week. I had
ways wanted to go to France, so I took off.
r the next year I lived in a little place
led Trou-sur-mer, not far from Cannes. I
ote my next two plays there.

When I got back I found Betsy was not
h Gil. After the divorce she had lived with
n only a month or two before he threw her
t. She had returned home for a while ap-
ently, but then she had gone to Philadel-
ia and taken a job. I wrote to her and tried
see her, but she returned my letters and
uld not see me. I do not know what be-
ne of her.

Eleanor got out of her chair, walked over
the sofa and stretched out upon it. "He
ched us all," she said, "did he not?"

Very softly Lennie echoed her; "Did he not?"

I said, "Would you like a drink before I finish the letter?"

"I would indeed," Frank Fistere said.

As I handed the glasses around, Eleanor said, "I have never drunk champagne on a less festive occasion."

Frank Fistere took his glass and frowned. "Why," he said, "why did we submit to this?"

Lennie shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe it's good for us."

I sat down and sipped my wine, and then picked up the letter once again. I looked at it and then glanced around at the three. "Well?"

Eleanor nodded. "Begin."

'Does the pattern show through?' I read. 'Has it become apparent yet? Have you now an idea of what you were, each of you, before I took hold of you?

'Possibly not, so I will explain. First, let me bless you each with the name of artist; in your varying stations and capacities you are. If that sounds like a surprising admission from me, let me say that I made you so.

'I did not give you your talents. You had them, in whatever degree you still have, before I met you. I gave you the ability to use them.

'The arts flourish on talent. Talent is of value only to the extent to which it can make itself felt. An artist of small talent who braves and becomes accustomed to the arena is more useful than one of great who hides in the bushes. Each of you, when you came to me, was in the bushes.

'I opened the portals into the dust and sunlight. I have done it for a hundred people; some have fainted at the threshold, some have entered. You three entered.

'Consider Lennie. In three years he learned everything I could teach him. *On his own*, for this you cannot teach, he made Chicago Style into a play. I know, I read the original script. So he was ready to go out, to be his own man. But had I given him the per cent I promised, he would have stayed with me forever, grateful and competent.

'And Eleanor. As good an actress as I ever had, but handicapped. Handicapped by ease. Everything was given to her, a face, a body, a happy family, money, and worst, ability. She never had to straighten her nose, or learn to speak and walk, or starve. Even, she was given the pretty lawyer.

'She was on the edge of greatness when she was with me. But even I was easy on her, because she could give me what I wanted by trying only half. What she needed to develop was work, work and more work.

'A season of luxury with the lawyer and she would have begun to atrophy, she would have slipped back, back, into the safe spot in the bushes. Ease was the enemy, for the artist does not live unless he fights. So violence was the savior.

'She showed me. Several times she showed me that she was a better actress than even I had thought. It has been said of a number of people that their careers were based on hatred of me. It is an epitaph of a sort, and one of which there is no reason to be ashamed. The word to remember is "career."

'The case of Frank Fistere is the old one of the man who married a dumb wife. Betsy was a good enough girl for a newspaperman, but not for one of the half-dozen best playwrights of his time. He will now probably, if grudgingly, agree with me. She would at the least have hindered, at the worst wrecked his career.

'He needed, at the point I knew him, time to be alone, to feel, to think, so he could write properly. Betsy's idea of living was high life, a fact I quite easily proved. In any case the artist should not marry until he is sure of himself, the bed cannot help but beget compromise.

'Fistere's was the chanciest case, the one most open to question. But I was right on two counts. One, those plays he brought back from France. How I should have liked to produce them. I never could have, for had I let Betsy alone, they would not have been written, and since I took her —— Second, because after a year, he did not really try very hard to win Betsy back. She could have been won if he had cared enough, he did not.

'So. I have been your guardian angel. Why? I am sure you will ask a bitter why. Because it gave me satisfaction, and because—and someday you may understand this—it was my duty. Your judgment is of course clouded by thoughts of what you call your "happiness." An artist is by definition an unhappy man, I merely kept you so, and thus, alive. As artists, you are looking for the truth; remember a happy man does not have to bother: ponder such a death.

'Enough. These platitudes may interest you, they don't me. I said in the beginning I had a proposal.

'You owe me something. I, who have given you so much, now ask of you these things: a play, a performance, a production, Lennie to direct, Eleanor to act, Frank to write. It is the least you can do.

'I beg it of you. For, oh, I will need something to improve upon in heaven, where I will surely go.'

I WILL skip now an hour and a half's conversation, for it was what you would expect. Point by point they ripped Gil's arguments to shreds, sentence by sentence they proved him gross, cruel, lying and now maudlin: what you would expect. So I will pick up an hour and a half later, in the middle of a sentence of Frank Fistere's:

". . . and as I said, it is amazing, or at least peculiar, but I do have two acts of a play done. I haven't had an idea for a year, until just last month ——"

"And naturally it has a part in it for me?" Eleanor said.

"But perfect," Frank said. "You'd be the absolute first choice."

Lennie said, "I did mention, didn't I, that I have just signed a contract that gives me twenty weeks a year off? Twenty weeks is time enough to put on a play."

"Come on, kids," Eleanor said, "let's relax. Fun's fun, but this is madness. Of course I have just turned down three scripts."

"I know you'd like mine," Frank said.

"I'm sure I would," Eleanor said.

Lennie said, "When can you have it in shape?"

"In a month."

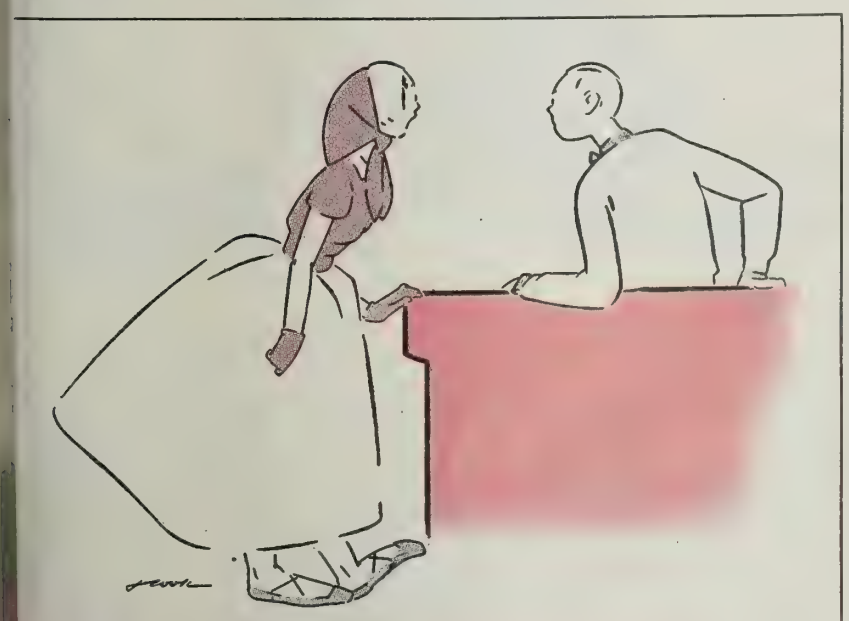
"We could go into rehearsal in August."

"We could."

"No," Eleanor said, "please God no. I can see Forty-fifth Street, I can feel the heat, I can smell the empty theater, I can taste the drugstore coffee, oh, no ——"

"Or maybe yes."

Eleanor put her hands over her face and gave a little moan. "Or maybe yes," she said. "A Gil McBride Production of a play by Frank Fistere, directed by Lennie Frost, starring Eleanor Tait. It will happen, and how he will laugh." THE END

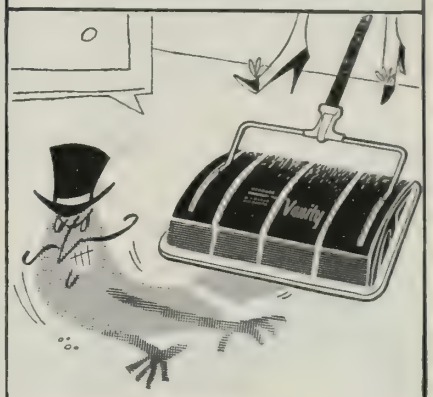


"Of course I love you, Edgar, but I can't just go around marrying all the men I'm in love with."



I'M THE RUG-A-BOO!

I'LL G-G-GRIND THOSE DIRT TRACKS INTO THE FIBERS OF HER RUG BEFORE SHE VACUUMS AGAIN ON SATURDAY!



CURSES!

SHE'S GOT A NEW BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER! NOW I WON'T HAVE TIME TO RUIN THE FIBERS OR DULL THE COLOR!



I GOT SMART! I USE A HANDY BISSELL SWEEPER NOW FOR ALL QUICK CLEAN-UPS. SEE HOW THE "BISCO-MATIC"* BRUSH ACTION SWEEPS CLEAN— EVEN UNDER LOW FURNITURE— WITH NO PRESSURE ON THE HANDLE!

DON'T LET THE RUG-A-BOO GET YOU!
GET A "BISCO-MATIC" BISSELL



Only $7.45 up
A little more in the West.

BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.

California Fiesta

6 easy ways to put summer sunshine into winter meals with golden-ripe cling peaches!



Recipe

Fiesta Fan Peach Salad

Canned cling peach slices
Mayonnaise or salad dressing
Lettuce Avocado Pimiento

Arrange peach slices in fan pattern on each garnished salad plate. Place small lettuce cup at base of fan; fill with mayonnaise. Garnish with slice of avocado and pimiento ribbons. Sun-ripe cling peaches with their just-picked flavor make the world's prettiest best-tasting salads. Try this easy, quick one today. Sliced apple, orange or grapefruit sections can be used instead of avocado! Peaches and cottage cheese are another favorite!



Recipe

Fiesta Peach Crown

1½ cups canned cling peach slices
1 package raspberry-flavored gelatin
1¾ cups hot water
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Place drained peach slices in swirl pattern in 6 or 8 small round molds. Dissolve gelatin in hot water; add lemon juice. Cool until thickened. Pour over peach slices. Chill firm. Unmold. Garnish with gumdrop leaves and whipped cream if desired. **Golden Fiesta Crown:** Use plain gelatin, following directions for Lemon Gelatin on package. Either way, wonderful for children's parties!



Recipe

Fiesta Peach Glaze Cake

¼ cup butter or margarine
½ cup brown sugar (packed)
6 canned cling peach halves
6 walnut halves
Plain cake batter

Spread butter and brown sugar in bottom of deep 8-inch round pan. Arrange well-drained peaches and walnuts on top. Cover with cake batter. Bake in moderate oven (350°F) about 1 hour. Invert over plate to remove cake. Serve warm with whipped cream. Serves 6. Only with peaches can you bake such a rich, handsome upside-down cake as this!



Recipe

Fiesta Patio Plate

1 12-ounce can spiced luncheon meat
Hot mashed sweet potatoes
4 to 6 canned cling peach halves
Orange marmalade

Cut meat in 8 slices; put together sandwich style with thick layer of sweet potatoes. Arrange in flat pan with well-drained peach halves. Spread meat and peaches with marmalade. Broil 5 to 10 minutes until thoroughly heated and glazed on top. Serves 4. Grand for luncheons or buffet suppers! New! Bright! Easy! And thanks to the plump peaches a little serves a lot!



Recipe

Fiesta Peach Shortcake

Large baking powder biscuits
1 No. 2½ can cling peach slices
1 cup whipping cream

Make biscuit dough extra rich (your own recipe or packaged mix); sweeten with 1 or 2 tablespoons sugar. Split hot biscuits; put together shortcake style with whipped cream and cling peaches between and on top. Makes 4 or 5 individual shortcakes with real summertime flavor! Variation: Sliced pound cake or ladyfingers (from your grocer or baker) make tasty, pretty peach shortcakes, too! Or you can use cupcakes. All good! All quick!



Recipe

Fiesta Favorite Dessert

Canned cling peach halves
Assorted cookies

M-m-m! Big juicy-sweet canned cling peaches from the sun-warmed valleys of California. Look how easy they are to serve. Open the can, spoon them out. Luscious! Golden-ripe! Bursting with summery, fresh-picked flavor. Fancy enough for guests, thrifty enough for everyday. California cling peaches are still your lowest priced canned fruit. Keep them handy. You always get your money's worth when you get plump, full-grown cling peaches. America's favorites. Serve with cookies.

Cling Peach Advisory Board

Canned Cling Peaches from California

It took the Patrellos, of Mt. Vernon, New York, four years of patching and penny-pinching to make their dream come true—but it was worth it.

by JOAN YOUNGER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERB KRATOVIL



White frame, on a shady street, with a kitchen Laura loved at first sight.



"I worked on other people's houses, and worried about getting one of my own," John, a plasterer, says. "Now I worry about keeping it."

A Home of Their Own

"YOU are living dangerously, Law," said her husband, using the pet name he had given her during their engagement. Laura rolled her black eyes at him and laughed.

"Don't you worry, Johnny," she said. "Mamma knows how to spend money."

John Patrello eyed the small white cabinet she had just added to her already excellently equipped kitchen and shrugged. "You'd better know when to stop too," he said.

Laura laughed again, put a doily on top of the cabinet, put the shiny broiler on top of the doily, and then began moving her spices and canned goods from the old cabinet into the new one she had just bought.

"You married a woman who likes nice things," she said. "Remember?"

Johnny remembered. It was a frequent remark of Laura's.

"I'm just worried about the future," he said. "If we have a war, there goes the building boom, and there goes our money. You got to start being more careful."

It was his parting shot as he left the kitchen. Laura, undisturbed, went on fixing up the cabinet. For four years she and Johnny had scrimped, saved and slaved to get the house of their own that they wanted above all else; and now they had it, Laura had thrown caution to the winds. There was scarcely a moment when she was not either bringing home something new, shopping for it, or trying to decide what it should look like.

During the saving period, her sisters nicknamed her "Patchy Laura" because she refused to buy new clothes or even aprons for herself, and had sent Johnny off to his work as a plasterer in patched shirts, worn trousers, and socks that were very often more darns than socks.

Laura herself also worked, adding to John's average yearly income during this period of $4000 to $4500, another $1500 from a job in a neighborhood dress factory. "We spent just what we had to each week and then put the rest in the bank," Laura said in explanation. "We saved about $4000—and then we spent it all on the house." She spoke with pride. The house is their darling and their dream. It is not that it is a castle, nor even that it has all the qualities that they might wish for it—its specialness lies in the fact that it is their very own.



Dinner at home—John carves for his ever-hungry family: Anthony, 21, on a week-end pass from the Air Force; Connie, 19; Joe, 15; and wife, Laura.





Joe likes to make complicated, delicate model airplanes, once built a bicycle out of old parts. Anthony studied to be an architectural draftsman, but now is a radio technician at Washington, D. C., air base.

"Johnny and I love to argue," Laura says. "But we never fight. My mother taught me never to talk back to a man when he's angry." They met at birthday party when she was 15, he 19, married four years later.

Home is where not only their hearts are—but also their hobbies.

White frame, set on a shady street in Mt. Vernon, New York, it boasts in front a patch of green lawn and a porch; in back, a garage, a small yard with a swing, a table and some chromium chairs. Inside, on the first floor, there were once a dining room and a living room, both on the poky side, but Laura was determined from the start that they be thrown into one to make a good-sized living room. She's still determined, but for the moment she's at a standstill. The chimney from the furnace runs through the dividing wall, and although Johnny obligingly has knocked out as much of the wall as he can, the chimney remains, a pillar through the center of the living room—and there it will stay until they can replace it with an outdoor one.



"My father is very realistic," Connie says. "Last year at Christmas I said, 'I don't want anything if I can't have a car,' so he didn't give me anything."

Upstairs, there's Johnny and Laura's room, with its double bed, and 15-year-old Joe's room, right off it, and Connie's room, with an extra bed in it where Joe sleeps when Anthony comes home on leave from the Air Force and takes over his brother's room. The bathroom has small and old-fashioned fixtures, for it is not, like the kitchen, modernized.

The kitchen is the last word. Here Laura can cook her spaghetti and meat balls, her eggplant pie, her special tomato sauces on a shiny new range, flanked by a streamlined sink and a huge refrigerator. Here the family can eat with plenty of elbowroom, beneath the windows with Venetian blinds and blue curtains—to match the blue linoleum. Here Johnny can have his daily after-work pot of coffee, Connie can use the telephone. Joe can come in saying "What's cooking?" and Anthony's fiancée, Ida, can sit and talk to his mother in the full knowledge that there is plenty of room for her.

It was the kitchen Laura fell in love with when they were house hunting two years ago. It is the kitchen that is now setting the pace for the rest of the house.

For Laura is sure they can make every room as up to date and well equipped as it is. John is in complete sympathy with this idea: he spends most of his week ends and many evenings plastering, wallpapering and, in general, fixing up. But he is worried. The threat of war hovers around him, attacking him first here, then there. He worries about his job, although he is now making $105 a week. But already a shortage of materials and funds has hit the housing industry, slowing it down—and war might cancel all *(Continued on Page 144)*



ost teen-agers, Joe is always hungry, heads for kitchen as soon as he comes
e and can handle quart of milk, two sandwiches before dinner. Kitchen
favorite place for rest of family, too, as $50 weekly food bills testify.



"I'm looking for a rich husband and I've got to look nice," Connie argues when she wants new clothes, and Laura uses argument right back at her when ironing time comes. Connie has good job as secretary but says work bores her.

father was determined his six daughters would be musicians, but Laura gave up cello for marriage, now plays only when sister Anna and husband visit.





About half the year, Laura works in a neighborhood dress factory, running a power sewing machine, alongside her sister Millie (on Laura's left). Both girls learned the trade in their teens, are skilled workers, but Laura now finds it very tiring, is glad John does the cooking and the shopping for her when she is working.



"I've got no backbone when it comes to dieting," Laura
"Every summer I decide to lose ten pounds, but when
cooking spaghetti, I get so hungry for it I've got to e



Laura goes grocery shopping four times a week, gets meat, cheese, sausage and oil from local Italian store, goes to supermarket for staples. "Our food bill is way too high and we know it," she says. "But we all love eating too much to cut down on it any."

"The hardest days aren't w



Plasterer's holiday: John works week ends fixing own house.

(Continued from Page 142)

work. He also worries about
thony: he didn't want the bo
enlist, but although he and L
talked to him all one night, Anth
followed the lead of his friends
joined up in 1948 for three years.
spring, an extra year was added t
hitch. Both John's war worries
mixed up together, and since he
not voice his fears for Anthony
talks instead about money.

"We went through our depres
Law," he says. "We also went thr
a war together. So there are good times now—for how long?
people, they can make money in a war. Not plasterers. Not boys i
Army. We got to go slow and save money."

Laura is sympathetic—but it is not in her nature to worry.

"We came out of the depression all right, though, didn't
Johnny?" she'll say. "We got the kids through high school
Chubby is in the Army? He's getting good training. He's getting
motions. And you're working, aren't you? If I can just get my li
room fixed up, I'll start saving money, you'll see. You know I can
money—right, Johnny?"

John smiles at her when she talks like this. Although they ra
show their affection for each other, you can sense it in the way
smiles at her light up his face—and in the way she looks at him,
eyes alive, her dimples showing. They met when Laura was 15 an
was going on 20; they were married four years later.

He is a small man, wirily built, with the light, springy walk
dancer. His face is square, and often furrowed with wrinkles, but w
he is entertained it has the gaiety of an elf's. He looks more Irish
Italian, but both his parents were born near Naples. His father w
mason who settled in Mt. Vernon before John was born and who



here's nothing like olive oil to get plaster out of a man's
nds," John says. He took up plastering because he thought
ıra's father wanted him to, but has never learned to like it.



John works a 7-hour day, 5 days weekly, makes $3 an hour, and loses between 30 to 50 days yearly being in between jobs or because you can't plaster when it rains. Union determines pay, hours and amount of work done. "It's hard, messy work," John says, "and you never know when things will get slack."

work—but when you don't."

year John graduated from high school (John had the date of his
th tattooed on his arm, along with a buxom female, one night when
was feeling sentimental). John first became a glass engraver. It was
er he met Laura that he turned to the building trades for a life-
rk—but that is another story, one more Laura's than his.

For Laura, even in her teens, had a dynamic and dominating per-
ıality. She came by it naturally. It is a heritage from both her father
l her mother and as much a part of her as the shiny black of her
r. As with John, both her parents came from Italy, but they brought
h them ambitions and desires that John's family never dreamed of.
remost among them was a musical dream—it was their consuming
ire that all their children should be musicians. To this end they
ıt all their efforts, and although they bore six girls and never had
son they longed for, they never deserted their goal. Mr. Vivo, her
her, was a barber; her mother, a dressmaker. Pooling their earnings,
Vivos started the first girl, Anna, on the piano; the second,
san, on the violin; the third, Laura, on the cello; Millie and Frances
e twins) on violins; and Gloria, born late in life, on all three—plus
eratic singing.

Vivo himself neither played nor sang. He was the audience—and
director—but he lived only long enough to see his dream slowly
lapse. Even while the violin teacher was giving lessons to Susan,
was making eyes at Anna, then a mere 12 years old. When she was
he asked if he could marry her when she grew up—say at 19. Vivo,
gry and hurt, first banned him from the house and then, relenting,
ok him back. They were married three years later.

Vivo now had to face the fact that none of his daughters had the
ıl drive toward music that would make it an all-important, soul-
nsuming art. For by then Laura had met Johnny, who has no feeling
music; Susie had eloped; Fannie had married at 17; and the baby
oria, while clearly a prodigy at playing the piano, was too young to
unt. To mark his resignation, he took all the music—the arrange-
nts which had cost so much and the popular jazz tunes alike—
ried it to the back yard and set fire to it. As the flames leaped up, he



A good plasterer is a craftsman, but the work is so demanding that few young men now want to learn it. Dampness of surroundings makes colds a menace, rheumatism a hazard, reaching and stretching are wearisome—and you may get lime in your eyes.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

"We're very much a family; I guess we just like each other."

Anthony and Ida Cimaglia have gone together five years, but are waiting until Anthony gets out of the Air Force before marrying. "You can't have a decent marriage without a real home," he says.

"I just hate to see Anthony off," Laura says, "but I'd feel even worse if I didn't." Her 71-year-old mother, left, does lively recitals at family parties, sends hundreds of packages every year to Italy.





started to weep. Then he returned to the house and told his girls they could now do as they pleased with their lives. A few years later, he died of cancer. Only his last born, little Gloria, stayed with her music. Her most recent triumph was a singing role in the Broadway show, High Button Shoes. Currently she is a night-club performer.

As for Laura, she married Johnny and never again played the cello professionally. They had met when she was acting at a children's birthday party in Mt. Vernon where Johnny was a guest. While Anna accompanied her on the piano, she sang the Wang Wang Blues and Dapper Dan, two songs of the kind her father frowned on, but which were admittedly profitable. For the latter she had to dress like a boy, and she discovered that she had forgotten her costume. She sent Susie running into the audience looking for a boy with broad shoulders. Johnny filled the bill, and it was his jacket she wore, even before she had met him. ("My jacket," he says. "never looked so good.") Then and there, he fell in love and for four years he courted Laura.

Her father, insisting that she think only of her music, did everything he could think of to turn Johnny away. He chaperoned Laura everywhere; he got her better music teachers; he talked endlessly about a dazzling future, about a marriage with some vague "big man"; and when these things failed, he criticized Johnny's ability to take care of her, complaining that glass engraving was neither skill nor trade. Laura, passing this along to Johnny, suggested that he go into business with his brother, who was a painter. John, taking it as an order from Vivo, became a plasterer. But it is work which to this day he dislikes, because it is messy and exhausting, and because when it rains heavily or snows, all plastering (and thus, all pay) stops until the weather is drier, and because the housing industry is so unstable, always in a boom or a slump.

In the '20's, however, it promised a good living. When John and Laura were married in the spacious Mt. Vernon house that Papa Vivo had bought shortly before his death, *(Continued on Page 150)*

Beatrice Cooke's Mealtime Adventures



FOR FEBRUARY: A new omelet, quick-fix Chinese soup, party treat for the tricycle set, buttermilk pancakes.



Sunday night Suppers are Cozy!

is not a pleasanter winter way to entertain than in easy-to-fix, informal lap supper. Serve it on with chairs drawn up around an open fireplace, if ave one. Or just in a comfortable, conversational Next time you entertain this way, here's an sting dish I think you'd like to try:

Cottage Cheese and Chives Omelet

Meadow Gold Cottage	1 teaspoon salt
se	¼ teaspoon pepper
oons finely chopped chives	6 stiff-beaten Meadow
low Gold Egg yolks	Gold Egg whites
light Meadow Gold Cream	3 tablespoons fat

cheese and chives until light and fluffy. Beat in egg one at a time. Add cream, salt and pepper; beat thor-. Fold in egg whites. Heat fat in 10-inch skillet; pour in xture; cover and cook over low heat until mixture puffs, 10 or 12 minutes. Uncover. Bake in moderate oven 10 or 15 minutes. Fold over. Serve on warm platter with sauce made by heating condensed tomato soup. Add to make sauce consistency. Serves 4.

hope you'll be able to get MEADOW GOLD COTTAGE E as well as MEADOW GOLD CREAM and EGGS for this recipe, for MEADOW GOLD COTTAGE CHEESE is *creamed*—giving it MEADOW GOLD-perfect texture, firm, yet soft. And it's such a help to know that you can always depend on MEADOW GOLD freshness and purity.

Clown Cones *For the Kindergarten Crowd*

I always think February is such a wonderful month to put on parties and it's usually a month when the little children have to play indoors a good deal of the time. A party breaks the monotony for youngsters and mothers, too, and for little ones, ice cream *is* a party! Here's the simplest kind of a treat, and one that I've found children always love. (P.S. their mothers love for them to have it, too!)



For each child, place a scoop of creamy-rich, Meadow Gold Ice Cream on a fluted-edge sugar cookie. Top with a regular cone at a rakish angle for the clown hat, use colored gumdrops to make eyes, nose and mouth—such excitement!

Have you ever noticed how even pint-sized party-goers seem able to tell the difference in taste and quality of ice cream? Since you want their party to be the nicest possible, I hope you'll be sure to serve MEADOW GOLD. I know you'll find it better in quality and flavor.

It takes all kinds of Cows and Care

. . . to produce one sparkling clean bottle of pure, fresh MEADOW GOLD HOMOGENIZED MILK! Holsteins, Jerseys, Guernseys . . . each breed of cow is prized by dairy farmers for some particular characteristic of its milk. The Beatrice Foods Co. dairies use the milk from several kinds in order to bring to MEADOW GOLD the best blend of rich, health-giving values. So, you see, you can *always* count on the *same* fine quality in every bottle of MEADOW GOLD! Do try it, won't you?

An Easy Soup with an Exotic Air

I suppose you serve a great deal of good, hot soup during these winter months . . . we all do. But don't you get tired, sometimes, of the same soups? I know *I* do. So here's a new one. I've found this delicious Chinese soup to be a favorite both for its subtle flavoring and the excitingly different texture of the Chinese vegetables.

Chicken Sub-Gum Soup

(Cooking time: 15 minutes — Yield: 8 portions)

1 can LaChoy Mixed Chinese Vegetables (drained well and contents chopped fine.)
6 cups chicken broth or bouillon
3 Meadow Gold Eggs
LaChoy Soy Sauce and pepper

Add LaChoy Mixed Chinese Vegetables to boiling broth and cook five minutes. Pour beaten eggs into broth, stirring slowly until the eggs form small "flowers." Season to taste with LaChoy Soy Sauce and pepper.



Free Recipe Book: You'll find Sub-Gum soup and 23 other unusual Chinese recipes in this free book; also several interesting menus for Chinese meals. Just write Dept. J-18, LaChoy Food Products Division, Beatrice Foods Co., Archbold, Ohio.



Ever serve Shriving Cakes?

Of course you have! They're pancakes! Housewives in ancient England traditionally made them on Shrove Tuesday, before Ash Wednesday. The recipe, back that long ago, contained flour, for the staff of life; salt, for wholesomeness; eggs, as a proper Lenten dish; and milk for innocence. As the religious significance of Shrove Tuesday dimmed in England, it became simply Pancake Day. Pancake Day this year, celebrated in free countries the world over, is February 6. But I personally think it should be celebrated many, many days throughout the year, when you know a recipe as dependably delicious as this one!

Buttermilk Pancakes With Butter

2 cups sifted flour	1 Meadow Gold Egg, well beaten
1 teaspoon soda	2 cups Meadow Gold Buttermilk
1 teaspoon salt	1½ tablespoons Meadow Gold Butter, melted
1 tablespoon sugar	

Sift together dry ingredients. Combine buttermilk, beaten egg and melted butter; then add to dry mixture. Set batter in refrigerator for 15 minutes. Cook on hot griddle which has been lightly greased.

Topped with the rich golden deliciousness of MEADOW GOLD BUTTER . . . mmm! You know, when you serve MEADOW GOLD BUTTER at your house, you're giving your family and guests the same fine flavor and butter freshness they'd enjoy in some of the country's finest eating places. Many of the most famous restaurants use MEADOW GOLD dairy products. Won't you try it, too?



Free! My new booklet of delicious Buttermilk Recipes. 14 tested recipes for Orange-Raisin Muffins, Ham Souffle, Butterscotch Bread and many others. Just write to me, care of Beatrice Foods Co., Dept. BC-2, 120 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 3, Illinois.

© 1951, Beatrice Foods Co.

Don't forget to send for my newest FREE Book of Buttermilk Recipes.
And don't forget to ask for always-fresh MEADOW GOLD BUTTERMILK!

Bowl-Size! 3 Extra Biscuits!





It's 3 Ways Different 3 Ways Better-because it's Kellogg's SHREDDED WHEAT

1. BETTER BUY! Because only Kellogg's gives you 15 biscuits in every package!

2. BETTER FLAVOR! Because only Kellogg's gives you that wonderful "nut sweet" flavor. Extra-thorough toasting is the secret.

3. BETTER SIZE! Streamlined biscuits that fit the bowl. No waste. No spilled milk. No messy crumbs.

Make a change for the better! Change to Kellogg's Shredded Wheat!

Amazing Silverware Offer! 4 EXQUISITE TEASPOONS EACH WITH YOUR OWN INITIAL— ONLY 75¢ AND ONE BOX TOP FROM KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT

Feel and compare the weight of this beautiful "Signature" pattern silverplate. Build a complete service of your very own... with your very own initial. Take advantage of this offer now. For details, see any package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat.

Offer subject to modification or withdrawal at any time.



Mrs. Patrello and Joey buy mozzarella cheese for Eggplant Parmigiana.

thrifty meals

Italian Style

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

MRS. PATRELLO'S family came from the Neapolitan section of Italy. Her mother taught her to make the family provincial dishes when she was very young. Macaroni in one form or another is the basis of many of her specialties. A skillful blending of tomato sauce, olive oil, herbs and cheese gives these dishes distinction. They are filling, yet not expensive, and will add interest to your own everyday menus.

A spirited cook, Mrs. Patrello not only shared her recipes with the JOURNAL, but showed us just how each should be prepared. We found them fun to make and very good eating, and join her in wishing you "*buon' appetito!*"

Nothing is ever wasted in the Patrello kitchen. Escarole is the family's favorite salad green and they use a considerable quantity in a week. Thrifty as she is, Mrs. Patrello saves all the outer leaves from each head of escarole to make Mr. P.'s favorite soup. It has fewer ingredients than the usual *minestrone*. Mr. Patrello is quite as happy with a big bowl of this steaming brew of greens and beans, with plenty of fresh Italian bread, as he would be with some of Mrs. Patrello's more elaborate specialties.

ESCAROLE-AND-BEAN SOUP

Soak 1 pound white kidney or marrow beans in 1 quart cold water overnight. (Most packaged beans do not now require overnight soaking, but Mrs. Patrello soaks hers.) Cook beans in the soaking water, plus an additional quart of water, until almost tender—about ½ hour. Add ½ cup canned tomato sauce, 1 clove garlic, minced, 1 tablespoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper; ½ teaspoon *orégano*, a dash of cayenne and ¼ cup salad oil. Continue cooking until beans are tender. Reseason to taste at this point. Now add leaves of escarole—about 2 pounds altogether. Mrs. Patrello doesn't cut or break the leaves, but we think the soup is easier to eat if the leaves are broken into about 1½–2″ lengths. Simmer 10 minutes and serve in deep bowls with grated cheese and plenty of fresh bread. It's good with spinach leaves instead of escarole. Mr. Patrello likes slices of raw Italian red onions in his bowl of soup. Makes 2 quarts soup.

Some years ago, zucchini squash—the small green ones—were available only in Italian markets. Now you'll find them in almost all vegetable markets when they are in season. Mrs. Patrello uses them in an omelet.

ZUCCHINI OMELET

Wash 2 medium-sized zucchini—about ¾ pound. Cut into ¼″-thick slices.

Sauté the zucchini and 1 whole clove garlic until golden brown in about 3 tablespoons hot shortening or salad oil. Remove the garlic. Beat 4 eggs slightly. Add 2 tablespoons milk. Season with 1 teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper, and add ¼ cup grated Parmesan or Romano cheese. Romano is a hard grating-type cheese, much like Parmesan. Mrs. Patrello says she prefers it to Parmesan for its sharper flavor. Fold in the zucchini and pour into a hot omelet pan, greased with 1 tablespoon shortening or salad oil. Brown gently on bottom. Do not stir, but lift egg-and-squash mixture here and there now and then, so all liquid gets down to bottom. When set but still soft—you don't want it firm—it's ready to serve. Crease through middle perpendicularly to handle and fold in half, with the help of a wide spatula or pancake turner. Turn out on hot platter. Serves 4–6.

In Italian restaurants, *pizza* pie is made with a sour dough, difficult to reproduce under home conditions. Mrs. Patrello uses a regular bread dough. When she bakes bread, she divides the dough in 4 parts. To one loaf she adds grated Romano cheese and black pepper; to another, fennel seed; to a third, lard cracklings; and the fourth is shaped into a *pizza* crust for their supper. An easier, quicker way, when you're in the mood for *pizza*, is to use the quick-roll mix. *Pizza* is a meal in itself with a good green salad.

OLIVE PIZZA

Prepare the dough from a package of hot-roll mix as directed on the package. Cover and let rise in a warm place until doubled in bulk. Meanwhile, cut the meat off 1 cup ripe olives. Turn dough out onto floured board, and roll into a rectangle as thin as you possibly can. Place dough on a greased baking sheet (about 14 x 7″) and pull the edges within ½″ of the sheet. Or fit dough into a shallow jelly-roll pan which has a 1″ rim. Brush dough with 1 tablespoon salad oil and spread 1 eight-ounce can tomato sauce evenly over the surface. Sprinkle with ½ teaspoon crushed *orégano*, the olive pieces and 4 ounces thinly sliced Italian *prosciutto* ham, cut into 1″ squares. Use regular cooked ham if you can't buy the Italian ham. Strips of Italian salami could be substituted too. Sprinkle 1½ cups sharp American cheese over all, or cover with thin slices of *mŏzzarella* cheese—available in all Italian markets. Bake in hot oven, 400° F., about 20 minutes. Cut into squares and serve warm. As a variation, use strips of anchovy instead of the ham; sliced, sautéed mushrooms instead of olives. Serves 6–8, as a main dish.

As a change from the many dishes made with tomato sauce, the Patrellos—particularly the menfolk—love chicken smothered in onions and braised. They have nicknamed it Sticky Chicken.

STICKY CHICKEN

Have a roasting chicken, weighing about 4½ pounds, cut into serving pieces. Wash, dry well and dust with 3 tablespoons flour. Brown well on all sides in 3 tablespoons hot salad oil or hot shortening. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and 1 teaspoon *orégano*. Slice 5 medium onions and strew over chicken. Cover and braise over low heat about an hour until chicken is tender. Shake pan occasionally, but do not stir. The onions and chicken braise down to a deep golden brown. Mrs. Patrello cooks this in her waterless cooker. A Dutch oven or any heavy pan with tight-fitting lid will do a good job. Serves 4–6.

There's an extensive variety of macaroni and spaghetti in Mrs. Patrello's cupboard: the thin, thin *spaghettini; linguini* (a flat-sided spaghetti); *ditalini* (small macaroni); *cannoni* (large macaroni); *tufoli* (very large macaroni); *gnocchi* (shell-shaped) and *mafalde* (fluted and ribbonlike). Look into the different kinds. They'll add interest to your spaghetti dinners. Mrs. Patrello makes three different meat sauces from one basic tomato sauce. "The secret to a well-flavored meat sauce," she says, "is in using beef for color and pork for flavor."

THREE-WAY SPAGHETTI SAUCE

For the basic tomato sauce: Chop 1 onion and sauté until golden brown in 1 tablespoon salad oil. Add 1 tablespoon wine vinegar, 1 No. 2½ can tomatoes put through a coarse sieve (Mrs. Patrello uses the Italian-style canned plum tomatoes), 1 can tomato sauce, 1 can tomato paste, 1 basil leaf or a good pinch of crushed basil, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Simmer until thickened—about ½ hour. This quantity makes 3 cups of sauce and may be doubled or tripled and kept in the refrigerator to vary in the following ways. In each case, use 3 cups sauce, plus meat, for 4–6 servings of spaghetti.

SPAGHETTI SAUCE WITH SAUSAGE

Cut ¾ pound sweet Italian sausage and ¼ pound hot, spicy Italian sausage into 1″ lengths and sauté until nicely browned. Drain. Add to sauce and simmer, covered, 30 minutes. Serve with spaghetti and grated cheese.

SPAGHETTI SAUCE WITH MEAT BALLS

Combine ¾ pound ground beef and ¼ pound ground pork. Add 3 tablespoons chopped parsley, ½ clove garlic, minced, ¼ cup grated Parmesan or Romano cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 beaten egg and a slice of bread which has been soaked in water, squeezed dry and crumbled. Mix very thoroughly and shape into small balls about the size of a walnut. Brown well on all sides in hot shortening or salad oil. Drain and add to 3 cups of sauce, and simmer, covered, 30 minutes. Serve with spaghetti and grated cheese.

SPAGHETTI SAUCE WITH BRAZOLLA *(Beef and Pork Rolls)*

Make a mixture of ⅓ cup chopped parsley, ½ cup grated Romano or Parmesan cheese and ½ clove garlic, minced. Have butcher cut you ¾ pound very thinly sliced top round of beef and ¾ pound thinly sliced fresh pork butt. Season the meat with salt and pepper. Spread half the parsley mixture on the beef, half on the pork. Roll them up (the long way for the beef) and tie with string or fasten with skewers. Brown well on all sides

(Continued on Page 155)

HOW AMERICA LIVES



NEW "BE-MY-VALENTINE" RECIPE FOR

Honey Nougat Frosting BROWN SUGAR CAKE

Chosen from 63,000 recipes to be the CALUMET Cake-of-the-Month

"Honey Nougat Frosting" Brown Sugar Cake

Baking temperature: Moderate oven (375°F.) **Baking time:** 20 to 25 minutes

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour (sift before measuring)
1½ teaspoons CALUMET Baking Powder
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup shortening (at room temperature)
1⅓ cups brown sugar, firmly packed
* Milk (see below for amount)
2 eggs, unbeaten
1½ teaspoons vanilla

*With butter, margarine, or lard, use ¾ cup milk. With vegetable or any other shortening, use ⅞ cup milk.

Note: For that real *Homemade* goodness, use America's Quality Baking Powder—CALUMET! More published recipes call for CALUMET than any other brand of baking powder—and substitutions are always unwise! For, CALUMET is not only Double-Acting, but ***Double-Dependable***, too. It gives you just the RIGHT amount of leavening—first in the mixing bowl, then in the oven—for gorgeous cakes, biscuits, muffins, waffles, coffee cake! No wonder . . .

TWICE AS MANY WOMEN USE CALUMET AS ANY OTHER BAKING POWDER!

Now the mix-easy part. Mix by hand or at a low speed of electric mixer. Count only beating time or beating strokes. Allow 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often.

Method. **1.** Measure flour into sifter; add baking powder, soda, and salt.

2. Place shortening in mixing bowl; stir to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add brown sugar which has been put through a sieve to remove lumps. Add ¾ cup of the milk; mix until all flour is dampened. *Beat 2 minutes.*

3. Add eggs, vanilla, and any remaining milk. *Beat 1 minute* longer.

Baking. Turn batter into two round 8-inch layer pans, 1¼ inches deep, which have been lined on bottom with paper, then greased. Bake as directed above. Cool. Frost with Honey Nougat Frosting.

Honey Nougat Frosting. Combine 1 egg white, ¾ cup sugar, dash of salt, 2½ tbs. water, 2 tbs. honey in double boiler. Beat 1 minute. Cook over rapidly boiling water, beating constantly 4 minutes, or until frosting stands in peaks. Remove from water, add ¼ tsp. vanilla, beat 1 minute, or until stiff enough to spread. Add ¼ cup coarsely chopped toasted walnut meats.



In Baking Your Best Bet is—

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

DOUBLE-ACTING

A Product of General Foods

I Led a Sad Dog's Life

UNTIL I SWITCHED TO KEN-L-RATION



FEED YOUR DOG KEN-L-RATION AND BE SURE HE'S GETTING

Lean, Red Meat

***U. S. Government Inspected Horse Meat**

It Costs Far Less Than Butcher Meat!

Don't be guilty of feeding your dog a meatless dog food. One way to be absolutely sure you're feeding your dog the lean, red meat he needs and craves is to always feed Ken-L-Ration! Yes, Ken-L-Ration is one dog food you can be sure contains choice cuts of U. S. Govt. Inspected horse meat.

Super-charged with All Known "Dog-Health" Vitamins

COMPARE Ken-L-Ration with any other dog food! Open a can. You can actually see the chunks of meat. And Ken-L-Ration gives your dog everything he needs for top health because it's super-charged with all known "dog-health" vitamins and it's enriched with vital minerals. Get 4 or 5 cans of Ken-L-Ration from your dealer now. When you see how your dog loves it, buy it by the case.



KEN-L-RATION

A HOME OF THEIR OWN

(Continued from Page 146)

John was 24, Laura, 19, and the future looked rosy. He was earning $82.50 a week, work was steady, he had saved enough to buy outright a snazzy Chandler roadster and pay for a honeymoon trip through Lake George, Lake Placid and Saratoga Springs. When they came back they moved into half of a two-family house, close by the Vivo home, which they furnished grandly with a full living-room suite and a bedroom suite of inlaid mahogany. Laura, like any good Italian bride, brought with her a prodigious amount of linens, china and silverware. The date of their wedding, however, was June 24, 1928; in October, 1929, when their first-born, Anthony, arrived, the stock market crashed and the building boom began to break.

So did the Patrellos' fortunes. Two years after Anthony came Connie—Concheta, to be exact—and John was hard pressed to find enough work to feed them all. When it became evident that Laura's mother was also having a hard time meeting the payments on the large house her husband had left her, they moved in with her, but even this didn't help much. Technically, a plasterer's job paid $12 a day, union rates, but no man could afford to turn down a job, and many were forced to take $6 or $8 instead—and be happy to get it. Their income fell to under $2000. The bank foreclosed on the house. Luckily, however, the Government (through the Home Owners' Loan Corporation) took it over from the bank and let the Patrellos stay on as renters. They leased out the top floor and used the bottom floor themselves. It cost them only $35 a month, plus heat.

Anthony, a plump, healthy baby they called "Chubby," was 5 and Connie going on 3, when Laura went back to work, leaving them with whichever aunt was available. She had learned dress-machine operating as a girl, fresh out of the eighth grade. She was fast, skilled and eager, so she had no trouble finding work; nor has she had any trouble since, although she works only when she feels up to it, guaranteeing no regular hours, and quits when she gets tired, or when money gets plentiful. Her job was a help then, but not for long: Joe was born when Connie was 4, and Laura's pregnancy was complicated and painful. After the birth, the doctor forbade her any further children, saying another birth might kill her. Both she and John had hoped for a large family.

By the late '30's, things were a little better financially. By 1940, John was working regularly at the Anaconda Copper Company, which was doing some building. While there, he saw the war coming, and he asked for work in the plant. He was given a job as a checker of parts. It paid only $50 a week, instead of the $60 he was making, but it looked steady, was classified as essential, and with Laura working, too, they could make out. He stayed there until V-J Day, when he was discharged.

They had one more blow coming to them, however, before they could start the climb back up—for the HOLC had an offer for the Vivo house. It was for $8000, and the down payment was to be less than $1000. Desperately, the Patrellos tried to raise the money to match it, but they couldn't. In 1944 they moved out, and it was then that they took their vow that they would not spend another cent heedlessly until they were able to purchase a house of their own.

From the end of 1944 to the fall of 1948, when they bought their present home, they kept that vow. After the war's end, Johnny returned to plastering and, with the housing boom of the late '40's, found work steady and profitable. But they hated the only apartment they could find: the rooms were big and generous, but there were not enough of them—Connie had to sleep on the living-room couch. And although there was a nice little porch for the summers, in the winter the heat supply was so meager that they all but froze. There was never enough hot water; Laura had to heat it on the stove to do the laundry, to give the boys a bath, even to wash her face. But the rent was only $55 with garage, and by forgoing new clothes, restricting themselves to one movie a month (the kids were allowed four), by both of them working and putting into the bank each week every penny possible, they had their coveted $4000 in exactly four years.

They moved into their new house a few days before Christmas of 1948. Anthony, now with the Air Force, came home on furlough to see it, but, as he says now, "Christmas was a mess." Laura had Johnny working over the holidays on the living-room partition, their furniture was every which way while she made new curtains and drapes, and planned what she would do with each room.

They are, in fact, still not quite organized, with one room or another undergoing treatment at John's skilled hands, new pieces of furniture being brought in, new curtains going up and old ones coming down. Laura quit work for a while to attend to the house and then went back in order to help pay for the changes she wanted. John gave up all thought of the Sunday baseball games he once enjoyed and devoted his entire week end—and many an evening—to remodeling, cleaning, repainting, wallpapering or Venetian-blind fixing. A television set was installed in the living room—and John and Laura stopped going to the movies. A de luxe washing machine was moved into the basement. New beds showed up upstairs—and John got a new chair in which to read his favorite paper, the local Daily Argus, which he goes through, page by page, each evening.

THE house absorbed the youngsters, too, almost although not quite so much as their parents. Although Anthony has been stationed in Illinois, Texas and Washington, D. C., his fiancée, Ida, has kept him in close and continuous touch with everything that goes on at home. She spends every evening with the family—Laura, who is very fond of her, says that this habit began because Anthony "is the jealous type" and wanted to know where she was evenings. In the two years and a half he has been away, she has become almost another daughter, helping out in such family matters as picking wallpaper, catching up with the ironing, doing the dinner dishes. Their phone calls almost always take place on the Patrello phone, and when he gets leave they frolic around the Patrello house like a couple of kids, teasing each other, wrestling, joking and eating—although Laura complains Ida eats "like a bird." They are saving their money for their marriage, and rarely go out: every month Anthony sends Ida $50 out of his pay, which she puts in the bank along with about $30 of

NEXT MONTH

"I wanted a new life, away from crowds, in a country that was big and had room."

FROM boyhood, Brooklyn-born Bill Krasilovsky knew that country was Alaska. He chose his career—law—with Alaska in mind. Adjustment was hard for his young city-loving wife Phyllis. But she was "so in love that if Bill suggested living on the moon I'd try it."

Meet the Krasilovskys, of Juneau, Alaska, in

Newcomers to Alaska

by Dorothy Cameron Disney

How America Lives, in the March LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

salary as secretary. (He makes $110 as a
poral.)

Both of them feel strongly about having a
al home" when they get married. To
m this means one with their own furni-
e, in a location where they can be reason-
y sure they will stay for a while. "That
ny-wife thing is no good," Anthony says.
hat's not a marriage—traipsing around
m place to place." Ida agrees with him,
reluctantly—after all, they have been
aged officially for one year, have been go-
together for some four or five, and face
more years of waiting.

THEY are both supported in their feeling,
wever, by Laura and John, who believe
nly in Anthony's having a job before he
s married—John, in fact, although he, too,
ond of Ida, thinks they shouldn't even be
aged right now. "Anthony should be
nking of his work," he says. "He shouldn't
counting the days all the time until he
s out. He got in himself, now he ought to
rk at it." Anthony, tall, slimmed down by
dislike for the Air Force menus, dark of
r and eye like his mother, shrugs when his
her talks like this. He likes his work,
ows he is a good radio technician, and has
mother's inabil-
to worry about
thing but the pres-
, although each
ht he marks off
a calendar in his
arters the day just
ssed. "Things will
rk out" is the way
sums up his views
his future.

Connie is not so
guine nor quite
homebody An-
ony and Ida are,
t she rarely misses
ner at home, and
er an evening with
he girls" will usu-
y sit around with
parents and the
ghbors, or watch
evision before go-
to bed. She has
ently been too ab-
bed in her job to
much around the
use except help
h the dishes and
p her room clean,
t she has her own opinions on how each
m should be papered or painted, and what
ce of furniture should go where. Laura
scribes her as "a little bit spoiled—Johnny
tes on her." John says she's high-spirited—
You can't do much with her." Not that he
nts to; he enjoys her flair for comedy, her
sygoing ways, and is in no hurry for her to
lize her desire to "find a real rich guy and
l in love."

She goes out frequently—to the beach, to
novie; sometimes, if she can finagle it, to a
ht club—and more than once has fancied
self in love—but only briefly. For over
o years she corresponded with a boy in the
my in Alaska, but when he was shipped
t to Korea he wrote her a bitter letter say-
g that nothing meant anything to him any
re and he was not going to bother writing
ain. Connie took this hard, but not so hard
at she didn't go out with other boys. She
o has two girl friends from high school—
e took a commercial course at Edison Vo-
tional, where Anthony took architectural
awing—with whom she sees movies or
ust talks." She wanted desperately to go
college, but Laura and John felt they
uldn't afford it "for a girl." They had been
lling to send Anthony, but he applied only
Columbia, and it was crowded with vet-
ans.

Her first year out of high school, Connie
yed around, moped a little, looked vaguely
a job and finally, in the middle of 1950,
nded a good one as a secretary in a manu-
cturing firm. "I don't mind the job," she
ys now, "but I hate work. It's a bore.
ouble is, I don't know anyone who could
pport me." She is now making $40 weekly,
giving half of it to the family, and spending the rest on clothes and herself. At least that is her plan; frequently she borrows back the half she gives her mother—and since her mother is keeping it all for the generously equipped hope chest which Italian tradition requires, Laura shrugs and says she might as well have it now as later.

Joey, meanwhile, growing up into his teens, is a big, rosy-cheeked boy who favors his bicycle, which he has equipped with all sorts of special contrivances, over anything else. Held back by illness as a child, he is now in only the eighth grade. Of them all, he is the least affected by the house, but he is good-humored, and quite willing to help his mother with errands, vacuum-clean the stairs once a week, and give his opinions on decoration. There are rumors that he has a girl, but nobody has been able to prove anything and Joe himself says only, "No comment." He is not a very talkative boy, anyway. He prefers to watch rather than participate, but when he has something to say he is not bashful about saying it. Take the choosing of the wallpaper for Connie's bedroom, for instance: it took hours while they all gathered around the book of swatches and argued it out. John wanted big roses. Connie wanted little roses. Laura wanted a pale green with a flower design. Ida—who has a vote, too, and a strong one—wanted pale green with a small silver stripe. Joe liked his father's choice. Compromise was attempted, but without success. Laura finally switched to Ida's choice, and the next day John bought the pale green with the silver stripe, and Joe gave him a hand while he put it up.

The Patrello day begins early and ends late. Laura gets up at about 7 to pack John's lunch box—two thick meat sandwiches and a vacuum of coffee—unless she is working, when he packs his own. At 7:30, John and Joey have corn flakes, bananas, milk and coffee, while Laura eats a piece of toast and drinks a cup of coffee. At 8, John leaves for work, Joe for school, and at 8:30 Connie, who eats no breakfast, leaves for work. If Laura is working, she goes off about an hour later, first making the beds and doing the breakfast dishes. If she's not—which is about four or five months out of the year—she cleans the kitchen, does the laundry, plans the cooking, does the shopping. If she's working—and she loves him for this—John does the shopping and cooking. He gets home from his present job at about 4, and picks up the food on the way. He favors things which cook quickly, like broiled chicken and chops, but he takes his time over a big and carefully arranged salad. When she cooks, she does the slower but cheaper meals—stews, spaghetti dishes, sausages and cheeses.

AFTER dinner—and after John and Laura have lingered over the coffee—Connie or Ida does the dishes, Joey takes out the garbage, and Laura gets up and does the pots and pans. There is nothing isolating about these jobs, however: dinner is served in the kitchen, the table is only five or six feet from the sink, and the phone is reachable from the table. When dinner finally adjourns, it is usually so the family can watch television programs, or, in the summer, sit outdoors with the neighbors or relatives. John and Laura rarely go to bed before midnight, but Joey usually turns in at 11, and Connie goes off to a date, or out with the girls, and comes back to the family group again if she's home early enough.

(Continued on Page 153)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Near Neighbor

By R. H. Grenville

She is a winter woman. Her thoughts are clouds,
Gray and slow-moving in a leaden sky,
And life, like a wide landscape under snow,
Presents a leafless aspect to her eye.
Yet once, when she lay ill, and someone came
To do for her some small and kindly thing
The gray eyes thawed a little, and we saw
Beneath their depths the timid green of spring.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

different

as snowflakes

"Snowflake" Bentley,
the homespun Vermont scientist,
proved with thousands of pictures
that no two snowflakes are exactly alike.
Millions of housewives,
in more millions of washings, have proved
there's no soap exactly like Fels-Naptha
. . . nothing else that washes sheets, shirts,
and all white goods literally "as white as snow."
For downright ability to keep clothes clean there's
nothing like soap . . . and no soap like Fels-Naptha.
Use Fels-Naptha *Chips* in your machine or tub.
Keep Fels-Naptha *Bar* handy for high-spotting collars,
cuffs and other heavily soiled articles.

Remember *only* Fels-Naptha gives you

1. Mild, golden soap.
2. Gentle, active naptha.
3. "Sunshine" ingredients for whiter whites—brighter colors.



BANISHES
"TATTLE-TALE
GRAY"

TONIGHT . . . *a Big juicy steak*

AND FRENCH'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE!



Thick juicy porterhouse, broiled to a sizzling crusty brown! Bring out every bit of its wonderful meaty essence and flavor with French's Worcestershire Sauce. Choice ingredients in French's—aged and mellowed—blend with the meat juices to give richness and zest such as you've never tasted before. Get a bottle of this incomparable sauce—see what it does for *all* meat dishes!

TOPNOTCH QUALITY . . . *costs less!*

FRENCH'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

(Continued from Page 151)

Some evenings John and Laura visit one of Laura's sisters, all of whom live nearby. If it's Anna's house they go to, more than likely the evening will turn into a concert, for the Vivo girls still play for fun, and Anna's husband still teaches the violin. John suffers somewhat through these impromptu musicales; he can't carry a tune himself. On other evenings they may drop in on their back-yard neighbors, Joe and Mary Lacosio, or the Lacosios may drop in on them. On summer nights many an evening under the Patrello umbrella winds up with Mary bringing out ice cream from her freezer while Laura puts on another pot of coffee, or the men get out some beer. Nights at home, the television set is usually on—with all the family gathered around, plus a few of the children from next door.

WEEKDAYS, the Patrellos read the local paper, on Sundays they add three New York papers—the Daily News, the Mirror and the Journal American—and while John reads the news, Laura and Connie read the ads and the entertainment pages. Sometimes Connie brings home a copy of True Confessions or True Stories and Laura leafs through it, or Joey has a book from the school library. Laura used to go to concerts, but what with the weariness she feels after working, and the lift she gets from just being in her own home, she says, "They don't mean what they used to any more." Sometimes Connie plays the piano a little; or when Anthony is home, he and Ida get out some records; but by and large, most of the music around the house now comes to them with their television programs.

On winter Sundays, Laura and one of the children may attend church. Laura was baptized in the Catholic church, but during her youth her father switched his family's allegiance to the Baptists, after a friend converted him with a steady flow of religious tracts. (Papa Vivo loved to read.) Laura reared her children as Baptists, although John is a Catholic and Anthony has promised Ida to join the Catholic church before they are married. When the children were younger, church attendance was regular, but it is now infrequent.

On Friday nights, Laura and John generally go into conference about money. They sit at the kitchen table with their pay spread out in front of them, and separate it according to what bills they have, or what expenditures they expect to face during the week.

Their income has been good lately. Last May, John's hourly pay, as negotiated by his union, went up from $2.75 to $3. He works a five-day week, a seven-hour day, which pays him $105 each Friday. However, he gets no pay when it rains or snows, and when he is among the unemployed between housing jobs. He was fortunate this last year in having work on a large state project which took most of the year to build—often he may have to find two or three new jobs a year. Out of all this come, first, the usual deductions for income tax and Social Security (some $8 weekly), and next, union dues and fees, which he takes out himself. These include a 25-cent charge leveled against every working union member daily, $2.75 monthly in dues, and a few extra odd dollars annually for special assessments. The average take against John's pay is $2 a week. He thus has $95 weekly for household bills, to which Laura, when she is working, adds approximately another $40. (Laura, a member of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, gets paid piece rates—that is, her hourly pay depends upon what type of dress she is working on, what it will sell for and how long it takes her to complete it.)

As fast as the money comes in, however, it is earmarked for outgo. There are, first, the monthly mortgage payments on the house of $49 (the house cost $11,500, the down payment was $3500) and, almost as important, the installments due on the television set ($14.32) and the GE washing machine ($18.32) which Laura bought soon after they moved. Food bills come out every week and Laura and Johnny both are agreed that there can be no real cutbacks here: they both love eating too much. To feed the four of them now home, it costs at least $50 a week—and sometimes more. They like lots of meat and lots of olive oil, both of which are expensive. Laura likes to have one steak dinner a week—"A man who works as hard as Johnny needs good meat"—and to use considerable pork, veal and lamb in her sauces and soups. About a half gallon of oil is used weekly (at $4 a gallon) instead of butter and other fat. (John also washes his hands in it; he says the plaster dries them out.) Three pounds of coffee weekly, three dozen eggs, fourteen quarts of milk and fourteen loaves of bread also run up costs. Shopping is done every other day, most of it at a small Italian grocery, some at a delicatessen where the cheese and sausage are extra fine. For basics, Laura goes to a supermarket once a week.

Some money also must go for charity and civic work. Laura belongs to the Italian Women's Society for Civic Improvement, which meets monthly and at each meeting votes $1 apiece to some organization like the Red Cross or the Cancer Society.

THEN there are clothes bills—especially for 19-year-old Connie. She is paying for her own things now, or most of them, out of her secretary's salary, but that job began only late last summer, and making the switch from high-school sweaters and skirts to a career-girl's wardrobe, she spent some $700. Laura likes to spend money on clothes, too, and although she buys mostly bargains, they cost her about $300 last year; Joey has school clothes, Anthony likes civilian wear at home. Johnny alone buys almost nothing. Laura gives him shirts for Christmas, he has to have four sets of work clothes yearly, but needs only one "good" suit—and the one he bought in the late '30's still looks excellent. Frequently, however, he announces that he is going to get a new car. Their present one is a 1938 Chevrolet, battered and bruised by hard wear, and should John get a job, as he often does, more than fifty miles from home, he is afraid it will never manage to get him there.

But there are always the extra things first—like doctor bills. Laura often needs treatment for the pains in her legs, and the kids get frequent colds, making the medical bills run about $100 yearly; the family also carries hospitalization and surgical insur-

Where the Patrellos' Money Goes Each Week

"You can't call it a budget—we don't plan how we spend it, it just goes."

INCOME:	
(when both are working)	$145.00
OUTGO:	
Taxes	$8.00
Union dues	2.00
Mortgage on house ($49 monthly)	12.25
Taxes on house	3.50
Installments on TV set, washing machine	8.16
Food	50.00
Clothes	20.00
Furniture and redecoration	20.00
Doctors and hospitalization	3.25
Insurance	2.00
Car (when John works near home)	1.50
Joey	4.50
Fuel and light	6.25
Phone	5.00
Church and recreation	2.00
	$148.41

"See? We told you it wasn't a budget—it won't balance."

BAKE and SERVE!



Hot Biscuits
Ready to eat in 9 minutes!
Open the package...
no mixing . . . no mess!
Put 'em in the oven...
richer, lighter biscuits!

So easy! No mixing, no rolling, no cutting, no mess. Just out of the package, onto a pan, out of the oven in 9 minutes! Get 2 packages today—treat your family tonight to luscious, melt-in-your-mouth Ballard OvenReady Biscuits!

BALLARD
OvenReady BISCUITS!



New "SIZING" Suits by Murray Sices will give you who are five feet five or under a thrilling, new fashion experience. Here's the perfectionist fit you've always searched for . . . with alterations forgotten forever! Above, three brilliantly tailored examples from a large collection. All in finest 100% virgin wools. High and subtle spring shades. Sizes 12S to 24S. Very modestly priced. At Arnold Constable, Fifth Ave., New York or for store nearest you, write

THE MURRAY SICES CORP., 252 WEST 37TH STREET, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

(In Canada, styles by Murray Sices manufactured by Lou Larry, Toronto.)

ance, which costs another $71.04 annually. There is also insurance: the children all have endowment policies; Laura and John have life insurance, and the total charges add up to over $100 a year. Car repairs and gasoline and oil bills added another $82 last year. Property taxes—Mt. Vernon's are high—add another bill of $177, and fuel and light another $300.

Last year Connie and Joe also got a generous amount of spending money. Joe averaged $4 or $5 dollars a week, which went on lunches, movies, sodas and bicycle parts. (His bike cost him over $100 to fix up.) Connie asked for and received an average of $6 or $7 a week until she went to work, in addition to her clothes money. This went for cosmetics, movies, magazines, soft drinks, stationery and stamps. The Ida-Anthony phone calls, plus the fact that Connie has friends in New York, add up to a phone bill that ran around $20 a month.

Despite this outgo, however, John frequently manages to snag a few bills and put them in the bank. His sense of security demands a nest egg and he can't bear not to be saving something. Because it is also tied up with his pride, however, he refuses to discuss it, and what he has in bank is anyone's guess. It is likely that currently it is small, but that it will grow slowly but surely. John, although he jokes about it, keeps a firm hand on the family, and what he wants Laura to do, she does. They never fight, although they often argue, and while Laura puts on a gay show of being a happy-go-lucky spendthrift, when Johnny thinks the time is at hand to call a halt, he will. He runs on firm principles: if a wife is working, the husband should help around the house and share at least half of the housework; if a wife is not working, she should be at home when her husband gets there; all family problems should be discussed in advance, preferably with the children present; girls should stay home at least three nights a week; boys should have some chores in the house, but should concentrate their energies on finding jobs outside it, and should contribute to the family income as long as they live at home.

Laura agrees with him on these things, but she is not by nature one to run life by rules. She is more impetuous, more volatile. "I am a Vivo," she likes to say. "Vivo means life—and I am lively."

Together they balance each other, and although their life may run to extremes of being either on the up or on the down, they enjoy it, regardless.

"We're lucky," one or the other may say. "We don't have serious problems like some people."

THE END

The High Cost of Housing

HAVE you ever watched the average house being built? If so, most of the reasons for the high cost of housing today will have been demonstrated right before your eyes.

In the course of construction you will have seen roughly 50,000 separate parts and pieces brought to the site.

You will have seen a lot of people on the job, too, at various times. Among them, the building operator himself, and quite a few subcontractors; carpenters, laborers, masons, plumbers, electricians, heating men, plasterers, painters. The only man missing: a competent architect.

With all these parts and pieces and people, you will have been struck by the confusion—and confusion costs money. You will have been puzzled by all the complicated cutting and fitting; will have wondered at the waste of time and materials—costing more and more money. You will have seen work done wrong, ripped out and done again. You will have seen workmen standing around, debating what to do next, and how to do it. Waiting for materials and equipment to arrive, or waiting for the rain to stop. And sometimes in bad weather no one will be working at all, for days or weeks at a time, with work and materials being spoiled by the wetness. All in all, a considerable part of the price you pay for the house you buy.

You may have watched a mason, at $20 up a day, leisurely laying 100 bricks an hour, while he could be laying 300 an hour even easier; a carpenter refusing to install time- and money-saving shop-assembled doorways or windows; plumbers who wouldn't put in prefabricated time- and money-saving utility units; plasterers insisting on three coats of plaster when two are sufficient; painters who wouldn't wield a brush wider than 4″, though a 6″ brush is faster by far, or refusing to use speedy power-spray equipment. Just this adding as much as 10 per cent to the cost of construction.

If you listened in on conversations around the job you would have been further enlightened on why the house you buy costs so much.

You may have heard the builder arguing with the building inspector because the local building codes required the footings to be 12″ thick when 8″, which is plenty, was permitted in the next town, and because he had to use plaster instead of lower-cost wallboard.

You would have heard him trying unsuccessfully to get wholesale prices on plumbing fixtures, on kitchen and bathroom equipment, for the twenty-five identical houses he was building, a wholesale operation; bitter because he couldn't order *anything* direct from the manufacturers to save money for himself and his customers.

You would have seen and heard a great deal more in the four to six months it took to build the house. But the above would be enough to make it clear that something was woefully wrong with the whole housebuilding business. And that the sum total of all the troubles with it could easily add a third or more to the selling price of the house you buy.

What can be done about it?

Big housebuilding developments can sometimes by-pass many of the inefficiencies, restrictive practices and antiquated methods of the average housebuilding operation. But big ones are few and far between.

Average housebuilding operations of a dozen or more dwellings can provide better planning, better appearance, and at lower prices—when they employ qualified architects. And these would be the operations to patronize.

You can also build your own house.

But really modernizing the housebuilding business for lower costs means mainly giving the housebuilding trades steady year-round employment on mass-production lines, and putting the house together on the ground in days (instead of months) with far simpler and fewer parts and pieces, ready made to assemble fast and forever—and unobstructed by obsolete local building codes.

This, Congress is equipped to encourage. So write your congressmen. They'll know what you mean.

And in the meanwhile, don't buy until you can get the good house you can afford.

THRIFTY MEALS ITALIAN STYLE

(Continued from Page 149)

salad oil. Drain and add to 3 cups Simmer, covered, 1–1½ hours until To serve: Remove string or skewers meat rolls into 1″ pieces. Put back in erve with spaghetti and grated cheese.

g somewhat fond of *lasagne*, we asked atrello for her recipe. "You'll never *asagne* again after you've tried my *tti*," she replied. Though quite a pro-, it's well worth the effort. Make this per some afternoon when you have of time. *Manicotti* means handwarmers fs. Noodlelike pancakes are folded up delicious cheese filling, sauced and

NICOTTI *(A Neapolitan specialty)*

eggs in a bowl and beat with rotary until light. Add 1 cup milk, ½ tea- salt and 1½ cups flour. Beat until e is smooth. Pour a ladleful of batter me on a lightly greased griddle and out to about 7″ in diameter with the f a spoon. Bake over low heat until hrough, but do not let it brown as you a pancake. Don't turn pancake over. cooked through, lay pancake out on r board and proceed with next one. 12 pancakes. Now combine 1½ pounds cheese, ½ cup grated Romano cheese, chopped parsley, 2 eggs, beaten, and aspoons salt and pepper. Spread a ul of the cheese mixture on each pan- nd fold in thirds to overlap. Arrange in shallow baking pan or pans and pour 3 cups of the basic tomato sauce used for spaghetti (P. 149), minus the meat, of course, over the top. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., about 20 minutes. Serves 6.

Of all the many ways to cook and serve eggplant, Mrs. Patrello's has won us over so completely that henceforth this is our dish whenever there's an eggplant in the house. It's filling enough for a main dish, though the Patrellos serve it as an accompaniment to meat.

EGGPLANT PARMIGIANA

Wash but do not peel 1¼–1½ pounds eggplant. Slice thin. Beat 2 eggs lightly; season with salt and pepper. Dip the eggplant slices in and out of the egg and sauté in hot salad oil. The oil should be at least ½″ deep in a large skillet. Fry the eggplant until golden brown on both sides and drain on paper towels. Have ready 2 cups tomato sauce (see basic tomato sauce in Three-Way Spaghetti Sauce recipe P. 149), ½ pound *mozzarella* cheese, cut into thin slices, and ¼ cup grated Parmesan or Romano cheese. Arrange alternate layers of eggplant, *mozzarella* cheese and tomato sauce in a rectangular pan or bak cup ove left mo thr



I LOST 100

(Continued from P

ard someone say, "Will you just *look* at plate! To which of you delicate does it belong?"

re was a little ripple of laughter and one of the guests—a good friend of –said in a tone of amused tolerance, , from the looks of it I'd say it is 's."

eryone chuckled while I quivered with rage and resentment. And then an- voice said, "Of course she's a marvel- l even if she *is* big as a house. But you help feeling sort of sorry for her hus- He's wonderful to her and he never n that he minds, but it's pretty rugged man to be married to a hippo."

as a house! Hippo! Those were the my friends used to describe me behind ack. The same friends who were always ng me that they couldn't possibly pic- ne as being very attractive if I weren't *y were pitying my Jim because he was with a fat wife!*

at did it. I knew that never again I be able to wrap myself in a comfort- nental insulation. Out of the agonizing iation of that moment was born a res- n: I was going on a diet and I was going y on it until every single pound of extra as gone! I was going to start the very norning, I told myself firmly. And then ught of the plate of sandwiches and *fours* waiting for me in the garden. I ht, too, of all the other times I had going to start dieting "tomorrow." This it wasn't going to be tomorrow—this it was going to be *now*.

left the party early and as soon as I ed home I marched into the bathroom climbed on the scales. The last time I weighed, which had been at least six hs before, I was pushing the 200-pound . I hadn't weighed since; it was more ant to avoid knowing my exact weight. the ensuing months I had told myself I weighed "about a hundred and y—more or less." The "less" was pure ul thinking. This time, as I fearfully ed down, I saw the needle swing way the 200-pound mark and come to a ring stop at 237.

th my face flaming I gave myself a appraising look in the mirror. Then I wall doct weel mus voic

W he d usually did. He seemed to know that I wasn't fooling, and he was serious as he took a book off his reference shelf and handed it to me. He told me to follow the ten-day diet in the book and then come back for a check-up. He also gave me two prescriptions—one for a vitamin-and-iron preparation, the other for a drug to help allay hunger pangs.

As I left the office I automatically headed for a nearby sweet shop where I always stopped for a "last" fudge sundae before I embarked on a new attempt to reduce. The place was crowded and I had trouble finding a booth. But at last the hostess motioned to me and I found myself sitting opposite a very large woman who was greedily attacking a piece of apple pie à la mode.

I eyed her surreptitiously. At least, I thought gratefully, I had *something* to be thankful for! I wasn't *that* fat. And her apple pie did look good. I felt a little trickle of weakness seep through the dike of my resolution. Maybe just this one last time it wouldn't hurt to —— And then, by some odd quirk of chance, the woman opened her purse and one of those little weight-and-fortune cards fell out. I pretended, very politely, not to have seen it as I handed it to her. But I had—and the weight stamped on it was 224. She was horribly fat—grotesquely fat . . . *and I weighed 13 pounds more than she did!*

My appetite took a quick retreat. When the waitress came I ordered nothing but a cup of tea which I gulped down without adding my customary three lumps of sugar and a dash of cream.

The first three days of my diet were not bad. Still stinging from the conversation I had overheard at the party, I was fired with the determination to "show 'em"! I read everything I could find on the subject of dieting, and each book or article served as another pep talk. Besides, I lost three pounds in three days, and I figured that at that rate I'd be down to my correct weight in less than four months. However, from

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON



MR. GWYNN ROBINSON, socialite and winter sports fan. Discriminating in his choice of cigarettes, Mr. Robinson says: "I discovered that once you try Herbert Tareytons, you ask for them all the time."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company



Aching feet can put lines in your face!

● When your feet are sore, throbbing with fatigue . . . your *face* looks tense and tired! . . . And perhaps even worse, those little pain-lines can be the beginning of unpleasant wrinkles!

That's why it pays to rub those feet with Absorbine Jr. at the first sign of ache or fatigue.

First, Absorbine Jr. quickly cools and soothes the sore spots. Second, it counters the irritation that causes the pain with a grand muscle-relaxing effect!

When your *feet* feel better, *you* feel better . . . and *your face shows it!* Get Absorbine Jr. wherever drugs are sold . . . $1.25 a long-lasting bottle or MAIL COUPON TODAY!



"It feels so good!"

Absorbine Jr.

Mail this coupon today

W. F. Young, Inc.
220 Lyman Street, Springfield 3, Mass.

Please send me a Free sample bottle of Absorbine Jr.—Postpaid.

Name_____

Address_____

the fourth day on it was rather rough going for a while. In spite of the doctor's tablets, I was fiendishly hungry. I was bored with calorie counting. I felt that if I read one more sentence with the word "reducing" in it I would be violently ill. I tried going to a matinee, but everyone around me was munching on popcorn. Magazine stories were always continued in back on the pages flanked with advertisements for different food products. I felt sorry for myself because I had turned down two luncheon invitations. I had a headache and I felt jittery. And I wasn't so *terribly* fat, now, was I?

Yes, I was, I told myself stonily. And so I stayed on my diet for the rest of the ten-day period. On the tenth day, when I went back to the doctor's office for the checkup, I felt pretty good. I noticed that it was just a tiny bit easier to get on the bus than it had been last time. I wasn't puffing quite so hard when I walked a block. And I had lost nine pounds in ten days.

The doctor beamed at me, offered me a stick of gum and asked if I had told anyone I was dieting.

"No," I said. "Just my husband. And he doesn't believe I'll stick with it."

"Good. Don't talk about it. The fewer people who know, the easier it will be. If people ask you why you are getting thinner, tell them I have you on an arthritis diet."

It sounded silly, but I promised.

I got to be an expert. I was amazed at the number of calories I could avoid by arriving late or by leaving early. And if the hostess insisted that I have *something*, I learned that I could leave my plate practically untouched by claiming to have had a heavy breakfast or by murmuring that we were going to have an early dinner.

I doubt if I could have got away with it quite as long as I did, except that my Size 44's were so shapeless anyway that I lost 30 pounds and was a mere wisp of a girl hitting 207 before the day came when a friend eyed me appraisingly and said, "Grace, aren't you losing weight?"

The doctor's warning clanged in my head. If I had been smart I would have started murmuring about my nonexistent arthritis. But I was pretty pleased with myself; the past six weeks hadn't been easy and I wanted people to pat me on the back and tell me I was doing fine.

"Well," I said modestly, "I've managed to lose a *little*."

Two or three friends smiled and nodded at me as if to say, "Good girl!" But the others launched into a chorus of protest. They told gruesome stories of friends who had dieted themselves into hospitals, sanitariums and cemeteries. They told me I looked fine just as I was; I'd be silly to lose another ounce. The pay-off came when the same woman who had commented just two months before that my husband was noble to put up with my mammoth proportions now was the first to nudge the dishes of candy and nuts over in front of me.

FLOUNDERING through a daze of disillusionment, I learned what every fat woman who has ever gone on a diet has had to discover for herself. I had good friends who would go through fire, water, sleet and hail for me; they'd give their last penny if I needed it; they'd undoubtedly risk their lives, if it were necessary, to spare mine. But out of all my friends I could count on the fingers of one hand the number of people who would mind their own business when it came to my diet.

I found it more difficult after that to avoid the refreshment hour. Somehow I was always finding food shoved at me. But I learned, too, that if you are determined enough you can stay on a diet and eventually people will become reconciled to it. And as time goes on, they even extend a grudging admiration.

As I became more expert at dieting, I latched onto a number of little tricks to make it easier for myself. Twice a day, at ten in the morning and at two in the afternoon, I had a cup of bouillon. I kept a dish of celery and carrot sticks in the refrigerator and nibbled on them when I was hungry. I learned to season by sense of smell rather than by tasting; I found that it was easier to resist popcorn and peanuts if I didn't succumb to the *first* one; I learned to cut my recipes in half so that I wouldn't have so much food on hand that I would be tempted to "eat it and save it."

In November my brother sent me a ten-pound box of candy for my birthday. It came at a bad time. I had then been on a diet for over five months, and although I had lost 40 pounds, I had also lost all my enthusiasm. I was rigidly adhering to my schedule, but I had hit one of those plateaus in weight reduction that every dieter experiences; the scales had registered 197 every morning for three solid weeks and I was getting discouraged.

Heroically, I marched out to the garbage can with the box of candy and pitched it in. An hour later I was shamefacedly fishing it out again. I tried hiding it from myself. I transferred it from cupboard to linen closet to bureau drawers to guest-room closet. It wasn't any use. No matter where I put it, I was aware of it—aware of every last one of the gooey, creamy, chocolaty pieces! I told myself that I should have hidden it in the chandelier. After all, I was going through the same agony as an alcoholic. Except that alcoholics had it *easier*, I reflected bitterly. At least they could call on members of the Alcoholics Anonymous for moral support.

The High Cost

HAVE you ever watched the average house being built? If so, most of the reasons for the high cost of housing today will have been demonstrated right before your eyes.

In the course of construction you will have seen roughly 50,000 separate parts and pieces brought to the site.

You will have seen a lot of people on the job, too, at various times. Among them, the building operator himself, and quite a few subcontractors; carpenters, laborers, masons, plumbers, electricians, heating men,

"There ought to be an organization to help fat people through such crises," I muttered. And then suddenly the idea began to make sense. Well, why not? I called up an acquaintance who was struggling with a diet and she was enthusiastic. The G.A.'s, we called ourselves. The Gluttons Anonymous. And from that date it was twice as easy to diet.

We met once a week and "weighed in" each time. We offered mutual encouragement, exchanged compliments, helpful hints and low-calorie recipes. My ten-pound box of chocolates provided the refreshments at every meeting. Each member was allowed one chocolate. An extra bonus of another piece of candy was presented as a reward when anyone went into a new "bracket"—dropping from the 180's to the 170's, for instance, or from the 170's to the 160's. And when, one by one, we reached our correct weight each of us was the honor guest at a steak dinner to which our husbands were invited. And by that time we had become such good friends that we couldn't bear to disband. We still meet at least once a month and we always "weigh in" just in case any of us has a temptation to put back any of the weight we all struggled to lose.

One of the questions I am frequently asked is how I kept my skin from becoming wrinkled and flabby. I scrubbed my face and neck three times a day, following with a good lubricating cream. Then I applied astringent that I kept well chilled in the refrigerator. Exercises prescribed by my doctor, plus a daily hike in the fresh air, helped keep my muscles toned.

People seem to be curious, too, about my husband's attitude. What did he think of the whole project?

The first few days he took it as a big joke, and I can't say I blame him. He had seen me start too many diets to be much impressed with my avowal to stay on one. "Ma's gonna wa-a-aste away!" he chuckled the first evening when I told him to leave the potatoes and creamed peas off my plate when he served dinner.

Later, when he saw that I meant business and that I really *was* shrinking, he insisted that I have frequent medical checkups. Otherwise, he stoically refused to commit himself one way or the other. I am quite sure he never realized it himself, but as I began to look more like the person he had married twelve years before, his attitude subtly changed from a fond "Hello, Old Girl" manner to one approximating "Hi-ya, Babe!"

I still had 10 pounds to go when he heard me get my first "wolf whistle," and although he blustered and threatened to go punch the smart aleck in the nose, I noticed that he strutted very proudly beside me thereafter. And on the day I "graduated" from the Gluttons Anonymous, he gave me a check and said, "Blow yourself to a new wardrobe, Beautiful—you've earned it!"

ON one point I was extremely careful. I never inflicted my diet on anyone else. My husband and guests had the same kind of meals they had come to expect in our home. And except with the doctor and the members of Gluttons Anonymous, I rarely discussed my diet. I have known too many women who have made themselves obnoxious bores by pivoting eternally on the subject of their reducing programs.

Except to yourself, your husband and—at the most—one or two good friends, your size doesn't really matter to anyone else. If you lose a noticeable amount of weight, what you gain in the way of physical attractiveness can easily be lost in vanity, preoccupation with "diet" talk, and the blossoming of nauseating "girlishness." When a woman permits this to happen, she only exchanges one lack for another, and she might as well stay fat.

As I started emerging from my prison of fat, I realized how much I had been missing, how restricted my life had been. I no longer had to look for a chair out of which I could rise to my feet without appearing awkward. I could look forward to a summer free from the hot discomfort of a heavy girdle. My world of *fun* increased because now I could wear ski pants, skating clothes, slacks and bathing suits. I needn't live in constant fear of humiliating wisecracks. I feel better, physically, than I ever have in my life. I've lost the constant fatigue, the heart palpitation, the dyspneal breathing that are part of being tremendously overweight.

But best of all, I began developing a sense of appreciation that had too long been lying dormant in my corpulence. Now, when I read, my interest isn't split between a book and a box of chocolates on the table beside me. When I go to the movies, my attention isn't divided between the screen and a bag of popcorn. When I am invited out, I find that I enjoy my association with people more than I did when my astral self was craning its neck toward the kitchen to see how the refreshments were coming along. When I go to church, I concentrate on things spiritual instead of meditating on my Sunday dinner. When I go for a walk or a ride, I see the trees and the birds and the sky instead of looking for a snack shop along the road. I still enjoy eating; I hope I always shall, for an appreciation of good food is important too. But I've learned to unhook it from *every* activity; I've learned to make it an accessory to living, not the aim of my existence.

Scarcely a day passes that a stranger doesn't call me or come to see me to find out "how I did it." Wistfully, these overweight people ask me if it was awfully hard. And I must tell them, if I am to be truthful, that there were times when it wasn't easy. I had periods of hunger, weakness, headaches and discouragement. And the *monotony*—especially before we organized the G.A.'s—was hard to take. But I always add that it was an interesting experience and one that I could recommend to anyone. It's the same difference as being *in* jail or being *out*. It's not until you begin to reach your proper size that you realize you are being set free. It is then that you discover that you are beginning to live again. THE END



Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.



Old blue china inspired the color scheme that transformed the room on the right into the charming country-style room shown above.



AUSTIN DINKLER

A fresh Color-Scheme for $136



The matching blue color scheme carried over into the dining end of the room makes it become a part of the living room between meals.



HAROLD POWLER

By Henrietta Murdock

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

IF your room is beginning to show its age, a good paint or wallpaper job, plus new slip covers for the furniture and fresh lamp shades, may prove the answer to your problem.

The big question always is, "How much will it cost?" You can answer this by choosing the price tag that best suits your budget, before you start. When you do the work yourself, you can accomplish a low-cost job by choosing inexpensive materials. There are many charming fabrics, moderately priced and of good quality, for you to choose from.

To show you what a nominal sum will do, we have taken an *(Continued on Page 160)*

Busy Beula Maxey Mayo (Mrs. Josh Mayo) says:

"It's So Easy to Give a Stanley Party..."



Mrs. Mayo in the study of her fine home, 3101 University Boulevard, Dallas, Texas.

Attractive Mrs. Mayo, M.A., B.S.C., M.B.S., prominent educator and business woman, teaches accounting in Southern Methodist University, in the Dallas evening schools, conducts with her husband the accountancy firm of Mayo & Mayo and in her spare time gives lessons in bridge. An ardent "booster" for STANLEY QUALITY PLUS Products, Mrs. Mayo has for years given STANLEY Parties frequently in her home. "Being hostess to your friends at a STANLEY Party involves neither fuss nor bother," Mrs. Mayo declares. "You merely invite in your STANLEY Dealer and this 'party specialist' sees that your guests enjoy themselves while they shop comfortably for the STANLEY Products they need."



Think of the convenience of shopping for STANLEY QUALITY PLUS Products at neighborly parties like this:

Yes, being hostess at a STANLEY Party such as the one pictured here does save time for the busy woman. She combines her entertaining with an important phase of her shopping. At these sociable affairs, a friendly STANLEY Dealer demonstrates under actual use conditions STANLEY'S many QUALITY PLUS Products both to lighten housekeeping tasks and to improve personal grooming. Hostesses are rewarded with valuable Dividend Gifts. Guests, also, get gifts. Small wonder the popularity of STANLEY Hostess Parties is sweeping America, more than 10,000 now being held each day. If you, yourself, haven't given a STANLEY Party lately, why not plan to do so soon?

STANLEY LEADS with more than 150 QUALITY PLUS Products to save women time, work, money. (1) Household cleaning preparations (2) Dusters, Mops, Brushes, etc. (3) Products to improve personal grooming and enhance personal charm.



HOW TO ARRANGE YOUR STANLEY HOSTESS PARTY

To arrange for your own STANLEY Hostess Party . . . or to get any information about STANLEY . . . phone or write your STANLEY Dealer, your nearest STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS Branch Office, or communicate direct with STANLEY'S Home Office in Westfield, Mass.

STANHOME
A STANLEY HOME PRODUCT

Originators Of The Famous Stanley Hostess Party Plan

STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS, Inc.

WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Factories in Easthampton, Massachusetts, and London, Ontario



Cherry
double dresser
with mirror
$223.00

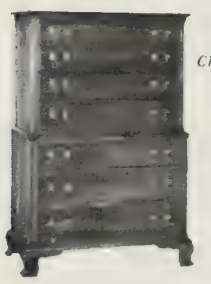
WILLETT
SOLID
Wildwood
CHERRY

*Prices F. O. B. Louisville



So restful, so lovely

...YOUR BEDROOM IN SOLID CHERRY FROM THE FAMOUS ELSWICK COLLECTION

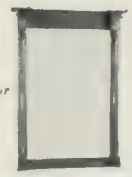


Cherry chest
on chest
$188.00

PICTURE this lovely room in your home—and don't be surprised to find you can afford it.

Every piece is solid wild cherry, America's finest cabinet wood. It has that wonderful natural finish typical of the museum and decorator pieces you've always admired. The lines are soft and graceful . . . the kind you never tire of, but love the more the longer you live with them. The tester bed is the kind you dream about dreaming in.

Budget priced. All the pieces in the photograph (including the beautiful upholstered barrel back chair) can be yours for approximately $324*. Also available in OPEN STOCK.



Cherry
dresser
with mirror
$169.00



America's largest maker of solid maple and cherry furniture for living room, dining room and bedroom.

CONSIDER H. WILLETT, INC., LOUISVILLE 11, KENTUCKY

(Continued from Page 158)

actual room that reproduces in basic furnishings the items included in many an average living room. Assuming that no major replacements are necessary, and that there is a man in the house who will paint while you sew, the cost can be determined in advance.

The most important factor in your planning is the color scheme. Since the rug stays in, the new color scheme will be determined by it, as was the case in our New England Colonial room. The rug was braided gray, blue and white, setting the style of the room as well as suggesting the scheme. Usually a simple basic scheme of only two colors is most effective in a used room, and easiest to handle. Still keeping the rug in mind, we selected blue and white for our background and repeated these colors in a printed muslin to be used for draperies and the sofa slip cover. The simple character of the design was in keeping with the clipper-ship mood of this New England house with its cottage-type windows and low ceilings.

An average sofa of the type photographed, with three cushions and self-welting, requires 15 yards of 50″ material; 19 yards of the same print made the curtains in both the living room and dining room, with generous hems and headings. Matching the blue in our print for the chair slip cover and additional cushions and pads gave the room an all-over look of newness. The big club chair took 9 yards of textured fabric, costing $3.60 a yard, with enough left over for the small pads and cushions.

There are many up-to-date booklets with detailed instructions to help you fit and sew slip covers at home. You will find them wherever you buy your fabric, or at sewing shops. Ticking, denim, sailcloth, and a wide variety of textured fabrics such as we have used, make the most durable slip covers.

If your lamps are out-of-date, get new shades, and try to find at least one large jar or vase out of which to make a lamp. The one in the budget room was made from a stoneware jar, bought here in New York, a copy of an old one, and fitted with a base and fixtures for $8.20. The 18″ plastic shade cost $6, and we painted the border around it ourselves.

To spice up your new project, look about to see if you have even a single accessory treasure which might serve to give your room both a theme and a scheme. Blue china bowls or plates, a pink Spode tureen or a mulberry Wedgwood platter provides you with a starting point in selecting your colors. The blue plates above the mantel in the budget room are the familiar old Canton pattern, but came out of a modern cupboard, and are in stores today.

Remember that all items from your old scheme should be done over to match the new one, or if they do not fit in should be dispensed with entirely. Pictures come in the category, too, and can often be improved with new light-wood frames and hung in a group.

Cost of Materials

34 yards blue and white print @ $2.20 a yard . .	$ 74.80
9 yards blue fabric @ $3.60 a yard	32.40
6 rolls wallpaper @ $1.80	10.80
3 quarts paint	3.80
Lamp base and fittings	8.20
Lamp shade	6.00
	$136.00

TELL ME DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 31)

enema, but only expressly upon your doctor's order—and he will not advise it unless he is satisfied with the progress of your labor. In other words, he will *not* order it if the delivery is imminent, because of the danger of contaminating the prepared area by tardily expelled enema content. Evacuation of the bowels should be complete before delivery impends. When these preliminary preparations are finished, sterile dressings will be applied, and you will be permitted to sit up, or lie down, or even walk around, provided the progress of the first stage is normal.

"This first stage is the stage of dilatation, referring to the neck of the uterus, or *cervix*. This cervix is about an inch thick, and the canal which runs through it is of very small caliber—it would, for instance, just about admit the tip of an old-fashioned penholder. From this size it must stretch until it will allow the passage of a baby's head.

"Inside the uterus is the afterbirth, or *placenta*, normally attached to the upper part of the uterine wall, while from its margin is suspended the membranous sac called the *bag of water*. This contains the infant, floating in a considerable quantity of serumlike fluid. When a contraction of the uterine muscle occurs, it pushes the sac down against the lower uterine segment, gradually thinning out the cervix, as well as drawing back the longitudinal muscle fibers of the uterine wall. In this way complete opening of the cervix is gradually effected, and the process constitutes the first stage of labor. In the case of a woman delivering her first child it averages about sixteen hours."

"Sixteen hours! Why, I had a friend who was all over with it in a half hour."

"I have heard of such cases, although I cannot remember having seen one, in spite of the fact that I once answered an emergency call only to fish an infant out of the toilet where it had been delivered by its mother, she not realizing that its birth was imminent. This was her third baby, however. I think you'd better figure on the average rather than a freak delivery; and in your interest, I would rather have it so."

Light your lamp first at home and afterward at the mosque. —INDIAN PROVERB.

"You mean that you'd rather see me hav a long labor than a short one?"

"Not a long labor, but an average one Generally speaking, it would be better fo you. There are too many things that ca happen both to the mother and the child in precipitate delivery."

"I guess you know best. What will I b doing all those sixteen hours?"

"Bearing the contractions patiently, expect," the doctor told her, "aided b certain measures which we will be able to us to make it easier for you."

"Will you be able to hurry it up, or any thing?"

"There is little that I can do without tak ing chances of causing trouble. Meddlin during this first stage sometimes disastrous."

"Can I have my fami with me?"

"Certainly not. Yo husband might be pe mitted to see you for short interval from tim to time, but as to anyone else—not if I ca help it. One of the very good reasons f being in a hospital is to get away from well meaning but uninformed advisers."

"That sounds sort of cruel."

"It's not. It's kind. Well, now, we've go through the first stage, and the doctor ough to be around by this time. Probably the s has ruptured with a gush of water that is di concerting, but harmless and proper. If th sac does not rupture by the time dilatatio is completed, very likely the doctor will a complish it himself because it will aid th further progress of labor in the *second* stag

"This is the stage of expulsion, and no people will be able to do something to he you. The uterine contractions will becom more frequent and more violent as the chi is being pushed down the birth canal. Yo will likely begin to feel pressure at the hei of them, as though your bowels were movin This stage may last as long as two hours, an you will find that you can help yourself qui a lot by contracting your abdominal mu cles against the uterus and bearing dow with the pains as they occur."

(Continued on Page 162)



Four boxed corners fit sheet to mattress like a second skin. Shaped tuck-under on all four sides prevents sheet from wrinkling

Amazing *CONTOUR* sheet won't wrinkle, can't pull out

A PACIFIC CONTOUR* SHEET stays smooth no matter how you toss and turn. It won't wrinkle, can't pull out! Looks as smooth in the morning as when you went to bed—smooth as the day you put it on fresh!

Four fitted corners slip neatly over the mattress, adjust to slight variations in thickness. A deep tuck-under slides into place automatically, keeps the sheet wrinkle-free.

Pacific Contour Sheets are cut to fit without waste—they weigh less, launder more easily. No need to worry about shrinkage—they're Sanforized**. And they fit so smoothly over the mattress, ironing is optional.

Contour Sheets for the whole family will cut daily bedmaking time in half! Available in standard double, twin, and crib sizes in extra-strength muslin or super-smooth combed percale. Also in youth-bed size, in muslin only.

Try your favorite store or write for folder and name of your nearest dealer to Pacific Mills, Dept. DD2, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

*TM Pacific Mills **Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



For baby, Pacific Cribfast Sheets come in snowy combed percale or sturdy muslin in white and pastels. Wrinkle-proof, pull-out proof!*

It's a ***PACIFIC*** *sheet* BY PACIFIC MILLS . . . WEAVERS OF FINE COTTONS, RAYONS, WOOLENS AND WORSTEDS



Imagine . . . a candlewick bedspread

that is ***virtually lint-free!***

The Radiant Heiress is a joy to own. . . . a lavishly tufted bedspread of new-found brilliance *without the usual lint*. You can't find another like it! MORGAN-JONES fashions it by weaving special rayon tufts into a sturdy cotton background. These little pompoms are of a new "Avisco" crimped fibre—lustrous—and "springy", like wool. They come right back into shape after laundering.

Only MORGAN-JONES makes the lovely RADIANT HEIRESS with the lint-free feature. Ask for it by name. In white and many lovely decorator colors.



MORGAN-JONES, INC.
58 Worth Street, New York 13

(Continued from Page 160)

"Two hours is an awfully long time."

"If the available passage through the bony girdle I once told you about were symmetrically round, and the baby's head round, as well, like a croquet ball, the process would be easier and much shorter. But Nature has made the shape of that birth canal irregular; and it is only by utilizing every advantage of the anatomy, making the long diameter of the child's head conform with the greatest available diameter of the bony outlet, that the problem is capable of solution at all—that, together with the fact that the child's head is to a certain degree capable of molding to adapt itself to the required shape and dimensions. And even these corresponding diameters change at different levels in the descent through the pelvis, with the result that the line of direction deviates no less than three times before the child is born.

"It is a very complicated process, and I couldn't explain it clearly without the aid of a skeletal pelvis and a demonstration manikin such as medical students use. After all, there is no reason to go into the matter that deeply.

"Let's say that we have reached the point where the patient feels great pressure in the region of the outlet, and at the climax of each pain a tiny glimpse of the presenting part of the child becomes visible. Now is the time when she must be taken to the delivery room and made ready for the actual birth event. There she is placed upon a specially devised table equipped with stirrups, which sustain her legs with knees flexed in an appropriate position for delivery. Her hands are also effectively restrained ——"

"It sounds as though you were going to have me tied hand and foot."

"It amounts to that, and the reason is that you will shortly be going to sleep and it is desired to restrain whatever involuntary movements you might make so that the sterility setup may not be broken. To render the working field sterile, or at least relatively so, an antiseptic solution is used. You will then be draped with sterile sheets and towels to protect against further contamination.

"Now the delivery is ready to take place, and this will be managed slowly and carefully by your doctor, while you are sound asleep."

"And I shall know nothing about it?"

"In all probability you will know nothing or feel nothing until you suddenly awake and hear, coming from what will probably seem a great distance, a lusty little 'Wa-a-a-ah!' which means that a new citizen has been ushered into the world."

"That sounds wonderful!"

"It *is* pretty wonderful, so much so that I never get tired of seeing it repeated. It must be infinitely more wonderful to the new mother. Well, that finishes the second stage of labor and immediately we come to the third, which is the *placental* stage.

"As soon as the child is born, the size of the uterus and of its cavity within is naturally reduced by exactly the degree which t child's bulk represents. The area of placen attachment is also reduced and as a res the placenta becomes thicker. Nature n resumes the uterine contractions for the p pose of finishing the job of emptying t uterus, the result being that the placen connections become broken in parts a finally completely so that it drops down ir the collapsed lower uterine segment and ready for delivery. At this point a very f pains should suffice to expel it, the proc averaging fifteen to twenty minutes, thou sometimes it takes longer.

"So there you have the mechanism of normal delivery, and you can see how t sixteen hours which it averages with a fi baby are utilized. It isn't easy, but it is n mal and the way babies have been comi into the world throughout the ages. Bear mind that the mechanism described is t simplest one, the one that occurs in t greatest number of cases.

"Of course there are other positions which the child might present itself for d livery, and with each of them there is modification of the mechanism. If the ba should come buttocks first instead of he first, for instance, the process would ha to be quite different. There are even a va ety of head positions."

"I should think that it would mean a of stretching for the vaginal canal to through that process."

"Indeed, it does, often more than the sues can bear."

"What happens then?"

"Any experienced doctor can tell pre well how much the tissues will bear bef the presenting part has been half deliver If satisfied that the tissues might tear, will doubtless forestall that event by cutt them, the reason being that a clean cut much easier to repair than a jagged tear."

"I once heard of a doctor who was su posed to have delivered three thousand cc secutive cases without a tear."

"I will explain that statement in one three ways: either (1) he didn't look to s what damage had occurred; or (2) he didn know a tear when he saw one; or (3) he wa plain liar. No, the fact is that the great m jority of women have some degree of ar tomical change with the birth of their fi child. What really counts is the quality the repair that is carried out afterward."

"I am glad you explained that to me, Dc tor—in fact, I want to thank you for you've told me. I don't think I shall be afra to go through it, now that I understa what is going to happen."

"I am glad to hear you say that—if it true it will be well worth the time expended

"There are so many things I want to a you, even though I know I am imposing your good nature."

"Let's save some of it for the next ti you come. Shall we? I'll see you two we from today."

(To be Continued)



"Boiling an egg?"

Marriage Anniversary

A Garland of Sonnets by Joseph Auslander

This is as good a night, my love, as any
For auditing Love's ledger: debit . . . credit . . .
What you or I said . . . when and where we said it . . .
Hoarding each word, each look . . . like luck's last penny.
Your arm outflung in sleep; mine close beside it . . .
All summer in my heart . . . the house so quiet . . .
A full moon . . . and our garden running riot
With restless shadow, and the moon astride it.
I plead with day, Oh pause and hold your light:
The fire-brimmed vessel trembles in my hands;
I beg the dark, Haste not, O headlong night,
Whose silent fury laughs at Love's demands . . .
Now it is night, and what the day denied me
I have all hushed and happy here beside me.

Sleepless beside you, hearing you breathe, a child
For all your years, your children: boys and girls
Grown straight and tall about you . . . (sleep-warm curls,
Dark tangle tumbled on your pillow wild)
I, wide-eyed in the night, feel my heart seethe
With love so fierce, its sharpness makes me choke . . .
O little lovely wife, if you awoke
This instant, you would listen to me breathe,
And yearn toward your husband with the same
Side-stabbing tenderness. . . . So through the night
Our married love burns with a steady flame
As pure and candid as a candle's light:
In this confused and frantic world I know
Whatever lamps may fail, this light will glow.

What do men cherish most in married life?
Not the bright body's fierce and breathless giving
That touches with white fire the prose of living
And keeps the bride unravished in the wife;
Not this, not this alone, though lovers sigh
In songs and sonnets, staking all on this—
Only to taste bitumen in the kiss,
And in their pulses feel the great god die;
Nor the dear attributes we know and name
In Love's delicious litany of sense—
Ah, none of these things; but the pure white flame
Of spirit that informs with eloquence
The motions of our blood: this do men cherish
Lest, should it falter, love and passion perish.

I have not taken time enough today
To think of you . . . if only for a while
To seek the patient glory of your smile,
And from the loud world turn my eyes away.
I have been troubled with such trivial things,
Beset and badgered by so shrill an hour,
I had almost forgot how like some flower
Bursting from traffic rise the pigeons' wings.
For lo, upon this very afternoon,
Indifferent to the din, the cars, the crowd,
I spied a woman at a fountain stone
Feeding the pigeons in a pearly cloud
Of wings that shed on granite a wild grace . . .
And through that cloud I seemed to see your face.

NOW YOU CAN HAVE THE

Custom-made look

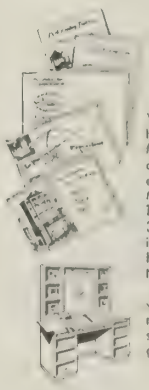
IN YOUR BEDROOM TOO!



Remember when it used to be so hard to find furniture that was just right in every way? How you had to shop and shop and maybe never get what you had in mind for style, price and size?

Drexel's New Hampton Court bedroom certainly does away with all that! Now there are 25 richly-styled pieces, in lustrous swirl mahogany on selected cabinet woods. All are so carefully designed to serve your needs efficiently—you're certain to find exactly what you wanted! Why spend thousands on the custom-made look, when New Hampton Court gives it to you at such a modest price?

The New Hampton Court bedroom, and the coordinated New Hampton Court dining room are only two of many Drexel groups, correctly styled and priced for all your rooms. Look for them, and insist on the "by Drexel" brandmark—your proof of fine craftsmanship and unusual value.



Write today for the Drexel booklets *Travis Court Portfolio, New Versatility*—about contemporary; *Precedent; American Traditional, 18th Century Traditional.* 10c each or 35c for the complete set, in coin only. Address 272 Huffman Road, Drexel, North Carolina.

See the Drexel Decorama soon—easy-to-use decorating help, tailored to suit your needs, your budget, and your tastes.

FOR FURNITURE VALUE . . BUY DREXEL

by Drexel

Drexel FURNITURE COMPANY

DREXEL, NORTH CAROLINA

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF QUALITY BEDROOM AND DINING ROOM FURNITURE

Wondering about baby's first winter?





1. How warm should the nursery be?

Healthy babies are happiest in a daytime temperature of 68-70°F. Overwarm dry air can make baby's skin feel miserably prickly. Daily lubrication with Johnson's Baby Oil is especially important in winter. Smooth on after baths, after diaper changes.



2. Should baby wear "woolies"?

Most authorities feel that all-wool next to baby's skin isn't desirable. A mixture of wool and cotton is kinder to its easily-irritated softness. Frequent sprinklings with Johnson's Baby Powder are soothing, too. Babies love its gentle touch. Mothers love its baby-sweet fragrance.



3. How about baths on wintry days?

Baby needs his bath every day, winter or summer. Just see that the room's warm, (about 75°F.) during bath time, and free from drafts. Pat dry, don't rub. Finish with a smoothover of Johnson's Baby Oil, or a satiny sprinkling with Johnson's Baby Powder. Wise mothers keep both on the nursery tray.

Recommended by more doctors—used by more mothers





Severe toilet training or overemphasis on regularity may start your baby off with the wrong habits.

Don't Overstress "Regularity"

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen

President, Chicago Board of Health

I BELIEVE that most mothers today are pretty well aware of the disadvantages and dangers of trying to impose toilet training upon their youngsters at too early an age. They have been told often that the toddler will "train" himself when he has reached the point in his development where he is able to restrain the bowel and bladder functions for a suitable time and place. They also know that scolding, nagging and punishment for errors in this respect can have a lastingly bad effect upon personality and character.

But I find that many well-informed and well-intentioned mothers fall into another trap—a mistaken conception of what constitutes bowel health.

Recently a very intelligent woman asked my advice because her small daughter was "suffering from constipation." She explained that for a year she had used a suppository every day with the child to bring about daily evacuation. Nevertheless, Mary could not move her bowels unless her mother gave her an enema!

A picture was presented here that is, alas, not uncommon. Obsessed with the idea that a bowel movement each day was necessary for Mary, the mother awaited it anxiously all day long. When it did not take place, first a suppository was tried, and then an enema. For a whole year Mary's bowels had not been given a chance to function naturally and normally. No wonder the child was constipated!

I wish mothers like Mary's could realize that fuss, worry and preoccupation with a child's habits of elimination do far more harm than any physical injury which may result because bowel movements are irregular. Children whose bowel habits are a constant subject of conversation and concern may grow up to be neurotic, unhapp adults, forever worried about the state their health.

I am not inveighing against bowel trai ing. In fact, it is important that a chil shall be trained to eliminate regularly. B our ideas of what constitutes regularit have changed. We now know that man children normally have a movement eve other day, instead of every day, and son every three days.

There is a reason for this. As food pass from the stomach into the long, windin small intestine, digestive processes are goir on all the time. Materials are absorbed in the blood, and the waste moves along in the large intestine in a semisolid state. Wh this residue, with most of its fluid gone, a

DOCTOR BUNDESEN'S baby booklets have been of great help in caring for babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. A complete book on the care of the baby, a necessary supplement to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 50 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Information on prenatal care is given in BEFORE THE BABY COMES, No. 2383, which is priced at 50 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

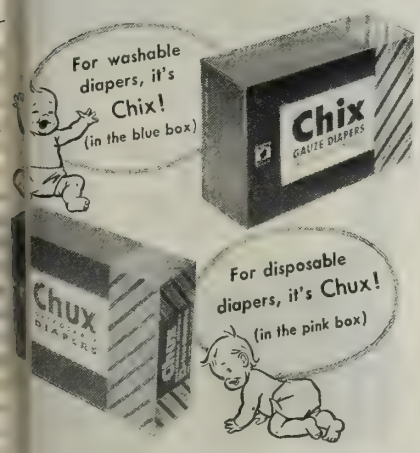
Will your Baby be a CRY BABY?



THE HAPPY BABY is the healthy, *comfortable* baby . . . and what *comfort* Chix Diapers are! They ave thousands of tiny, airy ishions woven in for greater osorbency, better ventilation and, ove all, powder-puff softness. o irritating thick hems, either. nd, Chix Diapers are lightweight ut not flimsy, strong but not ulky. They wash easier, dry ister, too! Don't make the istake of thinking all diapers re alike . . . get Chix Diapers r *your* little wonder!

ive *yourself* a break with CHUX

he only throwaway diaper that eeds no pantie! Ideal for visiting r traveling . . . or when you just on't feel like washing diapers! lade with layers of thirsty ellulose, anti-chafe cottoned acing, moisture-repellent backing.



CHICOPEE MILLS, INC.
17 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.

cumulates in the rectum, its presence there causes the muscles of the bowel to contract, with resultant elimination. Usually this cycle is completed in twenty-four hours. But in some children it is slower.

How, then, can a mother tell whether her child is one of these "slow movers," or is constipated—a condition that does require correction? By the nature of the movement itself. If it is soft in consistency and passed easily; if the child is not ill and is growing normally, a mother need not be concerned simply because the movements are far apart.

Some children, however, do suffer occasionally from true constipation, which means that elimination is irregular and the eliminated material is hard, passed with much straining. Until constipation has been present for some time, about the only other symptom it is likely to cause is a feeling of fullness in the rectum. Occasionally there may be abdominal cramps. In true chronic constipation, however, there may be headache, loss of appetite, excessive fatigue and irritability.

There are a number of causes for this condition. One of the most common, I suppose, is failure to respond to the desire to evacuate, or to take sufficient time to empty the bowel. This may happen because the youngster is too busy with his play. It may also happen because he actively fights the natural impulse. This latter state of affairs often occurs when parents have either started bowel training too early, or have centered too much attention on it later on.

A second cause is improper eating habits. If the diet is lacking in bulky foods, such as fruits, vegetables and whole-grain cereals, not enough material accumulates in the rectum to cause the muscle contractions needed to empty the bowel.

A THIRD cause of constipation in children is lack of a normal amount of fluid in the diet. Since, during illnesses accompanied by fever, a great deal of fluid may be lost through sweating, it is not unusual to have constipation during such illnesses. It is for this reason, among others, that the giving of plenty of fluids is important when a youngster has a cold.

If, therefore, you would insure your child healthy bowel action and a healthy attitude toward this function, three simple rules will do the trick:

1. Give your youngster a regular opportunity for his bowel movement each day, but do not keep him on the toilet for more than ten minutes, unless he is in the actual process of evacuation. Show no concern if results are not achieved. If there has been no movement at the end of three days, ask your doctor what you should do.

2. See that your youngster eats a well-balanced diet, containing plenty of vegetables, fruits and whole-grain cereals.

3. Make sure that he drinks plenty of fluids, particularly in hot weather or in an illness accompanied by fever.

Children handled from the start of bowel training in this calm, intelligent, understanding way have little chance to develop constipation.

But let us suppose now that your child *is* constipated, in the true sense. What are you to do? Perhaps the first thing is to know what not to do. *Don't* give laxatives unless the doctor orders them. Some laxatives contain chemicals which irritate the intestinal walls and cause inflammation. Your doctor will make suggestions for revision of the diet, probably to include more bulky foods and fluids.

Second, revise your own attitudes where the toilet training is concerned. If you have been overstressing the daily movement, so that the child has come to worry or to rebel against the whole thing, relax and let Nature take its course.

If, on the other hand, you have neglected the matter, start now to encourage the child to go to the toilet at a time when he has a natural desire to do so. Make the toilet session a part of his daily routine.

With proper medical advice and sensible guidance at home, there is little reason for any child to be constipated. **THE END**

As your baby sleeps... he builds his future health and posture—



Give him the crib mattress that contributes most to both!



Start your baby now towards a lifetime of good posture. Choose the crib mattress that does more than any other to provide the restful comfort and permanently firm support he needs during the 20,000 hours or more he'll spend *growing* in his crib. KANTWET, recommended by more mothers, more doctors and more stores, is the original posturized crib mattress... first to bring you all these important posture features:

IMPROVED DORSAL CONSTRUCTION — greater firmness, greater resilience, greater posture help. Better by actual test — feel the difference!

- BUILT-IN straight line support!
- FLEX-O-LOC INNERSPRING — lasting firm resilience!
- DOUBLE-SEALED TUFTS — keep filling in place, keep moisture out!
- WETPROOF, WASHABLE COVER — stays sweet, clean, sanitary.



THERE'S A KANTWET PAD FOR EVERY NURSERY NEED

Electre steem



SAFEST VAPORIZER Ever made!

The FIRST and ONLY

10 to 24 HOUR* VAPORIZERS

that triple as HUMIDIFIERS and DEODORIZERS!

Split-second steam action helps give almost instant relief from stuffy misery of nose and chest colds . . . Absolutely safe! Water in "remote reservoir" can't become boiling hot . . . Automatically shuts off when water evaporates. "Insawall" cool base. Detachable Vapo-cup for vaporizing medicaments. AC only.

*Furnished with 48½-oz. jar for 10-hour vaporization. Use 1-gal. Mason-type jar for 24-hour continuous vaporization.

At better druggists and electric appliance dealers $5.95

DeLuxe Model: Ceramic, satin-finish aluminum, plastic base $6.95

Electresteem 8 BABY BOTTLE STERILIZER

Easier to Keep Clean

NEW! IMPROVED. Only popular priced model that sterilizes 24-hour supply at same time. Automatic shut off. AC only. $7.95



Electresteem BABY CHEF JR. BOTTLE WARMER

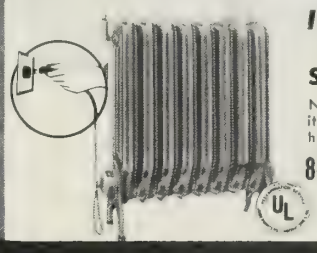
America's finest! "Insawall" construction keeps side walls cool. Boils baby's egg. Automatic shut off. AC only. $1.99



IMAGINE! Portable STEAM HEAT From Any Wall Plug!

SAFEST supplemental HEATER ever made!

No exposed wires, flame or monoxide gas fumes. Pick it up. Plug it in any room that's hard to heat in your home, office, factory, hotel, motel, hospital, etc. Operates on either AC or DC.



8-Section Electresteem $37.95 Walnut or Ivory Finish!

Smaller and larger models also available. If your dealer doesn't have one, write direct to:

ELECTRIC STEAM RADIATOR CORP.

1 ELECTRIC AVENUE PARIS, KENTUCKY

MAKE MONEY with FREE STOCKING

Amazing nylons replaced free if they run or snag within guarantee period! Not sold in stores. Good Housekeeping Guarantee Seal. Big money, full or spare time, writing orders. No experience needed. FREE stocking & money-making outfit.

KENDEX CORP. BABYLON 882, N. Y.

AT LAST! SOMETHING NEW AND SENSATIONAL IN EVERYDAY CARDS

21 FOR $1

MAKE Extra MONEY FAST

Superb Satin Velour and Metallic

Get orders FAST! Amazing values low as 25 for $1. Up to 100% profit. Scented Stationery, Charmettes, Napkins, Personal Book Matches, 50 other Assortments. Two $1 Boxes *on Approval*. Write.

PURO CO., 2801 Locust, Dept. 113-B, St. Louis 3, Mo.

FREE to STOUT WOMEN



Merely mail coupon for FREE Money-Saving 100-page Style Book. Sizes 38 to 60, styled by experts who know how to slenderize stout women. Suits, dresses, coats, hats, shoes, underwear and corsets—all low priced. Mail the coupon now.

Lane Bryant DEPT. 31 752 EAST MARKET ST. INDIANAPOLIS 17, IND.

LANE BRYANT, Department 31
752 East Market Street, Indianapolis 17, Indiana.
Please rush me FREE Style Book for Stout Women.

Name

Address

Post Office State

ELASTIC STOCKING BARGAIN $6.45 PAIR

Buy direct from factory and save $3 to $5 a pair! ELASTOCK —NYLON with Natural Latex Rubber and Cotton— 2-Way Stretch Surgical Hose unexcelled for wear, support, comfort. Lightweight, seamless, almost invisible. Write for FREE folder.

ELASTOCK CO., Dept. 201, CHELMSFORD, MASS.

EARN MONEY With Everyday Cards



Mail Coupon for 2 Exciting Assortments

Make welcome extra money with glorious Wallace Brown new Everyday Greeting Cards. Up to 50c profit for you on sensational $1.00 All-Occasion Assortment . . . exquisite cards for Birthday, Get-Well, Baby Birth, Friendship, Sympathy, Anniversary. Also laugh-packed Barrel of Fun Assortment. Friends, others buy on sight! Boost your earnings with many other fast-selling assortments and gift items—Gift Wrappings, Stationery, Good 'n Rotten Personal Notes, Storybook Dolls, Imported Napkins, newest sensation "Precious Ones". Flowers on Suede others! Mail coupon for 7 exciting Assortments on approval. ORGANIZATIONS: ASK FOR SPECIAL FUND RAISING PLAN.

WALLACE BROWN, INC. NEW YORK 10, NEW YORK 225 Fifth Ave., Dept. S-9

S-9

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

TYPICAL DAY'S DIET MENU

(Continued from Page 124)

Mix With Imagination

Reducing diets are often abandoned simply because the meals seem dull. Here are some suggestions for perking up your diet plates:

- Add color and flavor to your diet salads by sprinkling with any of the following:
  1 teaspoon minced parsley, water cress, chives or celery leaves.
  1 tablespoon chopped cucumber, radishes, carrots, scallions or green peppers.
  ½ tablespoon grated lemon, orange or tangerine rind.
- Trade your diet salads for crisp celery stalks stuffed with cottage cheese that has been mixed with a little lemon or vinegar and parsley.
- Tomato stuffed with coleslaw (vinegar-and-skim-milk dressing) is another pleasant change.
- Why don't you hold over your breakfast or lunch allotment of butter to squander on a baked potato at dinner? (Green or yellow vegetable may be substituted for potato two or three times a week.)
- Have your dish of chilled fruit (from lunch) just before you go to bed.
- Make fruit cups from two days' worth of fruit, add lemon juice, divide into portions and have them for breakfast or lunch and dinner.
- Save some of your fruit from one meal to put in the bottom of your dessert dish. For instance, cut up a half slice of pineapple to add to your orange or lemon gelatin. Three slices of banana will flavor your custard. Do the same with drained canned fruits or berries in season.
- Drain the cream from country-style cottage cheese (or the sweet sirup from canned fruits) by putting them in a sieve and allowing a fine spray of cold water to wash them.

Don't Forget!

Have your doctor's approval of your diet before you begin. Depending upon his first-hand knowledge of your own physical requirements, he may wish to make specific suggestions for you. If your diet is to be a long-term one, he will probably want to see you regularly for thorough checkups.

Exercise while you diet. Strenuous reducing diets often presuppose flabby skin. Simultaneous planned exercises as well as daily walking in the fresh air will help firm and tone your flesh while you are losing weight.

Care for your skin. You don't want a slim figure at the expense of a lined face! Cleanse your face regularly with soap and water. Use a good softening cream at least once a day. Massage it gently into your face and neck, and allow it to remain for fifteen minutes. Follow this creaming with a skin astringent. Pat lightly and briskly in upward, outward motions from the base of your neck right up to your hairline.

Keep it to yourself! Let your friends discover you are on a diet by the way your figure improves, not by giving them a calorie-by-calorie description! And spare your family from all wistful, martyred looks at the dinner table. Make others think you're having fun—you probably will!

BECAUSE SHE WAS LIKE ME

(Continued from Page 57)

but the beautiful enunciation had been carefully taught, painstakingly cultivated. "In the early part of my next picture I am supposed to be seventeen years old." She gave him a smile that was almost intimate, and her voice lowered a shade. "I'm afraid I've forgotten what it's like to be seventeen years old."

"Oh, no," he said deprecatingly, foolishly, "I'm sure you haven't."

"Easiest Ironing I Ever Did" with the "SIT-or-STAND" G.P.&F. MET-L-TOP IRONING TABLE



● With this marvelous ne ironing table, you can sit do or stand up to iron, and eith way, you too, will say: "It's t easiest ironing I ever did."

A convenient finger-touch le quickly adjusts it to desired height . . . no fur bling or groping. Automatic safety lock prever accidental closing. Self-adjusting front fo keeps table level . . . sets rigidly on the floor. won't wobble, creep or tip. Smooth, stur tubular legs won't snag stockings.

These and many other advantages ma MET-L-TOP the choice of discerning wom . . . your choice, too, if you investigate a compare. It costs no more to own the be

SIT-or-STAND Model, $14.95

Stand-up Model with Adjustable legs, $10.95 . . . Non-Adjustable, $9.95

GEUDER, PAESCHKE & FREY CO. Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin



"MEXENE IS FAR THE BEST CHILI POWDER ON THE MARKET"

Says Mrs. J. T. Knox of Naches, Wash.

If, like Mrs. Knox, you like to make your own chili, you'll agree that Mexene gives it that perfect chili flavor. Mexene All-Purpose Seasoning, a piquant blend of rare peppers and spices, is also the connoisseur's delight for adding unusual goodness to everyday foods, including meats, spaghetti, soups, vegetables, salads and seafoods.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Walker's AUSTEX Chili Co.

CHILI • TAMALES • BEEF STEW BRAISED BEEF HASH • SANDWICH SPREAD SPAGHETTI and MEAT BALLS

DISCOURAGE . . . Prolonged and Persistent THUMB-SUCKING

USE THUM TRADE MARK

50¢ and $1.00 AT LEADING DRUG COUNTERS

● Simple
● Quick
● Effective

HAND KNITTING WOOL and RUG YARNS

Send for FREE sampl Prompt, dependable mail ser COLONIAL YARN HOU 1231-R Cherry St., Phila. 7,

"You're very kind." She laughed compionably. "But unfortunately it's true, d I thought if I could be in close contact th some girls that age for perhaps a day, lk to them, observe them in their daily utine ——"

She left it in the air like that, opening her nds in a plea for understanding. She rarely d to make a specific request; ordinarily, hers pressed upon her the favors she had me to get—and this time was no exception. Mr. Dearborn rose from behind his desk, oking straighter and less tired than he had years.

"Why don't you spend the day here with , Miss Marlowe?" he suggested. "Go to sses, make friends with some of the girls.... ere, I'll give you a pass."

Irene took the little slip of paper from his y fingers. "That's a wonderful idea, Mr. earborn," she said. "How can I ever thank u?"

She sat through two classes before she und the girl she wanted. Meanwhile, she ed to get the feel of things. It was her eat talent that she could absorb an atosphere, a character, within a remarkably ief time—get it inside her skin as though had always been part of her. But this, she ew after a few minutes, was going to be rder than anything she had ever tackled.

They were all different, all the boys and ls, and yet there was a kind of uniformity out them. The girls wore sweaters and aggeratedly long, full skirts, white socks d loafers, and they had spent a great deal time combing their hair and putting on stick. Most of them had scuffed shoes and ne had skirts with uneven hemlines or eaters that sagged at the neck, but practically every hair of every head was in pert place and every mouth freshly reddened. ene made a mental note: *If your hair's nbed and your lipstick's on, you're ready for ything.*

The boys in their flannel shirts and baggy cks looked younger than the girls, though of course they weren't. They were as big as men, but they seemed more unfinished than any of the girls.

Is it for them, all the combs and lipsticks? Irene thought. *For these—these clumsy calves?* But of course it was. This was the senior class. The only other boys around were younger. These were the males over whom a girl of seventeen could break her heart, and Irene had to believe in their charm.

She had not done very well when she found Mary Hanson. She tried to imagine herself part of this scene—not just an onlooker, an observer, but a young girl yearning for one of those boys—and she couldn't do it. She would have to get much closer to it, see it through the eyes of a girl like the one in her forthcoming picture.

Mary Hanson stood against the wall with her books in the crook of one arm. She did not see the other boys and girls going back and forth in the hall. She did not see anything but the woman before her.

Irene Marlowe, she said to herself. *I'm talking to Irene Marlowe. It isn't a dream. I'm in the hall of West End High and I've been excused from classes so that I can talk to Irene Marlowe.*

Aloud she said, "I don't think you should have picked me, Miss Marlowe. There are lots of others. There's—well, Ann Gregory, maybe. She's about the most popular girl in the school, and she knows everybody. She could tell you ——"

"I'm not interested in Ann Gregory," Irene broke in gently. "I'm sure she wouldn't be like the girl in the picture, the part I'm to play."

Mary stared at her. She was a slight girl with a thin face in which only the eyes, dark blue and rather large, were at all distinctive. The lipstick she used was the wrong color for her pale skin, and her fine, light hair hung almost straight.

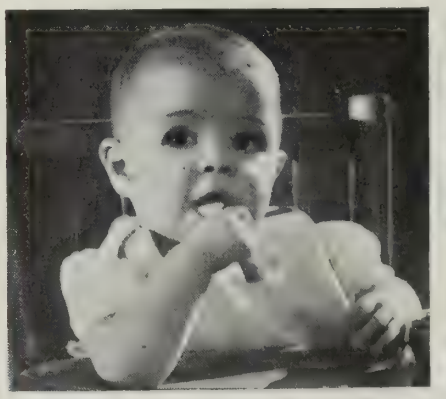
"You mean," she said to Irene, "that I—*I'm* like the girl in the picture?"





Will your baby's pictures tell this story?

At 4 Months. Elizabeth Ann Harkrader's picture tells us how wonderfully she thrived on her iron-rich Clapp's Cereals. Your baby will thrive on Clapp's Cereals, too. Babies love their taste and texture. (And Clapp's Cereals have 3 times more iron than unfortified cereals.)



At 7 Months. Don't you hope your little darling will be as hale and healthy as Elizabeth? Well, just to make sure—give her the wonderful Clapp's Strained Foods that helped put the roses in Elizabeth's cheeks.



At 10 Months. Still blooming on her nourishing Clapp's Baby Food diet. Elizabeth was graduating to Clapp's Junior Foods when this picture was taken. (They're pressure-cooked for extra nourishment.)



13 Years. That's a long way from baby food days, but remember: your child's future health depends on the care she has as a baby. So start your baby on Clapp's Foods today. You'll always be glad you did.



DOCTORS HAVE BEEN RECOMMENDING CLAPP'S BABY FOODS LONGER THAN ANY OTHER BABY FOODS

Products of American Home Foods



"My hands do two jobs," says Barbara Swanson, Philadelphia career girl and homemaker, "since I'm in business all day and also do all my own housework. But Noxzema helps keep my hands looking soft and smooth. And it never feels greasy!"

Hands Look Lovelier in 24 Hours*...or your money back!

Doctors Prove Medicated Noxzema helps soften—whiten—heal red, rough chapped hands!

● Read the real experiences of women who use Noxzema hand care. Then, if *your* hands are red, rough and chapped from dishwashing, housework, daily chores...you can help them look lovelier *in 24 hours*. *In actual clinical tests, the hands of 9 out of 10 women showed definite improvement—often within 24 hours—with Noxzema *medicated* care!

Read what Noxzema can do for you

1. Help red, rough "Working Hands" look softer, smoother and whiter!
2. Bring soothing relief to chapped skin!
3. *Help heal* tiny surface cuts and cracks!
4. Important! Supply a soothing, protective film of oil-and-moisture to the outer surface of the skin!
5. And—it's a dainty, *greaseless* cream!



Chapped hands are cut hands the [illegible] Medicated Noxzema helps heal those tiny surface cuts and cracks, soothe the [illegible] quickly! It helps chapped hands feel so much better, look so much lovelier!



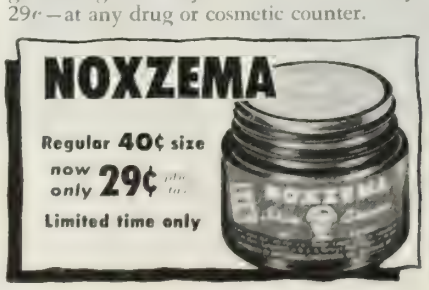
Helps "Housework Hands" to Beauty! When daily chores leave your hands red and rough—use gentle, soothing Noxzema. It helps soften, smooth and whiten "Housework Hands"—often overnight! And it's *greaseless!*

Money-Back Offer! Try soothing, *medicated* Noxzema on your hands tonight. If you don't see definite improvement *in 24 hours,* return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—and get your money back!



Mrs. J. I. Ransome, Dallas housewife, says: "Housework used to leave my hands looking rough, feeling dry and uncomfortable. But now, Noxzema medicated care helps keep my hands looking lovely! I use this wonderful greaseless cream daily."

Special Trial Offer! For a limited time, get the regular 40¢ jar of Noxzema for only 29¢—at any drug or cosmetic counter.



Irene smiled her famous smile. "I knew it as soon as I saw you. You're me. You're the girl I was at seventeen. If you'll just help me to remember what it was like—talk to me a little, tell me what you think and do—I know it will all come back to me. It was quite a long time ago, you see."

"You were like me?" Mary said, almost in a whisper. "You?"

She looked at Irene, at the way she stood with her short, bright coat flung over her sweatered shoulders, her feet still, her hands quiet, or moving with purpose and grace, and tried to imagine her ever not knowing how to manage herself, ever feeling awkward or self-conscious. She looked at her shining, gently curling hair and her well-kept face and thought she had never seen anything so beautiful, and tried to imagine her plain and insignificant. It seemed impossible, yet if it were so—if it were so ——

Irene was staring at Mary's legs. "How do you keep your socks up like that without any elastic?" she inquired. "They look pasted to your legs."

"They are."

Irene laughed. "Not really?"

"Yes, they are. With library paste. All the girls use it."

Irene took her arm and Mary walked down the hall with her. "How's the male situation?" Irene asked her. "Is there some boy you kind of go for?"

Mary could feel herself turning red. She tried to will the blood to stay where it was, not to give her away, but she knew it wasn't any use; she was never able to control it.

"I don't go for boys," she murmured. "I'm too busy to bother with them."

Johnny, she thought. *Johnny*. She was always saying his name to herself like that—sometimes in the middle of geometry, or when she woke up at night, or while she was brushing her teeth, or anything, any time. *Johnny, Johnny.*

She often pictured how it would be to say it to him that way, softly, with her heart in it. They would be walking home together from a school dance, maybe, and he would stop under a tree and take her hand, looking down at her with his dark eyes that had lashes any girl would envy. He would ask her to be his girl, to go steady with him and she would say, "Johnny, Johnny . . . of course."

When she and Irene Marlowe got to the end of the hall, they could hear the voices of shouting boys reverberating hollowly from somewhere under their feet.

"What's that?" Irene wanted to know.

Mary felt herself turning red again. What a fool she was, she thought angrily, blushing over every little thing. "It's the boys practicing basketball in the gym," she said.

Irene looked at her. "May girls watch?"

"Yes, if they have no classes." She felt as though Irene Marlowe could read her thoughts: "Do you want to go down?"

"I want to do whatever you would do."

"Well ——"

You could close your eyes and find the gym by its smell, the cool dampness of the basement and the pungent leather of the balls mingled with the indefinable smell of boys. Mary usually sat in the balcony, out of sight, but she could not take Irene Marlowe up there. She led her to one of the folding chairs along the side of the floor and sat down next to her and then looked out the high windows, up at the trapeze, across at the parallel bars, until finally her gaze was drawn almost against her will to the boys who were playing basketball. Maybe he wasn't the best player, though Mary thought he was, but he was certainly the cleanest, the nicest. He never hogged the ball the way some of them did, never tried to show how good he was at the expense of teamwork, and he played aggressively without piling up a lot of personal fouls. Sports weren't terribly important in themselves, but you could tell what a boy was like from the way he played games. You could tell Johnny had character.

She had almost forgotten about Irene Marlowe until she heard the actress' soft voice asking, "Who is that boy, Mary? The one with the black hair."

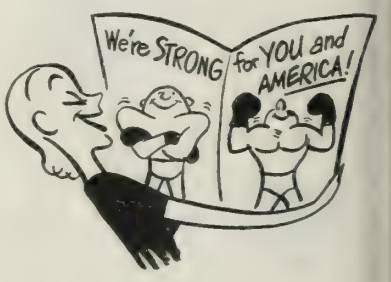
New ways to look at ads in this book!



1 Every brand name is fighting for you
With more and more value and quality too
They fight with products better and new,
And the winner each time is a gal named YOU!



2 When a brand's well known
It can't let you down,
Or soon the news would be all over town.
The stronger the brand the more it wins fame
The more it's gotta live up to its name!



3 When brands compete to give you more,
It makes the Commie comrades sore,
For the more we produce, the more we progress,
The stronger we are in times of stress!

Whenever you buy—demand the brand you want

Brand Names Foundation
INCORPORATED
A non-profit educational foundation
37 WEST 57 STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Mary turned and stared at her and said wly, "That's Johnny. Johnny Turner."

"He looks nice," Irene said, smiling, with r eyes narrowed a little on the back of hnny's head. "Do you know him?"

"It's not such a big school," Mary told r. "You know pretty nearly everybody, at ast by sight."

"I'd like to meet him. Will you introduce e when they've finished playing?"

Mary clamped her hands together in her o. "I'm not very good at introducing peo-e," she murmured. "I always get . . . sort of ixed up."

Irene smiled. "I know what you mean. I ed to have trouble too. But if you just for-t about it—nobody ever really notices, you ow, if you don't do it exactly right. And I want to meet this Johnny, because in the cture I fall in love with a boy in my class in gh school."

"You do?" Mary's face came alive a lit-e. "What happens?"

"I marry him in the end," Irene said. "I eet a lot of others before the picture is over, it I never care for any of them, and finally realizes I'm the one he loves after all."

"That's nice," Mary said. "That's a nice cture."

The referee's whistle blew and the boys be-in trotting off the floor. Mary clenched her nds, took a deep breath and called, Johnny. Johnny Turner." Her heart was ating so loudly that she was not sure she id made any sound at all, but he stopped id looked around, and then came slowly er to them.

"You call me?" His eyes went from one to e other, rested on Irene for a minute with little puzzled frown. "I ought I heard a girl call e."

"It was me," Mary said a low voice. She tried to ok at him, but she could et no farther up than his oulder.

"Oh," he said. He aited, and the silence roared in Mary's rs.

Why don't I say something? she thought esperately. In her daydreams she always new what to say. The words were there—he knew them, the bright, gay words that ther girls said so easily and casually—but e could not get them past the thickness in er throat. *Why am I so dumb, so hopeless?*

"I know," Johnny said suddenly. "You're my history class."

She looked at him then, and spoke too uickly, too eagerly. "That was last year. I as in your history class last year. My ame's Mary Hanson and there's somebody want you to meet." She stood up, and then new she shouldn't have and turned red. This is Miss Marlowe," she whispered.

"Who?"

"Miss Marlowe."

Irene smiled at him. "Hello, Johnny." he held out her hand and he took it and en immediately dropped it as though it ere hot.

"You're Irene Marlowe," he said hoarsely, nbelievingly, "aren't you?"

"That's right, Johnny. Won't you sit own a minute?"

The Adam's apple slid up and down his hin neck. "I can't. I've got to shower and o to math. I ——"

"Meet us later, then, won't you, Johnny? 'm playing a high-school girl in my next pic-ure and I need your help. Mary's giving me he woman's angle, but I need the man's oo."

He seemed to grow a little, though he was lmost six feet tall already. "Why, sure," he aid. "I'll be glad to help. I get out at three-en, and I could meet you any time after hat if you tell me where."

Irene seemed to consider. She put her ead to one side and the bright hair cascaded ver her shoulder, and just so, without say-ng a word, she was enchanting.

"Well, where would you meet a girl after school?" she asked him. "If you had a date with Mary, where would you meet her and where would you go?"

"Mary?" He said the name as though he had never heard it before. He tore his eyes from Irene and looked at the pale little face next to her. "Why, I guess—I guess we'd meet at the statue," he said, "and maybe go to the drug for a soda."

Mary watched him run across the gym floor to the showers. She saw Irene watching him, too, and all at once she lost all sense of strangeness because she was sitting here with an actress, with Irene Marlowe, and she felt close to her, as though she were someone she had known a long time, someone to whom she could say anything. The feeling lasted only a moment, but in that moment she thought, *It's because we really are alike—because she was once the way I am.*

"Johnny Turner's smooth," she said aloud, yearningly.

It was the first time she had suggested to anyone how she felt about Johnny. For almost a year now she had thought Johnny was wonderful, but nobody knew it. She had a feeling, an almost unconscious feeling, that they would laugh at her.

Irene Marlowe did not laugh. She said, "Smooth? Oh, yes—yes, of course. He must be a good dancer, too, isn't he?"

"I don't know. I've never danced with him." Mary looked down at her hands. "Johnny wouldn't bother with me."

"Nonsense," Irene said. She slid down in her chair a little and looked off across the empty gym, narrowing her eyes in that way she had. "I used to think that too. I used to think no attractive boy would ever look at me, because I was all hands and feet and I never knew what to say and I wasn't pretty. Nobody ever asked me to dance at school parties, and after a while I stopped going."

A college education seldom hurts a man if he's willing to learn a little something after he graduates.

"But what happened? How did you ——"

Irene did not answer for a minute. Her eyes were almost closed now. "One day I looked at myself in the mirror and I said, 'Listen here, Irene Marlowe, you're no beauty, but you're just as good-looking as plenty of other girls who have boys swarming around, so just stop feeling sorry for yourself and start acting as if you were somebody. Walk into a room the way you would if you were beautiful. Talk the way you would if you knew everybody thought you were charming.'" Her voice dropped its tone of vibrant determination and she turned to Mary and opened her eyes and said, "I couldn't do it, of course, all at once, overnight, but I made a start. I learned more about make-up and how to dress, and that gave me confidence too." She laughed. "Well, one night I overheard a boy saying that that Marlowe girl wasn't such a bad number." She shrugged her shoulders and raised her eyebrows. "I was in!"

"Miss Marlowe," Mary said. "Miss Marlowe, were you as bad as I am?"

Irene stared at her. "As bad? Why, my dear, there's nothing wrong with you. You're just a little shy, that's all, a little uncertain of yourself, because you're so young. You're much more attractive than I ever was—much. Your hair's a lovely color and your eyes are perfectly beautiful. Here ——" She searched in her huge antelope bag and found a little case of assorted lipsticks. She selected one and gave it to Mary. "Try this color instead of yours—I think it's better for you."

Mary wiped off the dark lipstick, which was the color all the girls were using. When she had the other on she thought it was much too light and made her look more insignificant than ever, but Irene Marlowe clapped her hands as though she were applauding.

"Why, the difference is perfectly amazing!" she said. "Now you can see how unusual and delicate your coloring is."

Mary looked at herself again in the little compact mirror. She had once overheard her mother tell her aunt that she had "that sickly sallow skin like her father's people—too bad the girl had to get it." But Irene Marlowe certainly knew more about such things than her mother, and *she* said Mary's coloring was

WOMEN Make Money THIS EASY WAY

and get your dresses without a penny of cost!



Here's a special opportunity for ambitious women who want to earn money during spare moments. Without previous experience you can make up to $23 a week with ease — just by taking orders for Fashion Frocks, and you don't invest a penny of your own. These stunning new creations are such unbeatable values, you simply can't stop women from ordering them! Amazing variety of styles, colors, weaves and patterns—more than you can find in a dozen dress shops. Famous fabrics that are soft, rich, enduring — the cream of the world's best mills. And, a complete range of sizes for every type of figure — Misses, Half-Sizes, Juniors and Stouts. You can coin money "hand over fist" — and besides, you get *dresses for your own personal use as a bonus, without paying a single solitary cent!*

Big Money With No Previous Experience

Fashion Frocks cost dollars less than similar garments sell for elsewhere—they are priced as low as $2.98! You start by taking orders from friends . . . they'll tell *their* friends. Soon you're making big money like Marie Patton, Illinois, who took in an average of $39 a week...or Mrs. Carl C. Birch, Maryland, who earned $36 a week...or Mrs. Claude Burnett, Alabama, who averaged $31.50 weekly.

Start Earning Immediately—No Canvassing

Whether you are married or single—housewife or employed woman—you can earn extra money in your spare time. And just imagine how it will feel to have as many dresses as you want; to wear the latest, smartest, most glamorous dresses *without cost.* No canvassing is necessary. Women order several times a season—and for season after season. It's like having your own dress business WITHOUT INVESTING A PENNY.

Send No Money—Everything *Free*

Our elaborate Free Presentation Folio contains over 125 original styles and swatches. Examine the beautiful, glorious styles and colors—feel the rich fabrics. You'll be proud to show them to your friends and neighbors. So don't lose a second. Fill out the coupon. Paste it on a postcard. *Mail coupon* right now—while you think of it.

Fashion Frocks INC.

Desk G-2056, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD—*mail now!*

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Desk G-2056, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Yes—I am interested in your opportunity to make money in spare time and get my own dresses without a penny of cost. Send me everything I need to start right away, without obligation.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

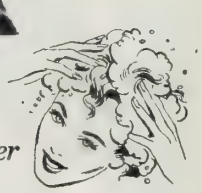
Age_____ Dress Size_____

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!



Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!

Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

unusual and delicate. Now that she had on this different lipstick, she could see what Irene meant by that.

"I wish my mother could see me," she murmured, scarcely aware that she had spoken aloud.

Irene Marlowe sprang to her feet. "Well, let's go! I'd like to meet your family—that would help me too."

Mary got up slowly, shaking her head. "No one would be home now. My mother's at—I think it's the Garden Club meeting today. She's president of that. She's some kind of officer in almost everything, because she's so pretty and popular and efficient. And dad's at the office, of course. And Buck, my brother, is away at college."

It was funny how things could work out in a family. It didn't matter nearly so much if a boy wasn't handsome, yet Buck had got all the looks their mother had; all the cleverness, too, for that matter. Mary was just like her father.

"You and I," dad would say, hugging her a little, "are the audience, and they're the stars."

Oh, but she didn't want to be the audience. She didn't want to just watch. She wanted a part, too, in all the wonderful things that could happen to people, to a girl seventeen years old.

"My mother," Irene Marlowe was saying, "was one of the most beautiful women you ever saw. People used to look at me and shake their heads and say what a shame it was I didn't look like her."

"Yes," Mary said breathlessly. "Yes, I know." She stared at the actress in wonder. *She was just like me*, she thought. *She really was.* "And now," she said, "you're—you're Irene Marlowe!"

Irene laughed and took her arm as they left the gym. The word had gone around now, and everybody stared and whispered as they walked back along the hall. Some of the bolder boys and girls came and spoke to Irene, and each time she turned first to Mary and asked her to introduce them.

"This is William Brown, Miss Marlowe.... This is Barbara Tucker, Miss Marlowe."

She did it so often that it got so she didn't even have to think about how to say it. She even began to enjoy it, because everybody looked at her as though she were somebod special, Irene Marlowe's personal friend

When they got outside, Mary led the wa to the statue where they were to mee Johnny. It was a statue of a man seated o a horse, with one hand shading his eyes as h looked off into the distance. He was Hiram Gunderson, the first settler in the town, bu everybody called him Cupid, because for a long as anyone could remember he ha marked the spot where boys met their girls

Mary had never met a boy there. She ha imagined it often, though—pictured Johnn waiting for her, walking impatiently up an down, and then scolding her for being late "Where have you been? I thought you wer never coming." Then softly, looking down a her through the thick eyelashes, "But i doesn't matter, now that you're here."

Lots of the girls had crushes on a differen boy each week, but Mary had never care about any boy before Johnny, and no on else since. She had never really talked t him, never even as much as she had today i the gym, but she had watched him and sh knew he was the one. He wasn't like th others, loud and rough and thinking they owned the world. For all he was so big, there was something gentle about him. She had seen him in his yard once, playing with his puppy, not teasing it the way some boys would have done, but petting it and talkin to it softly. She knew he would never hur anyone, any girl or anyone.

But she hadn't really expected ever t meet him at the statue. Things like tha didn't happen to her. Boys didn't notice he the way they noticed other girls. Inside, sh was just as clever and cute as anybody—sh knew what to say and how to act, how t handle a boy like Johnny—but it didn't show; it just stayed inside and she couldn't get it out.

"He'll be here in a minute," she told Irene Marlowe. "There's the dismissal bell."

He was one of the first out of the building. She saw him running down the school steps and she tried to pretend that he was running because he was impatient to meet her, that Irene Marlowe had nothing to do with it at all. When his face lit up and he called "Hi!" she tried to pretend that it was for her, that she was alone there waiting for him, his girl.



"I don't know when I've had more fun on a date. Be sure and thank your father for his car, and I'll pay you back the five dollars as soon as I can!"



"Hello, Johnny," she said, still pretending, her voice warm with the image of being his girl.

He looked at her. "I thought Lemonpuss was going to keep me."

That was for her. Irene Marlowe wouldn't know who Lemonpuss was. You had to go to West End High to know that. But then almost immediately he turned to the actress, and he scarcely took his eyes off her all the way to the drug.

"Gosh!" he said. "This is one for my grandchildren. Only who would believe it? Me, taking Irene Marlowe for a soda!"

Irene took his arm on one side and Mary's on the other, and they walked into the drug that way, with everybody staring.

"I'll tell you something," Irene said, when they were seated in a booth at one of the glass-topped tables. "Sometimes I wish I weren't Irene Marlowe at all. Sometimes I wish I were in school again, a girl like Mary." She took a few sips of her West End Special double chocolate-marshmallow soda, looked a little startled, and sat back. "It's amazing how much I was like Mary," she said to Johnny. "In appearance and ideas and everything. Seeing her and talking to her has made me homesick."

Johnny stared at Mary. "Yeah," he said vaguely. "I guess it isn't all fun, being an actress."

Irene Marlowe left a little while after that. Mary and Johnny saw her to her car and then went and sat on the steps in front of the school.

"We'll never forget this," Johnny said. "The day we met Irene Marlowe. Gosh!"

We, Mary thought, hugging the word. It was the greatest experience of his life, and she had shared it with him, she, Mary Hanson, nobody else. She was the only one he could ever really talk to about it—the only one who would remember it the way he did.

A thing that seems to improve the longer you keep it is your temper.

"She's beautiful," Mary said. She put her head thoughtfully to one side and let the fine, light hair cascade over her shoulder. "There's something in the way she moves and smiles ——"

Johnny looked at her. "You know, I can see what she meant," he said, "about you being like her."

Mary opened her dark blue eyes very wide. She had not learned this from anyone. It was something that just came to her in that moment when she knew, surely and for always, that she was going to be as lovely as Irene Marlowe.

"Can you, Johnny?" she said softly.

Irene Marlowe came off the set and walked over to her director, Sam Deane, who had known her all her life. "How was I, Sam?" she asked him.

"You know how you were. You were wonderful." He shook his head. "I don't know how you do it. Playing an awkward, unattractive, yearning kid like that. You, who were bowling over every boy on the block when you were nine years old!" He laughed. "Your funny little mother used to tell me she could never believe she had really produced you."

Irene laughed too. "Well, I yearned for my high-school sweetheart, didn't I?"

"Yearned, my foot! Your high-school sweetheart pursued you for six years before you even knew he existed. And almost two more before you'd marry him."

"All right. But believe me, I'm yearning now."

"What for?"

"A steak, Mr. Deane, darling," she told him. "I haven't been able to eat since yesterday afternoon, when I tasted something called a West End Special chocolate-marshmallow soda."

"Okay, I'll buy you a steak. You deserve it," he said. "Come along, Mrs. Deane, darling."

THE END



"I always thought the way to a man's heart was thru his stomach—then in she walks with a Sanitone cleaned gown!"

DISCOVER the new miracle dry cleaning that's winning women—and men!—from coast to coast. Here at last is a service that gets out *all* the dirt. Away goes even stubborn, ugly grime that keeps fabrics dingy, wears out clothes faster! Meanest spots vanish! No stale cleaning odors . . . even perspiration gone! Garments look and feel like-new again!

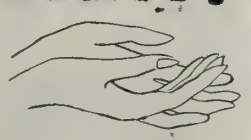
Look for The Sanitone Dry Cleaner in Your Classified Phone Directory

Emery Industries, Inc. APPROVED SANITONE SERVICE Cincinnati 2, Ohio

MAKE EXTRA MONEY
FREE SAMPLE STOCKING AND MONEY-MAKING PLAN
NYLONS that WON'T RUN!
Make extra money showing and taking orders for amazing nylons, guaranteed RUN-PROOF! Many times more wear per pair. Spare time money, without experience. Get personal hosiery too! Sample stocking FREE! AMERICAN HOSIERY MILLS, Dept. N-156, Indianapolis 7, Ind.

TEARING YOUR HAIR OVER MONEY!
HERE'S EASY WAY TO EXTRA CASH! Show greeting cards to friends in spare time. 21 card Everyday Assortment for as few as 6 customers at $1. You make up to 50¢ profit on quick sales. Other easy money makers. Whopper Stopper Mugnolia Assts., Imprinted Stationery, Gift Wraps, Gift Items. Many more. Free gifts, extra cash bonus. Special plan for clubs. Get samples on approval!
WETMORE & SUGDEN, INC., Dept. 21-L 749 Monroe Ave., Rochester 2, N. Y.
FREE! PRIZES, TOO!

CHAPPED SKIN?



Try this famous Canadian lotion. (1) Nothing soothes and softens a chapped, dry skin *more* quickly—(2) aids its healing *more rapidly*—(3) *protects* skin more *surely* against chapping, roughness and dryness!

At cosmetic counters—25¢, 50¢ and $1 bottles



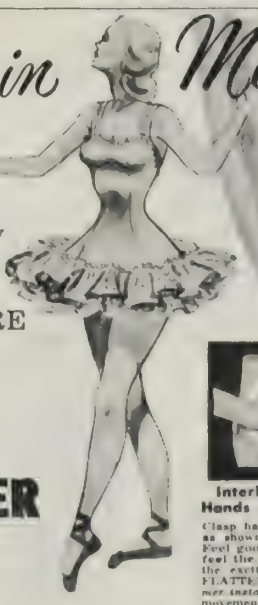
Campana Italian Balm

CORNS also Calluses. Quick, easy, and economical. Just rub on. Jars, 30¢ and 50¢. Buy Mosco at your druggist.

REMOVED BY MOSCO

Your money refunded if not satisfied. The Moss Company, Rochester, N.Y.

Elegance in Motion



the Newest . . . Most Necessary Item in Your Wardrobe for a LOVELIER, SLIMMER, YOUNGER-LOOKING FIGURE

GLORIOUS *New* ** TUMMY-FLATTENER

Only 2.98



Interlocking Hands Hands of Firm Support*

Clasp hands across abdomen as shown, press up and in. Feel good? That's how you feel the instant you put on the exciting, new TUMMY-FLATTENER. Appear *slimmer instantly!* Supports every movement. Complete with detachable garters, changeable crotch piece.



BEFORE Muscles sag. Excess bulges. Clothes look awful. Nothing seems to fit right.



AFTER Waistline nipped in. Superfluous "tummy roll" neatly tucked away. Look and *feel* years younger.

10 DAY FREE TRIAL! SEND NO MONEY! See the amazing difference with your own eyes! Try TUMMY-FLATTENER at our expense! If not delighted with thrilling results, return on 10 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE offer! Mail coupon TODAY!

WARD GREEN Co., Dept. T-422
113 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.
Rush my TUMMY-FLATTENER in PLAIN WRAPPER ON APPROVAL. Return Mail, I'll pay postman $2.98 plus postage. If not thrilled and delighted with results, I may return in 10 days for immediate refund on purchase price.
(Sizes 37 and up $3.98. Extra crotch pieces 50¢ each)
Waist measure .....
☐ I enclose $2.98 (extra large sizes 37 and up $3.98). You pay postage.
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... Zone ..... State .....

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. **T.M. Reg. Pending



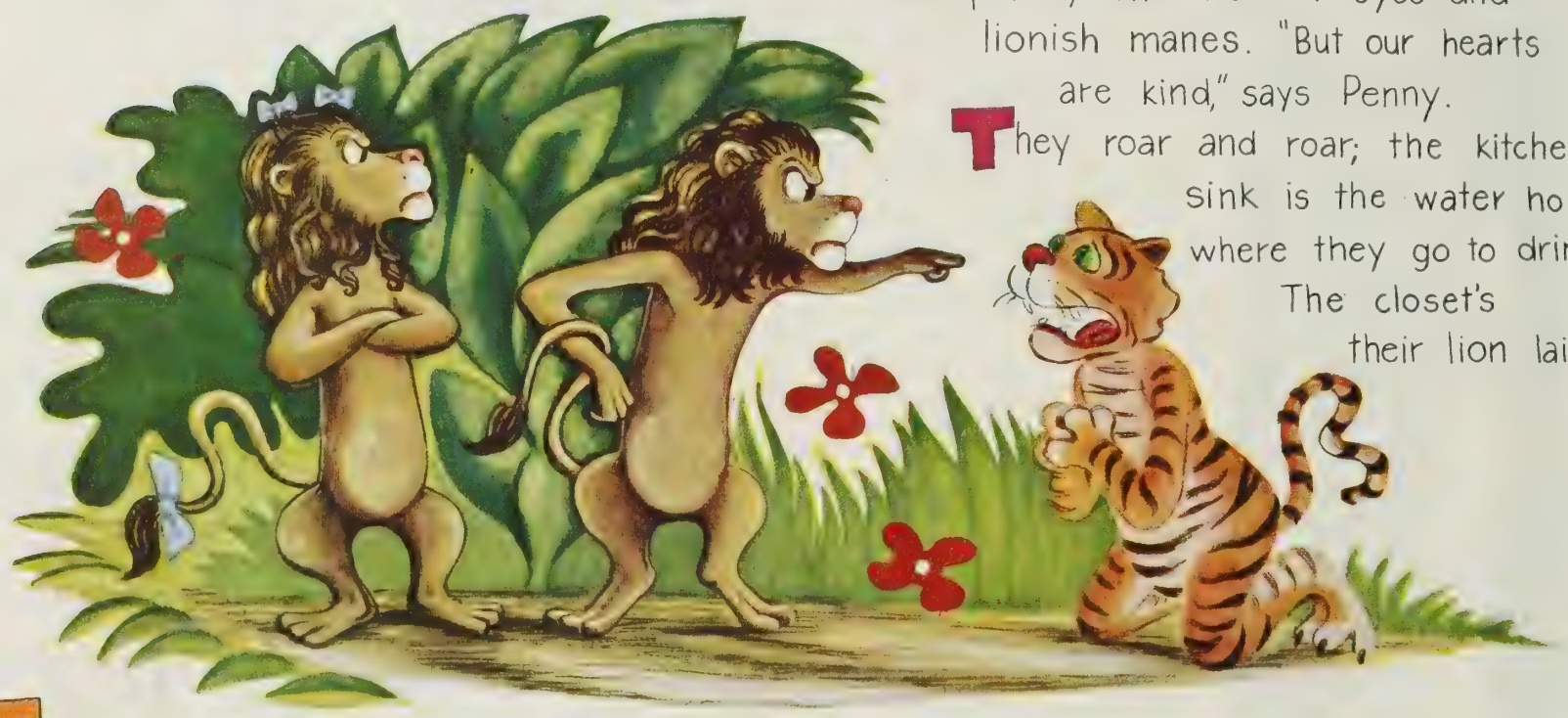
The Make-Believe Twins

By PHYLLIS McGINLEY
DRAWN By ROBERTA MacDONALD

"Penny," says Peter, "I think, today,
I'm a lion in Africa far away."
"Don't leave me behind," says Penny.

So they both are lions. They prowl the plains, with lionish eyes and lionish manes. "But our hearts are kind," says Penny.

They roar and roar; the kitchen sink is the water hole where they go to drink. The closet's their lion lair.



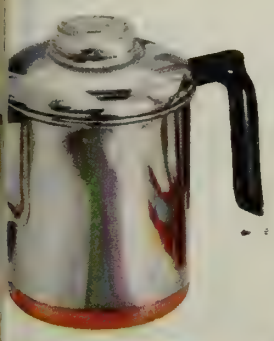
They track a terrible tiger down, who's been eating up folks in a neighboring town, and they finish him Then and There.

They are the King (and Queen) of Beasts. They give a couple of splendid feasts, that are awfully well attended by:



a Kangaroo that can really leap,
a Panda, an Elephant, and a Sheep. And they all settle down together to sleep, when the lion day is ended.





The sign of good cooking...utensils

This year, we are celebrating the 150th year of the founding of this business by Paul Revere. Revere Ware, like his beautiful antique silverware, are considered heirloom pieces by millions of women in America. Dealers tell us their customers call them "Kitchen Jewels," for they are not only beautiful, but they bring new ease to kitchen work, new flavor to cooking, new food values to meals year after year after year. Take the irk out of your kitchen work with these easy-to-clean copper-clad stainless steel utensils. But make sure you get Revere Ware—the original, the best! Look for the trademark in the copper bottom!

See "Meet the Press" on NBC Television Every Sunday

REVERE COPPER AND BRASS INCORPORATED

Rome Manufacturing Company Division • Rome, New York











A RAPID METHOD OF APPLICATION

Try Noreen's exclusive Color Applicator. Flows rinse evenly on hair *in three minutes.* If your dealer can't supply you, order from Noreen, 440 Lincoln St., Denver. Price 40¢.

YOUR HAIR NEVER LOOKED LOVELIER ...

never felt more clean and soft than after a Noreen Super Satin Creme Shampoo. Works even in hard water, leaves hair in perfect condition for Noreen Rinse. 2.22 oz. jar—50¢

KNITTING YARNS

Spun in our own mill

Write for FREE SAMPLE CARD

for over 40 years

CLIVEDEN YARNS 713 Arch St. Phila. 6, Pa.

For complete removal of superfluous hair use *ZIP* Epilator

ZIP - IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

Safe for face, arms, legs. Good stores, or send $1.10 to Jordeau Inc., South Orange, N. J.

MAKE Quick Easy CASH

Sell Empire's BIG, NEW Line of Greeting Card Assortments, Book Matches, Gift Items

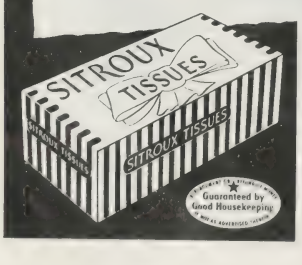
Amazing 1951 Values-sell on sight! Beautiful New all occasion Assortments. 21 Card Box $1—offer build profits FAST. Most complete line Gold-Printed Book Matches. Match Cards, Rocket-scented Stationery, Children's Books, Lovely Surprise Gift items. Costs nothing to try. Rush 10¢ Write for Samples.

FREE SAMPLES 50 for 1 NAME-PRINTED STATIONERY, NAPKINS, COASTERS 100% PROFIT

EMPIRE CARD CO. 201 Fox Street Elmira, N. Y.

THE NEW SITROUX ...say SIT-TRUE TISSUES

SOFTEST, FINEST, STRONGEST YET!



Flirting With STOMACH ULCERS?

If you have "hunger pains", heartburn, frequent stomach upsets or acid indigestion, by all means see your doctor — *and start taking Sedagel.* For you may have excess stomach acid, believed to be a common cause of peptic ulcers. Users say Sedagel *acts faster — lasts longer* than anything else they've ever tried. Sedagel "sponges up" biting, burning acid — then it spreads a coating over stomach and intestinal walls that *soothes* and *protects.* Get Sedagel today!

100 SPOOLS SEWING THREAD 1¢ EA.

To make new customers, our giant assortment of 100 spools of quality thread is yours for only $1. All the colors of the rainbow, the shades in between and black and white, too! Fine thread in a thrilling assortment of cotton and rayon; popular numbers through 24 and 70 in DeLuxe Magic Match and Bobbin Windings for every kind of sewing from darning britches to stitching lingerie. Easy to match any fabric or color with our Magic Match generous 70 to 100-yard spools. A total of almost 10,000 yards of fine colorfast thread. Your own thread store right by your side. Rush your name and address for C.O.D. shipment of $1 plus postage or send $1.25 for postpaid shipment and we'll include 5 70-yard bobbins of No. 50 White Thread FREE.

THREAD WINDERS, BOX 95-H BRIDGEPORT 1, CONN.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back and you can keep the 5 Bobbins for your trouble.

STOOD UP

(Continued from Page 39)

no mother, however she adored her children, could hope to fend off life's bumps indefinitely. But the way Julie had looked in that pink confection of a dress! So exquisitely, breathtakingly young, so—so bespangled with joy.

It seemed only day before yesterday that she had come bouncing down to breakfast in a red kilted skirt, her blond pigtails sticking straight out, her small, flowerlike face alight with that same look of almost unbearable bliss, all ready to start kindergarten. And here she was, practically grown up, waiting for a young oaf who didn't even bother to call, to tell her he wasn't coming. She must have combed her hair a hundred and fifty times by now. . . . She had been fussing with her nails again, half an hour ago.

The radiance had been dimming fast, even then. There had been a taut look around her mouth, and her laugh had been shaky, for all its brave nonchalance.

"Wouldn't you know he'd choose this night to be late, when I wanted to get there early and make sure the decorations are all right?"

Oh, my darling, my baby! Kay had thought, aching for her.

Fidgeting around the child's room certainly didn't help matters. Nervousness is contagious, and pity at this point would be the ultimate insult. But Kay had to know what was going on up there.

She crossed the library again and paused before the gilt-framed mirror in the hall to tuck a strand of light brown hair into her sleek, short bob. The face in the mirror looked white and strained above her heavy gold choker and the rich green of her knitted suit, but it was an attractive face—wide-eyed, alert, with a well-shaped nose, and laughter lurking in the corners of the generous mouth. Having grown up with braces on her teeth, an uncompromisingly straight Dutch bob, and the fixed conviction that she was a repulsive-looking child, she still felt a satisfied glow of surprise whenever she encountered herself in the mirror and saw how well little Katie Davenport had turned out.

At least, Julie would never have to battle the worry about her own appearance that had gnawed at Katie Davenport for years, Kay thought fiercely. Julie had never had to wear braces on her teeth. She had had pigtails with bright hair bows, to compensate for the lack of curls, and plenty of the ruffly, impractical little-girl dresses that Katie Davenport had cried for when she was being decked in middy blouses and exhorted impatiently by her pretty mother, "Be sensible, Katherine!"

Sensible. How she hated the word! S never used it to Julie. She didn't war getting the idea Katie Davenport had that being sensible was an onerous di posed by the pretty women of the wo the homely ones, that intelligence wa sort of stigma, to be concealed, if possi exhibited only with a sense of apolo shame. She had never said, "Don't selfish!" or, "Such a naughty girl ought to be ashamed!"

From the very beginning, she had Julie how pretty she was, and goo sweet, and to Jeff's worried protests, "Y spoiling her! She's cute now, but we'll an unmanageable little brat on our ha you're not careful," Kay had said nantly, "Well, she *is* pretty. Let her a that, in a matter-of-fact way, and the get it, and go on from there. And she more selfish than any other child her She's not going to have her faults dinned her the way mine were dinned into me.

It was people who disliked themselves caused half the trouble in the world. got so wrapped up in their own sense feriority that they hadn't any sympat emotional enc y left to spend on an else, so they started grabbing for p pushing other people around, to prove thing or other to themselves. Julie wo be like that.

But Jeff would never understand. Jef cheerful extrovert, had always seen th vious pitfalls Kay was skirting so perile never the hidden ones she was tryir avoid.

Wriggling her eyebrows to smooth ou frown, adjusting her lips in a smile, she up the stairs, tapped on the closed do the end of the hall, and went in quic without waiting for an answer.

The tulle dress hung, a sweet-smel pink froth, from a hanger on the closet d

"Oh, good! That's what I came up to gest." She mustn't look at Julie. Not yet. Julie in her pink slip and pink s sandals, sitting on the edge of her bed, amining her hands with an air of inte scientific interest. "Tulle crushes so fast. can get it on again in two seconds when h comes. Let *him* wait a bit." She laughe too brightly—and Julie gave a disdai sniff.

"When!' I'm so mad. I don't even w to *go* now. I'm going to bed"

She wasn't mad. She was half sick w hurt and disappointment. You could see raw and naked, in the worried blue eyes the droop of the thin young shoulders

THE HEART OF A CHILD

Harold "Butch" Williamson is a victim of rheumatic fever with rheumatic heart involvement. He can't play games like football and basketball and he had a long period in bed. When he was able to take on some activity, he became interested in building miniature racers. Last summer he was crowned All-American soapbox-derby king in the Akron, Ohio, contest. Butch is a good example of how right care and a fine personal spirit can win a full life in spite of rheumatic fever.

Rheumatic fever frequently attacks the heart, resulting in rheumatic heart disease. It causes a large percentage of all heart disease at all ages and 90 per cent of heart disease in children. Rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease are responsible for almost five times as many deaths as infantile paralysis, whooping cough, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles and cerebrospinal meningitis *combined*.

The American Heart Association is the only national voluntary health agency working exclusively in a program of research, education and community service to fight cardiovascular diseases. Booklets on rheumatic fever are available free of charge from the American Heart Association, 1775 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

FIGHT HEART DISEASE give 1951 HEART FUND



never knew
it was so easy!"

o says many a homekeeper who nds that Sani-Flush, working hemically, will keep the toilet bowl parkling clean and sanitary with-ut messy scrubbing.

Sani-Flush also disinfects, and emoves the invisible film that col-cts in every toilet bowl. Simple irections on the familiar yellow an. At all grocers. The Hygienic roducts Company, anton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush



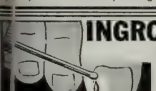
New PERFUMED with a mild, fresh fragrance

NAILS! NO SCREWS! NO GLUE!
Selfix hooks
Hold 15 Lbs. ON TILE • GLASS PLASTER • WOOD
So Easy...Just Moisten.. Press..Up in a Minute



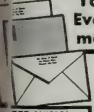
Firm as a rock—fully tested —satisfaction guaranteed. In white, red, yellow, black, blue, pink. At Department, 5 and Hardware Stores—or write for ad-of nearest store. Selfix Products Co., D, 30 E. Adams St., Chicago 3, Ill.

INGROWN NAIL Hurting You?
Immediate Relief!



Few drops of OUTGRO® bring blessed relief from menting pain of ingrown nail. OUTGRO tough-the skin underneath the nail, allows the nail to cut, and thus prevents further pain and discom-t. OUTGRO is available at all drug counters.

Yours for FREE TRIAL
Everything You need to make EXTRA MONEY



Sell friends greeting cards. No experience needed. Big profits. Bonus. Request FREE TRIAL outfit of Feature All-Occasion assortments on approval. FREE sample portfolios, FREE Catalog, Selling Guide and Surprise Gift Offer.
NEW ENGLAND ART PUBLISHERS North Abington 414-L, Mass.

REE SAMPLES nted STATIONERY, KINS & TOWELS



THE HAMBURGER COOK BOOK
At last, 200 Delicious New Recipes for you—a wonderful variety of ground beef dishes. A popular-priced collection, by two food authorities, of world-famed recipes to give your family more healthful, low-cost varied meals. You'll find quick, easy to prepare zesty dishes in THE HAMBURGER COOK BOOK. SEND NO MONEY. Order now, pay postman only $2.50 plus few cents postage, or send check or M. O., we pay all costs. Money back in 5 days if not satisfied. ORDER NOW! EDITION LIMITED. At your book-store or
ABELARD PRESS, Dept. L2
381 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

OD MONEY IN WEAVING
N EXTRA MONEY at home, weaving rugs, carpets, from old rags, or new yarns, for people in your com-ty. No experience necessary. 30-40 doing it with easy ing $59.50 Union Looms. Send for our free booklet. N LOOM WORKS, 44 FACTORY ST., BOONVILLE, N. Y.

BRIDAL
Fabrics at Wholesale
Write for FREE catalogue and swatch book
Schenfeld & Sons
97 Hester St. (Dept. L-2) N. Y. 2, N. Y.

the tense line of the firm little chin. She was so *lovely*, Kay's heart wailed. How could anyone hurt her so?

"Why, what a crazy idea! Of course you're furious, darling. But there's some good reason why he's late. Gracious, there could be a dozen reasons! I only hope he hasn't smashed up his father's car and himself." *I hope he's broken his neck, the insufferable young twerp!*

Julie's brief laugh was scornful. "More likely he's out with some of his university pals and just forgot a gruesome detail like a high-school formal."

"Oh, nonsense!" Kay hovered for a moment, longing to pillow that bright head on her shoulder, to hold her close and croon, "It's all right, baby. It's all right. Mommy's here." A fine lot of good that would do. "Well, I'm going back to my mystery story, bunny. Don't let yourself get too mad. And don't you dare do anything drastic like going to bed. He'll be along. Daddy's got it all worked out that his dress shirt didn't come back from the laundry, and he's out trying to borrow one."

"He has four of them," Julie said wearily. "He got two new ones for Christmas."

"My, what a big shot!"

"Too big for me, I guess." The quirk of the eyebrows and the bleak attempt at a smile were more heartbreaking than tears would have been. Kay closed the door carefully as she left. The words that were welling up in her throat were not for Julie's ears.

"I could *strangle* him." She was close to tears herself by the time she reached the living room. "I never did like that arrogant walk of his, and his mouth is just as smug-looking as his mother's. I've always loathed her."

"Kay!" Jeff laid down his paper resignedly. "He's nothing but a kid. If he asked Julie to this party, he must have wanted to take her. He wouldn't ——"

"He didn't ask her! She asked him. It's the All Girls' Club spring formal. You've only had this explained to you a dozen times, Jeff. Julie was chairman of the decorating committee, and she's worked for *weeks* on those darned pink apple blossoms ——"

"You mean that crepe-paper stuff that's been all over the house?"

"M-h'm. She made thousands of the things. Literally thousands. Enough to cover the walls and swathe every girder in the high-school gym. That's why I got her the pink dress. But I *knew* she never should have asked that Bob Branine."

"Now-w-w, Katie!"

"She shouldn't have. He was obnoxious enough when he was senior-class president, condescending to date a junior. Now that he's a university freshman —— Jeff, you *don't* mean you haven't noticed that business of blowing smoke through his nose and smiling lazily down at Julie with his eyes half closed! Tchk! I palpitated, at thirteen, watching Valentino do it, but I'm darned if it's amusing to see my daughter fall for it now."

Jeff chuckled. "Calm down, Irish. Why don't you call Madge Branine and just say, 'Bob break a leg or something?'"

"And have the tale reverberating over every bridge table in town? 'Really, I felt so sorry for Kay, and *poor* little Julie! He-he-he! It was a frightfully rude thing for Bobby to do, but you know how the girls have always run after him.'" Kay had a wicked gift of mimicry. "Jeff, she's *got* to get to that party."

Jeff sighed. "Want me to dress up and take her?"

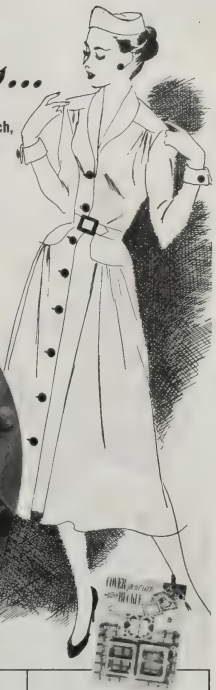
His wife's glance expressed her opinion of that idea. Imagine being almost seventeen and having nobody but your father to get you where you wanted to go!

"It's not that you aren't a smoothie, darling, but . . . wait!"

She whisked out of the room, the high heels of her pumps clicking purposefully in the direction of the telephone closet. Three minutes later she was back.

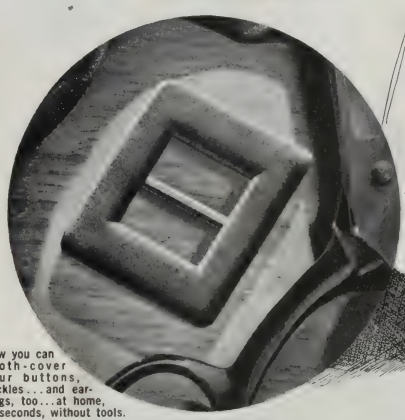
"Junior Warren," she explained dejectedly from the doorway. "I thought he might be home. Spring vacation doesn't begin at the university till next week end, but it

Exclusively yours...



PRIMS SMART COVER BUCKLE is fun to make. Just snip, stretch, snap, and it's done . . . smartly, distinctively your very own! PRIMS Buckles are brass . . . guaranteed rustproof and dry-clean proof. Get them at notion and button counters everywhere . . . only 25¢ — (Slightly higher in Canada).

Pat'd—Add. U. S. & Foreign Pats. Pend.



Now you can cloth-cover your buttons, buckles . . . and earrings, too . . . at home, in seconds, without tools.


Half Ball Button


Decorative Half Ball


Combination Button

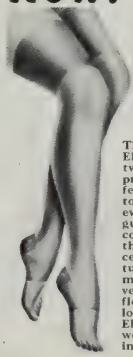

Earring

PRIMS®

WILLIAM PRYM, INC., DAYVILLE, CONN.

LAVORIS MOUTHWASH AND GARGLE
First thing in the morning
Pre-prepared for your day...
LAVORIS MOUTHWASH AND GARGLE
A CLEAN MOUTH
again in the evening
before social engagements
Tangy Cinnamon-clove Flavor
A FRESH PLEASANT BREATH
Detaches, removes germ-harboring film safely

Now! Save $4 to $6 a pair on
NYLON ELASTIC HOSE



Special Sale of Very Slightly Imperfect Factory Seconds at Terrific Reductions

Only $2.00 each

These are fine quality Nylon Elastic Hose made of Lastex with two-way stretch. Very slight, practically unnoticeable imperfections make it impossible for us to classify them top grade. However, there is a money back guarantee that you must be completely satisfied. Examine these hose carefully when you receive them. If not satisfied, return them and we will send your money back. If you have varicose veins, aching, throbbing, swollen, fleshy or tired legs, these good-looking two-way stretch Nylon Elastic Stockings will give you wonderful relief. Sold singly or in pairs. Send for yours today!

FOOT-AID MFG. CO., DEPARTMENT 321
P. O. BOX 1035 CINCINNATI 1, OHIO

Please send me....pair Nylon Elastic Hose. I'll pay postman $4.00 a pair, $2.00 a ½ pair, plus postage. (If cash accompanies order, we pay postage). If I am not satisfied after 7 days examination, I'll return hose for refund of purchase price.

My calf measurement is....inches; and measurement from bend in back of knee to bottom of my heel is....inches.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....



starts for the city schools tomorrow. That's why this affair is on a Wednesday night. I didn't mind telling Sue Warren the whole thing—she's so close-mouthed. And she knows Madge Branine as well as I do. But Junior isn't home, and she doesn't know where she could reach him."

In the hall, the clock chimed a quarter past ten.

"There's some sort of dating bureau at the university," Kay said desperately, biting her lower lip. "I'd almost call them, but I suppose they're closed by now and ——"

Jeff was Psi Upsilon, rampant and outraged. He folded the paper, heaved his long frame upright and, advancing on his wife, propelled her toward the davenport.

"Sit down and get hold of yourself, Kay," he told her. "And grow up, dear. You're taking this thing harder than Julie, and it's all foolishness."

"Oh, no, it isn't!" Kay's blue eyes flashed. "People always think adolescence is funny—after they've recovered from it. We only learn to laugh because there are things that hurt too much to remember without laughing. Well, I remember the night I got stood up. It wasn't very funny then, let me tell you. And it isn't funny to me now."

Funny? Even now, it made her a little sick to remember the adolescent Katie with her wind-blown bob, her knee-length skirts and her Garbo manner, that horrible, simulated boredom that had been her idea of the perfect armor and the acme of sophistication. Katie Davenport, that poor little pain-in-the-neck, swishing around with her nose in the air because she was convinced that no one, male or female, could love a person as unattractive as she, so she'd better pretend she didn't care. She could scarcely have been as impossible as she seemed in retrospect. There must have been something rather appealing about her, because she had always had friends. But even now, the question of why the great Mory Hammond had ever noticed her at all was a deeper mystery than why he hadn't appeared the night she had invited him to her sorority party.

At thirty-eight, she could imagine a number of reasons for that. Maybe he had simply forgotten the date. Or had chosen that rudely dramatic way of putting an end to an association that had started as an amusing flirtation, and that she had tried industriously to convert into something more durable. He might have been too broke to finance even a hamburger at the end of the party—and too young and embarrassed to confess it. Or, irked at her persistent pose of inaccessibility, he might have tried deliberately to hurt her.

SHE had never really known him at all, of course. She had been too much absorbed in her own reactions to be aware of him as an individual. He had been a tall boy with a nice straight nose, a wide, white grin, and hair the color of ripe wheat—a handsome lay figure on which to drape her dreams. What had they talked about, all those evenings they had spent together? She couldn't remember. She could see him smiling down at her quizzically as they danced. But whether that indicated mature humor, or whether it had been only a trick he had picked up from watching some movie actor, she would probably never know. Not that it mattered now.

What did matter was that Julie should never feel as Katie Davenport had felt the night he hadn't arrived for that party: scorched with the humiliation of having been rejected; branded, for all the world to see, as the girl so undesirable that Mory Hammond couldn't endure even one last evening of her company.

"You never told me that story." Jeff was regarding her with interest.

"Of course I never did!" She tossed him a one-sided smile. "Women don't go around bragging about the men who got away."

"Who was he?"

"Nobody you knew. He graduated the spring before you transferred here to school. His name was Mory Hammond and ——"

"You mean the football player? The father of this Mory Hammond, Junior, that's playing halfback now?" Jeff looked impressed.

Kay sat very still. "Here, you mean? I didn't know that." Her voice was elaborate casual.

"He's the white hope for next year. A you'd know if you'd read the sports pag my good woman. Wait a minute. I'll get Cokes, and you can tell me about yo blighted life. Here I always thought I w your first love, and then you pull an A American out of your past."

She waited until she heard the clatter ice cubes from the kitchen before she ti toed toward the telephone. Her heart w pounding, the palms of her hands felt stick and she knew that if she delayed even for moment what she was about to do, s would lose her nerve.

His father had been a Beta. She thumb feverishly through the B's in the telepho book, called the Beta house and, marvelin at the crisp precision of her own tongu asked to speak to Mory Hammond.

"Okay." The deep young voice at t other end of the wire bellowed, "*Ham*mon telephone! Second floor." She heard t clatter of feet on uncarpeted stairs. T voice that had answered, "Beta house confided audibly, "A dame. But don't g excited. She sounds old."

Old? Well—*re*ally!

MRS. JEFFERSON LAYTON, wife of the youn est vice-president of the First State Ban drew herself to her slender height in t privacy of her own telephone booth, a asked in lilting tones, "Is this Mory Ha mond? This is Mrs. Jefferson Layton, Kat erine Davenport Layton, an old friend your father's, about to ask a favor. Are y terribly busy right now? Right this minu I mean?"

"Why—uh—I'll tell you, Mrs. Lane —

"Layton. Mrs. Jefferson Layton."

"Oh. Mrs. Layton. Well—uh—I w studying math. I've got this exam next Mo day, you see, and ——" He was being ca tious. Naturally. He'd probably been playi bridge.

"We're in the midst of a domestic cris Mory. My seventeen-year-old daughter is the depths, because the boy she invited her high-school formal hasn't shown u *Could* you throw on some dinner clothes, a take her down to the school, if only for a f minutes?"

Keep it light, Katie. Don't get down on yo knees. His father will chortle enough over th anyway!

"I know it's a preposterous thing to as but as a matter of fact, I have a sort of rig to ask it of you," she told him. "Your fath stood me up, once. You'll be paying up debt that he's been owing me for a lon long time."

"Well—uh—I—I'd certainly like to con Mrs. . . . Layton, you said? But I've got t math to study ——"

She could read his thoughts. The girl wa drip, of course, fat or buck-toothed or bo legged, or her frantic mother wouldn't trying to rope him in, but ——

"Oh, come on, Mory. Your father'd l to have you pay off that old debt of his wouldn't dare ask you if she weren't a d ling. Why don't you take a chance?"

Another moment of silence. Th "Okay— I'll be there." Somewhere bene the gruff resignation there was a hearten suggestion of a chuckle.

"That's wonderful! And hurry, or y won't even make it for Home, Sweet Hon The address is Seven-nineteen Fenwi Street. You go out the avenue as far as t Congregational church, and then turn the hill to the right."

"I'll find it."

"It's a big whitewashed brick house. I have the porch light on. You're a dear. A you'll have something to write to yo father."

She was trembling when she replaced t phone in its cradle and turned back towa the living room. Before she had made t davenport, Jeff appeared.

"Now what have you been up to?" he d manded.

"Nothing." Kay sat down and smooth the green skirt over her knees.

ne clean, Katie. Who were you call- ou've been doing something you hink you should have done. What

goodness! Can't I even make a tele- all without your checking up on me, yton?"

t when you've got that look on your oney. What's this all about?"

iage, with its attendant telepathy, ugh to give anyone claustrophobia at Kay thought.

you must know, I just called Mory ond, Junior, to come and take Julie to rty," she said, trying to sound cool and -of-fact. "If he's such a campus hero, h-school crowd will recognize him. She w up with him for two minutes and l the clacking that's probably been n about her not being there with Bob e."

ing face, h'm?" Jeff's jaw was rigid isapproval. "Sounds like the Japs." right, saving face!"

ut his drink down with a bang that d half of it on the mahogany chair- ble.

ve you gone *nuts*, Kay? D'you want ne in town laughing at your child? g boys to take her out! The story's

ly all over his ity house by t'll be waiting when she regis- ext fall. She'll live it down. e you trying to eer her com- ? You can't live life for her. been trying to t ever since she rn."

haven't!"

, yes, you have. os I've done my of it too. I've ny mouth shut y hands off the ush a lot of when I thought l spanking was he needed. But s got to learn or later that 't all moonlight ses. You can't

ning ahead of her for the rest of her trewing flowers in the path of your r child."

never thought she was a wonder child, ayton. I just want her to be happier I was at her age." Kay's voice was ling. "You couldn't *possibly* under- . You don't know what it's like to be up!"

or kid." Jeff shook his head. He crossed om, and sitting on the davenport be- ner, drew her close to him. One of g, gentle hands smoothed her hair, and anged the careful waves. "Didn't the ver offer any explanation?"

never gave him a chance to explain," ld him. "I never spoke to him or even d at him again. I crossed the street I saw him coming. That's the way *I* n my youth."

had met him just once, that very next near the campus drugstore, and even now uld remember the tentative way he had d toward her, the eager, worried look s face, as if there were something he was us to tell her. She had stared straight gh him and marched past, aware down r finger tips and the ends of her toes how w had tightened after the snub.

Well, it didn't seem to mark you for life," said comfortingly. "You were cocky gh when I first met you."

Of *course* I was cocky. I hated everyone e world, so I'd stopped worrying about they thought of me. Oh, Jeff"—she ed her cheek against his—"I do love you uch!"

ure, I'm wonderful," Jeff grinned.

You are! When I began to realize that, I ght, 'Why, I can't be such a complete flop, after all, or nobody as nice as this Jeff Layton would bother about me.'"

"Blarney!" Jeff said, kissing her.

Kay stiffened as the clock began to chime. "Is that eleven?"

"M-hm."

She let out her breath in a long, stricken sigh. "He isn't coming!"

"AND a darned good thing, if you ask me." Jeff kissed her again. "I still don't think it would give the kid much self-assurance to know you're running around fixing up dates for her. How'd you plan to explain the opportune arrival of young Hammond?"

"Why . . . I don't know. I hadn't thought that far ahead." It would have been difficult to explain. And now, at least, Julie would be spared the humiliation of knowing that her mother had behaved like an idiot. That was when the doorbell shrilled.

"Well, you'd better think fast," Jeff said dryly, heading for the hall.

Kay was at his heels as he opened the door. It just might be Bob Branine, even at this hour. It wasn't. It was a tall boy with even features and hair the color of ripe wheat.

Momentarily, standing there on her own beige carpet in her own charming hall, with the Sheraton console, the Audubon prints, and the graceful curved stairway behind her, Kay Layton, wife of the youngest and handsomest vice-president of the First State Bank, was only little Katie Davenport again, awed into tongue-tied silence in the presence of a young god.

"Mr. Layton?" the voice she had heard on the telephone was saying hesitantly. "I'm Mory Hammond. Your—your wife called me, and ——"

"I know. Come in." Jeff had seldom looked more distinguished, or sounded stuffier.

And the youngster was embarrassed. Had his father's face had that same fine-drawn look, that same vulnerable expression around the mouth, when she had been so intent on herself that she had never tried to put him at ease?

Kay took a deep breath and swept forward, smiling and holding out both hands. "Hello, Mory."

"'Lo, Mrs. Layton." His quick grin was like the Mory's she had known. "I made it! Had a little tie trouble, and my own suit was at the cleaners. But I got here as fast as I could."

Jeff's accusing glance at her said eloquently, *See? The whole fraternity knows.*

"I'm so glad you did." Still holding the boy's right hand, she slipped one arm through Jeff's and twinkled up at him. "My husband disapproves of this whole project," she said. "He's sure that Julie will disown me—and she may, at that. Now look, you two. Go on in there and talk football. Give him some inside dope on next year's team, Mory—he's a great fan—while I try to persuade Julie to come down."

And what am I going to do if she won't come—drag her? Maybe she's in bed by now, crying her heart out, with her eyes all red and puffy. Maybe this fine night's work has ruined everything I've been trying, all her life, to do for her.

Head held high, a smile on her lips and panic clutching at her stomach, she tripped up the stairs, tapped on her daughter's door and turned the knob.

"Come on, darling. Time to get going." She sounded loathsomely bright and chipper to herself.

A wave of relief engulfed her at the sight of Julie, with her blue flannel housecoat over her slip, lying on the chaise longue with an open book in her lap. And no tears, no red eyes, thank goodness! Katie Davenport had

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

As a Slender Reed

By Katherine Fernelius

As a slender reed in the wind bending,
As a petal lightly stirred,
As a cloud wisp blown, as a thistledown,
As a feather from a bird;

Oh, let me bend to your love, lover,
And yield with no dissembling;
As a flower wind-shaken, a winged seed taken,
Or a white birch slim and trembling.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Whee! FIG NEWTONS!"



Have a fig-jam jamboree! You'll love these golden cakes, fig-filled, the one-and-only FIG NEWTONS CAKES! A NABISCO *original*, from Cookie Headquarters, where busy bakers make the world's most delicious cookies! That's why the red NABISCO seal is the favorite sign of cookie-lovers everywhere! Look for it—*always*.



You can't see flavor but you know it's there when you see the red NABISCO seal



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Dental Research Indicates You Can Help

Prevent Tooth Decay With COLGATE Ammoniated Tooth Powder



REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Yes, Colgate's Great Dentifrice Gives Extra Protection As It Cleans Your Teeth—and Breath!

1 REMOVES ACID FILM usually associated with tooth decay! Laboratory tests indicate that when you use it regularly as directed, Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder may help you avoid pain, worry and expense of needless tooth decay.

2 TEETH LOOK CLEANER, feel cleaner immediately. That's because Colgate's foamy cleaning action removes dulling film so well teeth get naturally, sparkling clean.

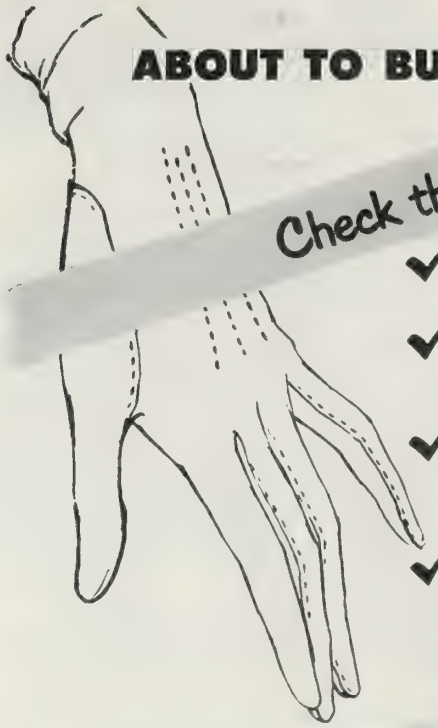
3 CLEANS BREATH, TOO . . . Removes tiny food particles that cause much bad breath. Has a minty, mouth-refreshing flavor that even children love!

Get Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder today for the whole family. Available at any toilet goods counter.

4 oz. 47¢ 2 oz. 27¢

With A Flavor The Whole Family Will Enjoy

ABOUT TO BUY AN ATOMIZER?



Check these facts . . .

- The *kind* of atomizer you need depends, usually, on the kind of treatment you require. Follow your physician's or pharmacist's advice.
- The purpose of an atomizer is not only to enable you to apply medication to your nose and throat, but to do it *more efficiently*, to reach more surfaces than with a dropper.
- Check with your physician or pharmacist as to the *type* of atomizer you should get. There is a specific type of DeVilbiss atomizer for every type of treatment—even for when you are traveling.
- Whenever you buy an atomizer remember—the *great* name in atomizers is *DeVilbiss*. It is probably more widely known and recommended by physicians and pharmacists than any other. The name DeVilbiss on your atomizer is your assurance of the very finest in craftsmanship and design. The DeVilbiss Company, Toledo 1, Ohio, and Windsor, Ont., Canada.



DeVILBISS

THE FINEST IN ATOMIZERS, NEBULIZERS AND VAPORIZERS

cried for twelve hours after Mory Hammond had stood her up.

"Here we go, pal. Your date's downstairs."

"Give him my love," Julie said coldly. "Tell him I'll be seeing him someday."

"It isn't Bob. You can cut him down to size later." Kay was very casual, busying herself at taking the pink dress off the hanger.

Julie sat up and stared at her indignantly. "You mean he had the nerve to send a substitute around here at eleven o'clock when ——"

"Nope. I called in a substitute."

"O-o-oh." That was all she said. Her eyes, enormous and startled, impaled Kay's heart on one long blue glance. Then the feathery lashes fell, and Julie was staring at the book in her lap, demanding in a queer, flat voice, "Who is it?"

"Well, it seems the father of one of the boys on the university football squad was an old friend of mine." She watched a blush spread painfully along Julie's throat and across her cheeks. "I didn't know it until tonight. But I just . . . called him and suggested that he come and pinch-hit. His name is Mory Hammond."

"Oh—*mother!*" The expressive little face flamed with horrified reproach. "You told Mory Hammond that I —— You let *him* know that ——"

"Come on, darling. Get into your dress. Daddy says you'll take my head off for interfering, and if it was a terrible thing to do, I'm sorry." Wanting to weep, she talked very fast. "But Mory's down there, all dressed up and looking simply beautiful, just the way you look. So don't embarrass him by keeping him waiting."

"Mother, I ——" Whatever she had been about to say, she changed her mind. Kay watched her biting her lower lip, blinking back tears.

"Hurry, dear. You'll just make the last waltz as it is," Kay said brusquely.

In obedient silence, Julie stood up, slipped off the blue housecoat and raised her arms for the pink dress. Docile obedience and silent hostility—that was what you got for trying to be a good parent.

I've lost her, I've lost her! She'll never ... me again.

But the youngster had courage, thought proudly, watching the tilt of bright head, the well-controlled trembli the pretty mouth, and wondering, as went downstairs together, what other s infernos, endured alone and kept care hidden from fond and prying eyes, forged that thin, fine steel.

Everyone had so many theories, n days! Maybe things had been easier both generations, parents and children a when the gulf between them had been cepted as inevitable and a mother's role been just to keep her offspring clean, disciplined and well fed, without worry about what happened to their minds their hearts.

"Keep your chin up, kid," Mrs. Lay muttered, as they neared the living ro

She saw Jeff's eyes, worried and questi ing, darting from her to Julie. Dear J Was it wise parents, or just a fortunate c bination of cells and circumstances, that p duced people like him?

"Julie, this is Mory Hammond," Kay he herself saying. She could have gone babbling. But neither Julie nor Mory H mond would have heard.

"Hello, Mory." Julie's eyes as she floa toward him in that pink cloud of a dress w like two blue stars. Julie's smile was a li shy, but not too shy, a little tremulous, not too tremulous. "It was nice of you come," Julie said with a simple and beaut dignity that turned Kay's heart upside d in her breast.

"Well—gosh—don't thank *me*." He loo dazzled. He looked huge and young and credibly handsome. "Let's get going, h Let's get in a couple of dances."

As far as Mory Hammond was concern his father's old girl, Katherine Davenp Layton, and her football-fan husband mi have been the Chippendale highboy or white mantelpiece. He laid Julie's sh jacket about her shoulders with the air o courtier draping an ermine cloak on a pr cess. Then good manners brought him b briefly to reality. Whoever his mot

Back and Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 44 & 45

Vogue Design No. 7215. "Easy-to-Make" chemise dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.
Vogue Design No. 7298. Blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 42. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6577. "Easy-to-Make" skirt, 24 to 32 waist. 40c.
Vogue Design No. 7297. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.
Vogue Design No. 7195. Blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 40. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6724. "Easy-to-Make" blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 40. 40c.
Vogue Design No. 6440. Skirt, 24 to 32 waist. 40c.
Vogue Design No. 7017. Blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6707. Blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6238. Blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. (This is the blouse to use if you want to make a blouse without the cuff.) 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6910. "Easy-to-Make" skirt, 24 to 32 waist. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7243. "Easy-to-Make" shoulder drapes (including stole). Small (28–30), Medium (32–34), Large (36–38). 50c.



HOW TO GET QUICK REST FOR TIRED EYES



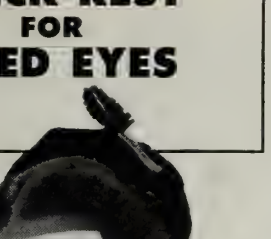
...rst almost beyond belief is the ...ess of Murine's relief. Just two ...n each eye will ease the dreary ...fort you feel when your eyes are ... Your eyes wake up to cool de... ...s Murine's 7 tested ingredients ... and soothe as gently as a tear. ...oday to use Murine night and ...g. It's always a pleasant, ...ing thing to do.



...URINE ...YOUR EYES

...RELIEVES PAIN OF ...DACHE • NEURALGIA ...RITIS

FAST



...way ...sands of ...ysicians ...dentists ...commend

...cin® relieves headache, neuralgia, neuritis ... fast because Anacin is like a doctor's pre... ...tion—that is, Anacin contains not just one, ... combination of medically proven, active ...edients in easy-to-take tablet form. Thou... ...ls have been introduced to Anacin through ... own dentist or physicians. If you have ...r used Anacin, try these tablets yourself ...incredibly fast, long-lasting relief from ... Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

...DREAMS COME TRUE - ...2A CASH For You!



...y year 'round! Show Midwest Greeting Cards ...me. Friends and others buy on sight when ...orgeous 21-card Everyday Assortment for ...u make $50 cash selling only 100 boxes! Also ...LUSIVE Secret Pal, Eastern Star Cards, ...ationery, Gift Wraps, Kiddie Books, Special ...n. EXTRA CASH BONUS. Plan for clubs, ...oups, too. Write for Samples on approval! ...ST CARD CO., 1113 Washington Ave., ...Dept. G-5, St. Louis 1, Missouri

...NSTIPATED TODAY? After 35, Do This—

...vegetable Serutan designed especially for folks ... *Serutan is different.* Acts with Nature to ...u daily regularity. Results are so pleasant, ...e reminded of your younger days. What a ...ul feeling to be regular again! Get Serutan drugstore today. Money-back guarantee.

...YARNS For Hand Knitting

BUY DIRECT AT WHOLESALE

Pure Virgin Wool and Nylon

FREE Samplecard: Instructions Given

...L TRADING CO. 363 Grand St. New York 2

...Distr. of Peter Pan Yarns, Dept. 20

...TERNITY DRESSES WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

Dresses & suits for morning, street, afternoon, or sports, $2.95 to 22.50. Also maternity corsets & lingerie. (Catalog mailed in plain envelope.) CRAWFORD'S, *Dept. A* 729 Balt., Kansas City 6, Mo.

was, she had done well with her son, Kay thought approvingly.

"'Night, Mr. and Mrs. Layton," he grinned with a jerky nod of his head. "And thanks a lot. I'll take good care of her."

"Good night. Have fun," Kay heard herself saying gaily.

"See you later, mother. 'Night, daddy."

Julie was drifting beside him without a backward glance. She had never gone out before without kissing them good-by. Maybe it was because she wanted to impress Mory with her maturity that she was omitting that ceremony now. More likely, it was because she was ashamed of her mother.

They were in the hall when the bell rang again, and even before Julie reached the door, Kay knew what to expect. The evening's long nightmare would have been incomplete without the appearance, at this juncture, of Bob Branine.

In the light from the carriage lamp beside the door, he looked worried and inadequate, no longer the sleek-haired adolescent sophisticate, but only a thin, dark-haired youngster in an expensive topcoat that seemed too big for him. His eyes slid to the tall young man at Julie's shoulder, and for a moment, as his jaw dropped, he had the pathetic and ludicrous look of a small boy arriving breathlessly at the circus with his ticket clutched in his hand, and finding the show over.

The doctor writes your prescription in Latin, first because it is a custom dating from antiquity, and second because the botanical names of plants, given by scientists, often differ in English in different parts of the country. Also, it is advisable that a patient be kept in ignorance of the character of the drug prescribed for him so that he may not use it in another emergency without the advice of a physician.

If she snubs him, I'll spank her, right here and now, Kay thought.

"Well, dope, what happened to you?" Julie was demanding, with a mixture of indignation and laughter in her voice.

"Gosh, Jule"—he was almost stuttering—"w-we had initiation at the house. I couldn't get away even to call you, and ——"

Smiling, Julie slipped one arm through his. Julie was an angel, floating on a golden cloud. beneficently shedding some of her radiance on him.

"Skip it," she said. "If we hurry, we can get in a dance apiece. This is Mory Hammond, Bob. His name's Branine, Mory."

The group broke apart for a second while Mory and Bob shook hands with the solemnity of two Supreme Court justices, muttering, "Hiya, Hammond," and "Hi, Branine." Bob looked awed. He looked slighter than ever, and the carriage lamp, glinting on his sleek dark hair, made it seem oily and artificial beside those crisp blond waves of Mory Hammond's.

Julie and the two boys went out to the porch, laughing. Then, "Wait a minute," Kay heard Julie say.

Pink tulle whispered around her ankles as she flitted back into the house. Her arms were around Kay's shoulders and for a second, while she brushed Kay's cheek with a quick kiss, she patted her mother's back with the consoling gesture Kay had used when Julie had come running to her, weeping, as a baby. *It's all right, darling. Don't cry. Everything's going to be all right,* those little pats said wordlessly.

Julie tossed an iridescent smile over her shoulder, at her parents. But her wink, the wise, gay salute of one woman to another, was directed at her mother alone.

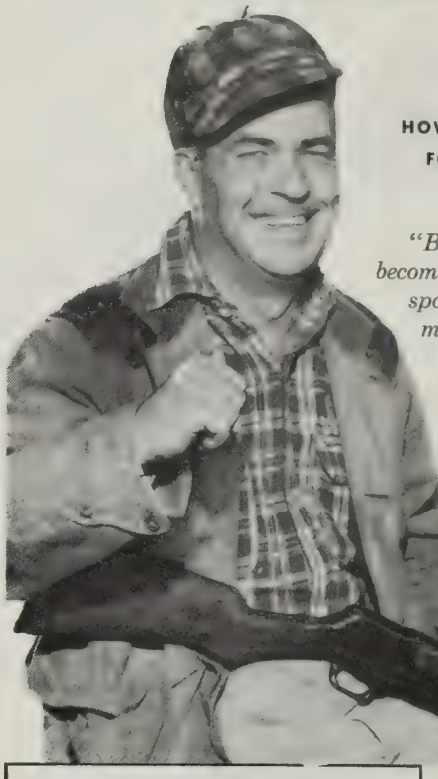
The door closed, and Kay turned to face her husband.

"She's okay, Katie," Jeff nodded slowly, smiling. "You've done a good job."

"Or you have." Kay's sigh was humble as she moved to a safe haven in his arms. Or maybe it was just luck. Or God. But somehow, between them, they had a nice child.

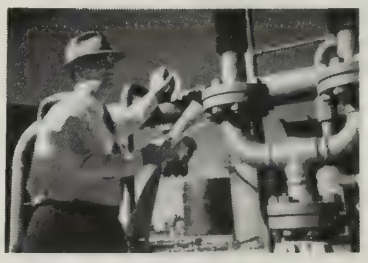
THE END

"The bonds Lila and I bought for our country's defense helped us to own our own home!"



HOW U. S. SAVINGS BONDS PAID OFF FOR SELDEN AND LILA ROBINSON OF DENVER, COLORADO

"Bond saving made it possible for me to become a home owner," says engineer-sportsman Selden Robinson, "then helped me to improve my original investment by the purchase of a better home. I enrolled in the Payroll Savings Plan at Stearns-Roger Manufacturing Co. before the war, buying two $18.75 bonds each month. We gave up our dreams of a home during the war, glad that our bonds were helping the country."



"In 1945 we used $2800 of those bonds to put down on our first home. Later it was bonds that paid the difference when we traded that house for a newer, brick home. And bonds paid $500 toward a new car. We're still buying bonds and probably will be for a long time to come!"



"We've saved $4,000 altogether and now we're buying bonds toward the college education of our two daughters, Emily and Carol. Believe me, there's no surer savings program than the Payroll Savings Plan. And U. S. Savings Bonds are the safest saving method you can use."

The Robinsons' story can be your story, too!

Your dream can come true, just as the Robinsons' did. But you've got to start *right now!* It's easy! Just take these three simple steps:

1. Make the big decision—to put saving *first* before you spend a penny of your income.

2. Decide to save a regular amount *systematically*, week after week or month after month. Even a small sum, saved on a systematic basis, becomes a large sum in an amazingly short time!

3. Start saving automatically by signing up *today* in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. You may save as little as $1.25 a week or as much as $375 a month. If you can set aside just $7.50 weekly, in 10 years you'll have bonds and interest worth $4,329.02 cash!

You'll be providing security not only for yourself and your family, but for the blessed free way of life that's so important to us all. And in far less time than you think you'll have turned your dreams into reality, just as the Robinsons did.

FOR YOUR SECURITY, AND YOUR COUNTRY'S TOO, *SAVE NOW*—THROUGH REGULAR PURCHASE OF U. S. SAVINGS BONDS!

Your government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication and Foote, Cone & Belding in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.

Taste Perfect LEMON PIE

BECAUSE MY-T-FINE HAS

sealed-in lemon flavor

Tonight treat your family to the most delicious lemon pie they've ever had. Just use My-T-Fine Lemon Flavor Pie Filling and follow the simple recipe on the package. It's so quick and easy, and My-T-Fine is America's favorite pie filling!





MOCHA NUT PUDDING

Prepare My-T-Fine Nut Chocolate Flavor Dessert according to recipe for pudding on back of package, substituting 1 cup cold, strong coffee for half the milk called for. Let stand at room temperature ½ hour, then chill in refrigerator. Serve garnished with whipped cream, cherry.

So many easy ways to please your family with

MY-T-FINE *desserts*



There's no end of wonderful new treats you can make with your favorite My-T-Fine flavor . . . and they're all so quick and easy to fix. For tonight, enjoy one of these tempting desserts, or look on the back of any My-T-Fine package for other quick and easy dessert ideas that will make a hit.

BOSTON CREAM PIE

Prepare My-T-Fine Vanilla Flavor Dessert according to recipe for pudding on back of package. Chill. Spread pudding thickly on one layer of plain or sponge cake, top with second layer and sprinkle with confectioners' sugar.

So economical - enjoy them all!



COMMENDED PARENTS

© 1951 PENICK & FORD LTD., INC

Made by the makers of Brer Rabbit Molasses and Vermont Maid Syrup.

Quick and Easys for Two

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

MARIAN and Bill live in a garden-type apartment group within muting distance of New York. Formerly a JOURNAL secr Marian says now that she's never been busier—particularly a dinnertime.

"With a three-and-a-half-year-old son, a nine-month-old baby hungry husband to be fed, our dinners have to be quick and easy infant comes first, and then while Billy amuses himself by rem peas and Limas from his vegetable soup to make 'trains' in his chair tray, I do what I can toward dinner. We aim at seven o'clo our dinner, but there's often the inevitable last drink of water fo son and the bubble that didn't come up for the other."

Rush Hour

Dill Pork Chops
Mixed Vegetables
Butterscotch Pears

"Usually I juggle the preparation of our own dinner in between getting the two children fed and ready for bed. As in tonight's dinner, I start the pork chops and get the pears ready to go in the oven later; feed and bathe the baby; take a look at the chops again; back to Billy's food, bath and bed. Big Bill's home by then and gives me a hand with this last rite while I finish up the dinner."

DILL PORK CHOPS

Season 4 loin pork chops with 1½ teaspoons salt and some black pepper. Roll in flour. Brown well on both sides in 1 tablespoon shortening or salad oil. Add 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, 2 onions, cut into pieces, and ½ cup water to the pan. Cover and simmer about 45 minutes until chops are tender. Turn them once after first 20 minutes. When chops are done, drain off excess fat. Place 1 heaping tablespoon finely chopped dill pickle on top of each chop. Spoon some of the meat juices over the chops. Simmer a few minutes more until pickle is heated through.

BUTTERSCOTCH PEARS

Arrange 4 canned-pear halves in shallow baking dish or piepan. Mix ½ cup brown sugar, ¼ cup crisp rice cereal, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon ginger and blend with 4 tablespoons soft butter or margarine, until crumbly. Sprinkle over the pears. Bake 20 minutes in hot oven, 425° F.

For a Blustery Evening

Baked Eggs
Baked Potatoes
Hot Salad

"Fortunately for me, Bill baked potatoes. He's always when he comes home on a co ning and there are baked potat dinner. Since I have potatoes practically every day all through for Billy, I occasional in a couple extra for our dinner. the baked potatoes, which we lit drench with butter, we often baked eggs—made flavorsome onions and cheese—and a big the wilted kind."

BAKED EGGS

Chop 2 small onions and simmer tablespoons butter or margarine soft but not browned. Blend i tablespoons flour and add 1 cu milk. Cook until thickened, st constantly. Slice 4 peeled hard-c eggs into the sauce. Add ¼ cup g Cheddar cheese. Season well wit and pepper. Pour into 2 indiv casseroles. Sprinkle with addi grated cheese. Bake in moderate 350° F., 15–20 minutes, or until browned.

HOT SALAD

Peel a ripe tomato and cut eighths. Combine with half a cado, peeled and diced, and som salad greens. We like several Keep in the refrigerator whil make a bacon dressing. Cut 2 bacon into pieces. Fry until cris out bacon and sprinkle over sala the fat add 3 tablespoons vine little minced onion—we like l red onions for salad—about ½ spoon sugar and some salt and p Bring to boil and pour while sti over salad. Toss together, so wilts a bit. Add more salt and p and serve warm.

A Double Deal

Hamburger Heaven
Broccoli
with Buttered Crumbs
Canned Peaches and Cal



n both children put to bed, Marian and Bill can relax over dinner.

y to get away from the apart- ne afternoon a week to save position and give the boys a . too—bless them. The night I play hooky, I cook some- ve like well enough and that ell enough to serve the second eated. Hamburger Heaven is dish. I cook another vegetable tead of having plain peaches ke (store-bought), I make a toward a more impressive des- ough it's simply this:

2 canned-peach halves. Com- th about ½ cup of the cubed dd a few drops of vanilla and flavoring. Whip ½ cup heavy nd fold into peaches and cake. well before serving. I add d nuts to this, if I have them."

AMBURGER HEAVEN

1 pound ground beef and 2 ions, chopped, in 2 tablespoons or margarine. Add 1 No. 2 can es, ½ cup chopped celery, 1½ ns salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, a f basil and marjoram, and a l of egg noodles (about ½–¾ you were actually to measure Cover and simmer slowly until are tender—about 30 minutes slow cooking. Stir occasionally. sh should still be quite saucy lone. It makes enough for 2 -can easily be halved, if you old with repeating dishes.

ll's Favorite Dinner

Liver and Bacon
rsley-Buttered Carrots and Potatoes
emon-Sponge Pudding

fussy about liver! When the doesn't permit calf's liver, beef lamb's liver will do if it's ten- e like it sliced fairly thick— nch. I fry the bacon first, drain paper towels and leave just bacon fat in the pan to sauté er. I season the liver with salt pper, dust lightly with flour and it quickly on both sides, then wn heat low for about 5 min- igh heat and long cooking make even calf's liver tough. This way it's nice and juicy.

"The recipe for the lemon-sponge pudding went the rounds of the Navy wives in wartime Washington—Billy likes it as well as his dad, so even though it serves six, it is never too much for us."

LEMON-SPONGE PUDDING

Add the grated rind and juice of 2 lemons to 3 egg yolks beaten until quite thick. Mix 2 tablespoons flour with ¾ cup sugar. Stir into the egg-and-lemon mixture smoothly. Blend in 1 tablespoon soft butter or margarine. Add 1 cup milk gradually. Beat 3 egg whites until they stand up in glossy peaks. Fold them carefully into the pudding mixture. Pour into casserole or individual custard cups. Set in pan of hot water. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven, 350° F. It may be served hot or cold. Makes 6 servings.

Our Night Out

Scallops Broiled in Garlic Butter
Frenched String Beans
Grapefruit with Honey

"Friday evening is our usual night out if we can get a sitter. Dinner is often a rushed affair, if we want to make an early movie. We both love scallops but don't like them fried, as you usually get them in restaurants. The way we do them is the quickest possible—and the best."

SCALLOPS BROILED IN GARLIC BUTTER

Brown 1 large clove garlic, split, in ⅓ cup butter or margarine. Remove garlic and mix butter or margarine with 2 teaspoons minced chives, scallions or onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley ¼ teaspoon dried tarragon (if desired), ¼ teaspoon salt and some pepper. Wash and drain 1 pound scallops. If they are large scallops, cut them into smaller pieces. Put them in a glass ovenproof pie dish. Pour the butter mixture over them. Broil under moderate heat about 5 minutes until the scallops are done. Serve right from the dish onto pieces of freshly made toast.

Tomato Super Supper Dish

Here's superb Lenten eating! Puffy and pretty with that ever-popular tomato-cheese flavor.

6 slices bread, toasted
4 tablespoons soft butter
2 cups grated American cheese
3 eggs, slightly beaten
2 cans (2½ cups) Campbell's Tomato Soup
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon dry mustard

Spread bread with butter and cut each slice into six pieces. Grease a quart-size baking dish and place in it alternate layers of bread squares and cheese; ending with a top layer of cheese. Combine eggs, soup, salt and mustard; pour over bread-cheese layers. Bake in a slow (325° F.) oven for about 1 hour. Garnish with a border of finely chopped green pepper or sprigs of parsley. Serve piping hot as a hearty luncheon or supper dish. Serves 6.

Smoother... richer... better tasting! It's

America's Favorite Tomato Cooking Sauce!

Yes, America's favorite! Campbell's Tomato Soup is used more than any other brand of any tomato product as a cooking and pour-on sauce! That's because good cooks everywhere have found that Campbell's is double-rich, double-thick, just as it comes from the can . . . a velvety-smooth *balanced* blend of red-ripe tomatoes, fine table butter, and delicate seasonings . . . 17 choice ingredients in all. There's simply nothing like it for flavor! . . . *Try it!* You'll love it!

DELICIOUS AS A SOUP... AS A POUR-ON SAUCE ... AND IN COOKING

Yes .. CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP MAKES THE BEST TOMATO COOKING SAUCE YOU EVER TASTED!



FREE COOK BOOK
50 PAGES
99 DISHES
FULL COLOR

Mail coupon to Anne Marshall, Campbell Soup Company, Dept. L 14, Camden 1, N. J.

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____
ZONE_____ STATE_____



"I WANT TO CALL MY GRANDPOP"

We'll be glad to do it for you, Sonny. And we know he'll be glad to hear your voice. That's one of the reasons he and your Grandma had a telephone put in.

"DOES EVERYONE HAVE A TELEPHONE?"

Not everyone. But there are millions more telephones than there were only a few years ago. That shows how the value of the telephone has grown. Just think how many more people you can call! And how many more can call you!

"SOUNDS LIKE A BARGAIN"

Sure is, Sonny. There aren't many things that give you so much for so few pennies as a telephone call. The cost has gone up far less than most other things your Mommie buys.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

DIAGRAMS FOR SWEATERS TO TRI



1. Red Cashmere, Gold
(Photograph on page

If cutting sweater to waist take in on side seams by da Before cutting, sew grosgrai just below desired length to raveling, then cut away and t der, forming hem; sew in press lightly on wrong side wi cloth. First pin, then baste go around hem, front edges an Next, pin and baste two ad rows so that they touch at back and widen out gradu front to form yokelike circl about 8″ of braid around wri by hand, invisibly, press wrong side. About 5 yards b quired. Package of red, white black braid, $1. Gold braid,

2. Navy Cardigan and Pull-Over
(Photograph on page 51)

Turn up half width of ribbing at bottom of cardigan, and hem with loose invisible stitch, so that band will stretch without thread's snapping when worn. Press lightly, damp cloth, wrong side. First pin, then baste braid on both front edges and around neck. With contrasting braid, zigzag from first row of braid to about 2″ from edges. Sew by hand invisibly, press lightly on wrong side. Sew a pearl button at each point. For pull-over: cut sweater down center back 6″, first sewing ribbon underneath to prevent raveling, then sew in slide fastener. Pin, baste and sew braid around neck about ½″ from edge. With contrasting braid, sew on 3 tabs at center front, button at each point. 4 yards red braid, 3 yards white. Package braid and buttons, $3.25.



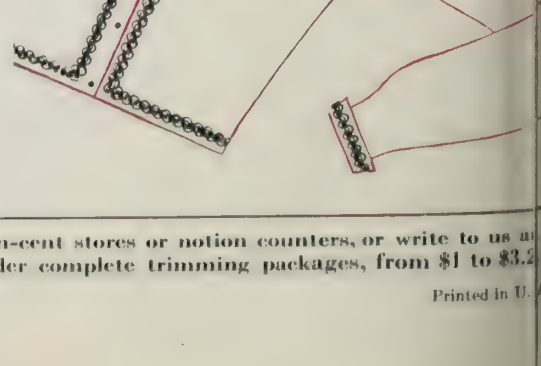


3. Red With Navy Braid o White Ribbon *by Pat*

Pin inch-wide white silk grosgra bon carefully on sweater down th edges and in double-V yokelike as on diagram. Corners of points bon must be mitered in. Stitch on each side securely to sweater. on wrong side with damp cloth so will lie flat without puckering. P baste contrasting braid evenly o edge of ribbon. Leave at least turn in to prevent raveling. Sew ibly. Carry outside line of yoke t forming W-shape center back, neckline. Repeat steaming p wrong side. 3 yards ribbon, braid required. Package of bra ribbon, $1.

4. Gray With Navy Braid and Tassels *by Mme. Isabel*

Cut and fit, using grosgrain ribbon as explained in No. 1. Pin, baste, then sew invisibly single row of braid down both edges of front, around bottom, neck and cuffs of sweater. For pocket effects, use double row of braid, easing in and sewing together before basting to sweater. Then proceed as above. Sew two 2″-long silk tassels at each point. Press lightly on wrong side, damp cloth. 3 yards braid. Package braid and tassels, $2.65.



Buy braids from local ten-cent stores or notion counters, or write to us a we'll tell you how to order complete trimming packages, from $1 to $3.

Printed in U.

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Magazine Women Believe In

Ladies' Home JOURNAL



THE RECKLESS HEART
beginning a new serial—by Catherine Severn

WHITE WITCH DOCTOR
condensation of the best seller—by Louise A. Stinetorf

WHAT ARE PEOPLE REALLY LIKE?
a new feature by the Daly sisters

A Profile of Youth
JOAN NEEDS A PUSH

Stories and articles by
Helen Keller, Elizabeth Dunn, Anne Winslow,
Gladys Denny Shultz, Phyllis McGinley

VOL. LXVIII NO. 3

JOURNAL

CONTENTS

MARCH, 1951

Journalities

You will just have to imagine what the author of our new serial looks like. Although this is her first appearance in any magazine, she refuses to appear. She says her characters are more important than she is—a sound philosophy of fiction, but hard on the curious. "First, second and third, what interests me," ***Catherine Severn*** tells us, "is people, books and music." (See—she herself puts people first.) "*The Reckless Heart* was written in rebellion against despair in the face of the great deal of hate rife in the world. It is an attempt to show how much stronger than hate love is." Readers can go on from there. Wonderful thought, all except that no-picture edict. • ***Louise A. Stinetorf*** (Mrs. Henry Loel Wilson), of Topanga, California, grew up in a "missionary-minded" family of nine children. Bedtime stories for her were about the number of souls saved, number of converts tithing and—sadly—numerous backsliders. "I came to think of 'the poor heathen' as mere statistics," she confesses, "and of all missionaries as models of pious perfection!" When she worked for the American Friends Board of Foreign Missions, she found missionaries enjoyed—or suffered—the same weaknesses as other people. While traveling in Africa she met "poor heathen" whose personalities cannot be expressed statistically. In *White Witch Doctor* (page 42), a missionary heroine makes few converts but brings much heart, hope and health to human beings in the Belgian Congo.

The Journal Presents CATHERINE SEVERN FIRST APPEARANCE IN ANY MAGAZINE

VICTOR BARNABA



Louise A. Stinetorf



Anne Goodwin Winslow

• ***Anne Goodwin Winslow,*** accomplished and mature author of *River in Brittany* (page 38), based the story on real experience. "I have tried to give some idea of the overwhelming—and, to a stranger, catastrophic—impression of the tide along that coast. It rises to as much as twenty feet, I was told. Having been overtaken by it on one occasion, I can believe it goes even higher. I got out alive—I was in a boat."

Novel Condensation Complete in This Issue

White Witch Doctor . . . *Louise A. Stinetorf* 42

Fiction

The Reckless Heart (First part of three) . . *Catherine Severn* 34
Brazen Halo . . . . . *Lyn Arnold* 36
River in Brittany . . . . *Anne Goodwin Winslow* 38
The True Love and the Dead . . . *Mary Main* 40
Buttons and Beaux . . . *Elizabeth Dunn* 46

Special Features

"We Have Nothing to Fear But Fear Itself" *Dorothy Thompson* 11
The Red Cross is You 11
Tell Me Doctor—No. 14 . . . . . *Henry B. Safford, M.D.* 31
Our Underfed Children . . . . . *Gladys Denny Shultz* 44
Profile of Youth:
Joan Needs a Push . . . Especially With Boys . . *Jan Weyl* 48
I Don't Have Any Fun 50
What Women First Notice About Men . *Judith Chase Churchill* 51
Our Own Young Marrieds 52
The World Through Three Senses . . . . . *Helen Keller* 54
There's a Man in the House . . . . . *Harlan Miller* 56
What are People Really Like? . . . . . *The Daly Sisters* 57
The Make-Believe Twins—No. 3
Phyllis McGinley and Roberta MacDonald 116
How America Lives: Newcomers to Alaska
Dorothy Cameron Disney 179

General Features

Our Readers Write Us 5
Under-Cover Stuff . . . . . *Bernardine Kielty* 14
Youth Counseling Center in Cortland, N.Y. 23
In Defense of Your Community . . . . . *Margaret Hickey* 23
Reference Library 24
Making Marriage Work . . . . . *Clifford R. Adams* 26
Anything on Your Mind? (The Sub-Deb) . *Edited by Jan Weyl* 28
Fifty Years Ago in the Journal • Journal About Town 33
Phrases to Which Young People Are Allergic . *George Lawton* 112
Diary of Domesticity . . . . . *Gladys Taber* 113
Ask Any Woman . . . . . *Marcelene Cox* 155
Teach Safety, Not Timidity . . . . *Dr. Herman N. Bundesen* 211
This is a School-Skipper . . . . . *Munro Leaf* 215

Fashions and Beauty

The Turn to Spring . . . . . *Wilhela Cushman* 58
Four Costumes . . . Two Seasons . . . . *Ruth Mary Packard* 62
Costume Complete . . . . . *Ruth Mary Packard* 64
Designs for Spring . . . . . *Nora O'Leary* 66
$100 Pattern Wardrobe . . . . . *Nora O'Leary* 186
Hair Do's and Don'ts . . . . . *Dawn Crowell Norman* 188

Food and Homemaking

Broiler Business . . . . . *Ann Batchelder* 70
Line a Day . . . . . *Ann Batchelder* 72
Groom the Galoshes 89
Casual Country Kitchen . . . . . *Gladys Taber* 104
Window Dressing 146
Conversation Piece . . . . . *Ruth Mills Teague* 204
Spruce up the Knits 240

Architecture, Interior Decoration and Garden

Today's Modern and Traditional . . . . . *Richard Pratt* 68
Water-Lily Garden . . . . . *Richard Pratt* 132
Flower Themes From English Needlepoint *Henrietta Murdock* 228

Poetry

Marjorie Lederer Lee 86 • Bettie Cassie Liddell 102 • Jessamyn West 106 • Bette Richart 122 • Doris Albright 134 • Wilfred Thorley 149 • Walter de la Mare 168 • Elizabeth-Ellen Long 197 Elizabeth Coatsworth 208 • Georgie Starbuck Galbraith 218 • James Menzies Black 227 • Elizabeth McFarland 232

Cover Photograph by Wilhela Cushman

CHANGE OF ADDRESS Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address: LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA 5, PA.
Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The post office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Ladies' Home Journal, copyright 1951 by The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published on last Friday of month preceding date by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second Class Matter May 6, 1911, at the Post Office at Philadelphia under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters in all stories are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S. and Possessions, Canada, Costa Rica, Cuba, Nicaragua, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Panama, Philippine Islands, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America except the Guianas: 1 yr., $3; 2 yrs., $5; 3 yrs., $7; 4 yrs., $9. Other countries, 1 yr., $6. Remit by money order or draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. funds. All prices subject to change without notice. All subscriptions must be paid for in advance.

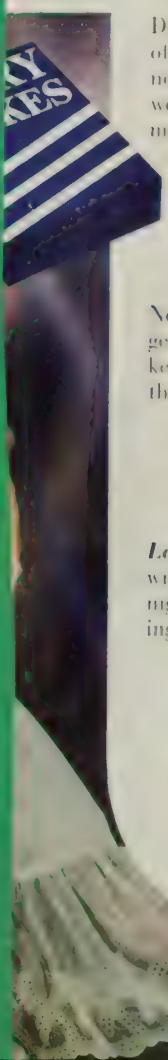
Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

The Curtis Publishing Company. Walter D. Fuller, Chairman of the Board; Robert E. MacNeal, President; Arthur W. Kohler, Vice-President and Advertising Director; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Vice-President; Cary W. Bok, Vice-President; Lewis W. Trayser, Vice-President and Director of Manufacturing; Benjamin Allen, Vice-President and Director of Circulation; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Richard Ziesing, Jr., Manager of Ladies' Home Journal. The Company also publishes The Saturday Evening Post, Country Gentleman, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

erie



ORY FLAKES
Radiant Action
clothes lovely far longer



Does your delicate dreamwear spend most of its time in a closet? It shouldn't! For now, thanks to new Ivory Flakes, you can wear and wash even your dainties handmades as often as you like!

You see, new Ivory Flakes has "Radiant Action"—an amazing new kind of beauty protection that gives fine washables a longer life of loveliness than *any* soap ever did before!

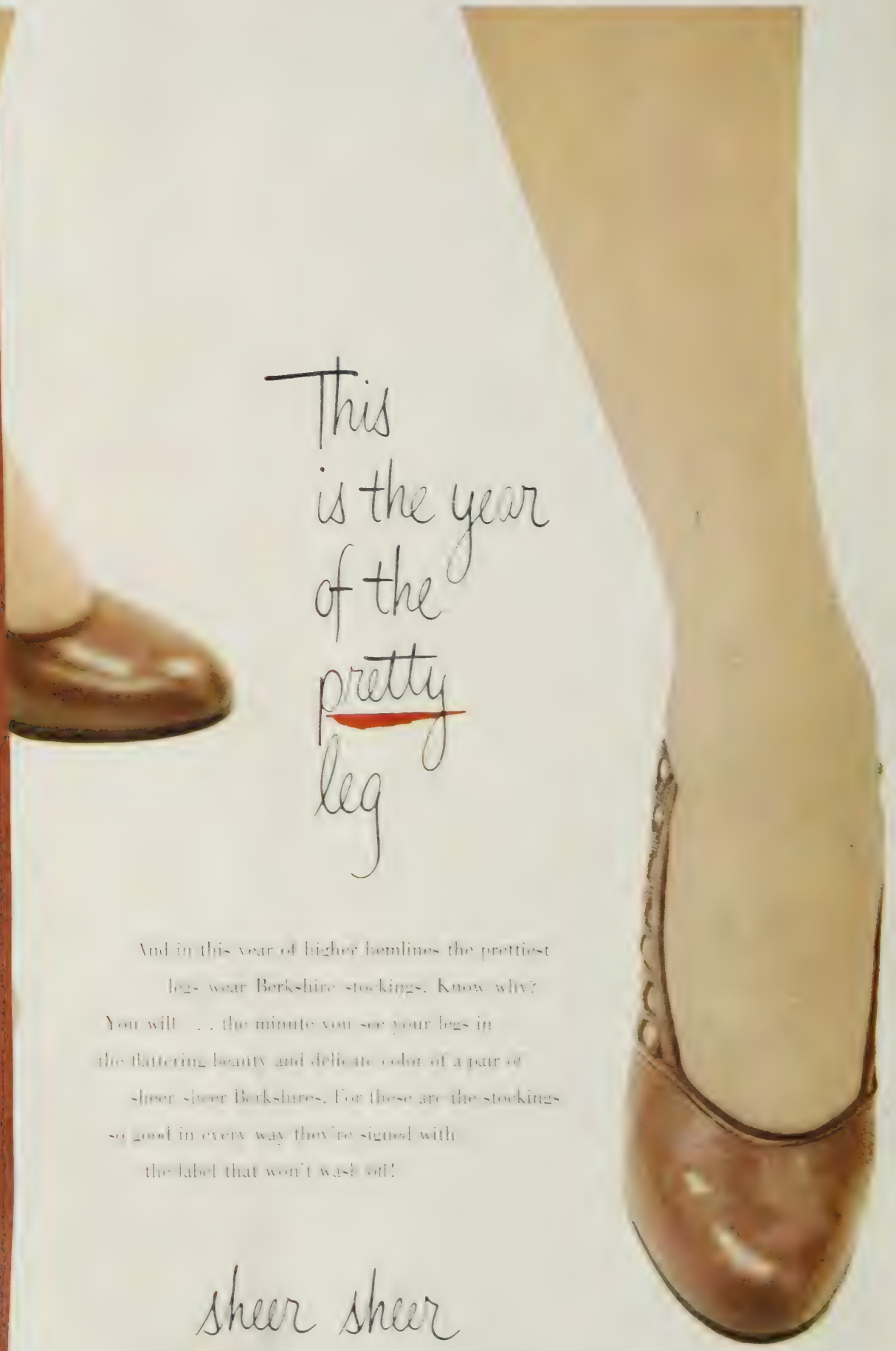
Now, when you wash your nice things gently in pure, mild Ivory Flakes, they'll keep their radiant brand new beauty longer than you ever thought was *possible!*

The mildest, safest soap you can buy. Ivory Flakes is the only flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory. Wonderfully kind to hands in the dishpan, too! Get a box today!

Longer wear for nylons! Change from wrong washing and strong soap to gentle, nightly care with Ivory Flakes. Keep stocking colors fresh up to *twice as long!*

If it's lovely to wear...
it's worth Ivory Flakes care
99 44/100% Pure!





This
is the year
of the
pretty
leg

And in this year of higher hemlines the prettiest legs wear Berkshire stockings. Know why? You will . . . the minute you see your legs in the flattering beauty and delicate color of a pair of sheer-sheer Berkshires. For these are the stockings so good in every way they're signed with the label that won't wash off!

sheer sheer

Berkshire

stockings

Our Readers Write us

World Creed

Firth, Idaho

Dear Editor: Seldom do I find anything so completely soul-satisfying as your Room in the Inn, by Pearl Buck.

There is the message that all the preachers in all the pulpits will strive to give to the world throughout the holy days. Pearl Buck has given it without creed, without bigotry—pure, simple Christianity flows from her pen as smoothly as it radiates from her life.

More power to you and to her.

Sincerely,
AGNES JUST REID

Before and After

Longview, Washington

Dear Miss Hickey: We in Longview have been very much pleased with the article that appeared in the November LADIES' HOME JOURNAL dealing with parent activity in securing new school buildings.



Classrooms were crowded and dingy before . . .



Parents worked to make them look like this.

I thought your Miss Weyl did an excellent job of interviewing people and came up with a readable, factual article. The many favorable comments I have heard locally usually include regret that there could not be a follow-up article showing the results of the campaigns in better housing and better teaching. Many people have remarked that they would like to have seen a picture of a good classroom that had replaced the poor one.

Very truly yours,
E. J. McNAMARA,
Superintendent of Schools

Missionary Finds Journal Useful

Rethi, Irumu
Congo Belge, Africa

Dear Editors: I am a missionary nurse and find that my JOURNAL is very popular with the other folks on the station. By the time it returns to me it looks somewhat the worse for wear. Here and there along its trip folks find recipes and articles they clip out. Recently we have been enjoying the "chiffon" cakes. We do not have salad oil, but we find that our stand-by here, peanut oil, works just as well.

The natives enjoy the JOURNAL too. They find many amazing things in our homes, but are even more surprised when they see all the things pictured which we do not have. I have had to part with a number of pictures which find a very prominent place on the walls of their homes. You see the JOURNAL has many uses. When at last it is too ragged to be read, it ends its life by being cut into pieces large enough for wrapping pills in the dispensary.

Sincerely,
VERA E. THIESSEN

Hope for Tomorrow

San Bruno, California

Dear Editors: We have recently become a Navy family. I am amazed, and rather horrified, at the attitude toward having children that I've found among the Navy wives I've met. They say they want no more children because the world is in too much of a mess to bring children into it. Aren't they mixed up? What greater resource has civilization than its children?

Oh, I'm frightened too. I'm afraid for my world, for my country, and for my own little family. But fear is a destructive force and in everyone there is the will to live. I look at my small son and ask, "Is the world to be denied another hope such as he?" My baby is no prodigy, but he's healthy and alert and will be, fate willing, a fine man, capable of doing his small share toward making this a better world.

Sincerely,
GLORIA GINGENBACH

As a Doctor Sees It

Norwich, Connecticut

Dear Editors: Being an obstetrician in practice for twenty-four years, I have fought for the ideas which Gladys Denny Shultz presents in Why Can't Our Mothers Breast Feed? Before I came to this country in 1939, I was a practicing obstetrician in a large German city and experienced hardly any difficulty in persuading my patients to breast feed their babies. Much to my surprise, I have encountered a great deal of reluctance on the part of my patients in this community to breast feed their infants—for reasons so well stated in your article. I even know of a definite case where a young mother never came back to me because I was very insistent that she should breast feed her baby.

Very truly yours,
KURT OPPENHEIMER, M.D.

Girls Get the Bird

Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Dear Editors: Munro Leaf's recent Tub-Ringer Watchbird has performed miracles in a girls' residence here at Toronto University. Since tacking up copies in each washroom, wonder of wonders, we've all been able to step into glistening bathtubs one more service of the JOURNAL to womankind.

Gratefully,
BEVERLEY A. CLARK

Men Getting Wiser

Chicago Heights, Illinois

Dear Editors: I want to let you know how much I have enjoyed finding the JOURNAL. I say *finding* because, as a man, I don't generally read women's magazines. I was surprised to find such a wealth of reading interest. All your stories and pieces are interesting, informative and worth while.

Here's hoping you have continued success, for you are rendering a service not only to the women of this country but to the world.

Yours sincerely,
ROZELL LEAVELL

More Important Than Money

Linden, Pennsylvania

Dear Editors: After reading a recent JOURNAL, I wondered why I was ever so foolish as to let myself do without it. For quite some time, I thought the money was needed for more important things; now I know it's important for a housewife to sit down with a good magazine once in a while.

Sincerely,
TILLIE A. ALEXANDER



New IVORY FLAKES
with Radiant Action
keeps lovely clothes lovely far longer



Does your delicate dreamwear spend most of its time in a closet? It shouldn't! For now, thanks to new Ivory Flakes, you can wear and wash even your dauntiest handmades as often as you like!

You see, new Ivory Flakes has "Radiant Action"—an amazing new kind of beauty protection that gives fine washables a longer life of loveliness than *any* soap ever did before!

Now, when you wash your nice things gently in pure, mild Ivory Flakes, they'll keep their radiant, brand-new beauty longer than you ever thought was *possible!*

The mildest, safest soap you can buy. Ivory Flakes is the only flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory. Wonderfully kind to hands in the dishpan, too! Get a box today!

Longer wear for nylons! Change from wrong washing and strong soap to gentle, nightly care with Ivory Flakes. Keep stocking colors fresh up to *twice as long!*

If it's lovely to wear...
it's worth Ivory Flakes care
99 44/100% Pure!



JEALOUS?

Well, every one will envy

the white perfection of your curtains made of HATHAWAY PERMANENT FINISH ORGANDY (above), forever crisp, forever a joy to the truly feminine heart.

And they'll look with longing at your curtains of fluffy white HATHAWAY DOTS (below), that brighten every room with their light-hearted air, yet cost so precious little! No doubt about it, America's favorite curtains are made of

DOTS • ORGANDY • NYLON • CRYSTALUME

HATHAWAY
Curtain Fabrics



FREE!

Send for FREE new Decorators' Booklet containing professional ideas on: Fabric Favorites, Window Problems, Caring for Curtains, Choosing the Correct Curtain.

Hathaway Mfg. Co., Dept. 3L
New Bedford, Mass.
Send Free Booklet to:
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

Reason for Breast Feeding

Clay, New York

Dear Editors: I think hospitals could do a great deal more to encourage young mothers to nurse their babies. You have your baby and sometime the next day a nurse asks too casually, "Are you planning to nurse your baby?"—much as though she were inquiring if you would like mustard on your hot dog. She doesn't point out to you that you couldn't possibly expect to have the milk supply established after only a week in the hospital; she doesn't tell you that if you decide against nursing you are robbing yourself of one of life's richest emotional experiences. You are rushed into a decision that may have consequences you can't possibly foresee.



He didn't come out of a bottle.

I am enclosing a snap of the latest reason why I am an ardent advocate of breast feeding. This is Stephen, aged eight months at the time this was taken, wearing what we call his "Look-ma—I'm-walking!" expression. My advice to young mothers: try to nurse your baby—nothing else can approximate the "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world" feeling it brings you.

Sincerely,
ANNA SNIFFIN

Journal Builds Morale

Sendai, Honshu Japan

Dear Editors: Last June I left the United States for Yokohama, Japan. We were almost to Japan when the news came about the invasion of Korea. For most of us it seemed an impossibility. And surely it couldn't be too significant. As the hours passed, we soon saw how serious it was to be.

As we waited for the ship to dock, there was a hushed expectancy and many anxious faces. We scanned the faces of the men waiting on the pier, hoping to see our husbands. There was an Army band on hand to welcome us and many flags and streamers, but a light drizzle dampened the streamers so that they looked sad and droopy—just as some of us felt.

My husband and I were lucky. We had five weeks together before he had to leave for Korea. Since then, I have been working as a Grey Lady at the nearest hospital. If only you people back home could understand how young and helpless-looking these boys are. Many are bewildered and terribly homesick.

We take them magazines, and how they gaze at each picture! They especially enjoyed L. H. J. because of the pretty girls, and because it reminded them of home and mom's cooking. And how the L. H. J. kept up *our* morale and spirits. As we would read the JOURNAL, we could imagine that we were home again.

Sincerely yours,
DOROTHY SHAW ROSE

Red Feather Helps

Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Editors: The Cleveland Christian Home for Children (How America Lives, December) is a Red Feather agency of the Cleveland Community Chest. As such, it receives support through the local Chest, and is regarded as one of its 101 Red Feather agencies. While the funds received by this agency from the Chest are

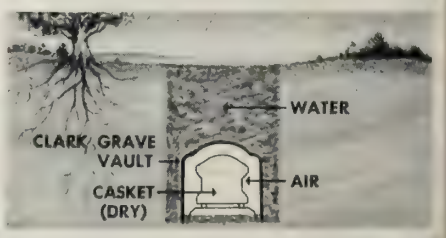
(Continued on Page 8)

PEACE comes quietly in many ways when you have lost someone dear.

*And surely one way is through the consoling knowledge that you have provided the finest tribute . . . the most trusted protection against water in the ground.**



**THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT is made of enduring metal. It is *scientifically designed* to keep water from rain and melting snow from reaching the casket over which it is placed. A vault improperly engineered cannot do this. Neither can one which is porous—through which water can seep.



FREE 28-PAGE BOOKLET, *"My Duty." Tells those who must take charge "what to do." Write for your copy. The Clark Grave Vault Company, Department J-31, Columbus, Ohio. Copyrighted 1951.*

CLARK
GRAVE VAULTS
THE FINEST TRIBUTE • THE MOST TRUSTED PROTECTION



Do you keep your bedroom behind closed doors?

If only that bedroom were as beautiful as the rest of your home . . . what a wonderful addition it would be! Make Mengel Furniture your choice for your bedroom *now,* and you'll make your whole house more gracious.





THE WINTHROP GROUP of solid mahogany . . . in truest Colonial spirit. Graceful, charming, and, as for generations past, in admirable taste. Rubbed and polished until the wood gleams warm . . . says "this is solid, solid mahogany."



Open the door to compliments with MENGEL FURNITURE

If what your guests say makes a difference to you . . . choose Mengel Bedroom Furniture. It wins compliments from everybody. Such beautiful styling! Such a fine gleaming finish! Every piece of Mengel Furniture speaks openly of your good taste . . . but keeps your budget a secret.

Look closely, look twice . . .
here's furniture you could look at forever!

Permanized MENGEL Furniture





THE CENTURY GROUP in dove grey walnut . . . smooth and fine in line and color and finish. Gentle, gracious modern with a restful beauty that will bring a deep note of comfort to your bedroom. Also in amber brown walnut and flaxen oak.

THE MENGEL COMPANY

Growers and processors of timber • manufacturers of fine furniture • plywood • flush doors • veneers • corrugated containers • kitchen and wall cabinets.

FURNITURE DIVISION • LOUISVILLE 1, KENTUCKY



YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

NOT JUST A PROMISE . . . but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests has there been proof of such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientific tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—proved conclusively that *in 14 days* regular facials with Palmolive Soap—using nothing but Palmolive—bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 women.

Here's the easy method:

1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging its beautifying lather onto your skin for sixty seconds.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

Remarkable results were proved on women of all ages, with all types of skin. Proof that Palmolive facials really work to bring you a lovelier complexion. Start *your* Palmolive facials tonight!

Look For These Complexion Improvements in 14 Days!

- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
- Less oiliness!
- Added softness, smoothness—even for dry skin!
- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
- Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!





For Tub or Shower
Get Big Bath Size Palmolive!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

(Continued from Page 6)

modest indeed, in contrast to its total budget, it appears that this fact should have been mentioned in Roger Butterfield's excellent article.

Yours very truly,
CHARLES M. NEKVASIL

Stones in the Path

The Duke's Cottage,
Rudgwick, England

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: As I dressed in my unheated bedroom this morning, where I was denied even the small electric stove I usually dress by because there was a fuel cut and everything was off, I must say I rather wondered why I used to complain about your central heating in Hopewell, New Jersey. Things seem to have deteriorated quite a bit in England. There is now no coal whatever to be had. I am waiting with breathless eagerness some broken gas coke, which, if it does not arrive, will mean I have to let my cooking stove go out, have no hot water, and eat—well, I hardly know. There is an official fuel cut every Tuesday.

Candles have suddenly become desirable and expensive, and there is a positive run on the dear old-fashioned candlestick that is now practically unobtainable.

My butcher—who has been mine for a very long time—next arrived with his little jeremiad. It seems he now gets so small a consignment of meat each week that it is no longer possible to give everyone even the semblance of a joint. So he is going to mince up the lot, and give each house a slab, willy-nilly. What else can the poor man do? And how he himself makes out on the meager sum he can charge for this largess, I simply don't know. He looked a bit depressed. Thank goodness I know my Mr. Clarke so well that I can eat his mince with confidence, knowing nothing has gone into it that should not be there. Odd things have been known to rise to the surface, in the minces of other men.

There is not nearly as much talk of war and bombs over here as with you. Indeed, the eyes of everyone are turned, not to Korea, but to Scotland, because people think the rascally fellow who pinched the King's coronation stone out of Westminster Abbey hails from those parts. I personally doubt it, for he left a wrist watch behind. No Scotsman would have done that, or if he had, would undoubtedly have crept back to get it. Wrist watches cost money! However, this dastardly deed and savage crime has caused a good deal of conjecture and innocent mirth.

The Stone of Scone came from a small village of that name about two miles from Perth, in Scotland, the site of the castle where the ancient Kings of Scotland were crowned. Edward I of England took a fancy to it, and brought it to England in 1296, and it has formed part of the Coronation throne in Westminster Abbey from that date. It weighs four hundredweight and considerable skill and ingenuity must have been required to get this unhandy bauble prized loose and bogied away. One can't help feeling a certain amount of admiration for whoever it was undertook this most unrewarding job. Perhaps there are others who, like myself, feel Scotland has a claim to the thing anyway, since someone pinched it off them originally. Most of us, however, would not dream of saying so, with the exception of a Miss Wood up north, who, immediately she heard the news, broke out the Standard of Scotland over her porch.

Rumor has it we are in for clothes rationing here once again. I would have thought they were already more or less rationed by exorbitant prices. A pathetic appeal has just been made by a small boy's school near here, in their school magazine:

"Owing to ever-existing shortages, matron is finding it extremely difficult to procure material for boys' gray tweed jacket repairs. She would be very grateful if any old boy who possesses an old and unwanted jacket, with any good material in it, would be so kind as to send it to her."

I must run through the stock of parcels awaiting me from American friends, to see if I can be of any use to matron! I found the place jammed with packages, sent off by people who still seem to have time to think of us, in spite of troubles enough of their own. I hope before long to write everyone personally, to say thank you. In the meantime, my love to you all.

DOROTHY BLACK



You, too, could be more

confident appealing charming

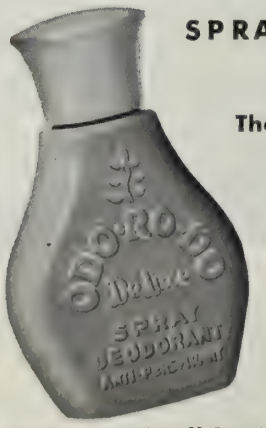
Millions of women have found Odo-Ro-No a sure short cut to precious charm. For over 40 years we have conducted hundreds of tests on all types of deodorants. We have proved Odo-Ro-No safeguards your charm and attractiveness more effectively than any deodorant you have ever used.

- **Odo-Ro-No is the only spray deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.***
- **The only spray deodorant in the jewel-like blue bottle — pre-tested to spray perfectly, always.**
- **No other spray deodorant is so harmless to fabrics.**
- **No other spray deodorant is safer for skin.**

**Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that new Odo-Ro-No Spray is the best deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.*

ODO·RO·NO

SPRAY



The Deodorant without a Doubt

Guaranteed Full 24 Hour Protection



Tomorrow's Glamour Girl? . . . *maybe!*

You naturally want her to grow up to be attractive and sought-after, you hope she will meet nice boys and marry one of them. Of course you do.

When she's a little older you will encourage her to guard her charm and daintiness . . . you will, of course, see to it that, above all, her breath is sweet and wholesome. For, without such appealing freshness, her other good points may count for little.

Her best friend in this matter is Listerine Antiseptic. It has been a family standby for more than sixty years. Literally millions rely on it as the *extra-careful* precaution against halitosis (unpleasant breath). A night-and-morning "must" against offending and especially before any date.

You see, Listerine Antiseptic instantly freshens and sweetens the breath . . . and keeps it that way . . . not for mere minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

TO KEEP THAT BREATHLESS CHARM

He wears the cleanest shirts in town

...his "Missus" swears by TIDE!



He wears the cleanest shirts in town!
There isn't any doubt
That all his shirts are washed with TIDE
'Cause when TIDE's in . . . dirt's out!

Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!

YES, Tide WASHES CLEANER

. . . cleaner than any other washing product sold throughout America! And we do mean *any* other—*old or new!* Just *try* Tide in your washing machine. Wring out your clothes, rinse them, and, lady, you'll hang up a *cleaner* wash than you'll get with *any* soap—or any other washing product sold from coast to coast! You'll get the *cleanest* wash in town!

NOT ONLY CLEANER—WHITER, TOO! Yes, Ma'am! In *hardest* water, Tide will wash your shirts, sheets, curtains *whiter* than any soap you can name! They'll be so *shining* white . . . so radiantly *clean*, you'll never want to trust them to anything else but Tide!

AND BRIGHTER! Just wait till you see how your wash prints *glow* after a Tide wash! The colors look so crisp and fresh . . . the fabric feels so soft . . . irons so *beautifully*, you'll say there's nothing like Tide! And there *isn't!* Get Tide today —and hang the cleanest wash in town on *your* line!



P.S. PREFER TO SKIP RINSING?

With Tide you *can* skip the rinsing, and save all that time and work. Just wash, wring out, hang up. Tide will give you the cleanest possible no-rinse wash!

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould

Editors



CHINESE PAINTING—COLORS ON SILK
1368-1644 A. D.
COURTESY PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART

The Red Cross is You

"We face a grueling period of hard work, self-denial and danger. The times are unusual and so will be the effort we shall all be called upon to make. Of all the nongovernmental agencies of the American people, the Red Cross will have to bear the heaviest burden."

—GEN. GEORGE C. MARSHALL.

You often hear it said that "women are the practical sex." It is mother who sews on the buttons and repairs the rips and tears in the family's clothes; it is she who applies first aid to cuts and bruises, and it is most often a woman who nurses the sick and injured back to health. She faces these tasks, when she must face them, without fear; if she has any question it is one to which she doesn't expect an answer—"If I didn't do it, *who* would?"

She knows the answer to that one: "Women are the practical sex."

In the present status of world affairs, there are many questions about war and peace which no woman *or* man can answer, but here are some facts about which there is no question: 1—For the first time in the history of the United States, there is now an enemy capable of attacking our homeland at any time. 2—Modern atomic weapons change all previous concepts of offensive and defensive warfare. 3—The role of the Red Cross in civil defense is more important now than it ever has been before.

The American Red Cross is today embarked on what may be the greatest work in its 69-year-old history. At Government request, it has undertaken the task of providing the nation with a trained first-aid force of 20,000,000. That's almost one out of every seven people in the country. This program is not limited to the needs of civil defense alone, but is a valuable peacetime program being expanded to meet emergency. To have one member in each family trained and responsible for the care of its own members is good insurance any time.

Again, it is the women who must be "practical." The Red Cross must train 250,000 nurses' aides and hundreds of thousands of housewives in home nursing. The goal for the coming year is 700,000 women newly trained and 300,000, with previous training, drawn back into service.

If *you* don't do it, who will?

"We Have Nothing to Fear But Fear Itself"

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

When the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt was elected to the Presidency for the first time, eighteen years ago, he assumed leadership in a country that was apparently disintegrating from within. Millions were unemployed. Our larger cities were black with breadlines; banks were about to close their doors; every newspaper carried reports of suicides.

Then a warm, confident voice said something very great: "We have nothing to fear but fear itself."

It seems to me that that simple statement needs repeating today. Yes, we are in what Arnold Toynbee calls "a time of troubles." Yes, we have made errors—above all, errors of ignorance in our leadership. But when have people not lived in times of troubles, and when has any leadership, even the best, been infallible?

I have often been called a pessimist, and the accusation is perhaps justified. My young mother died when I was seven, and in those days no one tried to shelter children from the reality that all physical life is transient. I have read enough history to know that no civilization has an eternal lease on life. I am sufficiently acquainted with scientific thought to know that this planet, and all that it contains, may sometime dissolve, and without the intervention of man himself in furthering its destruction.

But this is not equivalent to defeatism. It does not suggest that because we must die, we should commit suicide! On the contrary, it suggests that we should live while we live, with the greatest possible intensity, firm in the knowledge that there is a spiritual existence beyond this existence, for which man can in some way fit himself.

The most destructive element in the human mind is fear. Fear creates aggressiveness; aggressiveness engenders hostility; hostility

Executive Editor, Mary Bass • *Managing Editor*, Laura Lou Brookman
Associate Editors: Hugh MacNair Kahler, Bernardine Kielty, Ann Batchelder, Wilhela Cushman, William E. Fink, Alice Blinn, Richard Pratt, Henrietta Murdock, Louella G. Shouer, Mary Lea Page, Dawn Crowell Norman, John Godfrey Morris, Joan Younger, Margaret Davidson, Nora O'Leary, Jan Weyl
Contributing Editors: Gladys Taber, Louise Paine Benjamin, Gladys Denny Shultz, Barbara Benson, Margaret Hickey • *Assistant Editors:* John Werner, Charlotte Johnson, Donald Stuart, Ruth Mary Packard, Ruth Shapley Matthews, Alice Conkling, June Torrey, Lily Glendinning, Joseph Di Pietro, Anne Einselen, Glenn Matthew White, Betty Niles Gray, Elizabeth Goetsch, Robert N. Taylor, Elizabeth McFarland, Marthedith F. Stauffer, Charles Stryker Ingerman, Elizabeth Crawford
Editorial Assistants: Alice Kastberg, Iris Wilken, Betty Coe, Jeanne Lenton Tracey, Adrina Casparian, Virgina Price, Marion Wilson, Jeanne Stiles, Victoria Harris, Helen Schmidt Kennedy, Cornelia S. McCook, Rosemary Jones, Virginia Carr, Sallie F. Kubly, Ellene S. Cullen, Jeanmarie Dunn, Elizabeth W. Graham, Isabel G. Phelps, Pauline Stiegitz, Erma W. Kelley, Janice H. Bauder, Dolores Knapp

Please— *don't ruin the mellow flavor of your cheese with the wrong cracker!*

You paid a-plenty for that cheese . . . so do, *do* give it the cracker it deserves. RITZ CRACKERS, of course — the *best-eating* ever. Crisper, crunchier — with a teasy tang that adds flavor interest to any cheese, soup, salad, or beverage.



Remember *it pays to buy "RITZ" because...*

Nothing tastes as good as RITZ—but RITZ!"

engenders fear—a disastrous circle. And what are we wringing our hands about? Do we think that "modern man is obsolete?" Is it true that man is walking downward into the abyss?

There is no reason to think so. On the contrary, man has more greatly extended control over his environment in the last century than in all previous time. We have no reason to anticipate epidemics like the Black Death which destroyed half the population of Europe five hundred years ago. The life of women, at least in advanced countries, is no longer expended in bearing fourteen children in the hope that three may survive. We are beginning to defeat the hitherto most baffling internal diseases and have already greatly extended the average span of life.

Though the population of the earth has been steadily increasing, famine, except in extremely backward areas, is a thing of the past, for the progress made in agriculture is little short of a miracle.

Floods, which once periodically destroyed huge areas, are largely under control.

Although no nation has achieved an economic system of steady expansion, there is no reason to anticipate another such breakdown as occurred in 1929—which was due to a collapse of private credit—and no reason to believe that other troubles may prove beyond control.

Nowhere in the civilized world today does anyone take poverty for the great masses of the population for granted. Too often we forget that a society in which workmen eat 3000 to 4000 calories of food per day, have their children born in hospitals, live in centrally heated apartments, have access to numerous forms of amusement, dress in a manner almost indistinguishable from that of the wealthier classes, and take it for granted that most of their children will complete high school, is something absolutely new in the history of mankind!

He who is afraid of a thing gives it power over him.
—MOORISH PROVERB.

"Very well," people say, "civilization *has* advanced, but culture has lagged." That is true, I think, though I believe that the passions and violences of two great wars have been chiefly responsible for vulgarizing and brutalizing the modern mind.

HUMAN progress is always uneven. Science, rather than art, has attracted the contemporary gifted.

But it is healthy to compare the motion pictures or the dramas of today with those of twenty-five or thirty years ago before one jumps to the conclusion that manners and morals have declined. Although, in my belief, modern education has become shallower rather than deeper, the pendulum is swinging. There is more general consciousness of what is wrong and needs improvement than there was a generation ago.

"Yes," the defeatist continues, "but look at the spread of communism, that destroyer of all civilized social orders."

Let us, indeed, look at it.

The Bolshevik revolution, at the close of the First World War, was hailed as a great liberation movement by many of the finest spirits in western society. Among the early procommunists were leading poets, philosophers and men of letters. What is the history of these early, distinguished procommunists? It is a history of disillusionment. If communism can extend itself only in the most backward countries, by ruse (the seizing of power by armed guerrilla movements in war) or by open armed attack, and if its promoters today are either half-baked idealists or cynical professional masters of the *coup d'état*, is that not, in itself, a considerable reason for confidence?

The fact is that communism has demonstrated its incapacity to create anything but a ruthless slave state. It has to defend itself even before the Russian people by beating out, day and night, the theme that Russia is surrounded by "capitalist warmongers." Yet capitalism as Karl Marx described it has practically ceased to exist in all advanced countries.

It is imprecise to say that the world outside the Soviet Union lives in a "capitalist" society—*i.e.*, one in which the owners of capital dominate and control the state and society. Western civilization lives in a cooperative technological society, partly private capitalist, partly socialistic, in which policies are made by the interplay of many minds, needs and organized associations, including capital, labor and farmers.

IN practical terms Henry Ford was more of a revolutionist than Marx. Ford saw that poverty was incompatible with successful technological enterprise, and that profits could be more securely maintained by very small returns per unit of vast production and turnover.

Last year a cash-and-carry chain enterprise, selling meat and groceries at relatively low prices, did a $3,000,000,000 business at a profit on sales of a fraction over 1 per cent.

If communism means the fullest use of the national capital, the widest distribution of the national product, and the abolition of a proletarian status—and if it doesn't mean that, what *does* it mean?—then the United States can claim to be the most advanced communist country in the world!

And it is also the most community-conscious. In no other country are so many individuals voluntarily organized into associations to care for the needy, clean up municipalities, improve schools, expose corruption, beautify villages, improve race relations—pooling their energies and contributing from their pockets for purposes which promise them no personal gain.

"But what is it all worth," say the defeatists, "since we are heading straight into another great war?"

Are they so sure of that?

There will not be another great war unless the Soviet Union decides directly or through satellites to attack areas vital to western security, or unless this country loses its head. The United States and the nations associating themselves with us have renounced aggression against one another and against anyone else. The Soviet Union may not believe this to be true; perhaps we do not do all we could to make it clear to everyone on earth that it is true.

But if the Soviets are convinced that they are taking overwhelming risks, will they actually launch an attack which would result in hurling the entire American industrial armament at Soviet centers?

I somehow don't think they will. They will certainly go on trying to keep us running around the world, resisting non-Russian armies here or there. They will go on trying to destroy the value of the dollar and bankrupt the American economy. We shall have to be wiser and more prudent than we have been in the past five years. But I am sure it is an error to believe that everything is working well in the Soviet world. From the Soviet viewpoint I can see many reasons for caution, and I presume Soviet leaders see them too.

If many of our allies are weak and disillusioned, wouldn't it be better to cheer them up by keeping steady, rather than to add American disillusion and defeatism to theirs?

And if the worst should come to the worst, and we should have only ourselves, isn't "ourselves" a very, very great thing to have? Does anyone really doubt that all lances would break on a continentally united people, who fiercely love their land, and who can, if they ever have to, live on their own resources and ingenuity?

I believe that courageous facing of such possibilities is a first step toward overcoming fear. Great nations are defeated only when they are defeated in their own minds, and every sign of fear is a psychological battle won against us.

Truly, "We have nothing to fear but fear itself."

THE END

Serving Coke serves hospitality



You remember and you look forward
to ice-cold Coca-Cola
from the family refrigerator as part of
the happiest occasions at home.



COPYRIGHT 1951, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY



WONDERFUL, NEW RECIPE FOR

"The Little People"

PLAIN WHITE CAKE

Chosen from 63,000 recipes to be the CALUMET Cake-of-the-Month

Plain White Cake

2½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
3¼ teaspoons CALUMET Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
1½ cups sugar
½ cup shortening (at room temperature)
1½ teaspoons vanilla
¼ teaspoon almond extract
1 cup milk
4 egg whites, beaten to meringue* with ½ cup sugar

*For meringue, beat egg whites until foamy. Add ½ cup sugar gradually, beating only until meringue stands in soft peaks.

(*All measurements are level.*)

Note: Follow the rules of this recipe exactly and the result will be a DELICIOUS cake! It is particularly important not to substitute any other baking powder for CALUMET. For, as you may have noticed, more published recipes call for CALUMET than any other brand of baking powder... and the reasons are clear. CALUMET is not only Double-Acting but *Double-Dependable*, too... first in the mixing bowl, then again in the oven. It gives just the RIGHT amount of leavening for truly glorious cakes, biscuits, muffins, pancakes, waffles, coffee cake! No wonder...

TWICE AS MANY WOMEN USE CALUMET AS ANY OTHER BAKING POWDER

Method. Measure dry ingredients into sifter. Place shortening in mixer bowl and stir just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add flavoring and ¾ cup of the milk and mix until all flour is dampened. Then *beat 300 strokes by hand, or 2 minutes in mixer at a low speed.* (Count only actual beating strokes or beating time. Scrape bowl and spoon or beater often.) Add meringue and remaining milk and *beat 150 strokes by hand, or 1 minute in mixer at a low speed.*

Baking. Turn batter into two deep 9-inch layer pans, which have been lined on bottoms with paper, then greased. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 30 minutes. Cool.

Frosting. Spread your favorite white frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Garnish with border of shamrocks. For each shamrock, use 3 small round green gumdrops with sliver of gumdrop for stem.



In Baking Your Best Bet is—

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

DOUBLE-ACTING

A Product of General Foods

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

COLLIER'S



"Darling! Just what I've always wanted."

WHEN *Gertrude Lawrence*, the glamorous, was playing in Susan and God, she was considering matrimony. She took her producer, *John Golden*, into her confidence, and told him that she wanted to get married. But why, said Mr. Golden, should she of all people get married! She was one of the most popular actresses, she had a great career, she had plenty of money and plenty of beaux to take her out. Why should *she* want to get married? "Because," said Miss Lawrence wistfully, "I want to have someone to 'nudge'!"

•

We didn't know until we read NORTH OF MANHATTAN, that very sound and attractive book about old Westchester by *Harry Hansen*, that the Bronx was originally Bronck's Land, as belonging to early settler Jonas Bronck; that Yonkers was Yoncker's Land; and that Van Cortlandt Park was named after the first Dutch family to make a name and fortune in New Amsterdam. A long long time ago.

•

International understanding made a neat stride ahead, we'd say, when the children of Udine, Italy, sent two donkeys to the children of the United States. Each Italian child made a con-

(Continued on Page 16)

WIDE WORLD



Donkeys like this for U. S. zoos—thanks to Italian children.

What a Helper you have in handy Velveeta!



You have unexpected guests? These Velveeta sandwiches are sure winners!

When folks drop in, you're all set for "refreshments" with Velveeta on hand. Or when the youngsters demand a hand-out, again to your rescue comes Velveeta (chock-full of fine food values *from milk!*). What a helper you have in this *finest* of cheese foods.

For guests or the family try these open-face sandwiches. Spread toast slices (crusts trimmed) with Kraft Mayonnaise. Cover with Velveeta slices. Top with apple rings (which have been brushed with Parkay Margarine, sprinkled with brown sugar and broiled.) Add 2 strips of partially broiled bacon. Place in 350° oven until Velveeta is melted and bacon crisp. Serve hot.



Luncheon Special. Melt ½ lb. of Velveeta in top of double boiler. Stir in ¼ c. milk. Pour that rich (and nutritious!) cheese sauce over toast points topped with hard-cooked egg halves. Garnish with pimento.



Enjoy the
KRAFT TV THEATRE
Brilliant drama
every Wednesday
evening, NBC-TV.

GOOD FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

- VELVEETA IS DIGESTIBLE AS MILK ITSELF!
- RICH IN FOOD VALUES FROM MILK THAT THE WHOLE FAMILY NEEDS.
- PROTECTED! From fresh milk to sealed package this pasteurized process cheese food is protected every step of the way by strict Kraft Quality Control.

VELVEETA IS THE QUALITY CHEESE FOOD . . . MADE ONLY BY KRAFT

Mrs. America's FAVORITE coffee pots...

*The coffee pots that went to college!



* A great American university conducted exhaustive research to determine the exact coffee pot construction for making the best coffee *every time*. All Wear-Ever coffee-makers have the results of this scientific research incorporated in them.

Gleaming, *friendly-to-flavor* aluminum *protects* the rich, natural goodness of coffee, as it does the goodness of *all* foods. *Wear-Ever aluminum coffee-makers* last indefinitely, too. See Wear-Ever perks and drips at your favorite store.

NEW MATCHED, DELUXE SAUCEPAN SET BY

Beautify your kitchen . . . improve your cooking . . . with these modern, efficient pans. Beautiful firm-grip Bakelite handles. No rivets, rounded bottoms—for easy cleaning. Sturdy construction. Four pans nest together—save space.

WEAR-EVER Aluminum

WEAR-EVER TAC ALUMINUM TRADE MARK

© TACUCO 1951

(Continued from Page 14)

tribution equal to an American penny, to pay for the donkeys and to express appreciation for Marshall Plan aid. Guilia, the donkey that arrived at the Bronx Zoo, New York, was presented formally by Marina Mazio, small daughter of the Italian consul general, to Jimmy Reilley, son of the zoo's gorilla keeper. The companion donkey went on to Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago.

•

Among the very best of the March books is ROUND THE BEND, by *Nevil Shute*. Entirely different from Nevil Shute's other novels, this is the story of a religious experience, told in the terms of a skilled workman. The scene is Iran and Java, the narrator is an aviation-mechanic-turned-commercial-pilot from England, the hero a Chinese-Russian, also an expert plane mechanic, who becomes a man of prayer and a source of inspiration to the men who work around him. "My temples are the fitters' shop, the toolroom, and the hangar on the aerodrome. Nor do I need priests for what I teach, because each man who finds God in his daily work by working in a shop with other men, he is a priest for me."

This is a beautiful book, written in the plain words of plain people.

•

Another book with religious implications, this time Catholic. is FIRE IN THE DUST, an Irish novel by *Francis McManus. Impatient with the intolerance and bigotry of some of the clericals and many of the Irish townsfolk, Mr. McManus writes of religion in terms of the persecution of a fine young boy whose only sin was that he was "different." His book is deeply Catholic.*

•

We're going to hear many voices raised in controversy over the novel, FROM HERE TO ETERNITY, by the young soldier of World War II, ***James Jones***. It may well be called the greatest book of this war generation. Cruelty, brutality, sordidness (there the voices will be loudest) darken its pages. But human dignity rises above the ugliness, and true loyal patriotism. It isn't war. It is the Army. The Regular Army. It is a noble book in spite of the realistic foul language which is these soldiers' common talk. It is written in honesty and sincerity, and with deepest pity.

PRESS-ASSOCIATION, INC.



An American GI rests from battle in the South Pacific.

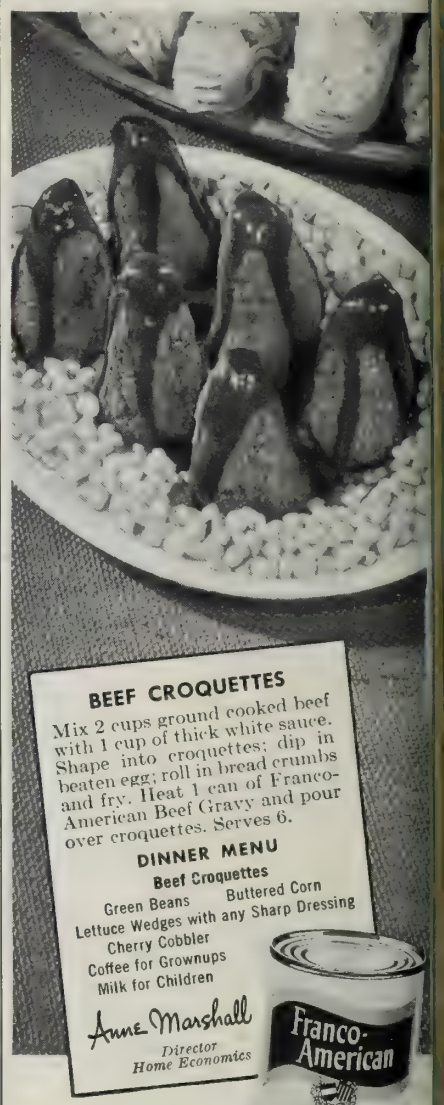
•

The patrons of the Algonquin Hotel, who seem to have always been the elite of the stage and the writing world, are given a thorough airing by ***Margaret***

(Continued on Page 18)

Perfect Gravy every time... ANY TIME!

SMOOTH . . . BROWN . . . DELICIOUS !



BEEF CROQUETTES

Mix 2 cups ground cooked beef with 1 cup of thick white sauce. Shape into croquettes; dip in beaten egg; roll in bread crumbs and fry. Heat 1 can of Franco-American Beef Gravy and pour over croquettes. Serves 6.

DINNER MENU

Beef Croquettes
Green Beans — Buttered Corn
Lettuce Wedges with any Sharp Dressing
Cherry Cobbler
Coffee for Grownups
Milk for Children

Anne Marshall
Director Home Economics



Just heat and serve... over Beef Croquettes!

• No more gravy failures! Make *perfect* gravy *every* time . . . *any* time . . . with Franco-American Beef Gravy. Made from fine, selected beef. Has that real pan-browned flavor. All ready to serve—just heat it.

This rich, grand tasting gravy, not only makes your croquettes taste better, it's also delicious with roasts, hot sandwiches—and in meat loaves or stews! Or add it to your own gravy—when you find you haven't enough and want more that has that home-made flavor.

Good cooks everywhere praise Franco-American Beef Gravy. You will, too! Get *several* cans *now!*

Franco-American BEEF GRAVY READY TO SERVE!

AUTOMATIC DE-FROST! 2 DOORS!
yours from PHILCO at far less cost!



PHILCO
Advanced Design
has a woman
in mind!

An e… of refrigerator
de… refrigeration engineers!



PHILCO
REFRIGERATORS

A SENSATIONAL ADVANCE IN REFRIGERATION! You've never seen a refrigerator anything like this new Philco! It's entirely different; it gives you the luxury of two doors and the convenience of *full* automatic defrost at a price that has never been known in refrigeration before.

YOU'RE FREE FOREVER FROM DEFROSTING DRUDGERY! *You* don't have to defrost either the freezer or main food compartment. No more ice chipping, no clock to watch, no indicator to set!

YOUR FROZEN FOODS STAY FROZEN. Philco De-frost works so fast even frozen foods stay frozen. No need to remove them from the freezer . . . no chance of thawing.

YOU ENJOY THE UTTER LUXURY OF A 2-DOOR MODEL. Yet you get this luxury at a price way below what you'd expect to pay!

PHILCO DUPLEX DESIGN MEANS A DRY REFRIGERATOR. In old-style 2-door refrigerators, water collects on the walls and floods down. Philco engineering has ended all this—no more wall-sweating or messiness!

EVERY FEATURE YOU COULD IMAGINE. Fully adjustable shelves, Meat Keeper, Deluxe Crispers—*all* the luxury and economy features you need and want.

PHILCO DUPLEX REFRIGERATORS come in 8, 10, and 12 cu. ft. sizes. Single door models in 7, 9, 11, and 13 cu. ft. sizes. See them *now* at your dealer's!

"You can fix anything with 'SCOTCH' Cellophane Tape"



MEND TORN WINDOW SHADES with a transparent strip of this tight-sticking, long-lasting tape.

COVER BROKEN FINGERNAILS with cellophane tape, trim to shape and then lacquer over.

MEND SHEET MUSIC neatly with firm-holding strips of smooth-surfaced "Scotch" Cellophane Tape.

"SCOTCH" Cellophane Tape

BRAND

IMPORTANT: There's more than one brand of cellophane tape — for quality, always insist on the "SCOTCH" brand, in the bright plaid dispenser.



Made in U.S.A. by
MINNESOTA MINING & MFG. CO.,
St. Paul 6, Minn.

Also makers of other "Scotch" Brand Pressure-sensitive Tapes, "Scotch" Sound Recording Tape, "Underseal" Rubberized Coating, "Scotchlite" Reflective Sheeting, "Safety Walk" Non-Slip Surfacing, "3M" Abrasives, "3M" Adhesives. ©1951 3M CO.

(Continued from Page 16)

Case Harriman in THE VICIOUS CIRCLE, a sprightly book, cram-jammed with good anecdotes, and re-creating a light-hearted day that has gone forever. Great names studded the hotel register. ***Booth Tarkington, Alfred Noyes, Lady Gregory, Rex Beach, Richard Harding Davis*** were among the many who penned their pieces within the walls of the modest little 44th Street hotel. ***DeWolf Hopper, Raymond Hitchcock, John Drew, the Barrymores, Elsie Janis, Constance Collier, Ina Claire,*** and countless others, studied their parts there for the theater.

It was only natural, then, that *Frank Case*, the proprietor (and father of the author), should become all but immune to famous names. But even he reeled slightly one night when the clerk came rushing up to tell him that *William Makepeace Thackeray, Mark Twain* and *Edgar Allan Poe* had just registered, and gone upstairs together. This proved to be a whimsey of *Frank Ward O'Malley*, of The Sun, who had come in from a late dinner and indulged his fancy in the hotel book.

Those were the days when ***Harold Ross*** *(long before he was an editor or there was a New Yorker) used to wear a two-and-a-half-inch crew cut, which inspired Ina Claire to say one fine spring day, "I feel so wonderful I'd like to take off my shoes and stockings and wade in Ross' hair!"*

•

McManus. *Impatient with the intolerance and bigotry of some of the clericals and many of the Irish townsfolk, Mr. McManus writes of religion in terms of the persecution of a fine young boy whose only sin was that he was "different." His book is deeply Catholic.*

•

We're going to hear many voices raised in controversy over the novel, FROM HERE TO ETERNITY, by the young soldier of World War II, ***James***

PRESS-ASSOCIATION, INC.



You're always hearing literary talk about how much better written are the English novels than the American, and how much more the American novelist has to say than the Britisher. Yet here are two novels, both good novels, on which any reader would be likely to guess wrong as to nationality (provided a few geographical names were struck out).

INTO THIN AIR is a delicate introspective story, told in understatement and with a beauty of phrase which we always associate with the British, yet it is by the American, ***Warren Beck.*** It is one of those rarities, the story of a "true love" (also more often found in English literature than in our own), and it will be enjoyed, by women particularly, to the last touching shred.

(Continued on Page 21)



"I can always make my family laugh by describing what corsets and swimsuits were like when I was a girl . . ."



"And how women had to suffer to enjoy a fashionable figure when I was a girl . . ."



"And how funny people used to look on the beach when I was a little girl . . ."



"And how lucky I am that I was born after the birth of . . .

Lastex
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

. . . the miracle yarn that makes things fit

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Rockefeller Center • New York

For young knits that give more... (FOR YOUR MONEY, WE MEAN)

Be sure to insist that they're labeled DURENE



It's like a signpost pointing to a wonderful buy—every time you see that Durene label . . . on baby knits, socks, T-shirts, anything! Because everything made of Durene mercerized cotton gives you so much service—in such a tip-top way. It washes better —more easily, too! Keeps its shape without the sagging, stretching or shrinking that neither you—nor anybody else—likes. And everything made of Durene yarn is not only more comfortable—because it's more absorbent—but it looks better . . . with a wonderful lustre that's there to stay. Never overlook that label Durene. It gives you top-quality, top-value all the way!



For your protection . . . Not only baby knits—but underwear, polo shirts, anklets, in fact *anything* labeled "Made of Durene yarn" is subject to Durene's Quality Control Plan. That means that before a garment can earn the Durene label it must first be able to pass thorough laboratory tests. So, whatever you see marked, stamped or labeled Durene, buy it. You'll be *glad* you did!

Why risk his health with temporary disinfectants?



"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant germ-fighting action continues between cleanings!

MOTHER! Fight the danger of sickness in your home! Buy "Lysol," to help guard your children against disease germs in house dust. *Use* "Lysol" in all cleaning, to help protect, *more lastingly* disinfect bathroom, kitchen, baby's room.

UNLIKE BLEACHES, which *call for thorough cleaning, before disinfecting—and which even then disinfect only temporarily*—"Lysol" kills germs *while you clean*—in *one* operation. It remains potent in the presence of dust and dirt. Regular use of "Lysol" leaves a *continuing* anti-germ blanket *between* cleanings.

HIGHLY CONCENTRATED, "Lysol" brand disinfectant is economical to use. You need only 2½ tablespoonfuls to each gallon of water. Get hospital-proved "Lysol," the world's largest-selling germ killer, *today!*

BE PREPARED, if sickness *should* strike your home! Your druggist now features *Sickroom Needs!* Check your medicine cabinet and get all *your* needs *today!*

NOW YOU CAN
Smoke and Smile too!

ARE YOUR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN?
USE
IODENT No. 2
TOOTHPASTE
A SAFE HEAVY-TEXTURE DECAY FIGHTING TOOTH PASTE MADE BY A DENTIST AND
GUARANTEED
TO RESTORE TOOTH SPARKLE

Join the millions of users who have found twice-daily brushing with Iodent No. 2 or No. 2+A is the best, safest, pleasantest way of whisking away hard-to-remove smudges—even smoke smudge—and recapturing an attractive, sparkling smile. And moreover, Iodent's delightful clean flavor and decay fighting action will give you a sweeter breath and a healthier mouth.

All this backed with our guarantee that if results don't satisfy you we will refund your full purchase price upon the return *to us* of your partly used tube.

All Iodents fight tooth decay. But if you prefer a paste giving the added protection of modern decay fighting Ammonium Compounds ask for Iodent 1+A or 2+A.

Buy all Iodents in big Economy Size tubes—only 47c. The Iodent Co., Detroit, Mich.

MOTHERS! Protect *young* folks' teeth with Iodent No. 1 or 1+A—the special gentle *formula* for young, growing teeth! Children love its clean, palate-pleasing flavor. Get a large tube today and help your children FIGHT TOOTH DECAY. At same low price—47c.

IODENT 1+A
AMMONIUM
FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN



(Continued from Page 18)

STRAIT AND NARROW, on the other hand, is as American as local golf clubs, keeping up with the Joneses, get-ahead-in-business and uncomfortable mothers-in-law. Not that they don't have all these impedimenta in English life, but they so seldom get them into literature. This novel, full of action and excitement and personal intrigue, is by Englishman ***Geoffrey Cotterell.***

Take your choice, but let's hear no more of these generalities about national literary characteristics (which goes for this department, that has sinned in print and far too often on this very point).

•

The strangest land in the world—not to penguins but to us northerners—is Antarctica. **THE WHITE CONTINENT**, by ***Thomas R. Henry,*** is about the Antarctic, and it reads like an unbelievable frosty fairy tale.

This is the sort of thing:

One evening some winters back, a blizzard arose suddenly over the Antarctic, and the drivers of two tractored jeeps got lost trying to make their way from the gasoline dump to the base camp, a distance of only two hundred yards. They floundered helplessly in the dense whiteness, and eventually found themselves back at the gasoline dump where they had started. After the storm it was discovered that their tracks had made a complete circle nearly a mile in radius, always turning left—although both men insisted they had meant to bear to the right in the direction of the camp.

This is what we mean by one of the unbelievables. Everything in Antarctica turns left. Lost men and dogs, penguins and seals. Snow swirls to the left. The sun

REPRODUCED FROM THE NEW YORKER BY PERMISSION. COPYRIGHT, 1942, THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.



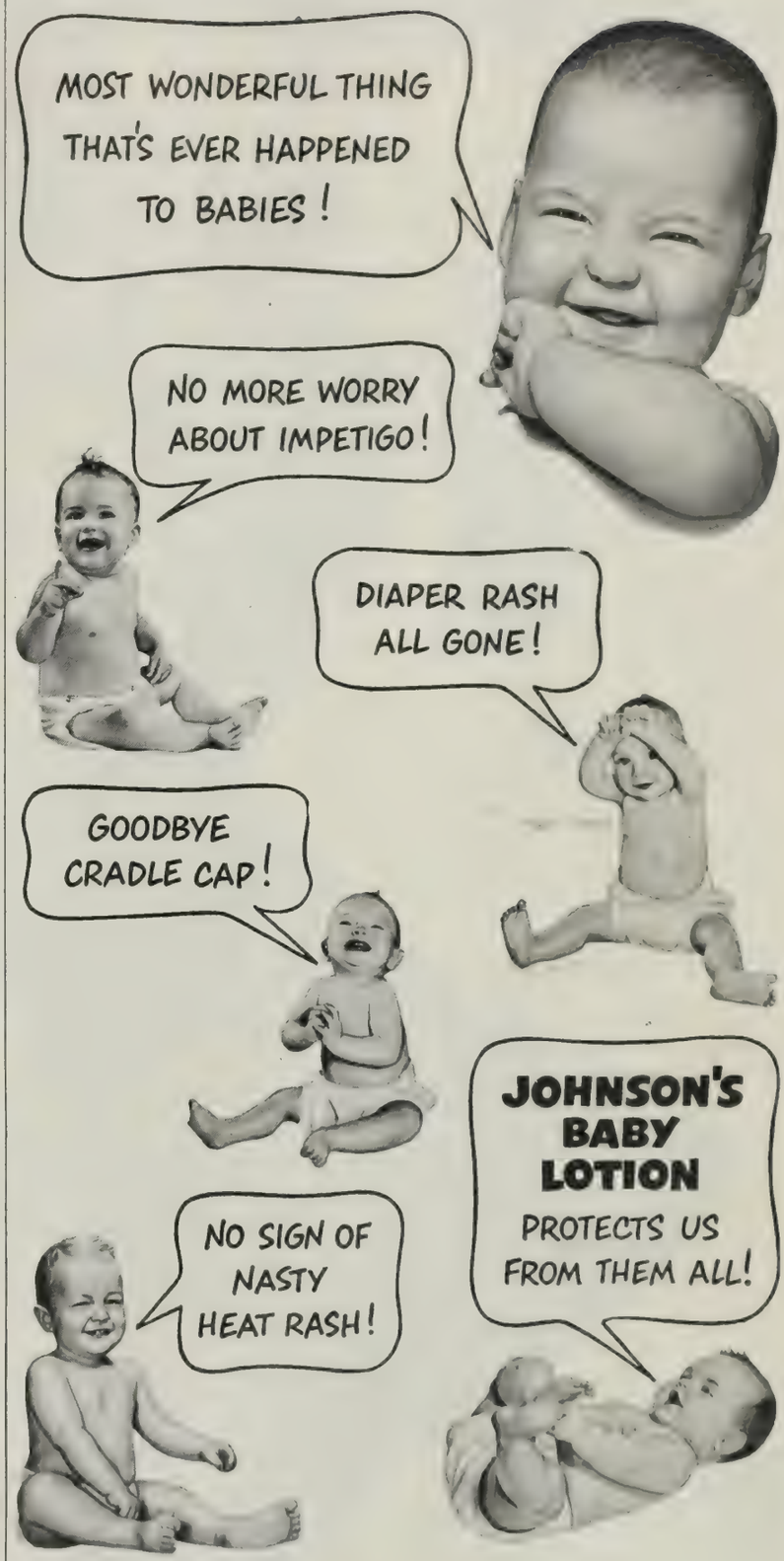
"I just got fed up with being formal all the time."

moves from right to left. Even when men try consciously to turn right, the sum of several turns is always to the left.

In the strange white darkness which veils the Antarctic during the summer months, moving objects suddenly disappear before the eyes. . . . There are no shadows. . . . The mirage, the "fata morgana," enables the explorer to see land and ice fields far beyond the normal range of vision.

Antarctica—were it not for the cold—could be a health resort. Here is earth's richest, driest, purest air. Dust particles, pollen grains, fungus spores, bacteria exist only in such minute quantities as to be negligible.

Here is complete insurance against the common allergies like ragweed, colds, rose fever. The air is sterilized by enormous amounts of ultraviolet radiated from every direction twenty-four hours a day during the three months of summer. Here is the ideal location for tuberculosis sanatoria—*were it not so cold!*



MOTHER—are you using it on your baby?

Johnson's Baby Lotion offers wonderful new protection against common baby-skin afflictions.

Hospitals proved it highly effective in the prevention of impetigo, diaper rash (ammoniacal dermatitis), cradle cap, heat rash. Actually *kills* germs, yet is soothing, non-irritating. Ends "ammonia" diaper odor, too. Use after bath, at diaper changes. Start this scientific care today.



JOHNSON'S BABY LOTION

Johnson & Johnson

A hundred thousand live who would have died!



If this were 1900....

instead of 1951, there would be far fewer children playing on your street and other streets across the nation. More than a hundred thousand live *this year* who then would have died . . . . but this *is* 1951 and they will not die. They will live because the medical professions have teamed up with research workers in many scientific fields to create substances that *prevent* as well as *cure* disease. Lederle has been an effective and proud member of this team. Great strides have been made against the common epidemic infections—diphtheria, whooping cough, typhoid, measles, and smallpox. "Lockjaw," or tetanus, once a dread killer, has largely been conquered.

The Lederle name stands for *quality of product* and *research achievement*, throughout the world. Only under a system of free enterprise could the accomplishments of research have been achieved by the Lederle-Cyanamid organization in the fields of medicine and nutrition in man and animals. Together we have brought . . . and we will continue to bring . . . life, health and happiness to mankind. Through research, they live who would have died!

Lederle

(Pronounced Led' er ler)

Painted for Lederle by Douglass Crockwell

YOUTH COUNSELING CENTER . . .

In Defense of Your Community

By MARGARET HICKEY

HISTORY holds valuable lessons for all who have the desire to learn them. In the ruins and rubble of ancient cities, one can see the hopes and ambitions of once powerful and influential nations. Now only the traces remain—the Rose City of Petra, the Pillars of Baalbek, the picturesque theater of Tyre.

We ask ourselves, "What happened to these people?" How did they lose their influence and usefulness? They must have worked hard, they must have loved their countries. Their women must have wept, as we would weep, to see their homes destroyed, their families scattered and enslaved by a savage and more vigorous enemy. These ancient people must have become indifferent to their danger. They could not be roused in time to stop the great tides of destruction that finally engulfed them and their way of life.

Work and Sacrifice

Today *we* stand upon the brink of danger. Many peoples of the world look to us. We have our stockpile of problems within and without our borders. How can we avoid the mistakes of history? How can we be sure that our individual citizens care enough to work and sacrifice for the ideals that made our nation great? How many remain in the ranks of the indifferent, deploring our country's problems, but making no attempt either to understand or to solve them?

Simple Tasks Count

Asked if they would volunteer for their country's defense, few people would hesitate to answer "Yes." But many picture such duty as something removed from everyday life—like rescuing the wounded after an air raid, or escorting children out of a war zone.

Actually, a nation's real defense begins with individual effort in normal community life, with tasks as simple and essential as going to the polls to vote every time there is an election. In this difficult and dangerous period of history, it may be hard at first to recognize the pathway to service. But the woman who takes on even the smallest community task is playing a valuable part in the defense of her country. However inconspicuous her assignment, she is answering the need of her own land, and that need is great.

No day passes when there is not an opportunity to prove your willingness to work for your country. When you are asked to volunteer for work in your local Civil Defense office, to solicit in a Community Chest drive, to donate blood to the Red Cross, to purchase an extra war bond, to be a Cub mother for the Boy Scouts, you are being given a chance to pledge your service. These simple tasks are the foundation of national security. No one who performs them remains indifferent to our country's problems. Let us prove that we are worthy of our national heritage by volunteering for our nation's defense today.

THE END

In Cortland, New York

THIS is an account of the efforts of a small community to prevent juvenile delinquency. It does not need a song-and-dance beginning. The facts are dramatic enough.

Having presided over the Cortland County Children's Court in Cortland, New York, for nine years, Judge Morse Ames is in a position to know the facts about the city's chil lren in trouble. His court is an informal one, where counseling is practiced more often than legal action, but when a situation is serious enough to require the court's attention, it is almost too late to help the child. Judge Ames hears tales of tangled lives that would test a Solomon.

. . . A runaway girl who must go back to live in an eight-by-twelve shack with five younger children plus the parents, who were separated, then together, then separated again, now living together, but both working in the daytime, drinking at night.

. . . A fourteen-year-old boy, guilty of stealing, says he isn't entirely on mom's side any more when his father beats her, since he came home unexpectedly one Sunday morning and found her in bed with another man.

. . . Two little boys, guilty of starving into such a state of malnutrition they couldn't climb on the school bus. Their indigent parents and older brothers and sisters gobbled up the food before they could get to it.

. . . A nineteen-year-old married woman, estranged from her husband, and a thirteen-year-old girl, both claiming pregnancy by a sixteen-year-old boy. The younger girl wins out before her fourteenth birthday by producing indisputable evidence—a baby. . . .

In problem cases such as these, the judge often has no recourse but to order the child removed from his family and placed in a children's home or other institution. It is not a good solution and it is an unpleasant duty. New surroundings may have their own ill effects. *(Continued on Page 100)*

SOL LIBSOHN



This young man has been associated with dishonest persons, and his respect for the law is impaired. Counselor Willis Thomas believes in helping young people with their problems before they get into trouble.



The Best Cooks Use Stokely's Finest Foods



Mrs. J. D. Young, 3852 Graceland Ave., voted Best Cook by Navy Club of U.S.S. Auxiliary Ship No. 42.

Ask Mrs. Young why the juices *she* serves are always Stokely's Finest, and she'll tell you: You'd need a citrus grove to get juice as fine, as fresh-tasting. You'd need fruit specially grown for natural sweetness . . . ripened on the tree, then picked and pressed when it's heavy with juice. That's what you get when you open a can of Stokely's Finest Orange Juice or Citrusip, the refreshing blend of orange-and-grapefruit that's getting to be as famous as that original favorite, Stokely's Finest Tomato Juice. For breakfast, lunch, and on your appetizer tray, enjoy the *finest* juices . . . reach for Stokely's to get the Finest.



Reference Library

Something new for the cradle set



2106
BABY BLANKET. 15c.
A simple pattern, trimmed with lace.



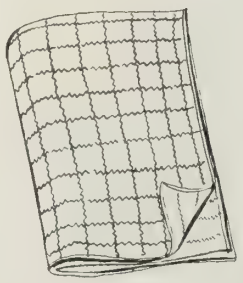
2107
JACKET AND BONNET. 15c.
To knit; lace trims yoke and bonnet.



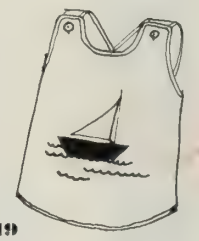
2143
KNITTED SWEATER. 10c.
Crossbar design is done in two colors.



2282
KNITTED SACK. 10c.
Lazy-daisy trim accents neckline.



2144
KNITTED ROBE. 10c.
Matches sweater 2143.



2519
BABY BIBS. 15c.
Made from terry cloth.
Second design included.

CHILD CARE

1345. OUR BABIES. Complete reference book on the care of the baby. 50c.
2383. BEFORE THE BABY COMES. Information covering prenatal care. 50c.
1346. A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER. A booklet on breast feeding. 6c.

Monthly Booklets on Baby Care:
First Series: Eight booklets, one each on the baby's first eight months. 50c.
Second Series: Seven booklets covering the ninth through the twenty-fourth month. 50c.

We will gladly send any of these patterns and booklets if you'll order by number. They will be mailed anywhere in the United States and Canada upon receipt of cash, check or money order. Do not send stamped, addressed envelopes. Allow two to three weeks for delivery. Readers in all foreign countries should send International Reply Coupons, purchased at their post office. Please address all requests to Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

ORDER BLANK

PATTERN NUMBERS	

Name _____
(Please Print)
Street _____
City _____ Zone _____
State _____

New... and Years Ahead

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

REFRIGERATORS

Ahead in Quality

Ahead in Convenience

Ahead in Features

Ahead in Design



MODEL HA-92
Capacity 9.2 cubic feet

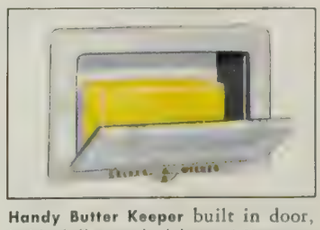
Color-Keyed TO YOUR KITCHEN!



Now ...
Rainbow Hues to Accent Refrigerator Door Handles

Now you can have color in your refrigerator to match your kitchen! For the door handle, choose from ten beautiful hues to complete your color scheme. And you can change color in the handle any time. It's an IH exclusive!





Handy Butter Keeper built in door, holds *full pound of butter!* Keeps at creaming consistency. (Model HA-92)



Built-In Bottle Opener built into cabinet frame. Magnetized on Model HA-92 to keep caps from falling.

they're femineered!

FEMINEERING AT ITS FINEST—Pantry-Dor shelves give convenient, front-row storage . . . full-width Freezers hold up to 50 lbs. . . . Coldstream Crispers keep vegetables and fruit fresher, longer . . . Stainless Steel Shelves . . . Egg-O-Mat, Diffuse-O-Lite, Shadowline styling and other great IH exclusives!

FAMOUS IH QUALITY—from *top to bottom, inside and outside*—for excellent service year in, year out!

SEVEN MODELS! SEVEN SIZES! SEVEN PRICES!—to suit every family, every home, every budget. See all *seven* new beauties at your IH Refrigerator dealer's today.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue **Chicago 1, Illinois**

COPYRIGHT, 1951, INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY.

International Harvester Also Builds Home Freezers . . . McCormick Farm Equipment and Farmall Tractors . . . Motor Trucks . . . Industrial Power

Making Marriage Work

"I want a divorce, but he doesn't, and it takes courage to push it through alone." It takes even more courage to save a marriage—but sometimes it can be done.

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

Do You See Both Sides?

IN our first interview, Mrs. S. told me she'd been married six years and had one son whom both she and her husband loved devotedly. Despite her fresh, pretty face, she looked much older than her twenty-eight years, for she was badly overweight. Her problem, as she described it, was her husband's violent temper.

"The least thing makes him fly off the handle. He threatens, swears, and sometimes even slaps me. . . . I want a divorce, but he doesn't, and it takes a lot of courage to push it through alone."

Mrs. S., having already decided divorce was the solution, was seeking counsel merely to build her courage to go ahead. But the true marriage counselor is not a divorce consultant; his job is to help two people make marriage work.

What we did was to discuss her problem further, with the counselor as sympathetic but noncommittal listener. (With her permission, the conference was recorded.) Gradually, details were added and the picture was enlarged.

• *They married before he felt financially secure.* "He worked his way through college and thought we should postpone marriage because he helped support his parents. But when he got a good job I persuaded him his salary was enough."

• *He relied on his wife's love.* "He wanted a wife who would love him more than anything else in the world. I did, until I discovered his temper."

• *He wanted to be proud of his wife.* "He used to bring friends home to meet me and he liked to show me off, but he hates my being so heavy."

• *He was a penny pincher.* "He's generous with our son, but stingy about household improvements and my personal expenses."

After considerable persuasion, the husband was persuaded to come in for a conference. Here is a summary of his story:

"My wife's an only child and used to having her own way. We were married before I was established, but she said money didn't matter. . . . She can't understand why I worry about the future. . . . I'd still be proud of her looks if she weren't so fat, but she says I nag her about it. . . . I lose control of my temper when she criticizes my parents. . . . She brags about me to outsiders but never when we're alone, and I feel inferior. . . . She says I'm unappreciative, and maybe I am. . . ."

There are the two sides of the picture. Note that each partner recognizes good qualities in the other and shortcomings in himself. But each justifies his own faults while seeing no excuse for the weaknesses of the other.

Through a series of painstaking conferences, common understanding was gradually re-established. As understanding increased, so did willingness to undertake a program of improvement. Here are the steps they took:

• *She went on a diet.* Recognizing that instead of escaping her problems by overindulgence in food she was aggravating them, she was at last able to deny herself.

• *He increased the household budget.* His lifelong habit of penny pinching, though now unnecessary, was hard to break. But his sense of justice impelled him to do so, and a long-standing source of tension was eliminated.

• *He renounced his sense of inferiority*, though not overnight. Instead of brooding over her superior advantages and background, he deliberately cultivated pride in his own substantial achievements.

• *Each formed the habit of praising the other.* It is not easy to substitute praise for criticism, but as they did so, they found occasions for criticism diminishing, opportunities for praise more frequent.

• *Both cultivated insight.* This was their greatest and most difficult achievement. At the start, each undertook to examine differences from the other's point of view. When, after months of effort, this reciprocity became habitual, their fundamental marriage problem was resolved.

As Mrs. S. says, getting a divorce takes courage. But even more courage may be required to stick with an unhappy marriage and work for its success. Yet many unhappy marriages can be solved, provided husband and wife face the problem with determination and faith. Above all, both must recognize that there are two sides to every question, particularly in marriage.

Are You Likable?

People's attitude toward you depends not only on what you do, but also on the way you do it. Do not set down a "yes" answer to a question unless it applies almost all the time.

Are you

1. **Usually in a good humor?**
2. **Conservative in speech and behavior?**
3. **Often confided in by your friends?**
4. **At ease in talking to a group?**
5. **Loath to criticize another's mistakes?**
6. **Glad to lend things to friends?**
7. **Free from sensitiveness and shyness?**

Do you

1. **Like to do favors for others?**
2. **Find most jokes and stories amusing?**
3. **Smile readily—and frequently?**
4. **Encourage friends to call on you?**
5. **Like most people on first meeting?**
6. **Frequently ask advice from others?**
7. **Have your share of social skills?**

Most people answer "yes" to 10 or 11 of these questions. But failure on even one or two may offset favorable answers to the rest. Analyze any "no" responses to see if you can't effect a change that will bring about improvement in others' feelings about you.

The Hospitable Home

IN a world torn by strife and confusion, home remains both the symbol and the source of enduring values. It is the basis of individual security; for a happy home fosters that deep sense of "belongingness" which is man's best preparation for withstanding the pressures of modern life.

To fulfill its purpose, the home must be truly hospitable, offering an unfailing welcome not only to occasional invited guests, but even more importantly to husband and children, and to neighbors "just dropping in." Though physical comforts play a part, the atmosphere of welcome, at all times and under any circumstances, is the essential ingredient of hospitality. For both the material and the psychological aspects, you, as hostess, are primarily responsible.

The house is the setting and the living room the center. Stress comfort and relaxation, rather than imposing appearance. Adequate reading lights, chairs grouped for easy conversation, tables within reach for a soft drink or an ash tray, extend an invitation to linger; overly polished surfaces and overformal groupings do not.

Entertainment, or the means of entertainment, should be available for guests of all ages. While conversation is often a sufficient pastime, it's desirable to suggest alternatives—bridge or canasta, or an outstanding radio or television program. And for your children's friends, or your friends' children, a guest shelf of games and toys will prove invaluable.

The offer of refreshment, however simple, enhances hospitality. A bottled drink or a cup of tea makes a casual call a festive occasion. A bowl of fruit or nuts is a welcoming note in the living room. And allow for your children's friends, as well as your own, in your provisions.

Now, perhaps more than ever before, people need to feel that home is a secure haven where they will find affection, comfort and good fellowship. What home means to your husband and children depends on you. They also contribute, but the determining influences are provided by you—the setting you create, the atmosphere you foster, and above all the example you offer.

Do You Agree?

Six months ago, I met a young marine now at camp. We write almost daily letters, and we've had two more dates and many telephone calls. We plan to be married at Easter. Can we be happy?

No such hasty marriage has much hope of happiness. Why not wait until you are better acquainted?



in all her

Day Dreams

. . . a wedding, a home, all her very own. She's wishful about a table aglow with most precious Wallace Sterling. It will be proudly displayed in sculptured "Third Dimension Beauty"— lovingly cherished as her most prized possession.



Famed designer, William S. Warren, created these exquisite patterns in full-formed sculpture. Each design is lovely from every view—not only in front, but in profile and back as well. Only Wallace Sterling Silver has "Third Dimension Beauty." Six piece place settings from $32.50 to $43.50 including tax.

 Copyright 1954

the sub-deb

edited by JAN WEYL



Anything on your mind?



. . . by Joyce Behr, age 19

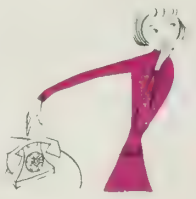
"How old should a girl be before she starts dating?"



This depends on your parents, and the community where you live. We asked around and discovered that in big cities girls often start dating as young as fourteen, while in smaller towns many don't date until they're sixteen or seventeen. So—if your parents say okay, and the other gals are doing it, start having dates whenever you wish. But if they say no—and you still feel you're old enough for boy-girl fun—ask your gang over some Saturday night for a Coke-and-record party. Give yourself a chance to get better acquainted with boys and what they like to talk about, so that when you *do* start dating, the boys will never let you stop!

"Is it all right to call a boy on the telephone?"

When you're reaching for the phone, stop and ask yourself: Is this call necessary? If it is—because you need his advice on plans for next week's home-room program, or because you'd like to ask him to the party your gang is giving—go ahead. It *is* necessary. But if there's nothing special on your mind, and you're calling just because you'd like to hear the sound of his voice, resist the impulse! Find yourself a good book, call your best *girl* friend or, better yet, dig into tonight's algebra assignment. Get your mind off *him*—and onto something else that interests you. Remember: if he wants to talk to you, he'll call you himself. In this respect, it's strictly a man's world.



"How far ahead should a boy ask for a date?"

We took our own private poll of Sub-Debs all over the country, and here's their answer: for a regular Saturday-night movie date, two to three days is sufficient notice, while informal dances and parties require at least three days' notice—and even better, a week. If it's a formal dance, he should ask you two weeks ahead. And while all the girls said that they liked spur-of-the-moment dates *sometimes*, they all agreed not too often!

"How should you act toward a boy who stands you up?"

It's not hard to know how you *feel*, is it? You're annoyed, your pride has been hurt, probably you wish (or *think* you wish) you never had to see him again—ever. And you can show him that, too, by sailing past him on the street with your nose in the air—*if* you're sure you never want to see him again. But give yourself a chance to calm down first. You must have thought he was nice or you wouldn't have made the date. And you don't know yet *why* he didn't show up. Maybe he thought you meant *next* Saturday night. Give him the benefit of the doubt. Act friendly enough so he *can* tell you why he didn't show up, or, if there's a chance, ask him—"Hey, am I wrong, or did we make a date for last Saturday night?" Then judge for yourself whether his explanation is good enough to rate making a second date.



"What can a girl do if she's taller than the boys she knows?"

There's one word that answers this question,—wait! Wait for the boys to catch up with you. (The proportion of men six feet or over has increased more than one third since 1917!) A girl's most rapid growth comes when she's twelve, and usually she stops growing completely by the time she's twenty. Whereas a boy doesn't grow so rapidly until he's fifteen, and then he may continue growing slightly until he's twenty-one. Well, you don't have to wait until a boy's twenty-one, but you may have to wait until he's seventeen or eighteen. And if you do, use that time to good advantage. Concentrate, first, on good posture. If you slump and slouch, you *accentuate* your height. So stand up straight, shoulders back, head high. You have all the advantages over shorter girls when it comes to wearing clothes, and you'll need a good straight figure to show them off. Try to look *smart* rather than pretty. Wear simple, sporty-type clothes, go easy on the ruffles, and when it comes to purses and jewelry, make them *big*. And go out for lots of activities at school. Be a girl the boys can call on any time there's a job that needs doing. Act as if you're proud of your height—and you *will* be.

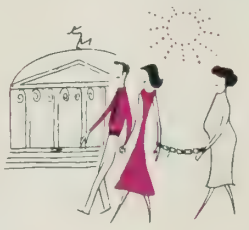


Do you agree with this Sub-Deb?

"Many boys have the attitude that they don't have to date any more because the girls will eventually ask them to a party. They think there's no sense in spending $3 on a date when they can meet the girls at the teen-age hangout. Soon they won't bother dating at all."

What do you know about THAT?

In Norway, girls offer to pay for their share of the date, and after the first two dates, the boys usually accept. . . . In Denmark, a boy calls the girl the same night he wants to take her out. . . . Girls in the south of Italy date only in the afternoon—and always with a chaperon. . . . Mexican girls also see boys only with chaperons—even after they are engaged. . . . And a Polish girl must bring the boy home to spend an evening with her family before she may make a date with him. . . . When a German boy first meets a girl, he wouldn't think of inviting her to a movie because that would mean he couldn't think of any other way to entertain her. . . . In Hungary, when a boys' school is giving a dance, each boy invites as many girls as he can, so that a popular girl might have as many as ten invitations. Then the boys (and not the girl!) get together and decide which three or four boys will actually take her to the dance. . . . Because families in Uruguay dine from 8:30 to 9:30 or later, dates don't begin until 10, must end by midnight, when the trolleys and busses stop running. . . . Swedish boys like to bring their girls flowers before a date—always in *odd* numbers (three, five, seven flowers or upwards) because they think that's good luck.





Know Your Man!

Most boys frown on individuality and stick together, but a *smart* girl knows they're *really* all different. The Sub-Deb booklet, KNOW YOUR MAN, tells how to make a hit with each type. Send 5c to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.; ask for No. 1532. Use coupon on Page 24.

MUNKACSI



Tell me, Doctor —PART 14

"How much pain will there be, Doctor? Is it true that it's possible to have a completely painless labor?"

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

WAS reading an article in a popular magazine the other day," said Mrs. Doe. "It had to do with painless labor, and was very interesting. Did see it, Doctor?"

t must admit that my supplementary ing has fallen sadly behind recently, to the stress of work," was the doctor's y. "It is most unfortunate, but of late I been compelled to rely as best I could n my medical journals and, of course, t I could glean from the regularly ed meetings at the Academy of licine."

Doctor! You are laughing at me!"

ndeed not. Only smiling."

Don't you believe in such articles?"

have no fault to find with them. To the truth, I was amused at the naïve ner in which you brought up the sub- As a matter of fact, I *am* familiar with article, and I must admit that I found together interesting. I had heard the ect discussed six months ago at the demy by the individuals who did the arch work. I am glad to see you so in- sted."

Well, naturally I was interested. If I have my baby without any pain at —"

I'm afraid that's a rather sweeping as- ption. However, you certainly can t on your labor being made easier, in way or another."

But this completely painless labor is to be something quite new, doesn't

Who was the philosopher who said e was nothing new under the sun? As a ter of fact, doctors have been working ake painless labor a reality for nearly ng as I can remember. Did you ever of the *Daemmer-schlaf*—twilight sleep, is?"

Yes, I believe I have, but I seem to be on the subject."

I think it was in 1915 that Kroenig and ss, two rather famous professors at the berg Clinic, in Germany, announced method for painless delivery, which called by the alluring name *twilight* . They attained their results by alter- hypodermic injections of two different gs, the object being to attain amnesia— is, forgetfulness. Straightway came a and from expectant mothers all over country to be given the new treatment.

"It was really quite uncanny, the way the thing worked. When the patient was under the drugs, she would sleep between her pains and partly rouse upon the advent of a new one. I could come into her room and talk with her—and even make an examination—and a half hour later she would have no recollection of having seen me. After her baby was born, it was as though a day—or part of a day—had been stolen out of her life, for she could remember nothing that had happened after she received the injections. However, as time went on and women came back for a second delivery, I found to my surprise that most of them didn't care to have the experience repeated. There was something about it that left unpleasant recollections. This didn't happen universally, but frequently enough so that it appeared significant. That wasn't the real reason why I dropped twilight sleep, however."

"What *was* the reason, Doctor?"

"As time went on we noted that we were having trouble resuscitating some of the babies. Similar reports began coming in from all parts of the country. I can't remember that I actually *lost* any infants, but I was scared upon more than one occasion. And I didn't like the idea of having to worry for hours after a delivery that the child might be in difficulty. So I went back to older, and, what I considered safer, methods of pain control; so did the majority of my colleagues."

"Couldn't someone have improved upon the original method?"

"They did. They tried everything—different doses and balances of the same drugs and of different drugs; rectal enemas containing anesthetics and sedatives; hypodermic injections directly into the spinal canal; inhalations of every anesthetic in the catalogue. All of them have some value, but as far as I am concerned I haven't yet found one that I consider perfect."

"I read somewhere about the spinal method."

"The chief trouble with the so-called spinal method—it really is not spinal but caudal—is that it increases the number of instrumental deliveries. The continuous caudal method does have especial merit. However, another objection I have to it is that the average doctor is not a skilled anesthetist, and it requires the services of such a person. The obstetrician is likely to have his hands full with his own duties."

"But couldn't one employ an anesthetist?"

(Continued on Page 98)

right, 1951, by Henry B. Safford, M.D. This is urteenth of a series of articles taken from the book tly published by Renbayle House, Publishers, Inc., York, N. Y.



In your living room, hang organdies straight over a bay window, use single pair as over-drapes

In your bedroom, loop one pair in several places

It's so easy to decorate with

Berkshire Combed Organdy Curtains

8 fashion-right colors chosen by House & Garden's panel of experts as only Berkshire makes them!

You can give every room in the house that decorator touch with Berkshire's lavish organdy curtains. Loop them back, hang them straight or in scores of new ways—they're fashion-right!

House & Garden's own panel of experts selected these exciting shades to key with other smart home furnishings. There are colors to blend with every decorative scheme.

Berkshire Organdies are woven of fine combed yarns with a permanent finish that keeps its crispness after repeated washings. They're full-cut with generous, picot-edged ruffles, ample headings and rod slots. Ready-to-hang in all popular sizes.

See Berkshire's stunning new colors and classic white organdies at your favorite store or send coupon below for information.

Avocado	*Hot Chocolate*	*Flame*
French Blue	*Sprout*	*Carnation*
Citron	*Forest Leaf*	*White*



In your dining room, drape pair to one side, hang extra panel straight



In your kitchen, criss-cross sill-length organdies

Berkshire®
FINE CURTAINS
Producers of the finest combed fabrics for apparel and home furnishings

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Send 10¢ for booklet, "Fashions in Windows," that will help you solve your window problems . . . also name of nearest store where you can buy Berkshire Combed Organdy Curtains in House & Garden colors and white.

BERKSHIRE CURTAINS, Dept. LH-3, Madison Sq. Sta. Box No. 159 New York 10, N. Y.

I enclose 10¢. Please send me a copy of "Fashions in Windows" and name of nearest store selling Berkshire Organdies in House & Garden colors and white.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

That June Bride Complexion!

Win a softer, smoother skin with your First Cake of Camay!

This lovely, lovely Camay Bride is MRS. CHARLES A. MORROW, Jr., *the former Barbara Sommers of Califon, N. J.*



"Divinely tall and most divinely fair" Barbara Morrow—with hazel eyes and complexion any girl might envy. She w that softer, lovelier look with Camay. Y with her very *first cake!*

"My sister was a Camay Bride," says the bea tiful Barbara. "And everyone raves abo her complexion. So, I tried regular Cam care myself. And my skin looked softer a clearer with my *first cake* of Camay!"

Like this exquisite Camay Bride, you yo self can wake the sleeping beauty of y skin with your *first cake* of Camay. Yo have a fresher, younger-looking complex when you change to regular care . . . mild, gentle, rich-lathering Camay alo Never let a lesser soap than Camay tou your skin—and expect quick, new loveline



Display a lovelier skin!

Use Camay in your bath, too—give all your s a luxurious beauty treatment! The daily Ca Beauty Bath brings to your arms and legs shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look touches you with Camay's flattering fragra Bathe your way to new beauty with Camay!

There's no finer beauty soap in all the world!

Camay's so mild and gentle! It gives such a rich, fragrant lather—and the "Beauty-Bath" size is Camay at its best. Big, handy, economical—that's the size of it! More creamy complexion lather—that's the beauty of this larger cake!



Camay

the Soap of Beautiful Women

Journal about Town

Fifty Years Ago In The Journal



IN March, 1901, ex-President Benjamin Harrison died at Indianapolis. Standard Oil (as yet undisturbed by Teddy Roosevelt's trust-busting activities) announced that it had distributed $68,000,000 to stockholders in one year. Minnesota prohibited the sale or manufacture of cigarettes, and at Corsicana, Texas, a Negro was burned at the stake.

According to the article, Girls Who Go in for Something, in the February, 1901, JOURNAL, *the most popular women's hobbies of the day were: banjo lessons, shooting, golfing, canoeing, Japanese sword guards and cakewalking.*

"Table for a Family of Two: In large cities a family of two may eat well on five dollars a week. In winter, large cuts of meat will keep if hung in the open air."

Fashion: "The newest sleeves have very long oversleeves slashed at the elbow so as to let the undersleeve of lace peep out."

"Wow-wow sauce, made with parsley, walnuts, gherkins, olives and mushroom ketchup, is used for boiled beef or corned beef."

Advice to mothers: "If possible, keep your boy at home through at least the first two years of college. Then he will use his freedom without any temptation to abuse it."

Personalities of the Day: "While a hearty eater, Vice-President Theodore Roosevelt cares only for the simplest of foods, preferring chops or beefsteak, hominy, milk and rice pudding. It is almost impossible for him to distinguish one tune from another, yet he always bares his head when The Star-Spangled Banner is played."

"Developing the hips and widening the chest may be successfully done by proper exercise."

"Menu cards are going out of favor. When twelve-course dinner parties were common, they helped the guest to gauge his appetite so that he could eat some of every course and not feel he had eaten too much when the dinner was over."



Gossip about people you know, editors you like, and what goes on in New York



BUCHERO

Rockefeller Center's Chief Warden Fitch discusses defense preparations with Journal Warden Margaret Davidson, Mary Bass, Norman Gardner.

SEEMS that Rockefeller Center here, with its total daily population of roughly 160,000 people, is by far the largest Civil Defense unit in the city; and one of the best organized for an atomic attack, according to the Chief Warden of the Center, *Edwin Fitch*, whom we found pointing out emergency stations from one of the windy terraces of the Workshop recently with *Mary Bass*, Journal Warden *Margaret Davidson*, and Building Warden *Norman Gardner*. Through the howl of the wind we heard him describe what happened to a 68th-story office across the way in late November's 80-mile gale—windows blown in, furnishings demolished, general havoc. "Gives you some idea," he said, "what might happen from the *800*-mile-gale blast of a bomb." Well, we all know where the back stairs are. But it's a mighty long way down, [illegible]

ity" to
d glass.
here to
ntly to
ded one
. But if
eboard,
ore" be

deboard
. sling-
a white
Portu-
. a blue

ch-bowl
no big-
nd chip
delight,
cky and
ing my
rty.
Lisbee
o have
sidered
ally got
e best

ce had
started

irily.

barring Lisbee from love.

From that one mysterious experi
which (Lisbee mourned) crowned
thing. All the most beautiful storie
the deepest poetry turned on
Father's talk of beautiful women; hi
petuous courtship of mother . .
swish-swish-whispering that filled
halls at school . . . Aucassin and
lette . . . Amy and Jo March and Lau
Romeo and Juliet . . . Francis X.
man and Beverly Bayne . . . "Let m
you sweetheart" . . . the bemused
in the Gibson Girl courtship seri
bedroom walls everywhere (Li
too) . . . Robert and Elizabeth Bro

Almost every act of men and wo
seemed to Lisbee, adorned and
shiped the great mystery—and
brutally kept her out. Only here.

I turned back to the haven of
dinner at home. My eyes dropped
Lisbee's empty place, then jumpe
to the boys. Dickie and Bill, tw
apart, were so often entwined in
ernable giggles or in bitter fighti
they were as one unit, and almo
tinually in motion. But now they w
appointingly still. *(Continued on*

course, why we worked so hard to get it," Mr. G. said. "It's more and more evident that English-speaking countries around the world will do well to stand together in the crucial years to come." . . . Here in this country a Book-of-the-Month Club selection and on the best-seller list since publication, the more recent English edition, its publisher, Cassel, reports, is selling like mad, as you can imagine. Princess Elizabeth, Mr. Gould feels, will be as well known and liked when she ascends the throne as was Queen Victoria after 50 years on it.

Which reminded ***Dorothy Black****, who's been here from England visiting the Goulds, that in a Fifth Avenue shop she'd seen a whole counter of compacts and cigarette cases emblazoned with the royal coat of arms. "For heaven's sake," she asked the salesgirl, "why are you using that?" "Well," said the girl, "a book came out a while ago on the little princesses, and ever since there's been a big demand for this kind of thing."*

Wilhela Cushman tells us the "window-pane" veil in emerald-green chiffon, on the cover this month, is the newest fascination piece. You can read right through it, it holds your hat and hair in high March winds, and is glamorous for evening. Anita Louise wears it in pale pink, Lillian Gish in gray, and Lilly Daché, who designed it (and the white hat too), told Wilhela she took five of them in different colors on her last trip to Paris and Casablanca—creating quite a stir.

Some of the people who have received the William Freeman Snow Medal for Distinguished Service to Humanity were ***Surgeon General Thomas Parran, Jr.***, ***Chancellor Ray Lyman Wilbur*** and ***General Pershing***. But this year, on January 31, at their annual meeting in Philadelphia, marked the first time that the American Social Hygiene Association, the donors, have honored a man and wife: ***Bruce Gould*** and ***Beatrice Blackmar Gould***.

Results of a survey in Chicago indicate that more than 99 per cent of the girls between 14 and 16 years old who were interviewed plan marriage—while only 82 per cent of white-collar girls expected to find husbands. Nearly half the career girls said they'd like to go on working after marriage. . . . Top-ranking scientists employed by colleges and universities draw an average salary of $4860 a year, while those who work in private industry average $7070 and those in government earn $6280. . . . An American reporter visiting Wales discovered the following towns: Aberystwyth, Llwchwr, Mynyddislynn, Llacaiach, Llanerchymedd, Llanuwchllyn, and . . . Llanfairpwllgwyngwllgogerychwryndrobwllllantisiliogogogoch. That's all one word—but railway guides have cut it down to "Llanfair."

Alice Blinn's *secretary was phoning a girl at Grand Central about a train reservation. "Now let's see, roomette $5.58, fare $10.21—makes $15.79. Right?" "Sorry, madam," said the girl, "I'm not allowed to add."*

Among the people we met at an Entertainment Room party given by the *Goulds* for *Mrs. Walter Elliot*, wife of the British statesman, were *Adolph A. Berle, Jr.*, former Assistant Secretary of State; *Margaret Mead*, the anthropologist; *William Shirer*, whose novel, The Traitor, had just been published; *Lord Wakehurst*, who we thought was talking about the fabric, but it was the *Ceylonese*, it soon appeared; and a very pretty girl from pre-Communist China named *Helena Kuo*. Someone at the party who had just driven in from the International Airport told us his taxi driver had described how he'd taken part of the Chinese Communist UN delegation out to the airport when they left for Peiping. "What were they like?" our fellow guest asked his driver. "They were wonderful," the cabby said. "They gave me a hundred-dollar tip!"

ROTHSCHILD



William Shirer signs his new book.

ILLUSTRATED BY

Ray Whitmore

world!

a rich,
size is
that's
ather

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
the "Beauty-Bath" size

Women

The Reckless Heart

After nothing but downy-faced giggling boys to look at, here was a man! She had come face to face with the dream, and the shock made her bold. . . . Beginning a new three-part serial.

The Journal Presents CATHERINE SEVERN FIRST APPEARANCE IN ANY MAGAZINE

By Catherine Severn

FATHER always took brandy after fish. He turned in his chair at table and opened the two little doors in the "monstrosity" to get out the bottle and tiny stemmed glass. This sideboard was not placed there to bring father's bottles conveniently to hand. As a matter of fact, it crowded one end of the long dining room badly. But if mother would harbor that sideboard, father insisted the "towering eyesore" be kept at his back.

Everybody put things on the sideboard for safekeeping: report cards . . . slingshots . . . dress patterns . . . a white leather copy of Sonnets from the Portuguese . . . deeds and mortages . . . a blue bead too beautiful to throw away.

In the most inaccessible punch-bowl cup I hid my locket, a gold heart no bigger than a finger end, with a diamond chip in it. My older sister, Lisbee, to my delight, had discovered this locket was lucky and often borrowed it. She was wearing my locket, now, at Evelyn James' party.

Wild horses could not have kept Lisbee from Evelyn's party, and not to have been asked she would have considered an unthinkable slight. Lisbee usually got to go to what she called "the best things"—but as the outsider.

Seemingly, some sinister fence had shut Lisbee out ever since she had started going to school at Miss Worthington's when she was ten. Rather than becoming less of a threat, in recent years as she'd progressed through the four grades of the upper school that invisible fence had moved, bewilderingly, into a position barring Lisbee from love.

From that one mysterious experience which (Lisbee mourned) crowned everything. All the most beautiful stories, all the deepest poetry turned on love: Father's talk of beautiful women; his impetuous courtship of mother . . . the swish-swish-whispering that filled the halls at school . . . Aucassin and Nicolette . . . Amy and Jo March and Laurie . . . Romeo and Juliet . . . Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne . . . "Let me call you sweetheart" . . . the bemused lovers in the Gibson Girl courtship series on bedroom walls everywhere (Lisbee's too) . . . Robert and Elizabeth Browning.

Almost every act of men and women, it seemed to Lisbee, adorned and worshiped the great mystery—and they brutally kept her out. Only here.

I turned back to the haven of Sunday dinner at home. My eyes dropped first to Lisbee's empty place, then jumped across to the boys. Dickie and Bill, two years apart, were so often entwined in ungovernable giggles or in bitter fighting that they were as one unit, and almost continually in motion. But now they were disappointingly still. *(Continued on Page 74)*



"The most eligible man in town and the most *in*eligible girl!" she said airily, throwing all her hopes overboard.

BRAZEN HALO

By LYN ARNOLD

SOMETIMES, while the coffee jumps in the percolator top; while the radio skurrs before it plays; while the coals hiss before they fall; while the bath-water tap runs cold, preceding hot—sometimes Sophira, waiting, asks herself questions.

If we hadn't worked late that night. If Charles hadn't worn that wild-haired, wild-eyed look. *If I hadn't said, "When, exactly, did you last eat?"* If Charles had remembered whether breakfast today or dinner last night was in fact his most recent meal. If he hadn't said, "Let's snatch a sandwich and then work on—do you mind?" If he hadn't suddenly felt a revulsion for Simpson, Simpson and Botibol's hygienic canteen—would any of what came afterward ever have happened?

Would I ever have known what sort of person I am? The girl, or the girls, that I seem to be, underneath?

Sometimes, Sophira thinks not. Sometimes, shivering suddenly, Sophira believes that but for this trivial if fateful chain of events she would still be pounding a typewriter in the Research Department of Simpson, Simpson and Botibol, Manufacturing Chemists (baby foods, vitamins, penicillin and, lately, antihistamines). Still sitting, meekly, her smooth dark head bent down, her hair knotted neatly in the nape of her neck, yet another spotless white collar topping her navy-blue dress, and her heart swelling painfully if deliciously under its load of of-course-unrequited love for the heedless Charles.

But it happened. Charles said, "Put your bonnet on—hurry up!"

And though he stayed unaware that never yet in her six months of working for him had she once worn a hat—unaware that she could not, therefore, obey him—how heavenly, thus to be commanded!

"Are you ready? Come on, then!" said Charles, and walked into the corridor, down the staircase that led to Simpson, Simpson and Botibol's impressive front entrance. The floors were of marble, the walls were of mirror blocks, the arched ceiling of what appeared to be stainless steel, supported by knobbed and dimpled frosted-glass pillars. "This place depresses me!" muttered Charles. "And the thought of the canteen, frankly, fills me with horror."

Sophira hardly heard. She was watching the girls who lingered here, having worked late, or, more likely, awaiting arrival of faithful swains. All wore hats either flowered or veiled, or bare urchin cuts; all wore nylons and high, thin heels, or nude legs and ballet pumps. None wore a bun, and neat navy blue. Only she, at nineteen (as Sophira herself observed), had about her that faint air of governess in a Victorian novelette.

(Continued on Page 232)

Most women live for the man


hey love. Sophira dyed for hers
Jon Whitcomb

By Anne Goodwin Winslow

River in Brittany

In every life there is a dream half forgotten
which one day will grow large
and blot out the daily fretting forever

IT was quite a narrow little stream, but it had to have a wide bed on account of the tide, which in that part of the world is something you have to allow for. It was a great surprise to the Colliers to find how much of the place they had rented for the summer went under water every day. The children, of course, were delighted, though they were probably not surprised, after the trip over, which had been all water.

The river bed was where they chose to play; it was like a beach at low tide and offered opportunities that were new to them. Always where they had been before there was either a street in front of the house or, in the summer when they went to the country, just grass; the only water they had ever had to play in was in a bathroom. They took to it with enthusiasm, and spent the entire day, when they were neither eating nor sleeping, in getting themselves wet; they were always either going where the river was or it was coming where they were, and Sophy had to be where she could see them every minute. "Here it comes now," she would call to them, and they would have to leave what they were building and grab whatever they wanted to keep and run out of its way. Then, in the morning or maybe late that evening, there it would be, small again, and the shore washed clean except for shells and things the ocean had sent them.

"What is that, Joan—that green-looking thing?" their father would ask. . . . "Oh—is it? It looked exactly like a mermaid's comb." Joan was six and knew her Water Babies and her Hans Andersen; Teddy was younger and had fewer references.

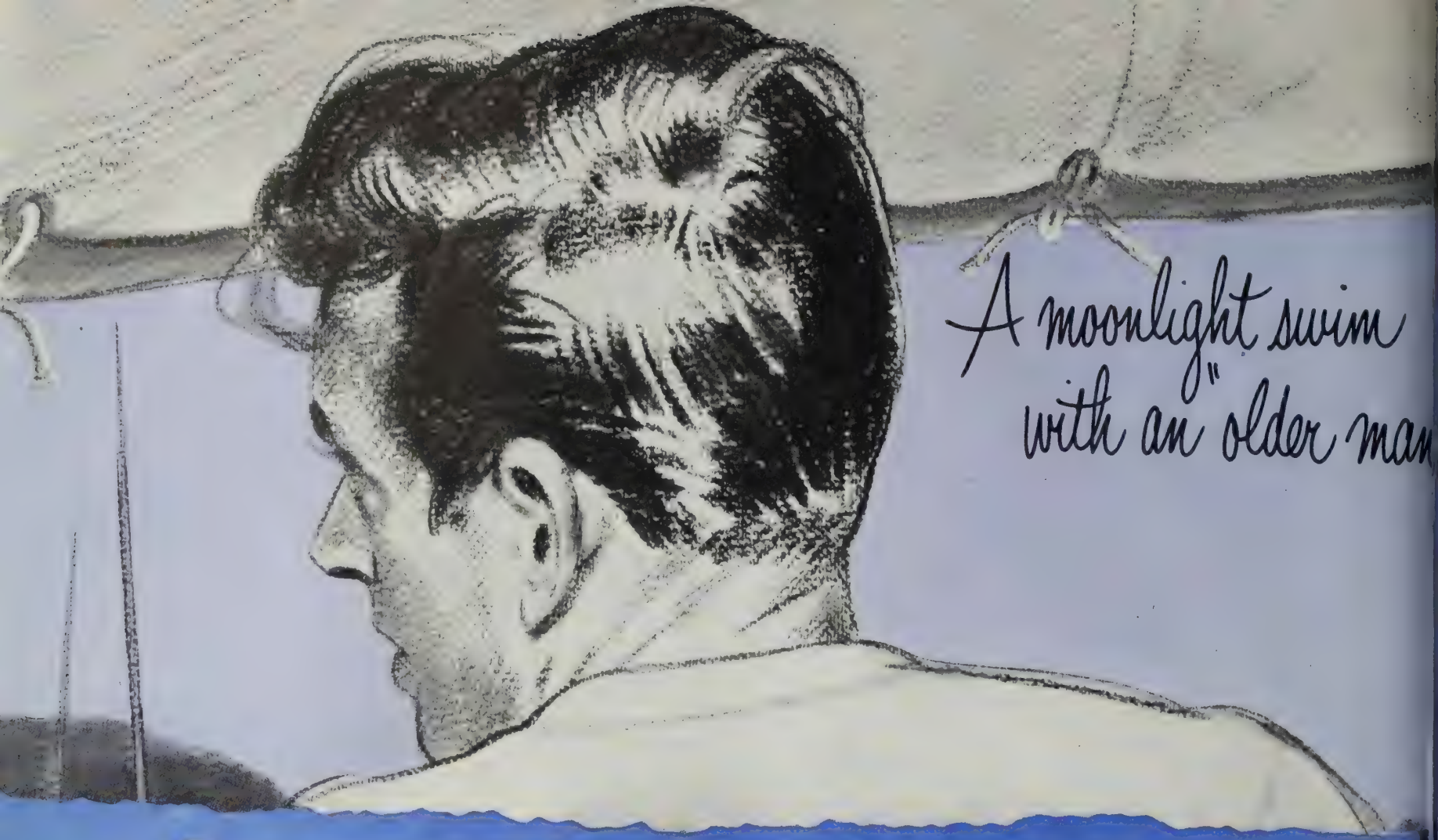
The shore on the opposite side was not wide like theirs because there was a wall to hold the river back. It had steps, and one of the things they loved to do was to watch the water go up the steps; they always hoped it would keep on going, into the garden and up the walks, all the way to the front door of the big house they could see there but couldn't see much of on account of the trees. This it never did, but sometimes the lady who lived there came down the walks and sat on the steps and watched them playing on their side of the

(Continued on Page 118)

"Once in a while," she said, "perhaps God steps aside, and lets us do something for each other the way He would do it Himself—without explaining it very much."

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS





A moonlight swim with an older man

the True Love and the dead

by Mary Main

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

SHE could hear Elinor's voice from the next room, scolding her. She did not answer, but went on taking off her shirt and denims. She was sixteen, a slender girl with straight flaxen hair and eyes that saw past you into secret things.

Her sister came into the room carrying the baby on her hip. "You're just making a little fool of yourself," she said. "You should never have accepted the invitation," Elinor went on, laying her baby on the bed and giving the bottle into its blindly groping hands. "You know what mother would say if she was here. And it's so silly for a child of your age to be running around with a man as old as Tyler Chase. I don't know what's got into you this summer, Stella."

The girl stood in front of the mirror fastening a flower into her hair. She wished she could explain to Elinor why Tyler was important to her. But Elinor wouldn't understand. Tyler was so wonderful to be with. She felt like a real person when she was with him. With Elinor now, and with her mother, she never felt quite real. She couldn't even talk to them.

She was ready at last, dressed in a Swiss muslin that made her young figure appear insubstantial and diffuse.

The horn of a car sounded.

"Oh, Stella ——" Elinor began.

The horn sounded again impatiently.

"They're waiting for me," Stella said. She hesitated. "Good night, El," she said suddenly and stooped to kiss the baby's head.

It was a gala night at the Sea Shanty and the room was so crowded that she felt as if she had been pressed into a mold. She had never danced with Tyler before. He held her very close to him because of the crowd and it made her feel uncomfortable.

(Continued on Page 196)

"You better get out of here before they come," he said. "You don't want to get mixed up in all this."


vept Stella
into dangerous
waters



She was past forty when she went to Africa. Her magic was courage... and common sense... and love.

WHITE WITCH DOCTOR

by Louise A. Stinetorf

Editors' Note: The author of this book declares that it is "neither biography nor autobiography. It is fiction. Straight fiction, not half-fact." And yet to the editors of the JOURNAL, it seems as factual as fact, truer than most true stories. Perhaps this is due to the author's knowledge of missionaries and missionary life and to the travels and research that made her familiar with the Congo country and its people. Or perhaps it is because, as she expresses it, "a novel, if it is a sincere picture of a way of life, often comes nearer to the real truth than mere factual reporting ever can." . . . Because the editors believe that WHITE WITCH DOCTOR is one of those rare novels that do exactly this, they are departing from usual custom to reprint parts of it in the JOURNAL after its publication—and notable success—as a book.

THE JOURNAL'S *COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL*

"YOU'RE going home!" My work is over, my affairs are in order, and my co-workers have been saying good-by, wistfully and sometimes a bit enviously. "You're going home now!" Yes, soon I shall cross the Atlantic and travel halfway across the United States until I am back again in the little Indiana town of my birth. But I shall not be going home. For Africa is my home. Here in the Congo Territory is where the people I love were born. This is where my work was done.

My youth was spent in the Middle Western United States. I came from what is called "missionary stock"—that is, although my parents were humble farmer folk, I had aunts, uncles, cousins, then a brother and sister, and now nephews and nieces, scattered all over the world in Christian service.

From earliest childhood I took it for granted that I, too, would become a missionary. But the years went by and I did not apply for appointment, although it was always in the back of my mind as a step I would take as soon as the immediate situation in my family cleared up. We were a large family—I had four brothers and four sisters—and there was always some good reason why I should stay at home "just a little longer." This sister was getting married. Or that brother, just finishing his hospital internship, had the opportunity to buy a really splendid set of surgical instruments for "next to nothing." And so it went.

Then, when I was in my very late thirties, my mother died, and six months later we knew that father, too, was leaving us.

Shortly before he died he spoke to me as he had never done before. "Ellen, dear, you're a good girl," he murmured as though I had been four, or fourteen, instead of only a hair's breadth from forty.

"I've had good parents," I smiled.

"We've tried, mother and I," he answered calmly. "But what's to become of you now?"

"Why, father, you've told me I'll always have the income from the farm while I live!" I exclaimed. "You needn't worry; there'll be more than I need."

He shook his head. "That's not what I mean. You shouldn't live here alone. But don't go to one of your brothers or sisters, daughter. You've served as handmaiden to each one of them long enough. Where will you make your home? How will you occupy your time?"

His eyes demanded an answer. But how could I tell my father what was in my heart without seeming to say, "Your death will be my release"?

He took the words out of my mind. "You think you'll go to Africa, don't you?"

(Continued on Page 136)

Copyright, 1950, by Louise A. Stinetorf. This is a condensation of the book recently published by Westminster Press.

"Mata Kwan." I rolled the soft syllables over my tongue. "I like the sound of it." This baby, in one troubled night, already had woven itself securely into the fabric of my life.

Our underfed children



In the world's richest nation,
why must four children out of every
five be crippled by partial starvation?

"DIED: Marianne Williams, nee Barker, aged twenty-one, as a result of severe malnutrition during her middle teens. Surviving are her husband, Harry Williams, and an infant son. Mrs. Williams was the only daughter of Mr. N. E. Barker, president of the Electric Light Company, and Mrs. Barker."

No, the obituary notice which was printed in the papers didn't read that way. Nor did the death certificate made out by the family doctor give "suicide through self-imposed starvation" as the underlying cause. It merely said, "Died in childbirth." And yet both of these brutal, shocking statements would have been the truth.

Marianne was one of those fortunate youngsters who seem to have been given everything: naturally curly blond hair, gentian eyes and the transparent skin that goes with them; parents who adored her and who were able to supply all the things a girl could want.

All but one. Marianne was too plump for the current fashion when she entered the senior high of her small Midwestern city. A little younger than the other girls in her set, she was slower than they to lengthen out and slim down around the middle. And how the child ate!

As time went by Mrs. Barker began to worry for fear that her daughter would never have a figure. "Oh, Marianne!" she moaned, after an exhausting search to find a party dress in which the girl didn't look like a butterball. "With your hair and eyes and complexion you could be stunning. I hope you're not going to spoil it all by being greedy!"

Mr. Barker began to tease, in a well-meant fatherly way. "Are you sure this trip is necessary, Fatty?" he would ask when Marianne's plate came back for seconds.

Marianne wasn't really fat, just preadolescently chunky. She ate no more than an active youngster full of pep and high spirits requires. But by this time she had a clear picture in her own mind of



By Gladys Denny Shultz

she wanted to be like—impossibly tall, im-
ly thin, impossibly straight up and down like
odels illustrators draw for fashion magazines.
cided that food was her enemy. Marianne at
en did not bother to diet. Single-mindedly
arved herself.

irst it was too hard to resist the good things
family table, so Marianne stopped showing
breakfast, she ate her scanty dinner in the
n by herself, lunch at school was a bottle
. Mr. and Mrs. Barker were rather pleased
otherwise that their daughter was curbing
ıce abundant appetite.

ianne's firm, healthy young flesh began to
way. One day, anxiously studying her body
mirror, she discovered outlines of bones.
ly could call her "Fatty" now! Encouraged,
ıt down her food intake still further. At this
her parents began to have some misgivings.
arker was sure no human could exist on the
ations Marianne consumed at the family
when she graced it at all. But Mrs. Barker
d from her bridge companions that most of
her girls ate much the same way.

elder Barkers could not help being proud
hauntingly lovely blonde who wore her
ful clothes so well and who was their daugh-
hey preened themselves privately on her
arity, even while complaining about the num-
f dates she had, the many par-
ıat she went to. Marianne could
till four any morning. Why should
e be concerned about Marianne?

It was a shock to the whole school when, in her senior year, the word went around that Marianne Barker had tuberculosis. To her parents it was an inexplicable blow. Why Marianne, when there was no TB in the family, when she had always been so healthy?

"She probably picked up the germ somewhere when she was little," the doctor explained. "Nearly everyone is exposed to it at some time or another. Then she got run-down and the germs had their chance. These kids that think they can live on air and chocolate malted and tear around all day and half the night besides!" He sighed, frowning down at Marianne's case history, open on his desk. "Sleep—I see here that Marianne said she got probably six or seven hours a night . . . if she was lucky. Food—Marianne seemed to think that was some kind of poison. She couldn't tell me when she had sat down to a decent meal. I don't know what ——"

Then he became aware of the tears running down Mrs. Barker's cheeks, the sick look on her husband's face, and relented.

"Well, that's done now. And Marianne's going to be all right. We'll get some meat on those beautiful bones of hers and I think we can knock some sense into her beautiful head. A bout with TB usually has that effect."

The doctor was right. Six months in a sanitarium with bed rest and lots of milk and eggs and other nourishing foods fixed Marianne up. She was lovelier than ever. The pounds they put on her at the sanitarium and insisted she keep proved becoming, in fact. Harry Williams fell in love the first time he saw her at the country club.

Once more, one gift was withheld. The doctor told Marianne privately that her TB experience, superimposed upon severe diet deprivation, made it inadvisable for her to have children, at least for a considerable time. But Marianne wouldn't believe him. She and Harry wanted a family while they were young. Harry was in a position to support one. She felt better than she had for years, it seemed such a waste to wait. She crowded the warning to the back of her mind, and didn't tell Harry of it at all.

Once more the doctor was right. In giving birth to her first baby, Marianne Barker, young, so much loved, with everything to live for, lost her life.

Marianne Barker—though that is not her real name—is a real girl who lived, and who should be living today. Her story is worth telling because in prosperous America, where nobody need go hungry, it is being relived by a host of girls, and by boys as well, although the result may take a different form.

Jim Morrison is an athlete—at least he was. Star quarterback on his high-school football team, football and track star his freshman year in college, he creeps about the campus now like an old man, warned against running or walking fast, even against riding in a car

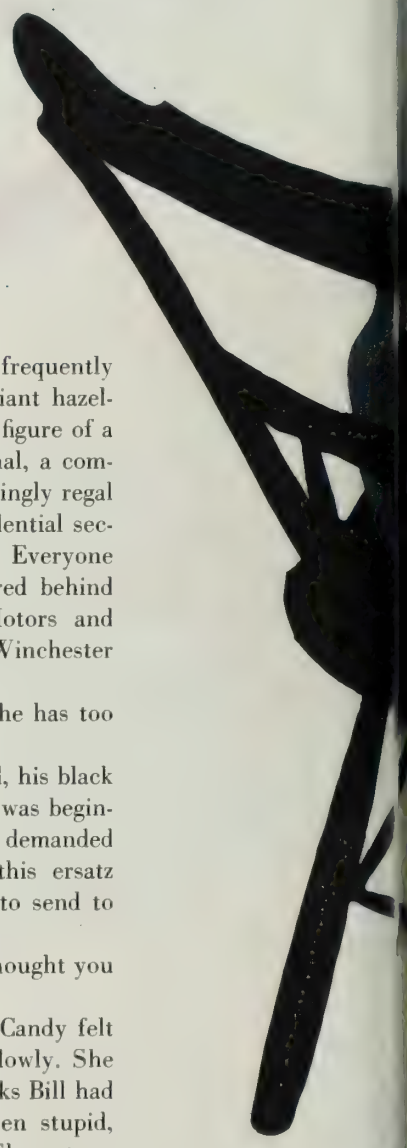
(Continued on Page 47)



DONALD STUART

Buttons and Beaux

Candy's sister is
Beautiful.
Men can't Resist her.
Bill is a Man.



"OF course I *love* my sister," Candy said, "but I do think she's crazy."

David, who was at work on what appeared to be a mural, looked up at her searchingly. Across the dining-room table, Bill issued a firm statement from behind the Sunday paper:

"Whatever else Jane is, she is not crazy. Er—did you tell me why she was coming? I mean any special reason?"

Candy heaved a sigh of dramatic resignation. "Darling, I've told you approximately one thousand times. You never listen to a word I say. It's to get away from her beaux. She needs her week ends. She has too many."

"Too many week ends?" Bill peered at her, baffled, around the paper.

"Too many beaux. She says her week ends all get absorbed by men and she needs them to keep fit."

"Men?"

"No, week ends!"

"Fit for what?"

"Fit for Mr. Winchester, of course."

"A fit for Mr. Winchester," Bill murmured dreamily. "It's a good thing *you're* not his private secretary, my girl. He'd be taken away screaming hoarsely and tearing at his waistcoat buttons inside of a week."

Candy poured maple sirup over her pancakes in a dignified silence. But it was true, of course: she could never, never do what Jane did. For Jane Goodwin was a very remarkable girl. To begin with, she was frequently beautiful, with wavy dark red hair and brilliant hazel-green eyes. Besides these assets, she had the figure of a fashion model and the mind of a field marshal, a combination which had earned her an overwhelmingly regal position (you couldn't call it a job) as confidential secretary to the great Mr. Harley Winchester. Everyone knew, of course, that Mr. Winchester towered behind the titanic corporation called American Motors and Machines; not everyone knew that behind Mr. Winchester towered Jane.

"But I still think that any girl who says she has too many beaux ——" Candy began.

From behind the paper, Bill's face appeared, his black brows drawn together in the way that Candy was beginning to recognize and dread. "Can't we," he demanded coldly, "have real maple sirup instead of this ersatz stuff? When I was a boy, my mother used to send to Vermont ——"

"Yes, of course," Candy said quickly. "I thought you liked this kind. I'm sorry."

Bill subsided behind the paper again, and Candy felt the muscles at the back of her neck relax slowly. She sighed again. It was queer: in the last few weeks Bill had so often made her feel . . . well, inept. Even stupid, sometimes; worthless, pitiable, henheaded. She sat up straight, her chin up. She *(Continued on Page 214)*

by Elizabeth Dunn

"What's the matter with you?" Candy thought angrily. "Are you afraid of your own husband? Must you behave like—like Old Nokomis?"



ILLUSTRATED BY whitney



Joan Cooper goes to school and works part time, will be first member of her family to graduate from high school: "I could never quit going now."

Joan Needs a Push...

BY JAN WEYL

"JOAN needs a push," her mother says, "especially with the boys. She doesn't go ahead and bring kids home from school with her, or invite them over for the evening. She's afraid of throwing herself at people, and she can't see the difference yet between that and just being friendly. She feels like she's uninteresting. With dating, she takes streaks. Sometimes she dates a lot, like last year when she went steady. Sometimes she doesn't date at all."

Joan Cooper is seventeen and a senior at the West Seattle, Washington, High School. In her maroon coat and bright plaid bandanna, walking slowly with her shoulders hunched forward ("I have terrible posture, I know"), a notebook under her arm, she responds warmly when boys or girls greet her with "Hi, Joannie," but when she's alone, she walks more quickly with an anxious look on her face. With someone she likes, who makes her feel perfectly at home, she blossoms. Her face softens, her cheeks take on a faint, becoming pink, and her

JOSEPH DI PIETRO



Joan thinks "I should be friendlier than I am," has never had enough confidence to learn how to swim.



Working hard for C's, Joan used to read books, "but so long ago I can't even remember what they were."



"It's harder to think up a conversation with boys than girls," Joan says. "They can make you feel shy."

Joan and friend like to make up Mrs. Cooper, wear only lipstick themselves.



"My folks and I are pretty close now since my sister Marie got married.



Especially with Boys

y eyes shine. Then she is a very pretty girl. "You should look like t all the time," one boy said.

Joan's favorite person—the woman she admires most—is a friend her mother's named Cleo Anderson. "She's real sweet and pretty l lots of fun," Joan says. "She can fit in anyplace." And if Joan had choice, she would be just like Cleo Anderson.

But Joan doubts if she ever will be. "I'm neither popular nor popular," she says. "I have some good friends who know all about , but I get quiet with other people. I guess I have an inferiority nplex. I always think other girls can do so much better than I can t I don't try so hard as I might otherwise."

Last year she offered to work on a special school committee, but s, "So many girls volunteered that I didn't stick with it the way t I should have." When she was elected to represent her home m at Girls' Club meetings this *(Continued on Page 108)*



JOHN SINGLETON

"Sometimes I feel uninteresting," Joan says, but confesses that new party dress and a softer hairdo (above) "really do make me feel different."



lling clothes often turns into "a sort of contest to how many things you can make customers buy."



Joan likes things busy "because then you don't get so tired," works fifteen hours a week for $11.29.



Joan punches clock at nine in time for late movie, but doesn't "go out too much since I got this job."

erviews for school paper help Joan overcome shyness: "It's true that you usually are happy to get to know someone who wants to get to know you."



Profile of Youth

I Don't have any Fun



Most teen-agers start their battle for social acceptance with at least one strike against them: "I'm too fat." . . . "My face breaks out so I can't even shave." . . . "Sometimes I'm rude when there's no cause to be." . . . "I can't make any friends."

"I JUST don't know what to do. In school, I'm lonely all the time. I don't have fun. It's because I'm sixteen and still don't go out with boys. I feel everything is wrong. In other words, I feel inferior. Even when I go to a basketball game I feel afraid to walk across to get my seat, and all during the game I feel awful because I never get anybody to go with me really."

"I am very self-conscious, or you might say I have an inferiority complex because everyone I meet I don't feel equal to. I blush when spoken to, and for a boy that's very embarrassing. I am just in misery when the conversation centers on me."

"Sometimes I get streaks of feeling very blue when I think of my situation, and if something doesn't happen—I don't know what I'll do! I feel just horrible most of the time, but I don't show this feeling, just keep it to myself and when I'm alone. How desperately I need friends!"

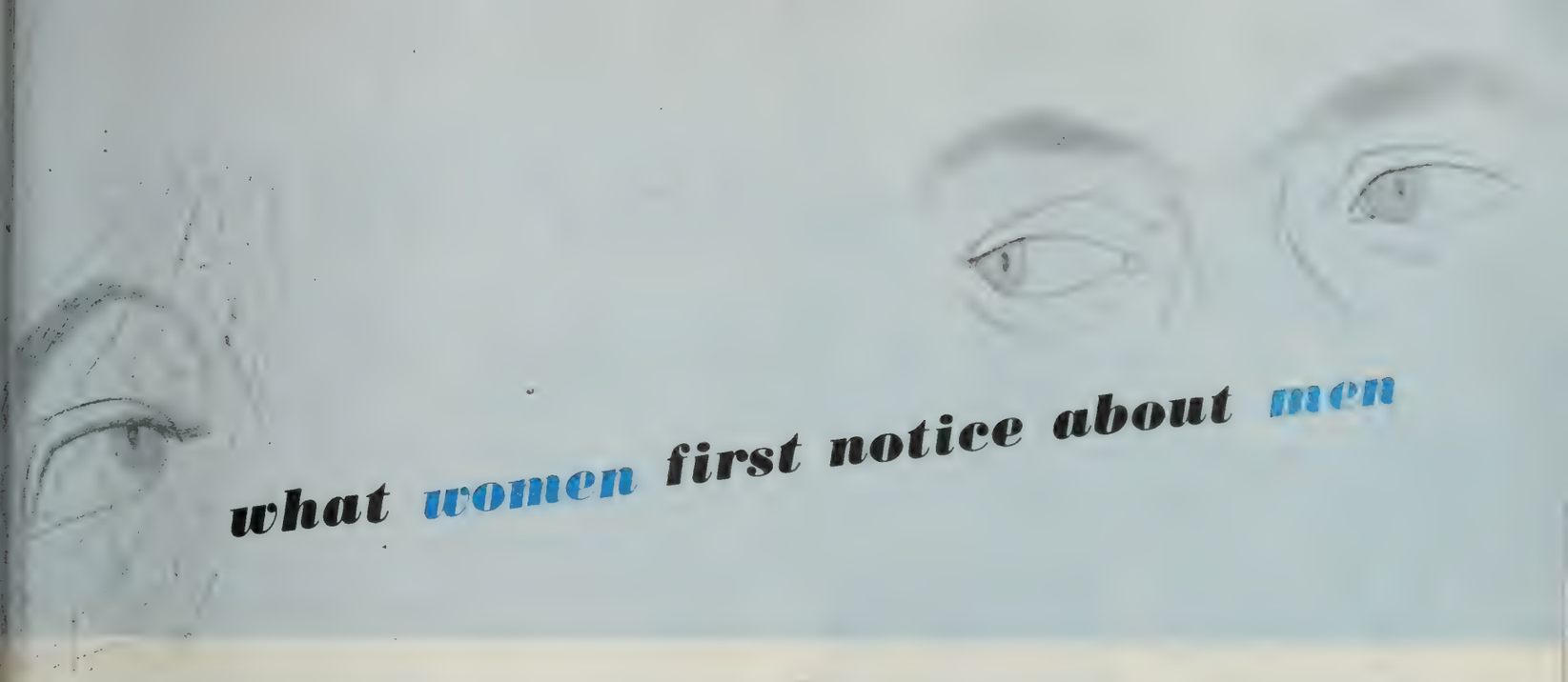
These statements were made by teen-agers who, economically and through family background, should have been adjusted to and integrated into their groups. As children, and up until the teen years, they drew security from their family's love and protection. Suddenly, with adolescence, real security for them can come only from a healthy belief in their *own* ability to cope with the world. And in the high-school world, the greatest security is social security, the belief that one is "popular."

Yet many teen-agers start this battle for social acceptance with two strikes against them physically.

"I'm over six feet tall and should be good at basketball, but my legs are so skinny I look funny next to other fellows."

"I'm fifteen years old and five feet eleven inches tall! When I'm with my girl friends and we meet some

(Continued on Page 209)



what women first notice about men

by Judith Chase Churchill

EVER since we brought to light what men first noticed about women, we've had a sneaking suspicion that the fair sex, if given half a chance, could come up with clues just as surprising for sizing up masculine character. Or even more so—because of that mysterious power known as feminine intuition.

We were right. When we asked these twenty well-known women from what telltale traits and initial impressions they formed their own personal clues to masculine character, here's what they answered.

We'll wager their deductions will not only intrigue you but give you some enlightening new angles for your own detective work at the initial encounter with one of the opposite sex.

• • •

"Watch the way a man walks. Does he scurry along, taking quick, short steps, with his shoulders hunched until they almost meet in front? Then he's a scared guy. Does he swagger until he almost pivots with every step? He's a blowhard and apt to be a bore. . . . I think the one I warm to most is that sort-of Texas stride, easy and free-swinging, a sign that a guy knows where he's going and how to get there."

Betty Hutton

"The first thing I notice about a man's clothes is his shoes. They should not be too pointed, too stubby, too new, too small, and they should be very well polished. If a man's shoes are right, everything else about his personal appearance will probably be right, too, because a man dresses from the feet up, and not the way women do, from the head down."

Clare Boothe Luce

"The clue to a man's personality lies, for me, in his voice. A quiet, well-modulated voice with depth and strength almost always indicates a man of character and sureness; a raspy or squeaky or whispery voice usually belongs to a man who hasn't got a good enough grip on himself to control his own breathing. The person who can afford to relax within himself is apt to have a pleasing voice without even trying."

Irene Dunne

"Whether he is quiet or noisy. . . . If he is quiet I am intrigued. If I get a feeling that there is something of genuine worth under the quiet exterior, this is a quality which I find very attractive. I do not care so much what the person inside really is if he is truly himself. I like to get the feeling of a genuine, sincere and self-contained personality which is not on parade. This is a quality which is hard to define, but if it is there it is much more important to me than good looks or any of the more conspicuous trade-marks."

Margaret Bourke-White

"The eyes, particularly the expression in them—let's be candid—with which he looks at me, that is, of course, provided he is fairly attractive. I suppose this is a manifestation of colossal ego on my part, but I am willing to bet an awful lot of women react the same way."

Cornelia Otis Skinner

"The first thing I notice about a man, whether poet or peasant, well groomed or in wild state, is his *self-possession* (assurance, ego, self-confidence, self-esteem). If he has this he is potentially all the other things: intelligent, handsome, successful and masterful. The worst thing that can happen to a man (and to the woman who wants him) is to lose this belief in his powers. No barber, tailor or haberdasher can replace it."

Bertita Harding

"How he treats the woman he is with, whether he is sweet and attentive or looking around at other women. The trouble with most men is that they take one woman out and spend the whole evening eying the other women. In addition to all this, I notice his forthrightness, his cleanliness and his grooming."

Joan Crawford

"An imponderable vitality; not physical, mind you, for any healthy young creature has that sort of vitality, dog, colt, boy—even a happy, whole young angleworm on a warm day—but mental and spiritual and nervous vitality. I think that I can recognize it at once and I know that when I do my response is instantaneous. . . . It makes no matter at all whether this man likes me or not, I am drawn to *him*."

Elizabeth Cobb

"The first thing I notice about a man is whether George is around."

Gracie Allen

"A man's way of arguing is to me his most revealing characteristic—his pace in speaking, his expression when he gropes for a word, and his technique: whether, for example, he drives his point home with a sledgehammer blow, a gentle, slithering push, or the Chinese drop-torture method of infinite repetition."

Felicia Lamport

". . . Manner certainly plays the greatest part in the first impression I form of a man. Manner is something a good deal subtler than 'manners'—the obvious courtesies. By manner I mean tone of voice, characteristic movements, and the attitude to life revealed by the things he says. The slightest hint of self-complacency or self-importance is repulsive to me. At the same time, I don't like the self-deprecating man, whose idea of making himself interesting is running himself down.

"I notice very much the way in which a man talks about women. I like a man who speaks with spontaneous affection and complete simplicity, of either his mother or his wife. (Some men cannot speak of either without a touch of facetiousness.) Perhaps the greatest test, where I'm concerned, is the way a man speaks of his girl friends.

"I also, when listening to the talk of a man met for the first time, notice whether

(Continued on Page 114)

our own young marieds

Article No. 5—with five menus that take a minimum of time and effort. Raves from husbands guaranteed.



Jeanne and Jim Tracey



Nancy and Fred Russe



Ellie and John Simmons



Mary Adele and John Morris



Helen and Joe O'Donnell

LIKE most other young householders these days who divide their time between children, jobs and all the work and fun of furnishing a house or apartment, we're almost as busy as the Red Queen in *Alice*. She, you remember, lived in a country where you had to keep running full speed to stay in the same place. The meals we plan have to be prepared on the double. If they're easy and good enough, we can relax together, after dinner—in front of a fireplace. That's the time of day we love best.

The basic idea of saving time underlies the five menus here. Keep the number of dishes down to a simple minimum. Be sure you have lots of each dish. Each menu is divided into three parts—main hot dish, substantial salad, dessert. Three of the five are casserole meals (and the omelet is at least first cousin to a casserole). Casserole dishes are not only gourmet-minded, and inexpensive, but you can put them in the oven and forget about them while you do something else. (But set an alarm.)

Most of us like to use the hardy earthenware French pots, like the one that baked the pork-chop dish on the right-hand page. Some of us asked for, and got, copper casseroles for wedding presents, which we are glad to polish lovingly once a week. Others swear by the new, brightly colored glass ovenware that's around in all the stores. Whatever they're made of, their size can be deceptive. It's important not to buy any whose cavernous depths you might be tempted to fill with future leftovers. Small earthenware 1½- or 2-quart covered casseroles are a good choice for a family of two. They cost about $2.25. Most of us need a couple of these and a small shallow one, ten inches or so across ($8.50, in copper, about $2.00 in earthenware). For party cooking, a 4-quart size is a good choice; an earthenware casserole this size costs $3.50.

STUART



MENU

Lasagne Casserole
Lettuce-Endive-and-Radish Salad—Italian Bread
Fresh Fruit

"I often serve a marvelous Italian dish, *lasagne*. It's good party fare—this is the way we do it. Heat in a skillet 2 tablespoons salad oil, add 1 pound hamburger, crumbled, and 2 cloves garlic, crushed, and brown. Add 1 eight-ounce can tomato sauce, 1 No. 2 can tomatoes, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon *orégano;* cover and simmer for 15–20 minutes, until it's slightly thickened. Meanwhile, cook 8 ounces of the very broad—1½" wide—special *lasagne* noodles in boiling salted water until tender (about 15 minutes). Drain and rinse. Fill a rectangular casserole, if you have one (an oval one is almost as good), with alternate layers of the noodles, sliced *mozzarella* cheese (you'll need about ½ pound), *ricotta* cheese (you'll need about ¾ pound), tomato-meat sauce, grated Parmesan (you'll need, in all, about ½ cup), ending with a layer of sauce and Parmesan. (These Italian cheeses are available in chain stores throughout the country, but if you can't get them, two other very mild cheeses, like Swiss and cottage, for instance, may be substituted.) Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 15–20 minutes.

"With this, we have a salad of lettuce, endive and radish slices with French dressing, a big heap of apples, grapes and oranges to munch on for dessert. The *lasagne* recipe, in the quantity given, will serve six."

Jeanne Lenton Tracey

MENU

Shrimp Curry with Sour Cream
Water-Cress-and-Tomato Salad
Broiled Grapefruit with Bitters

try to lay the groundwork for the evening's casserole main dish, or at least get all ingredients assembled, time allows, before I leave for the office each morn-g, so that it's all over but the cooking when I get me in the evening.

"Perhaps our favorite is a mild, creamy fish curry—e of the two dishes in my repertoire when I was rried, and very easy. Here's how it goes: Chop a od-sized onion very fine and sauté in 2 tablespoons tter or margarine with 2 cloves garlic, crushed, ¼ spoon salt, and a little freshly ground black pepper. hen the onion has browned, add 1 can condensed shroom soup, 2 teaspoons curry powder, 1 package frozen cooked and shelled shrimp—or 1 can lobster if you'd rather—and ¼ cup seedless raisins. Heat thoroughly. At the last, just before it comes off the range, stir in 4 tablespoons thick sour cream and a few drops lemon juice.

"With this we like to serve rice, that I cover with salted water, simmer for 25 minutes, and that's all—and a big salad of water cress and tomatoes, with French dressing. (After experimenting with flossy, varnished salad bowls, we prefer plain wooden ones like the one in the picture to the right, available in most 5 and 10's, since the raw wood mellows nicely from each contact with garlic and oil, and the salads seem to taste better the more you use the bowl.)

"Dessert with this meal might be grapefruit, sugared lightly (use brown sugar), heated in the oven for 5 minutes, and put under the broiler for 3. Add, at the last, a teaspoon of bitters to each half."

Nancy Crawford Busse





MENU

Tuna Fish in Cheese-and-Green-Pepper Sauce
Mixed Green Salad
Toasted English Muffins
Fruit Compote

"Since my husband and I both work all day, and have the usual commuters' problems, we have a definite understanding that dinner during the week take no more than 30 minutes to prepare and place on the table. As often as we can, we cook two main dishes in the same evening, same oven. We put one in the refrigerator till next night. We both love good food, and have very hearty appetites—have had to work out our own recipes for casseroles and other appetizing dishes that fit into our 30-minute scheme.

"One of our stand-bys is tuna fish and hard-cooked eggs in a mild-cheese-and-green-pepper sauce, and this is how it's done: As a base, use 1½ cups medium white sauce, and add ¾ cup grated Cheddar cheese, 2 sliced hard-cooked eggs, ½ cup chopped green pepper, a pinch of basil and ⅛ teaspoon dry mustard. A can of white-meat tuna, cut into chunks, goes in next. Turn out into a casserole, and sprinkle the top with grated Parmesan. It's done after 15 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F., but it can wait much longer if need be. This recipe will serve two to three people. It's easy to double up on quantities if you have a larger group.

"A mixed green salad is fine with this. (We have green salad almost every night and never tire of it.)

"Toasted English muffins solve the bread problem on this menu. We like to serve the hot tuna fish on muffin halves; have a few extras to go along with it. For dessert we like to make our own fruit compote, mixing cans of pears, apricots and plums."

Helen O'Donnell

MENU

Pork-Chop Casserole
Lettuce with Roquefort Dressing
Applesauce and Brownies

depend on casserole dishes both for entertaining l for just the two of us. They can wait around till re ready for them. Easier on the cook than any-ng else.

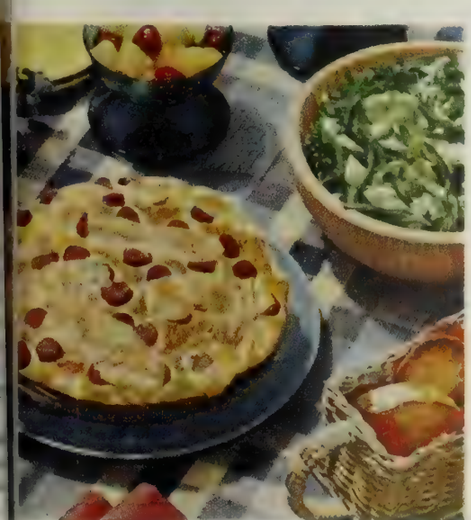
"My husband and I like to keep our free time, urday and Sunday, really free. So we have adopted at we call the 'week-end cooking plan.' It's quick l easy. *But* it's got to be something that looks good s two nights in a row. First thing Saturday morning ssemble the ingredients for one dish, but in double ntity, to fill two casseroles. They bake while I do chores. The only work involved in Saturday and day suppers is heating the casseroles over again.

"This pork-chop dish is one of our favorites, but many other good casserole recipes adapt to this plan just as well. For single quantity, you need 4 small, medium-thick pork chops, 2 ripe tomatoes, 1 large onion, ½ green pepper, 6 tablespoons raw rice, 1 can consommé, marjoram, thyme. Brown pork chops in skillet, place chops on top of rice in bottom of fairly deep casserole, and add pork-chop drippings. Put a thick slice of onion, tomato and a ring of green pepper on each chop. Salt and pepper each layer as you go along—this dish soaks up a lot of salt. Pour in consommé and sprinkle with a couple of pinches each of marjoram and thyme. Repeat this if you want to do a second casserole, and bake both in a moderate oven, 350° F., for one hour. Casserole No. 2 can be kept in the refrigerator for a day or two (to its improvement, we think).

"With this we like lettuce wedges with Roquefort dressing, brownies and applesauce."

Ellie Simmons





MENU

Puffy Omelet
Green Salad (Chicory, Frenched Green Beans)
French Bread
Cut Strawberries and Pineapple

"Our most interesting quick-and-easy menu involves a puffy omelet. As far as I have been able to make out, the 'puffy' in this case means beating the yolks and whites of the eggs separately.

"I usually use 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons light cream (sour cream if I have it on hand), a little baking powder (I know you shouldn't have to do this, but I'm always easier in my mind if I do) and ½ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. First turn on your oven and set it at 325° F., which is moderately slow. Combine well-beaten yolks and other ingredients, fold in the stiffly beaten whites, pour into a hot, greased omelet pan or skillet, cook on top of range over low heat. When it has risen—and it puffs way up—drop ½-inch slices Vienna sausage (1-ounce can) around on top of the omelet. Then cover the top with thin slices of a mild cheese. Place in the oven and let it finish cooking. The cheese should be slightly browned on top, so I give it about 15–20 minutes. It should be eaten right away.

"With the omelet we like a green salad of lettuce and chicory and cooked French-cut green beans that have been marinated overnight in French dressing. Cooked broccoli and asparagus, marinated, are good, too, as possible variations on the salad theme. You might vary the basic French dressing recipe of 3 parts oil to 1 of vinegar by adding herbs like tarragon, parsley or basil, or mustard, chili sauce or chutney, or sour cream—lots of freshly ground black pepper.

"For dessert, mixed frozen whole strawberries and canned or frozen pineapple chunks, and coffee."

Mary Adele Morris

The World Through



"In all I do and think, I am conscious of a hand. People dependent upon their eyes and ears seldom understand the wealth of life that is tangible."

"There is, I am convinced, a correspondence between the powers of the body and those of the spirit; the senses serve as entrances to an inner world."

One of America's beloved women opens the door to days without light or sound, days which have become so rich that twenty-four hours is not enough time. . . . "At first, I had no world—but now it is a race for me to enjoy the sensations that crowd around me."

PEOPLE often express surprise that I find life great and wonderful, when I have only three senses. From others' testimony I know that at the age of nineteen months I was exploring the world with five senses, playing, laughing and learning a few words. Then came the illness which deprived me of sight and hearing, and as a result of deafness I lost the ability to speak.

It was not possible for me to develop my remaining senses to a high degree without the stimuli that spring from speech and language, and that means that I was completely isolated. We use sight and hearing principally because from them we learn at once what goes on around us. Through the eye man acquires nine tenths of his experience. Through the spoken word and literature, hearing quickens his mental growth with information and ideas. In my case I was literally unworlded. Smell enabled me to find the fruit I especially loved—bananas; it directed me to the boxwood hedge out in my mother's garden. My nose could distinguish my clothes from those of the family when the laundry was brought home every week, and from imitation I put them away in the bureau. Wherever there was any cake or candy or ice cream I was sure to devour it. My mother wisely let me move about the house and the kitchen, and thus she preserved my health and appetite.

But, untaught, unstimulated, I acted and thought like a mere animal. I cannot convey verbally the state I was in—wrapped in a double silence, my own and that of others to me. I was not merely alone, I was a wild little creature.

The change which occurred after Anne Sullivan began my education still causes me to thrill and glow. It was not a child that confronted her, but an animal utterly ignorant of itself, its feelings and its place among human beings. For some time I was still devoid of a world—I had no sense of my own identity or time or unity or diversity, but Anne Sullivan did not let such details discourage her. She treated me exactly like a seeing, hearing child, substituting hand-spelling *(Continued on Page 223)*

BRADLEY SMITH



"I cannot hear the orchestra of bird voices in my garden, but the trees and flowers amaze me with their endless changes. The pines drop pitch upon my hand, and I know that summer is near."

Helen Keller

Three Senses





Our neighborhood's crustiest father is secretly buying a house for his newlywed daughter and her husband.... Unbeknownst to them, he owns the mortgage, and they strain to make the monthly payments. But at the end of eight years they get both the canceled mortgage and their payments back.

While they've argued for twelve years whether to give big parties or little ones, the most argumentative pair of socialites in our town have gradually become indebted to nearly 250 other couples. So the husband automatically loses, because now it's going to take a big, $2000 party.

•

The man next door confides that his coed daughter has passed a five-pound box of bonbons around her sorority house at the state university, and now all he has to do is borrow money for a wedding of the sort his friends expect. (He paid for the bonbons, but didn't taste one.)

When it got cold in my basement bathroom this winter I shaved and showered occasionally in the bathroom on the second floor. . . . But when I counted seventeen toothbrushes for the three people who use it, and they began to use my razor on their shins, I retreated quietly underground.

•

I'm in Dutch with some of our eleven-year-old's chums because I told their dads that he gets no weekly allowance till all his chores are checked off.... But I'm winning my way back into their favor by paying 'em to do part of his chores.

One woman in our crowd has discovered an important secret: that a wife can be domineering and disagreeable in a sweet, charming way and make her husband love it. (She'll become either the most disliked or the most imitated woman in our town.)

•

After the gala season of turkey and baked meats, I've got my ladylove half convinced that meat loaf is better'n venison, and better cold than hot. (Oughta save us $7 a month on our food bills!)

Over the bridge table the other day we talked our kids over and discovered a new note of cheer in our teen-agers' romances: that the average "exclusive dating" agreement between a bobby-soxer and her mate lasts only six months. (If they can stand it that long, we can.)

•

Junior had six youngsters in our living room the other night, high-schoolers and collegians, all half lost in the blind alley of the Cold Wars.... My heart thumped and my throat got all clogged up for 'em. All I could mutter was that their fathers and grandfathers were in the same boat and most of 'em came through okay.

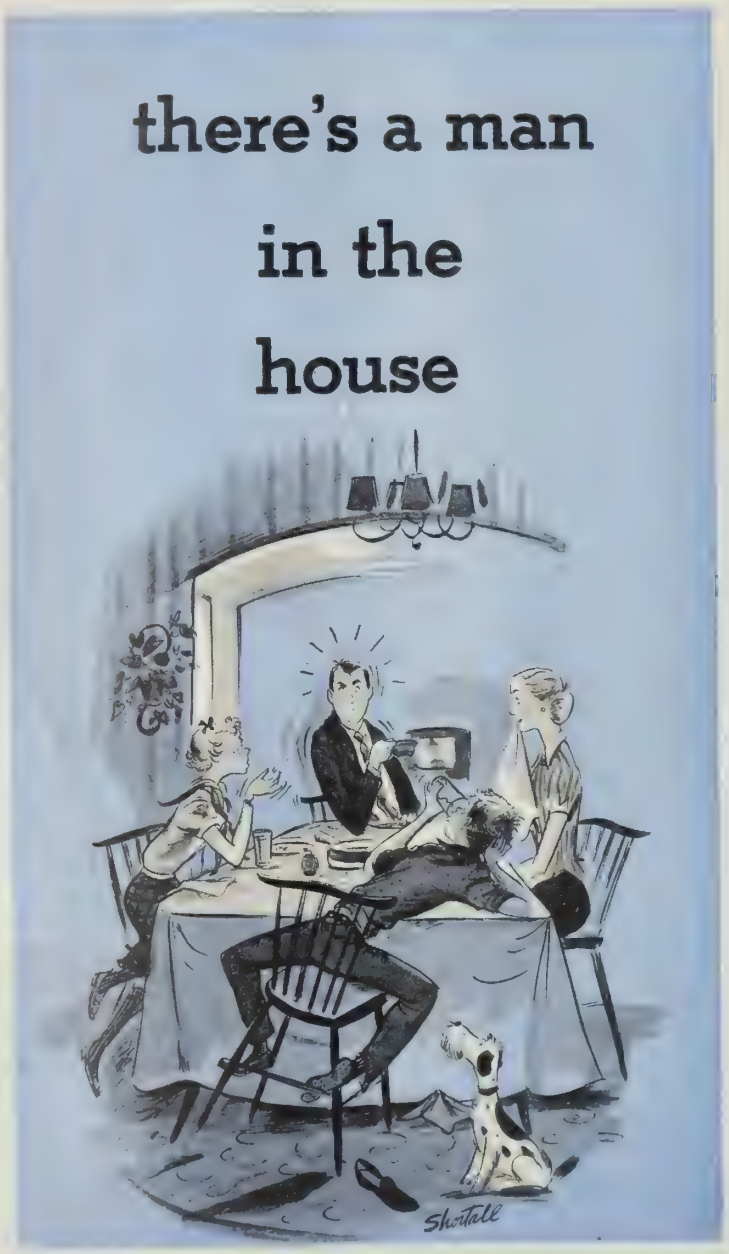
By HARLAN MILLER

Under a hail of criticism, our neighborhood's most caustic bridge player refuses to use his new automatic card shuffler. "Shuffling cards is the only exercise I get in an evening of bridge," he explains bitterly. (He's the same one who's declined to learn canasta.)

"When we're not invited to a big party," muses Betty Comfort, sneaking some empty bottles into the garbage can, "we're half torn between the chagrin of being omitted and the luxury of staying home."

•

Our youngest has been needling me to move his electric train off the chilly sleeping porch to the third-floor (attic) bedroom. My dream-girl objects: she doesn't want him tramping above her bedroom at 7 A. M. It cost me $80 for a new radiator to keep both of 'em off my neck.



Our dominant fifth-grader has invented a new seating arrangement for dinner so we can watch television while eating. I've accepted it experimentally—one day a week—provided my back is always toward the screen, and only if he turns the sound off during certain repulsive programs.

Latest gadget acquired by the most ardent gadgeteer in our block: a thing on the front door which resembles an old-fashioned brass door knocker, but which sounds modern chimes inside. "It's just about as traditional," he says cynically, "as our family tree."

This winter I've beaten a strategic retreat from my old position that I'm the only one in the family who knows how to build a hearth fire. Junior and our youngest have had a chance to fote logs, and boast their skill, and we've had more fires in the fireplace than ever in our family history.

•

Our kitchen's remodeling has now been held up five years because my b.w. insists on cutting a new door into the dining room. I argue the two doors through the pantry are as good as they ever were, and if I'm stubborn enough I may yet save myself a couple of thousand.

All that giggling around our house turned out to be a scheme my wife and daughter were scheming: to present me with *four* separate sets of house, car and office keys for my birthday. (And just because somebody has mislaid two sets of my keys this winter.)

•

I've tried hard to applaud our daughter's new short (SHORT!) hair bob, much as I've always admired her long red tresses.... Secretly, though, I think it's first-degree mayhem when one of the talented girls around the sorority house goes on the loose with a pair of scissors.

"I've admired a row of seven fancy matching bottles on our bathroom shelf for twelve years," confides Peter Comfort, shoveling a path through a recalcitrant neighbor's snowdrifts, "till I discovered accidentally that there's never been anything in 'em. I've now retired 'em to the top shelf of the linen closet."

•

When my princess of sheer delight pins a note on my favorite leftover in the icebox, "Hands off—this is for dad" . . . or when our youngest (no blushing violet) turns pink at a compliment by a stranger and mumbles, "Thank you!" . . . and our red-haired coed glides briskly up the stairs in her excruciating mottled blue jeans and returns in eleven minutes looking like a starlet . . . or junior insists on carrying heavy objects around the house and yard during chores, and always loads the bigger pieces of luggage . . . and the wife of my bosom wears my favorite dinner dress to a party, the one with the V neckline, renouncing the one which makes her look like Ruth Hussey . . . then I'm willing to concede for the sake of argument that monogamy is a natural and blissful state for man, no matter what Broadway and Hollywood try to tell you.



TO SPRING

Silk ottoman coat over navy-blue dress, by Christian Dior-New York.

Turn to bolero suits, box jackets, capelet jackets, silk-dress-and-coat costumes . . . to a short coat in tweedy wool and a sophisticated color for daytime, a long coat in silk ottoman or faille for afternoon. Look for bamboo beiges in wools, tweeds and silk shantungs, but prize your grays of last season and new ones you will find this year. In planning your clothes, count happily on colorful accessories — hats in white or rough burnt straw, thin kidskin gloves in saffron yellow and suède ones in biscuit beige, collars and cuffs in polka-dot silk, white linen or piqué. Carry a small box-shaped or elongated bag. And wear polished kidskin shoes with high heels. • By WILHELA CUSHMAN

Fashion Editor of the Journal



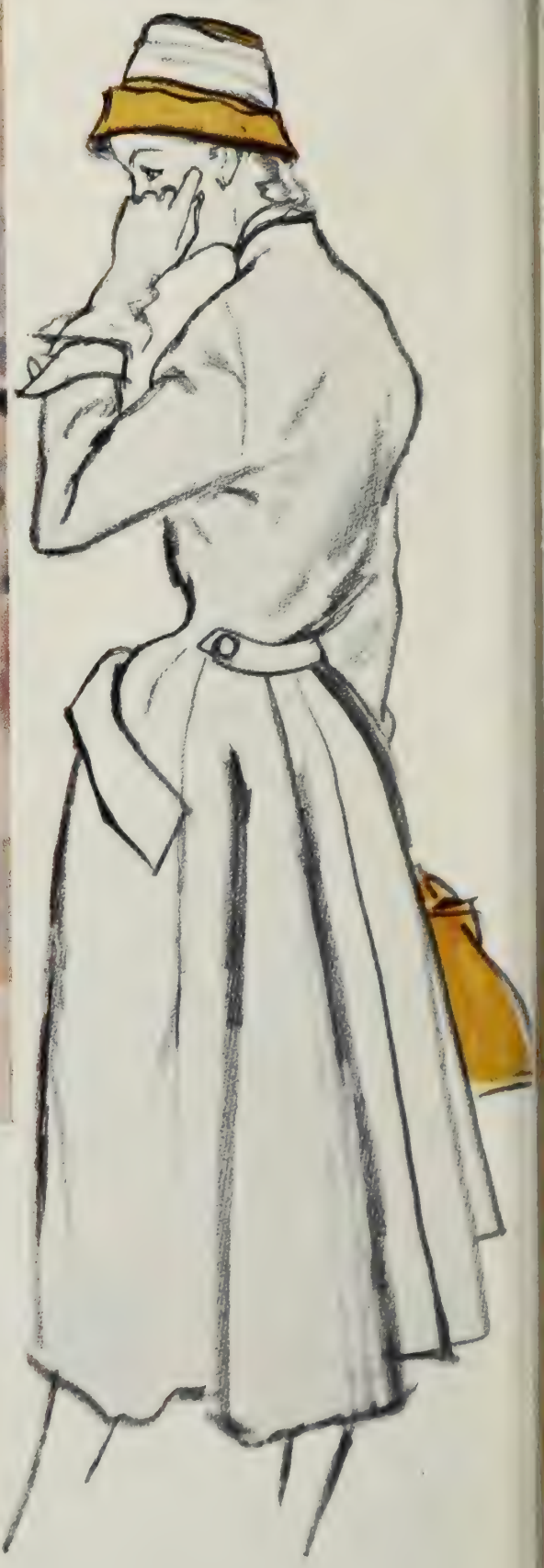


Dress and coat in two tones of beige shantung taffeta, by Adele Simpson. Flower bandeau veil by Mr. John.

Belted-back coat in gray flannel, cloche hat. Christian Dior-New York.



WILHELA CUSHMAN



THE TURN TO SPRING

The silk suit or dress-and-jacket costume has enormous significance, a long season and many uses. Your most important day dress will be silk surah, side-draped or self-sashed, or a slim coat-dress in jersey or sheer wool. Shoulders are easy, hiplines rounded, pockets as important as ever. Sleeves invariably have turn-back cuffs. Skirt lengths are the same, the silhouette basically slim.



Printed silk surah with a side-tied sash—Christian Dior of New York.

BICORNE BY MR. JOHN



Printed silk bolero suit, tucked chiffon blouse, by Adele Simpson. Flower hat by Mr. John.

JANE TURNER

Silk faille coat in beautiful new fitted silhouette with front folds, by Hattie Carnegie.

FOUR COSTUMES... TWO





A straw bandeau-veil, jet jewelry, a medallion on black velvet, short black gloves give a late-day look to the shantung dress without its jacket.

VEIL BY THERESE AHRENS

Silk shantung dress and jacket by Leonard Arkin, $49.95; crocheted straw helmet, $6.95, by Mr. Alf; lots of bracelets, suède bag, $10.95.

WILHELA CUSHMAN

SEASONS

y-blue wool bolero suit with
nt gold silk-shantung blouse,
95 complete. By Leonard Arkin







Mauve wool coat, $49.95, goes over suit, and dresses. By Frank Peloso

Suit change: white blouse, gloves and jewelry, piqué-trimmed hat, $5.

Basic silk print, Ben Barrack, $45. Pillbox hat, $5.



Shantung dress and jacket, navy silk print, short mauve coat, navy-blue wool bolero suit—each one of these is a spring-into-summer, many-occasion fashion. Coat, suit and either dress make a complete wardrobe. Basing on beige and navy blue, you can use any or all of the new fashion-color touches—violet, gold, lacquer red, white. Bags may be beige, navy blue, red; shoes navy, red or black kidskin or fabric. • By RUTH MARY PACKARD

COSTUME

Coffee-brown silk honan suit	$55.00
Top-handle brown calfskin box bag	7.50
Natural milan pillbox, velvet ribbon	14.95
Chamois-color cotton gloves	2.95

$80.40

CYNTHIA MCADOO AND TOM MCKEOWN





What you wear with

it makes the fashion

$71.35

$49.95	Printed rayon jersey suit
9.95	Rayon ottoman scoop hat
7.50	Navy-blue calfskin box bag
3.95	Long hand-sewn cotton gloves

OMPLETE

By RUTH MARY PACKARD



Black silk shantung suit, rhinestone clips	$49.95
Ottoman pillbox with a veil	8.95
Patent-leather bag, lined with red kid	7.50
Hand-sewn slip-on cotton gloves	2.95

$69.35

$64.40

$19.95	Rayon-linen jacket dress, shantung blouse-top
3.95	Piqué calot with a wired bow
3.00	Nylon gloves with a doeskin finish
7.50	Navy-blue calfskin bag

ALL SUITS BY LEONARD ARKIN



DESIGNS FOR SPRING

With each spring come the rustle of crisp fabrics, and boutonnieres of fresh and artificial flowers. For you women who sew, to make your clothes with skill and to accessorize them with style is a great accomplishment. We try to serve as a guide . . . to eliminate the guesswork when you shop for your patterns and fabric. We try to help you plan a costume, and to stimulate your imagination in your selections by suggesting unusual combinations. Perhaps you had never thought of using a metal-sho cotton in combination with wool flannel . . . or of lining a gray flannel bolero with the same yellow tie-silk as you blouse. Ideas like these go a long way in making clothe more individual, more effective. • By NORA O'LEARY



Lovely silk shantung taffeta suit, shimmery gray accented by violets, to be worn now through summer. The attached stole can be arranged in many flattering ways; the slim skirt has single pleat in back. Hat by Irene. Vogue Design No. 7310, 12 to 20.



Lightweight gray wool bolero suit with unpressed pleats in the skirt. Vogue Design No. 7315, 12 to 44. Sleeveless tie-silk blouse, "Easy-to-Make" 7321, 12 to 20.



Silk twill afternoon dress with flattering notched double collar, the skirt with unpressed pleats in the front, seam in back. Design No. 7314, 12 to 20. Sally Victor hat.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ontario. (*Connecticut residents please add sales tax.

Back and other views and prices on Page 233



Wool-and-rayon bengaline in a slim princess coat with an easy flare in the skirt. Three-quarter cuffed sleeve. Wear with a crisp white straw sailor hat by Irene and fresh daisies. Vogue Design No. 7301, 12 to 40. Pretty in linen, for summer.

LIE GILL





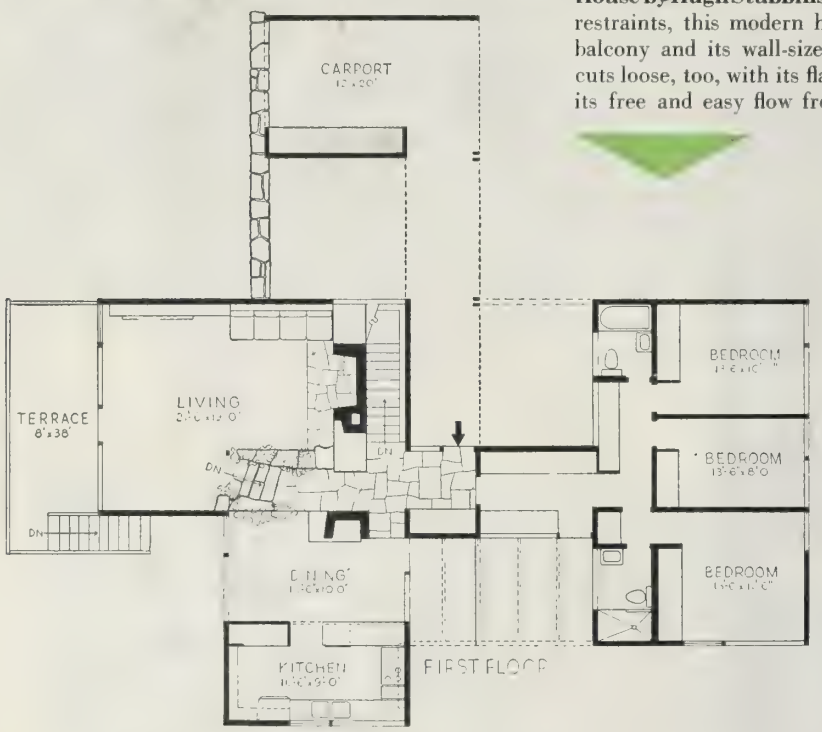
MARGARET SOMMERFELD VOGUE

Two-piece casual dress in red polka-dot tie-silk. The skirt has double unpressed pleats all around, the blouse short or full sleeves. Beatrice Martin hat. No. 7300, 12 to 20.

Exciting combination for spring and summer—slim plaid dress in metal-shot cotton. Straight wool flannel coat, matching plaid lining. Vogue Design No. S-4177, 12 to 20. Make gloves to match.



House by Hugh Stubbins in Lincoln, Massachusetts. Uninhibited by traditional restraints, this modern house dramatizes its hillside site, with its cantilevered balcony and its wall-size windows an open invitation to the view. Indoors it cuts loose, too, with its flagstone floor and steps leading down to the living room, its free and easy flow from room to room, its quiet, isolated sleeping section.







Today's Modern and Traditional

RICHARD PRATT
Architectural Editor of the Journal

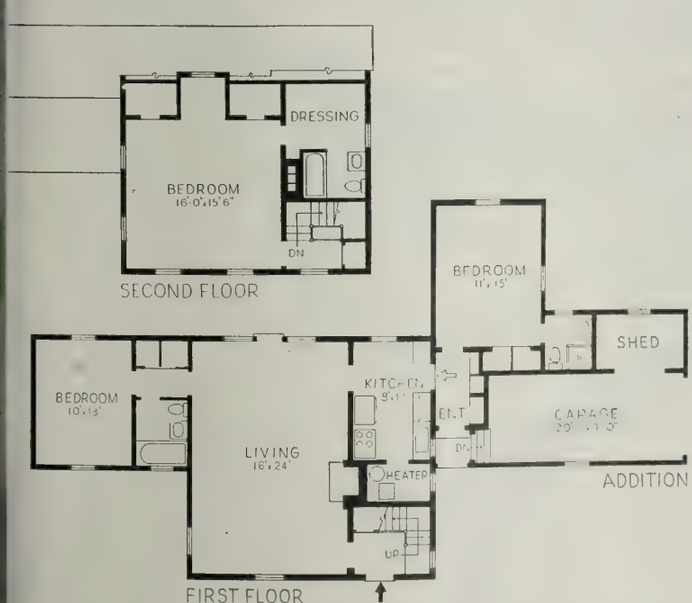
The chances are at this point the country would go two to one for traditional. More for modern in the Middle West, the Southwest, and of course on the Coast; with historical styles elsewhere still keeping a pretty firm hold on people's affections. What is your own feeling? We would like to hear. Do the unconventional lines of modern houses appeal to you? Their free, flexible and open planning? Or do you prefer the more formalized, familiar and sentimental charms of Colonial types? Well, here are today's traditional and modern—two to one; the architects among the finest in their fields; the families most happily housed. . . . But let the houses speak for themselves.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD GARRISON



House by Royal Barry Wills in Melrose, Massachusetts. The setting and accommodations of this brand-new barn-red house of a long New England lineage are similar to those of the modern house on the opposite page; the end result, both as to outward appearance and plan, strikingly different, as you can see; thus offering an opportunity to compare certain characteristics of the two styles.

e by Aymar Embury in East Hampton, New York. This new Long Is- salt box exemplifies the real rightness of today's traditional, faithfully ving the local building manner of an unspoiled seventeenth-century town with similar houses. Skillfully designed for a couple's retirement, its ing offers many interesting possibilities for families old or young.







MENU

Curried Crab Soup

Salty Rye Melbas

London Broil
Stuffed Mushrooms

Broiled Tomatoes Mayonnaise

Baked Potatoes

Endive-and-Anchovy Salad

Strawberry-Cream-Cheese Pie

Coffee

(Planned for 6)

The SOUP that Came before Cook Books

That's Vegetable Soup...variously made Here are three popular kinds

BY Anne Marshall



NNE MARSHALL
ector Home Economics
npbell Soup Company

Vegetable soup is one of the very oldest in the world. Long before there were cook books, or *any* books, women were making soup by combining vegetables and herbs. Often they included meat. This was the beginning of our traditional vegetable soup, which has nour-d men, women and children for thousands ears—and will for years to come.

oday the vegetable soup served, more and e, in American homes is ready-prepared n "tried and true" recipes. It's enjoyed in three equally delicious kinds shown here. egetarian Vegetable Soup seems "made" ccompany salmon salad sandwiches; hot ee cake and apple sauce; deviled egg d; peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. egetable-Beef Soup is grand with toasted or led cheese sandwiches; potato or macaroni d; creamed eggs on toast; green salad. ubstantial and heart-warming, Vegetable p "goes with" just about everything, and s ideal to plan meals around. For instance, etable Soup tastes so good with grilled sandwiches; cheese soufflé and a relish; frankfurters on toasted rolls; fruit salad hot muffins—to name only a few.

Why not try the menus pictured here—or y them to suit *your* family's taste?





1 **VEGETARIAN VEGETABLE SOUP** For those who prefer a meatless lunch, the menu below features a fine, flavorful soup crammed with luscious vegetables mingled in vegetable broth. It's sure of a welcome:

Vegetarian Vegetable Soup

Tuna Sandwiches Sliced Bananas Tea



2 **VEGETABLE-BEEF SOUP** Folks call this "the square-meal soup." If your family like lots of pieces of beef and fine vegetables, then this is their dish! In this lunch, for example:

Vegetable-Beef Soup

Rolls Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee



3 **VEGETABLE SOUP** More than a dozen different garden vegetables are blended with a homey beef stock to make this soup women call "almost a meal in itself." Here's an appetizing lunch:

Vegetable Soup

Broiled Hamburgers Cole Slaw Milk

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!



Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!

Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

THE RECKLESS HEART

(Continued from Page 35)

Placing the brandy bottle on the cloth, father blew into the little stemmed glass. "Still in your go-to-meeting rig?" he observed coolly to mother.

Mother knew father was not interested in the fact that at dusk she still wore the white embroidered waist, tired with creases, and the trailing white skirt she had worn to church that morning. Above the high, boned collar of her waist she merely nodded. Her outmoded pompadour lay flatly to one side, like a collapsed wave, because her hair was very straight and she did not bother with "rats" or frizzing. The glossy coffee-colored coil of hair sat thick and solid above.

Catching the shine of mother's earrings when she dipped her head in answer to father's remark, I turned to look. As a very small child, I used to think when people said how beautiful mother was that this sparkle was The Beautiful.

But I was suddenly blind to the flashing diamonds. Light from the window struck mother's cheek and I saw with a pang what little flesh there was on those beautiful bones. Her mortality in her face!

"Have another croquette, Mar'-Cullen," mother urged me. "I made them specially for you."

Though mother had been born and brought up in Virginia, there was almost nothing of a southern accent left: father disliked what he called "sloppy southern voices." There was, however, a softness that lingered, and it seems to me that she spoke a good deal more slowly than other people.

"Uh-mm," I refused in a mumble, and looked away from my plate.

Through a blur of tangled blond hair I stared down intently at my own chest, clad in an endless row of tiny pin tucks. I clung to the thought that I, too, was still in my "go-to-meeting rig," a long-waisted white dress with a double skirt of eyelet embroidery. That exquisitely hand-worked dress had leg-o'-mutton sleeves. In 1912! Did little girls ever wear them? Mother must have cut the pattern from one of her own waists. Of course leg-o'-mutton was outdated for her, too, but I can think of nothing that interested her less than her own clothes; besides, I knew she was beautiful in anything, while I was a scrawny fourteen-year-old.

Lisbee always consoled me by assuring me that it was well-bred to be a little old-fashioned. Lisbee herself, however, had left for Evelyn James' party in a dress whose skirt, she felt, came just the correct number of inches above her shoe tops, for a prim young senior.

Now, father—though it was Sunday, he had on what he wore any other day, breeches and boots, which gave him the air of having come up from the stables for just a few minutes. Father would have scorned to dress up for any particular day. Certainly he never went to church. As a matter of fact, for years the sight of mother dressed to go would start him off on a long harangue, mostly to himself, on the obvious futility of such a superstitious gesture.

TODAY was no exception. He quoted as he argued and ended with Anatole France, his patron saint of many years: "This world . . . merely an accidental ball of mud gyrating in space."

"But, Alfred—I didn't make myself, and yet here I am!" mother protested. "You don't really think the universe 'just happened?' You know mighty well *nothing* 'just happens.' Not even a—not even this dinner. Why, just the miracle of *wheat growing* . . . Somebody—something has to do *everything*. And you know ——"

"Laws of Nature," he coolly turned her off.

"Laws of Nature!" she reproached him earnestly. "That's just what I mean. Who—what made the Laws of Nature? And don't tell me they 'just happened.'"

However, father had lost interest in subject. Above his stock, father's hard were almost indistinguishable from the of his red, wind-burned face. Although spent the greater part of his time reading was his love of horses that showed mos his face: speed, lashing wind, an iron nonsense, and then there was the way dressed.

I don't know how to put this in words, even as a small child I felt disturbed ab him. Not mother. Love surrounded her streamed from her like the nimbus of a sa in medieval paintings. But father was alw hurrying to his death.

WE four children had always felt t father was somehow outside of things, t he did not know how to get in. At any r there was a kind of green conspiracy am us, never mentioned, to guard him. chiefly, to hide from him the fact that knew.

"I see you had company," father s dryly to mother.

She took the cut-glass bowl of milk p ding from Techa and began arranging dessert dishes in front of her. "Jasiek me he's got a magnolia growing in his ya mother said.

"It's not the kind you think," father her. "If it's anything, it's a tulip magn Doesn't smell like the southern kind."

Father had not seen mother's caller. had merely seen the empty teacups with big red roses on the side set on a fol tea cloth on the kitc table.

> **Sit loosely in the saddle of life.** —ROBERT L. STEVENSON.

Somehow, he never happen on that recurr tea party in the kitch though the guest was of his own tenants. Fat owned all the houses down at The Cove the river, where many of the Polish labo from the steel mills lived.

Twice a year, the gnarled little Ja would take the long streetcar ride up fr The Cove to our house in the mountain section of town to pay a call on the *baa*. evidently carefully timing those visits w he knew that the *baas* (father) was b elsewhere.

Attired in Sunday blacks and cellu collar, Jasiek always came to the kitc door. Mother would usher him in with emony and give him tea on the kitc table.

None other of father's hundreds of tenants ever came to call. Nobody kn how or why Jasiek happened to start asserting his ego. He always left enormo pleased with himself. Mother saw to t

We lived in my childhood among a g number of lacks and misunderstandings, let it not be said that the price of bean what so-and-so said or wore, filled our and minds. My father was a proud man, my mother went about life with an enorm simplicity.

Mother treated everybody with a spe kind of interest, with such a freshness in manner, it was as though she were av every instant that each person carried v him all his pathetic little stumblings si he gave his first cry. She did not lose cosmic in the commonplace. Impossible mother to look on Jasiek as father did — a gnarled little laborer from the bull g with a big walrus mustache.

It was not until I was pretty well gr that I realized how father had shut mot off from the world. This good-humored li bout of taunting—"I see you had company was just another tug, drawing her fart out.

Father was disenchanted with reality scorned illusion. So Alfred Vries encased h self in his pride and drew his wife along that prison; he cut her off from her fan and friends in the South, and from his world which had long ago fled to a n fashionable part of town. But somethin

(Continued on Page 76)

The Viscountess Boyle

Lady Boyle is one of London's most glamorous titled women. Her husband is the son of the eighth Earl of Shannon



Her lovely face is a bright promise of her charming inner self

Lady Boyle's sparkling, sensitive face captures your heart at first sight, because it tells such a bright, bewitching story of her vivid *real* self. Her face shows you her gay spirit, her enchanting naturalness, her ready friendliness.

Wherever you go, *your* face is registering you with all who see you. Make sure it is *showing* what a *very nice person* you are!

Viscountess Boyle has exquisite skin. She gives her face simple care that can be used by everyone. "I use Pond's Cold Cream—regularly," she says.

The beauty that lives with your inner self

can touch you with a magic New Loveliness

y is it that many women never register their selves with others? Instead they look—and -nondescript and prosy.

ou need not stay a drab self. A power within can create a *new* You. This power grows out he interdependence of your Outer Self and r Self—the way you *look*, the way you *feel.*

is this power that brings your face so alight confidence, when you feel you *look your pretti-* But, it can cloud you with self-gloom, when you *t* look your best. That's why it means so much e strict with yourself about those daily beauty s that make you *look lovelier, feel at ease.*

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

't be a "sometime" woman about your face . A good daily *creaming* of your skin should r be skipped. This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream pays *quick* dividends —makes skin look like a rose, feel like silk. And, because it's *cream* cleansing, it can't be drying. Do it *always* at bedtime (for day face cleansings, too). *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—give face a quick splash of hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

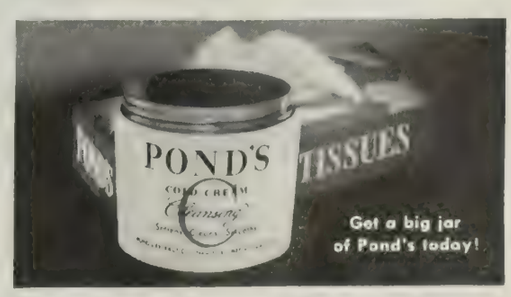
Cream Rinse—do another Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—give face a tonic cold water splash.

This Pond's face care acts on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates circulation.

Lady Boyle says, "This Pond's treatment leaves my face so refreshed, so *thoroughly* clean."

Remember always—it is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. Looking your best self lifts your whole life UP. It gives you new confidence that lights your face magically—brings others closer to the real Inner You.



You hear it everywhere—
"She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!"

NO WASH, NO WIPE TONIGHT!

NEW DREFT DOES BOTH AND DISHES SHINE



. . . . . All YOU do is RINSE! Even pots and pans glisten!

You don't wash . . . Instead of washing dishes just let them soak in warm Dreft suds for 2 minutes. Dreft floats grease and food particles away. Your hands don't even touch the dishwater. All *you* have to do is rinse the dishes, giving a swish of the cloth where needed, and presto! They're done!

You don't wipe . . . New Self-Washing Dreft leaves no dishwater film. It washes dishes and glasses so clean, they shine—even without wiping.

You don't scour . . . Even pots and pans *soak* clean. Dreft's amazing "floataway" action gets *under* grease . . . lifts it off. Then grease *rinses* away . . . without scouring.

BEAUTY TIP!
New Dreft is so mild, and your hands are in water so little, it leaves hands beautifully white and soft!

It's magic . . . sheer magic . . . it's self-washing!



(Continued from Page 74)

mother calmly refused to be lost; through chinks and cracks—with the Polish people, with her children, the neighbors—in trickles and rivulets it escaped into life.

At the Jameses' red brick "mansion," as Lisbee liked to call it, the French windows in the music room had been thrown open and the guests were half indoors and half out in the garden. A clipped terrace sloped down to a clump of trees, and to flower beds at the back. The shaved terrace was to the left of the house.

Lisbee was standing just outside the music room when *it happened!*

Indoors, the phonograph was playing The Pink Lady and two of the boys with mandolins were trying to follow the melody. This furnished the music for the dancing. Lisbee was not dancing.

Then suddenly the Woman Hater appeared, sending a wave of excitement through the party.

I knew "all about" the Woman Hater, Nelson Etheridge, although up to that day not even Lisbee had seen him. He was Evelyn James' cousin. But he ignored her. He ignored everybody. Last spring he had acquired not his first, but his second degree from Yale. And he was tall. And he wrote poetry. And his mother had the only butler in town.

For the elite of Trevore, West Virginia, this butler of Mrs. Etheridge's lent a note of feudal splendor to her big banklike house on Victoria Crescent. The Woman Hater's father was a doctor. But it was Mrs. Etheridge's house, she was the one with the money—more money than anybody else in town.

(I have been trying to "just tell" about Lisbee's meeting with the Woman Hater, but it's no use. The result remains too low in tone, too unreal. I keep seeing Lisbee as she acted out that encounter. I keep seeing what she made me see as she went over and over each incident. From now on I shall put things down as I see them happening, because that's the way they have stayed with me. Lisbee in action generally managed to stir up a whirlwind; just telling is too pale.)

Well, here came the Woman Hater, strolling around the Jameses' house, without hat or topcoat.

"Oh, hello, Nels," Evelyn called, flushing with pleasure as she hurried to meet him.

A hush fell over the whole party. Evelyn was still introducing "My cousin, Nelson Etheridge," when Camilla Fleming called, from the back of the group, "I hear you're going to recite some of your own poetry for us."

THIS was probably pure maliciousness. Blown with pride over her dazzling cousin's willingness to appear at her birthday party, Evelyn had whispered to a few cronies that *perhaps* she might even ask him to recite some of his *own poems!* But she blew so hot and cold on this bold idea, they all knew she would never dare broach the subject.

"*Am* I?" came the too bland rejoinder.

"Camilla!" Evelyn exclaimed sharply.

The introductions proceeded more stiffly. When they were finished, Nelson Etheridge refused politely to come indoors; he'd go on down and see, he said, what state the garden was in. He walked off and left them.

Evelyn was looking daggers at Camilla Fleming, since the Woman Hater was still within earshot, when Lisbee slipped away and went back upstairs.

The sight of Nelson Etheridge had made her recklessly brave. He was dark, and had a high, wide brow and very serious brown eyes. After nothing but downy-faced giggling boys to look at, here was a man! His particular brown-eyed fumbling-at-life look delighted her. He was a man: in this real man she had come face to face with the dream. The shock made her bold. This recognition made him hers.

Lisbee went hurrying back to the guest room to put up her hair, to prepare herself for an attack on Nelson Etheridge.

Partly, this was due, I suppose, to the f that Lisbee had never had a real beau; knew, therefore, she could never get without snatching. Since Nelson Etheri had retreated to the garden, Lisbee deci that this was her chance: she must try snare this desirable man before he found who she was, before the others told him t she was the Outsider. Lisbee was convin that once a man fell in love with you, t was the end of the subject; no matter w happened later, he could not tear him away.

On the threshold of the upstairs g room, Lisbee paused. She had forgot about the maid who had greeted her wit Scotch burr in the flat voice when she l helped her off with her hat and coat. T elderly woman was now sitting by the o window knitting.

WALKING to the dressing table, Lisbee down and unclasped the wide blue ribb from the back of her head. The maid r and hovered helpfully, but she did not anything. Gathering up the heavy mass blond hair at her neck, Lisbee drew it hi studying the effect in the mirror. She nod approval: it made her look very grown

What she did not see was that t crowning height added just enough len and dignity to the well-formed oval fac accent startlingly its beauty. Lisbee mother's finely cut features, and with wide white brow, those limpid eyes and pointed chin, Lisbee would have loo wholly ethereal had it not been for mouth. The full lips added weight and ea iness, expectation breat from it.

When men speak ill of thee, live so as nobody may believe them. —PLATO.

With unaccustor fingers Lisbee pinned thick mass of hair on of her head.

Not until she asked there were any more li hairpins did the hovering maid approa After getting out a box of hairpins, woman made bold to take the brush tidy up the loose tendrils of hair on Lisb neck, tucking them in and pinning them i place.

"It's bonny," the woman offered.

This surprised the tense Lisbee so m that at first she started; then it set her smiling much too widely, she saw in mirror. She bit her lip.

But it *was* bonny! Lisbee now saw, wit stab of joy. In fact, it was so bonny that did not falter once on her way downsta and coolly threaded her way through dancers in the music room.

Outdoors, she tried to saunter un trusively across the lawn in the direc Nelson Etheridge had taken; but one of girls called to her, demanding in shoc amazement where she thought she was ing. Lisbee did not even turn.

The back of her neck felt cool and liciously airy. The balanced weight of hair on top of her head made her feel stat She ignored the thud of her heart.

The grass had been freshly cut. This miliar smell acted as an elixir, hearten her; she breathed it in in waves.

She found Nelson Etheridge on a circ rustic seat built around a low-branched t

"Oh—hello!" Lisbee exclaimed in startled voice she had planned. "You kn I don't blame you a bit ——" She wal over and dropped down beside him.

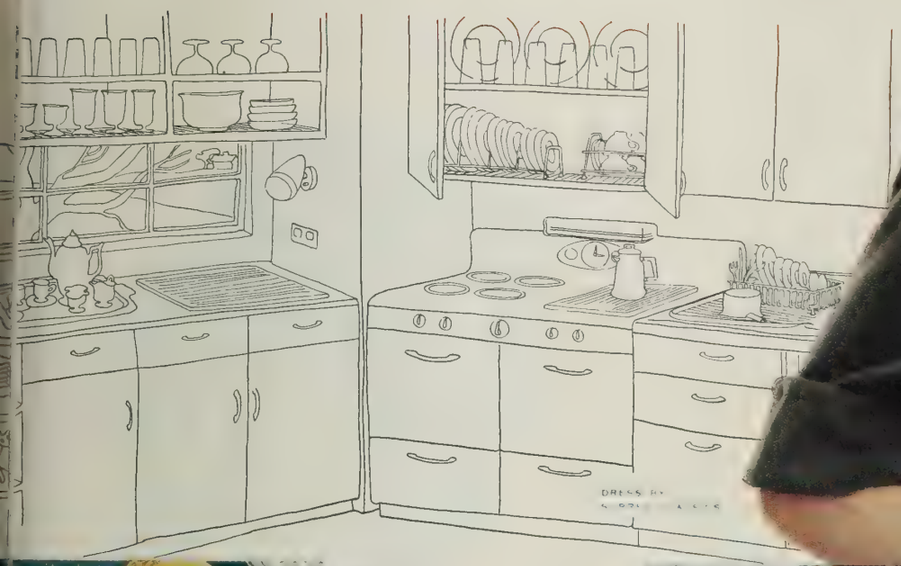
He jumped up politely, but remai standing.

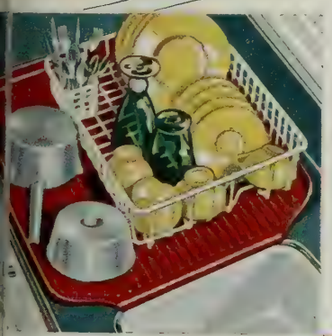
"Why, even to read *somebody el* poetry, you —— It's too intimate—to s a large crowd!" she burst out. His stand there, absolutely silent, was running courage thin. "I love poetry," she now him defiantly, of course not daring to l him in the face. She knew how fatuous remark was. "When I was just a—in fifth grade, I got the lead in the class play reciting the lily maid's lament," she laug brightly. "Mr. Martin was so surprised t anybody would have the nerve to say word *love* right out loud!" She could stop.

(Continued on Page 79)

Look what's saving time and work for women everywhere!

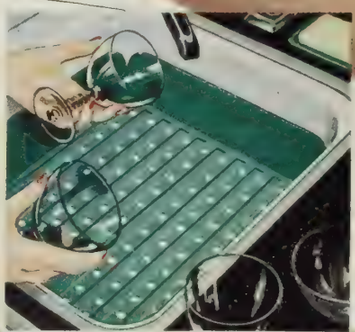
Rubbermaid of course!



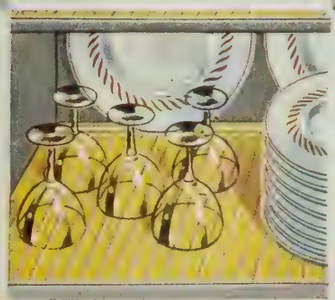


DISHES DRAIN DRY! Try this Rubbermaid team for speedy dishwashing. Stack dishes in extra-large Drainer, put silver in stand-up holder. New extra-wide Draining Tray fits standard size drainboard with extra room for pots and pans . . . and it's sloped to drain off water.

MAKE YOUR SINK A CUSHIONED DISHPAN! New Rubbermaid Sink Liner Mat fits snugly into your sink, has 3-inch flaps on all four sides. Perforations and raised ribbing for quick draining.

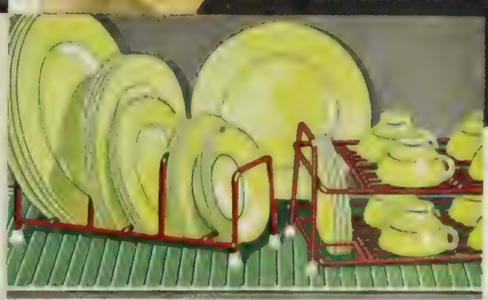


LORFUL CONVENIENCE FOR CUP-ARD SHELVES! Rubbermaid Shelf-ishions provide a permanent shelf-ing that protects dishes, quiets clat-, adds color . . . and never has to changed. Ribbing keeps glassware om clouding, plate rail holds stand-up plates. Ready-sized to fit all cabinets . . . 11¾" width, 24", 30" and 36" lengths.



SAVE CUPBOARD SPACE! Crowded cupboards welcome Rubbermaid Plate Racks and Rubbermaid Cup and Saucer Racks to end stacking of dishes and cups. Dishes are easy to get out and put away . . . protected from chipping and cracking.

PERMANENT HOT PAD! Rubbermaid Stove Top Protector saves surfaces from nicks and scratches. Lets you use extra stove top working space safely. Heat cannot damage ventilated surface.

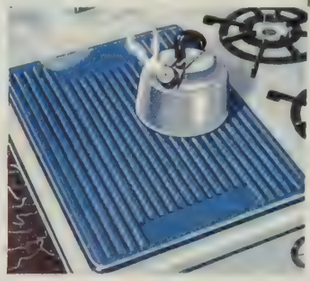




ES DOUBLE DUTY! One side of this venient Rubbermaid Handimat-Cut- Board is a hard-surfaced rubber ing board that's lightweight, port-e. The other side serves as a cush-ed, heat-resistant mat for range, e or drainboard, and has a handy e of kitchen measures molded into surface.

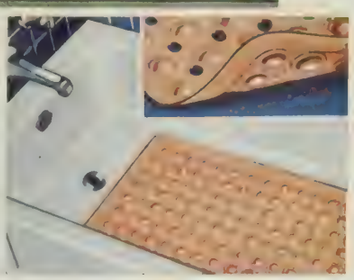


REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



Rubbermaid safety for your Bathroom —too!

Over a hundred suction cups anchor this Rubbermaid Safti-cup Bathtub Mat to the surface of your tub to help prevent dangerous slipping.



You can see the complete Rubbermaid line wherever housewares are sold in the United States and Canada. Write for free folder showing the original, complete, home-tested line of rubber housewares.

For long-life resistance to heat, soap, grease and wear, ask for genuine

Rubbermaid HOUSEWARE

THE WOOSTER RUBBER COMPANY · Dept. L-10, Wooster, Ohio

Because it touches your baby...

HERE AT JOHNSON & JOHNSON the welfare of your baby is our great concern. The faith that mothers and doctors place in our famous baby products makes all babies our pride and joy—and trust.

To the rest of the world, a cotton tip may seem a small thing in importance as well as size. But not to you mothers, and certainly not to us. We both realize the delicate, exacting nature of their use; we both know they must be baby-soft, baby-gentle, made with complete understanding of a baby's special needs.

That's why we added our own baby-specialists' concept of cotton tips to the well-loved family of JOHNSON'S BABY PRODUCTS.

That's why more and more mothers every day ask for JOHNSON'S COTTON TIPS by name, and will accept no other . . . because only JOHNSON'S COTTON TIPS bear the name Johnson & Johnson, that has won the trust of mothers everywhere.

Only Johnson's Cotton Tips bring you all these advantages:

- **Baby-soft! Made of world's finest-quality absorbent cotton**
- **Baby-safe! Sterilized right in the box**
- **Handy drawer-type box fits narrow shelf, opens easily, protects each cotton tip till used**
- **Spun directly on sticks, stay firm in use**
- **Double tips for thrift and convenience**
- **The Johnson & Johnson trade-mark —your guarantee of unvarying dependability from America's largest and most trusted baby products manufacturer**

Johnson's Cotton Tips

—created by specialists for baby's special needs!





(Continued from Page 76)

eet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain;
A; sweet is death who puts an end to pain:
I, ow not which is sweeter, no not I . . ."

sh brought out passionately. A cloying ne at doing this rash, stupid thing, and th terror of those girls at her back, now w hed her down.

"*, e, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be;*
L thou art bitter; sweet is death to me . . ."

ven before the echoes of the last rhyme faded, Lisbee remembered, in horror, yn's confidences about this unapproach- cousin of hers. Every girl in town had thrown at his head, he'd growled—or r, he would correct himself bitterly: e Nelson moneybags.

What a fool! Lisbee reproached herself: had done exactly the wrong thing, the surest to frighten him off.

e had not moved from the tree.

isbee's tone changed abruptly. "Might ell sit down and be comfortable," she ted with a gay little laugh. "I'm just g this on a dare." Then, as though an had just struck her: "The most eligible in town and the most *in*eligible girl!" ended airily, throwing all her hopes over- d.

he familiar flavor of failure was nothing compared with the hysterical eagerness felt to get him to say something to her, natter how rude. She *had* to have some- g to tell the girls when she joined them. With a face like that!"

Woman Hater scouted ineligibility, but in a annoyed tone.

hat stopped her for an ant. She had forgotten self, forgotten that he ld see her and might be ing things about what saw. "What's a face out moneybags?" she returned, taking lead from what Evelyn had told her.

Don't tell me cynicism is the new thing he nunnery this season," he said dryly. he sat down beside her! That was all bee cared about at the moment.

Oh—uh—I'm just being sensible." She d, too late, to make it sound offhand. n to astound him with her terrific in- ibility, and to hide even from herself the niliating fact that *she* had dared to hope, demanded pertly, "Do you know, this is first dress I've ever owned all to my- !"—which was untrue. "And often we e a grand search through mother's ketbook, in the handleless cup on the lf above the sink, and in half a dozen eau drawers before we can find enough ney for my carfare to school!"

his latter was true in fact only, but bee had set out to make a drama of her erty; now anything that came to mind s thrown into that fire.

WHY-Y, it was *years* before we even tasted l candy. Techa—that's our Polish nurse," mly (giving Techa *and* herself a story- k cachet)—"uh—when we were little, cha taught us to save the peeling off nges, and then when we had enough, 'd make orange candy. You know the d—with a film of sugar on it? Poor cha—with a whole houseful of us! She'd l to teach us practically everything. Of rse she's just like a member of the nily," primly, elegantly. Then, carried ay again, she added with a rush, "And l know, she's—Techa's such a good friend my little sister, Mary-Cullen, that when cha's second cousin was coming to America m Poland, Mar'-Cullen lent Techa her le heart locket to wear—under her dress— cause the locket was lucky."

'Did it work?"

"Oh—uh." Lisbee nodded. "At least, ysha *did* get across the ocean safely," told him.

"*This* locket?" Nelson Etheridge asked, oping now to get a closer look at it where ested on the white lace at Lisbee's throat.

She flushed red, having completely forgotten that she was wearing it. "Mm," Lisbee admitted, her eyes suddenly intent on something in the leaves above her head.

The Woman Hater took up the vaunted locket in two big fingers and examined it.

Lisbee was struck dumb. Yet it was so remarkably pleasant that he should be touching the locket that suddenly the spring smallness of the leaves on the tree made her ache with happiness. She could feel the whole heave of the sun-warmed outdoors about her.

"Do *you* find it lucky?" he asked in a different tone.

LISBEE felt a thrill of terror, or partly that, in the shock his deep voice this close sent over her. She waited too long to answer; then suddenly she returned pertly, "Do you?"

"Downright magical," dryly. Releasing the locket, he straightened up.

Lisbee sat exactly as he'd left her, all daring drained away. Not one word came to mind; the silence drew out deafeningly.

"Just how old are you?" he finally broke the silence.

Lisbee looked up in surprise; it had sounded almost as though he were teasing her. She was shocked to find him smiling. Why-y, he was as easy to bring around as the girls at school. She had had no experience with how much easier it could be to placate a male.

"Older than you think!" Lisbee evaded. "I guess I must've lived about a thousand lives—in books," she turned the subject. Now suddenly she was warming to another role. "That's one thing there's plenty of at our house—books. From Les Dieux Ont Soif to the Commedia," she ran on. Was this a man of books? She knew exactly how to make him sit up. She had for years been delighting and astounding that indulgent literature teacher, Mr. Martin, with her voracious reading. "I read the Kreutzer Sonata, and The Brothers Karamazov and all of Shaw's plays, and Darwin, and Rossetti, before I was twelve, and—and I knew As You Like It and Sonnets from the Portuguese practically by heart, at ten."

Democracy—that form of government which leaves every citizen free to do his best for the public welfare.
—LOUIS PASTEUR.

These books she had devoured had enthralled the boys, and me too, for numberless hours. Pale indeed was any story compared with what it became, sieved through Lisbee's insatiable hunger for life, the sheer ability she had to lift everyday incidents to saga levels.

Carried away by the listing of nostalgic names and moods, Lisbee ended cataloguing the high lights of her reading by reciting her favorite poem, one of Mrs. Browning's sonnets. So deeply cherished, at that time, was this poem, Lisbee could rarely repeat it unmoved:

"The face of all the world is changed, I think,
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul
Move still, oh, still, beside me, as they stole
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink
Of obvious death, where I, who thought to sink,
Was caught up into love, and taught the whole
Of life in a new rhythm . . ."

Evidently Lisbee's mood bore even the Woman Hater along with her, because he agreed heartily, when she had finished, that it was a beautiful lyric—eying her intently as he said it.

"I see I'll have to do some rereading," he conceded.

He was smiling in a new way as he said this, and took one of her hands. His large masculine hand threw Lisbee into confusion. Her heart thudded painfully; embarrassed by the intimateness of touching his bare hand, she let her own lie just a lump in his.

All was blurred for a while now; Lisbee did not remember, later, much of what they had talked about. She said all she could do was smile at him.

GOOD DENTAL HEALTH

Dental authorities estimate that 98 per cent of our population suffer from some degree of tooth decay. Furthermore, dentists agree that the condition of the teeth and gums often has a direct effect upon general physical condition.

This is because the teeth are connected to other parts of the body through blood vessels, nerves, and tissues. Thus, infection in the teeth, if not checked, may spread throughout the system.

The maintenance of good dental health may help to prevent loss of teeth, and also to keep all-around health at a high level. Below are some safeguards most dentists recommend to help protect teeth and gums.



Protect the first teeth

By keeping the child's first teeth clean and free of decay, there is less likelihood of losing them prematurely and a better chance that permanent teeth will develop normally.

Authorities recommend periodic examinations beginning at age three. Sodium fluoride treatments, which help teeth resist decay, may also be given by your dentist.



Guard against teen-age decay

It is estimated that 95 out of every 100 high school children have some tooth decay. During teen years, teeth seem to be especially susceptible to cavities and eating too many sweets may contribute further to this condition.

Proper diet and regular dental care during these years may help to assure good dental and physical health throughout life.



Eat enough tooth-building foods

A diet rich in vitamins and minerals is one of the most important factors in building and maintaining sound teeth at all ages.

These elements are supplied by milk, meat, eggs, vegetables and fruits, bread and cereals, and fish liver oils. In addition, vigorous chewing of tough, crisp foods helps keep teeth and gums healthy.



Keep the teeth clean

The acids which cause decay are formed in the mouth soon after eating. Thus, to get the full benefit of the toothbrush, it should be used *after meals and especially before retiring.*

The dentist will be glad to advise you about the proper methods of keeping teeth clean.



Help protect the gums

Gum diseases affect about 80 per cent of the adult population. Frequently, such conditions are brought on by deposits of tartar which irritate the gums, and the infection may spread to other parts of the body.

By having the dentist treat infected gums early, it is usually possible to cure them and to prevent the spread of infection.



Visit the dentist regularly

Today, modern dental science has developed new measures to combat decay and has introduced improved methods to help control pain and infection.

Periodic visits to the dentist for cleansings, examinations, and necessary treatment are the best safeguards against serious conditions which may affect the teeth and the mouth.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 31-J, "For Good Teeth."



Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____



"So you like poetry?" was the first thing she remembered out of this daze.

Lisbee flushed at his repetition of her own banal remark, but he was watching her, so she nodded.

"Tell me some more poems you like," he demanded.

"*Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art* ——" she chose a line at random.

The excitement of his holding her hand and sitting so intimately close, shot through with the poetry, was too much. A shudder went over her, and shook his hand with it. But as though this were a talent in her, he laughed an unbelieving, delighted kind of laugh, and sat closer.

She repeated several isolated bits of poetry, but he kept on asking for more.

"*When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd* ——"

She finally happened on this, and it struck her as so beautiful that now suddenly Lisbee felt strong, leaning on it.

He sat up at this, and turned all the way around to look squarely at her, still holding her hand. "Do you know any more of it?" he urged.

Lisbee shook her head. "I don't really understand it," she admitted. "But even if I did, I don't think I could ever go on to read the rest unless I left out that first line. It—well, it sort of stops me."

He sat looking at her as though he were trying to look right through her, and asked all kinds of questions. Flattered, Lisbee eagerly told him anything that came into her head.

He laughed at some of her comments, and Lisbee played up to this amusement as well as she knew how. He was pleased by something when she'd finished, because he was smiling widely.

Then, haltingly, with many grimaces aside, Nelson Etheridge told Lisbee some things about himself. He let go of her hand now. Lisbee listened with a serious expression, but she was exulting inwardly.

"One thing's downright uncanny"—he looked down at her—"that you should happen to quote Walt Whitman. *Nobody* reads Whitman nowadays."

"I got it out of one of my father's books," she admitted.

"*When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,*" he repeated, and the skin tightened all over her with the thrill of it said in a deep man's voice. "Do you know any more of his things?"

"No, I'm sorry."

This seemed to cut the conversation off dead. Finally he gave her a deep, penetrating look, and nodded, as though in agreement with her about something.

"And that's not all"—he smiled, still regarding her intently—"the plot thickens. What makes it so amazing is—well, I'm writing an article about Whitman. And so far as *I* knew, it was a dark secret. I haven't even told Doctor Baird, the professor who suggested it to me," he finished.

"It's the locket!" Lisbee said quickly, giving him an easy out.

But then, arbitrarily, he evidently decided to mean all he'd said. "For Whitman suddenly to rise up—out of the blue! And *that* line," he marveled.

They contemplated this amazing coincidence.

He again spoke first. "You're very beautiful, aren't you?" he said solemnly, to her amazement.

"Oh, *no*—my mother is!" she said quickly.

He laughed aloud now, and forgot his solemnity.

He laughed a good deal at her, Lisbee noted happily, and she realized, though she had no idea how they had arrived at such a surprising pass, that everything she now said delighted him; seemingly she couldn't do or say anything wrong.

One of the things he asked after they had arrived at this amazing state was, "What do people call you? 'Elizabeth' is too big."

Women have a keen sense of humor. The more you humor them, the better they like it.

Lisbee was only slightly under ave height, but to him that must have see small. He was over six feet and so big-bo it seemed to take him longer than most ple to move a hand or turn around. It him an oddly indolent, but authorita look.

"'Lisbee,'" she informed him.

"'Lisbee'?" He considered it, and nod "What do they call *you?*"

"Oh, 'Nelson,' I'm afraid. Someti 'Nels.' Stiff-necked name. Way back, it probably 'Neilson.'"

Lisbee shook her head to "Nels." "I 'Neil,'" she suddenly decided. That seer to please him.

Rising abruptly, he helped her to her f "Let's get out of this. I'll take you ho Lisbee."

"I'll get my things."

Lisbee walked very carefully away, she felt as though her body were listing center.

The enormity of what she had done not fully strike Lisbee until she was on way back to the house. As she recrossed t open stretch of lawn several of the girls w lying in wait for her. They grabbed her drew her into a small sitting room.

"Lisbee!" they squealed in excitem "What did he *say!*" . . . "Is he as th ing ——" "Weren't you *ter*rified!" . . . just *love* your hair that way!"

Lisbee felt suddenly so grateful to Nel Etheridge that she wanted to go back tell him he didn't have to take her home. laughed shakily.

"What were you two up to?" Can Fleming struck the acrid note.

Lisbee's fears took and suddenly she had have everything clear, mendously clear: the g must not think she preen herself on this conqu "Oh, he's only going take me home." Lis silenced the chatter a hurried away. Out of sight of his ey what had happened had shrunk, she not dare believe.

Back upstairs, Lisbee was afraid to co down. When she did, she emerged from t house, carrying her coat (because it wa child's coat, and did not match her new h coiffure; she had thrown the blue ribbon a her telltale straw hat into the wastebask

"Why do you have to go all the way ba to that corner to meet him?" Stella manded. "What's he ashamed of?"

Lisbee took the dart in silence, and start stiffly across that wide lawn again. But Woman Hater came hurrying to meet h Relieving Lisbee of her coat, he took arm, clasping it firmly.

"Nice party Evie—see you soon," t tall, composed man called to his cousin. even waved good-by to the others on terrace.

Lisbee did not say anything; that cl to him, she did not trust her voice.

Not until they reached the end of Es Street did Lisbee remember the unkno blight on her.

She and Neil had been sauntering alo enjoying the view. Evelyn's home, li Neil's, was in the Bellemont section Trevore. From here one could not even s the town proper, far below in the flats, as sloped down to the steel mills and the riv Several lower ridges lay between Bellemo and the flats; Bellemont was built on the side of this highest ridge.

When Neil and Lisbee turned off Es Street to go up over the ridge, Lisbee su denly remembered. She couldn't take t young man home with her. Though Bretton Road, too, was on a ridge high abo the flats, it was a long way, in more th one sense, from the fashionable Bellemo Lisbee's heart raced. Neil was the essence all that was forbidden behind the invisib fence that shut her out at Miss Worthin ton's; no, she wouldn't dare take him hon until he liked her too much to care abo anything he found out about her.

(Continued on Page 82)

The chicken that's taking the nation by storm!!!!!



SPECIALLY PLANNED FOR EATING . . . . THROUGH 10 YEARS POULTRY INDUSTRY RESEARCH . . . . SPECIALLY FED FOR FLAVOR AND QUALITY . . . . AS PLUMP IN 3 MONTHS AS ORDINARY CHICKEN IN 4 MONTHS . . . . SPECIALLY RAISED FROM MEAT-BEARING STRAINS . . . . SHIPPED IN ICE TO PRESERVE FRESHNESS . . . . DISPLAYED FRESH ON CHIPPED ICE OR UNDER REFRIGERATION . . . . AT BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE . . . . P.S. ALSO QUICK-FROZEN--CUT-UP, READY-TO-COOK . . . . LOOK FOR BLUE AND WHITE PICTURE PACKAGE.

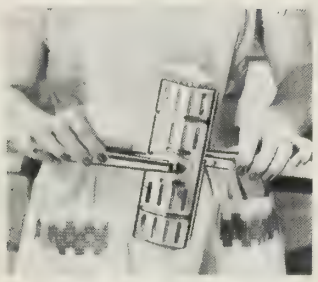


tender-grown **Swift's Premium**

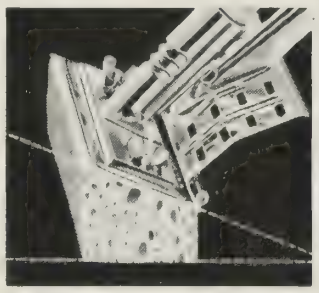
the dream chicken that came true!

New wet mop keeps hands dry-cleans floors faster!





No more wringing! You simply press the water out of the O-Cedar Sponge Mop with the handy built-in squeezer!



You clean floors faster! With O-Cedar's exclusive "wonder working" angle, sponge grips floor *firmly*, scrubs dirt out *fast!*



O-Cedar Sponge Mops—proved in use in 3 million American homes!

- Gleaming, rust-resistant, chrome-finished metal head.
- Best quality cellulose sponge—can't come loose.
- Practical *extra* uses like waxing floors, shampooing rugs, washing windows, walls, ceilings.

WRITTEN 5 YEAR GUARANTEE
with every O-Cedar Sponge Mop. Covers everything but replaceable sponge head.

O-Cedar Sponge Mop $3.95 complete

Extra sponge refills—$1.49

O-Cedar Corp'n
Chicago, Illinois

O-Cedar of Canada, Ltd.
Toronto, Canada

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

(Continued from Page 80)

Fixing a polite smile on her face, Lisbee reached for her coat. "Well—guess we might as well say good-by here."

Surprised, he moved his arm and the coat out of reach. "Here?"

"Uh—well. Might as well."

"But why?"

Lisbee looked away. "My father—he doesn't like me to go out with boys."

"I'm not 'boys,'" he told her, unconvinced and not flattered.

"With *anybody*." She clung to this excuse, her voice firmer.

"Don't worry." He took her arm, and started forward. "I'll talk to your father. I'm really quite respectable," he couldn't help adding dryly.

She did not budge. "You see, I'm only—I'm not eighteen yet. I . . . suppose I should have told you how—my age ——"

"As you pointed out yourself, you're some thousand lives old," he corrected her dryly, to dispel any illusion she might have that he believed her age was responsible for her sudden change of mood. "Why don't you want me to go home with you?"

With her back to the wall, Lisbee closed up. "I told you," she said.

"That's ridiculous!" He looked baffled and angry, but also disappointed. His disappointment reassured her somewhat.

"Oh, please—I just *can't!*" she brought out helplessly.

At this, his face partially cleared. He studied her for a few seconds. "Don't you see, Lisbee? It makes you look so—like just a cheap flirt! Your face was open as the day"—a tenderness came back into his face, and his voice yearned over her again—"then you slam a door ——"

"No"—she tried to stop him from moving on from that tenderness—"I'm the same!" she pleaded, and gripped his coat sleeve, trying to make him believe.

She could feel him relax.

"Lisbee," he said ruefully. He took one of her hands, pressing a good many questions and meanings into it, but did not voice them. He seemed to have accepted her decree, but not for a moment was he letting her go. "At least come on over to the observatory for a while. Evelyn's party isn't even over yet."

She nodded, smiling, but remained on guard.

They recrossed the Bellemont ridge and turned toward the observatory. The building was surrounded by a thin grove of trees; dark green tables and benches were set under these trees at regular intervals. But back o this section was a small woods which had been left untouched except that the under brush had been carefully cut out and paths laid through it. Neil and Lisbee made fo the wooded part, and searched out a secluded clump of trees that appealed to them.

"I'll pick you some violets," Neil offered He spread her coat beside the biggest tree set her down carefully and, forgetting al about the violets, promptly dropped down beside her.

They sat in the green twilight the leaves made, as silent as the trees, for a while. Nei was so close, Lisbee could see the dark shadow in his closely shaved chin; a barbershop fragrance of a kind of eau-de-cologne lotion reached her, and the pleasant, bitter woo smell of his coat.

Neil held her hands, evidently trying to get back to their first unclouded mood. He seemed afraid of words, tried to force that first sense of elation from the fragrance of her skin, the touch of her hands, which he playfully pressed hard against his face. Lisbee laughed shakily when he did this.

"Lisbee," he kept repeating, as though it were a very original remark. Finally he asked "Lisbee, you're not playing with me?"

This made her feel wildly unreal, that he should flatter her to this extent: the Woman Hater! Yet unbelieving brown eyes stared hard at her, so Lisbee's blue ones, with th large velvety pupil of the nearsighted, gav back a clear, limpid look. Suddenly he wa happy again.

"You know, Lisbee," he told her, "i wasn't just because you dared to say th word 'love' out loud you got the lead in tha play."

She gave him a quick, worried glance, bu what shone from his face reassured her.

Her friends kept telling Lisbee that she ought to be an actress. They meant that they admired her dramatic way of saying and do ing things, that they were grateful for the new and wonderful worlds she whirled them into. Others agreed that she should be an actress, but said it as though they felt that was just the cheap sort of thing they'd expect of Lisbee Vries.

"I must say I didn't know the old Pooh-Bah had it in him—the lily maid of Astolat!" Neil droned.

"My father doesn't like him either," Lisbee laughed. "He says Tennyson was an old woman—all he needed was skirts."

Neil whistled. "He *doesn't* approve."

(Continued on Page 86)



"Well, well, look what I found! 'I resolve: To spend more nights at home; to stop grumbling over trivial things; to be a better husband in every way.'. . ."

ONE instead of THREE makes sense to me!

says Mrs. John Austin of Green Ridge, Pa.





"I once thought I needed a special detergent for clothes; another for dishes; a third for enamel and paint. Then I found FELSO. 'One instead of three' makes sense to me! I save shopping time and storage space.

"Best of all," she says, "my wash is white as snow, my colors bright and gay. China and glass sparkle without wiping. My refrigerator, stove and woodwork fairly glisten. Now FELSO alone does all my washing.

"Of course you may quote me. I'm glad to tell women how satisfied I am with white, free-pouring FELSO. I like its pleasant fragrance, how it leaves my hands soft and smooth. 'One instead of three' makes sense to me—when that one is all-purpose FELSO."

Reliable Fels and Co. perfected FELSO. It isn't a soap, but a new, different, modern all-purpose detergent—the "sudser" that washes everything.

make FELSO your "sudservant" today!

Easter Buffet with French's Flavor



Menu

"Wow" Cocktail
Baked Ham
Roast Stuffed Chicken
Mashed Sweet Potatoes
Lemon Pie with Whipped Cream



Try these delicious recipes for a buffet supper that's sure to make a hit!

Easter will soon be here—plan to have family and friends for a home-cooked buffet supper. Serve everybody's favorite menu—tomato juice cocktail, roast stuffed chicken, baked ham, sweet potatoes, and for a glorious dessert—delicately spiced and flavored lemon pie. Depend on the uniformly high quality of French's products to insure perfect seasoning for all your favorite recipes. No finer spices or condiments at any price!

Savory Stuffing—*quick, easy* with French's Flakes!

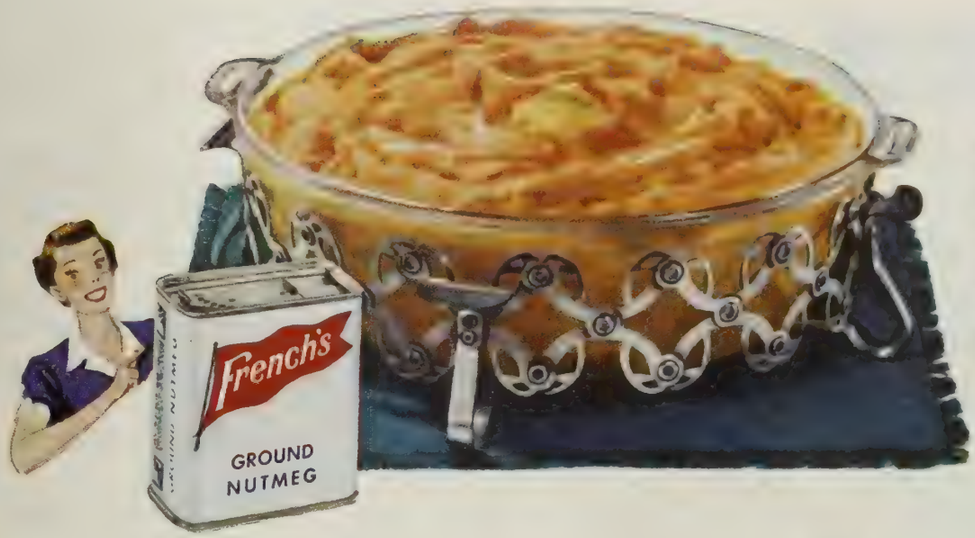
No need to spend precious time chopping ingredients for stuffing. With French's Flakes you have the garden-fresh flavor of onion, celery, parsley all ready to use in your favorite recipe. *French's Poultry Seasoning* is a pungent mixture of herbs and spices expertly blended to give added succulence to the finest bird.



Delicious Lemon Pie: For a tasty crust: sift together 1¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour, ½ tsp. salt and ½ tsp. each of French's Cinnamon and Nutmeg. Cut in 7 tbsps. shortening. Sprinkle in 2½ tbsps. cold water. Mix lightly. Gather into a ball. Roll to ⅛ inch thickness. Fit into a 9 inch pie pan. Prick. Bake 12-15 min. in a hot oven 425° F. or until lightly browned. Cool. Fill with GOOD LUCK LEMON PIE FILLING or your favorite recipe. Chill. Garnish with whipped cream flavored with ¼ tsp. French's Vanilla.

It a "WOW" . . . this tomato juice cocktail made with French's Worcestershire Sauce!

. . . add a pinch of French's Celery Salt and French's Pepper, and a teaspoonful of French's Worcestershire Sauce for each glassful of tomato juice—mix well and serve very cold. Choice ingredients in French's Worcestershire, aged and mellowed, give a zippy distinctive flavor men go for.



Mashed Sweet Potatoes

Boil 8 medium-size sweet potatoes 20-25 minutes or until tender. Drain, peel, mash well. Add 4 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, and ⅔ cup milk. Beat until light and fluffy. Sprinkle with French's Nutmeg before serving.

French's Spices have that fresh-ground *taste—appetizing, delicious!*

in every Course,!

Company Ham when it's cooked with French's!

Wrap a tender smoked ham loosely in wrapping paper, place fat side up on rack in uncovered roaster. Add no water. Bake ham in moderate oven (325° F.), allowing 3½ to 4 hours for 10- to 12-lb. ham. After baking ham, remove paper and skin. Score fat surface in squares. Spread with 4 tablespoons French's Mustard. Cover surface with 1 cup brown sugar mixed with 2 tablespoons flour. Stud squares with whole cloves. Bake in moderately hot oven of 400° F. for 15 minutes or until golden brown. Serve with pineapple slices browned in ham liquor.

Good cooks are switching to FRENCH'S for that extra flavor only FRENCH'S gives!



(Also made in Canada)

Titanium turns the trick!

Now-it's smarter than ever to cook with **FEDERAL** *Vogue enameled ware!*



Wise women today choose Federal Vogue enameled ware because it's whiter, brighter, longer lasting . . . thanks to the new miracle-element, *Titanium*.

Here's safe, sanitary kitchenware, budget priced and specially designed to match your kitchen . . . with the same sparkling, easy-to-clean white surface as your modern stove, sink, and refrigerator. It's colorful and easy to handle. And—happy day—this kitchenware *soaks* clean, never needs scouring!

Next time you're shopping, look for the Federal label . . . a symbol of value in kitchenware for over 50 years. Federal E & S Company, Pittsburgh 30, Pennsylvania.



(Continued from Page 82)

"Oh, my father doesn't approve of anybody much."

"Sounds like quite a character."

"Oh, he is! He's always looking for people who can be insulted *subtly*. And he drives only half-wild broncos—never less than four at a time. He breaks them in himself."

"He must be very interesting to live with."

"Oh, he doesn't pay much attention to us! Except now and then. You know—once when I was about eight and my sister, Mar'-Cullen, only four, he took us to a play. *Thaïs*."

"In Trevore?"

"M'm," Lisbee nodded. "It was at Keith's for three days."

"Thaïs playing in Trevore. I can't get over it!" He said it as though he were angry: why had nobody told him? "Though I admit, the name would probably have sounded like a new kind of perfumed soap to *my* father." There was envy in his tone. "What does your father do?" he asked.

"He's—he owns most of the land down at The Cove where lots of the Polish people live." She had almost said he was a landowner. That's what she told the girls at Miss Worthington's and did not elaborate about *what* land he owned. "He rides down there almost every day on Catherine the Second, his favorite horse. Nobody else would dare get within a mile of *her!*"

"Was Catherine the First just as skittish?"

Lisbee laughed. "There wasn't any Catherine the First. This one's named for that famous empress of Russia—father's favorite historical character."

Neil's eyebrows went way up. "We'll have to go riding together sometime, Lisbee, but I'm afraid I'm not up to wild broncos."

"Oh—well—I don't ride. We're all too afraid of father's horses—and he never has been able to bring himself to give stable room to anything quieter."

"Phew! He must take some living up to," Neil said.

"Mother won't drive with him at all," she smiled. "She'd rather take the streetcar." Lisbee felt somehow vindicated now.

They fell silent and just looked at each other, as though the world tasted very, very good.

He put out a finger and traced the modeling of her face. "Lisbee, when am I going to see you again?"

"Soon."

"But *when?*" He sat up and looked squarely at her.

"Well, I'll get things fixed up and—and let you know."

"Will you write or telephone?"

"I'll have to *see*," Lisbee said uneasily.

He looked at his watch. "It's a little after six now. I'll just stroll over here to the park around four, the next few days, so that if you'd rather *tell* me, you'll know where I am."

And now he stopped urging her further. In fact, when Lisbee finally insisted that she really had to be getting home, he was reasonable about not even coming out to the street with her. She was relieved.

Then just as she was about to turn away, a nameless longing swept over her, a sense of wanting to bow down deeply to something, the way she did in the Catholic church where she went sometimes with Techa. Before she knew it, Lisbee had reached up, touched a hand to Neil's lips and then kissed the place on her own fingers, reverently. Surprised herself, and painfully embarrassed, she stepped abruptly back.

"I did that!" Neil said quickly; there was almost anguish in the eagerness with which he tried to head off her embarrassment. "I wanted you to show—to do *something*. I *made* you do it!" he gloated. "Lisbee, that's the *first sign* you've given that you *really* care about me!"

Lisbee glowed, touched that he should be so delighted by this impulsive gesture of hers. Yet how was she to have guessed that he had feared her passivity, when all the time—she thought ruefully—*she'd* been so scared of *him?* The famous Woman Hater!

On Bretton Road, we were still lingering over dessert when Lisbee came rushing in from Evelyn James' party. "I'm sorry, mother—I'm so late," she gasped politely.

Trying not to reflect too obviously that high-flung look of Lisbee's, I wondered what made her face look so oddly uncovered. Then I saw there was something about her that —— Oh, she'd got her hair up. No trace of the demure flat blue bow. Lisbee's blond mass piled on top of her head in a sort of untidy blur I vaguely recognized as the new fashion. I remembered seeing it in a magazine, on a young actress called Billie Burke.

This new way of doing her hair made Lisbee's head much larger and very grown-up looking, above that slim wand of a body. However, her white dress, the prim young schoolgirl's correct number of inches above her shoe tops, made of alternate rows of nainsook and narrow lace insertions, left a childish half-inch lace ruffle at the base of her throat. It made her look fragile, and unprepared.

Lisbee's—whatever it was that now made her seem so set apart was in the cameolucent oval of her face. Mother's beauty sat in a sort of quietness on her mouth.

There is not much that can be said about that kind of beauty. It just stops you; you feel your whole being suddenly melt out in a burst of giving, and then it freezes back for fear the beautiful ones will not let you in. When they smile you start to grow possessive. One progresses unevenly with beautiful people, you want too much too fast; but there is that urgent feeling that you will have missed everything if you do not share in it.

I know now more of what father meant when he insisted on telling mother about a beautiful woman he had seen on the street; angered, seemingly, because he hated to see her pass by. He wanted every beautiful

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't Worry a Bit About Junior

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

Don't worry a bit about Junior,
He's normal as normal can be;
When he purples with rage
It's a Natural Stage . . .
(It says so on page thirty-three.)

Don't pout when he paints with your perfume,
It shows that he's truly Alert;
Don't pale when he blisters
The hides of his sisters . . .
It's merely a Need to Assert.

It's fine when he climbs in the closets
And dives from the uppermost shelf;
It's great when he scrawls
Little dogs on the walls . . .
For he's really Expressing Himself.

Shout huzzahs for the modern-day mater
And her book on the latest of cults
Which assumes in clear phrasing
The theory amazing
That children are Little Adults.

And don't worry a bit about Junior,
For he's normal as normal can be;
To science entrusted
He'll grow up Adjusted . . .
BUT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

(Continued from Page 87)

ed and those he wished angrily he had
ten himself jostled one another.
ut "Pagliacci" went on and on, curling my
. How could such a secretive man give
self away like that? I wonder even now.
ough it sobbed the raw cut of failure.

do not know what would have spelled
ess for father. I don't believe he did. I
k he would have enjoyed for a while
wing those clods" he so loudly despised
"beating them at their own game." He
nt the families who had long ago left the
houses of Bretton Road and now lived in
er houses in the Bellemont section—the
ple he was supposed to have grown up
, but hadn't.
nly recently, from Uncle Hal, I have
ed together some of the little I know of
story of my close-mouthed parent.
her's mother had left Bretton Road for
adelphia when she married. After her
band died, Elizabeth Kendall Vries found
vore too dull, and took her small son
ad where, for the most part, she let him
der about at will through the capitals of
ope.
e had been sent to school at first, near
ecy. From here, at nine, Alfred beat his
back to Paris in a little over three days,
out a sou in his pocket. He arrived very
y, and in excellent spirits.
e had taken a thrashing from the head-
ter of his school because he refused to
who had been the ringleader in an at-
pt to burn down the dormitory building.
headmaster was convinced Alfred was
ringleader. He was not.
fter that, since he readily taught himself
ead and write in the language of every
try they drifted into—a feat far beyond
self-centered Elizabeth Vries—his mother
into the notion that so brilliant a child
d teach himself everything.

ALFRED VRIES did give the illusion at times
aving really learned everything because
ead so much. However, he never seemed
appen on the book that could tell him
to get on with people: what they felt,
t they longed for.
ut horses! Now that was another pair of
s. Father had quite a way with horses.
or instance, during the period when I was
teen, father was chiefly interested in
t we called "broncos," small golden
nals with long creamy-blond tails. He
them shipped from the West half wild
then broke them himself. "Broke" them?
er. In the old carriage shed, or beside
r own feed boxes, father stood and looked
hem a long, long time, making low re-
ring sounds. A gentle, firm hand held
the halter which shook with the distracted creatures' terror. Oh, so long—I cannot tell you how long—he could stand draining off into his own strong arm the wildness, the heart-bursting terror and homesickness from those nervy little beauties. Days, weeks, so long that finally the savage, do-anything roll of the eyes receded and they began to see. Then a light would go on in those wine-bright eyes that was love, tinctured with just a little madness.

But with people, father's gestures were usually quick and short. Even with his own children. The only way he seemed to know to try to get through to us was by giving us things.

FOR years he used to bring something back to us each evening: odd fruits like mangoes; perhaps St.-John's-bread (long, flat, leathery sticks, sweet and chewy and full of charming little black shoe-button seeds). But most of the time he brought us a bag of candy. Five cents' worth of penny candies.

Rarely, we children managed to buy candy for ourselves, usually with pennies begged from mother herself. But that was contraband. Officially she ignored sweets under the impression that all were bad for us; she even left the icing off cakes.

So no wonder we waited for father each evening. Almost certainly there would be a bag of candy; candy which mother had to sanction, only insisting that we keep it for after dinner. Five cents' worth for four of us. That took some dividing. Obviously, the way to start was to give each one a choice of a whole penny's worth and then divide the fifth cent's worth into four parts.

"One for you . . . and one for me," was the singsong refrain that usually burst forth from the buzz of our negotiations. Then we would sit and gloat over our share as we waited for dinner.

Behind his paper, seemingly lost to the world, father kept track of the whole process, but he never said a word.

With what hilariousness, just a little too shrill, we entered into any play father suggested.

When we were quite small, he always made us open his fist to get money for the nickelette or nickelodeon, as the movies were then called. Only we got in *two* for a nickel. We tugged at father's flat fist and panted and yanked, singly, in pairs and even all four together, but we never opened that iron fist. And of course we always went.

Father hugely enjoyed our tussle to open his fist. It was to such subterfuge he resorted to get to touch us. Occasionally he would take one of us on his lap, where we sat up like a doll, carefully not looking at the others.

(Continued on Page 91)



women of significance—signify

PRINTZESS

Printzess sets the fashion angles at the hips . . . centers the attention on you. A suit with self-assurance sewn into its very seams . . . tapering the figure to a fine, fluid line. The kind of thing that makes spring one's favorite season! Sheen gabardine in black, navy, brown, grey, green, lilac, beige, blue, red. Sizes 12 to 46 and 12½ to 26½. About $65.00. Available, a companion topcoat in smart knee-length. About $65.00. Other Printzess suits and coats are priced from $39.75.

Sold in one fine store in over 1500 cities. For store nearest you, write to The Printz-Biederman Company, Printzess Square, Cleveland 3, Ohio; or 450 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

In Canada Printzess Fashions are manufactured by Lazare & Novek, Ltd., Montreal

Groom the Galoshes

- When boots and rubbers begin to leave streaks on stockings, it is time to give them a dunking in warm, sudsy water. A tubful can be done after the regular wash in a nonautomatic washer. Follow with a cool rinse, wipe off and dry quickly. In the Workshop, we fasten rubbers and boots with clothes pins to a line in front of a fan but away from direct heat. When they are dry, a thin film of self-polishing wax is rubbed on the rubber parts to improve their appearance.
- After a coasting or skiing party, pop mittens, leggings, scarves and snow suits into the automatic clothes dryer, which whisks them dry in no time and leaves them soft and fluffy. If you don't have a dryer, don't lay wet woolens on a hot radiator, but put them on a folding wooden dryer a foot or so away from the radiator.



● Hat: "Sailor's Choice" inspired by Samsonite's matching Admiral Blue.

Spring Travel Triumphs

SAMSONITE FASHIONTONE

inspires new travel hats by John Frederics





● Hat: "Flatterer" inspired by Samsonite's matching Saddle Tan.

● Hat: "Sleek Coiffure" inspired by Samsonite's matching Bermuda Green.







Spring's not Spring without a chic new hat on a woman's head—something wonderful and witty as these designed by world-famed Mr. Frederics to complement Samsonite Fashiontone. ■ Why Samsonite? Because travel's not travel without Samsonite Fashiontone—the very smartest luggage a smart woman can carry. ■ Look at the famous Samsonite silhouette—slim and trim with a worldly air. Note the solid brass locks and fittings, the tastefully tailored and lined interiors... everything about Samsonite says fashion! ■ And since luggage must be sturdy as well as smartly styled, Samsonite is made with a better-than-leather covering that's dirt-proof, dust-proof, and constructed so that it's "strong-enough-to-stand-on".



● Hat: the "Foldaway" inspired by Samsonite's matching Natural Rawhide Finish.



In Samsonite's Natural Rawhide Finish...

a. Train Case . .	$17.50	d. Ladies' O'Nite (convertible) . . .	$22.50
b. Vanity O'Nite .	17.50	e. Ladies' Wardrobe .	25.00
c. Ladies' O'Nite (regular) . . .	19.50	f. Pullman	27.50*

With all its style and stamina, you still pay less for two pieces of Samsonite than you'd ordinarily expect to pay for one piece of equal quality luggage.

Samsonite

Fashiontone Luggage

FLIGHT PROVEN PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

Shwayder Bros., Inc.—Luggage Division—Denver 9, Colo. Also makers of Samson Folding Tables and Chairs, Detroit 29, Mi

(Continued from Page 89)

Something was making very deep music the strains of "Pagliacci" that came rough from the library. It shook me.

And I remembered how I had stood up father when he'd said that not-nice thing out Lisbee—stood up to him gawkishly, it none the less really. And I wondered if rhaps the absence of my usual passionate yalty had made a larger emptiness in him. y heart went to water. Childishly, I myself as instantly loaded down with his burden, ich I could not even understand.

Carefully casual, I got up from the table, rolled into the kitchen, and escaped rough the side door. Down the five steps of e side porch into the dark, I fled from Pagliacci"—off the terrace in one jump, past e sweet scent of mother's neglected roses, ist the green smell of scrubby beets, carts . . . all the way down to the high board nce beside the alley, I raced. Here suddnly there was nowhere else to run.

Even now I don't know what was real to y father, what he wanted. Perhaps he took eam strides into greatness. How else was he le to support that desert of loneliness, his ys?

How did he look at life? Certainly not rough his work. He owned a great deal of nd which had come to him from his mother's mily, and though he was more than fair to e hundreds of Slav laborers from the steel ills who were his tenants, he had little real ntact with them. Mechanically, he went rough the gestures of personally overseeing e property, refusing to have a manager. When the returns from the houses rained rather obviously adequate, he stubbornly uck to his hit-and-miss stem. Even when the ally dangerous inroads capital began, you could t tell by a flicker of an elash any change in ther. Seemingly neither is problem nor much else really interted him.

It never occurs to fools that merit and good fortune are closely allied.
—GOETHE.

Poor father—for him the sense of enantment had left things, even far places, d he seemed never to have had it from ople. Mother, on the other hand, was the ast lonely person I have ever known; all her e she had the look of having her hand held.

The child of old parents, ever since she uld remember she had mothered them, and r younger brother, Bob (now living in diana with the disconsolate daughter of a nall-time judge, and their two daughters).

Faintly, I can still make out the old dark een house in Richmond where mother was rought up . . . the old street . . . a rain-rotted rden swing in the center alley between the wer beds . . . the sweet smell of roses the ily new thing. Two years was all mother er had away from that desiccated garden—hen she went to "Balmyfern": Miss Mary ern's Academy, a hole-and-corner little hool in South Carolina. It was very, very nteel and very, very cheap.

It was from age fourteen to sixteen that other was at "Balmyfern"; after that she d to stay home and take care of Grand d Grandma. There was nobody else to do

GRANDMA CAMIER, by the time I knew her, as just a crumpled little old lady with a weet smile, enveloped in a smell of orris ot. (The only way she had her hair washed" was by having it brushed with ris-root powder.)

Grand, mother's father, was a courtly entleman convinced—evidently very early—at he had wandered into the wrong cenry, so he did nothing about anything. He ank a beautiful red-brown punch that he ade himself, and was good company for a ild—or, perhaps, especially for a child.

Grand had a small round head covered ickly with very beautiful straight white air, and he was truly courtly. He would ep aside for anybody any time.

I believe it was this stepping-aside in rand, his courteous willingness to give up ny stage, which gave the deepest stamp to is daughter. She had supped her fill of futility early, so every shred of life was prized by mother.

When I stole back to the house, those passionate strains of "Pagliacci" now still, I found Lisbee had gone upstairs to our room. Though neither Lisbee nor I said a word as I stepped down the three small steps from the hall into our room, there was a conscious welcoming of each other into our own world.

I was Lisbee's inner life. That is a broad statement, since obviously even Lisbee did not know all of what went on inside her. But practically all that she did know she talked over with me. She also pointed out how lucky I was to have an older sister, for later, when my turn came, she could act for me in the capacity of "designing mother." Our mother being too nice, according to Lisbee, *she* was unhappily on her own in this serious business of getting a man.

LISBEE was all over our room as she relived her meeting with the Woman Hater. First she told me the dramatic story chronologically; then she kept going back over each incident.

"How close did he bring you?" I all but whispered in my conspirator's delight.

"Bring me?" Then in a shocked tone: "Oh, you don't think I'd bring him *here!*" She was appalled that I should even dream that she'd bring the Woman Hater to Bretton Road.

Deflated, I couldn't help feeling a little guilty too. I always felt a little guilty, at that time, because I couldn't see Bretton Road the same way that Lisbee did.

When I was a child, on that street of big, once-elegant houses, ours was the only one left which had not been broken up into flats and "rooms." It stood far back from the street, and was built of white brick. I suppose you'd call it Georgian. Tall green shutters upstairs were opened so rarely that it gave a blind mien to the house, adding to the leftover look of the place. The grounds, some six or seven acres, were surrounded front and sides by a fifteen-foot wrought-iron fence.

The other big houses on Bretton Road had been cut up and rented out to the families of men who had come to Trevore to work in the steel mills. From as far back as I can remember, father had forbidden us children to go outside our fence or to invite the steel workers' children in.

When we were very small, we Vries children used to walk along inside our high iron fence, accompanying any chance passer-by on the sidewalk, even when he did not speak. It gave us the illusion of belonging. The grass was always worn off in a narrow path just inside the fence.

Needless to say, father's orders about going outside the fence were honored mostly in the breach. And characteristically, after handing down the rule, father did no more about it.

At fourteen, that ban remained for me only as an added spice to any sorties, though my favorite spot was still a narrow space where I had learned to wedge myself between a small plum tree and the corner of the fence nearest to those forbidden beings playing down-by-the-rock. The little plum tree had obligingly taken to growing *out* rather than straight *up*, to accommodate me.

But long before this, Lisbee had wandered afield from Bretton Road, to Miss Worthington's. There, oddly, Lisbee, who was always more fun than anybody, who knew books of stories and poetry in her head, who had won the lead in just about every play her classes gave—Lisbee now faced a baffling invisible fence shutting her out.

Like a great many barriers, it was, I suppose, largely imaginary. True, one of the little girls at Miss Worthington's, Margaretta Eliot, *had* come right out and said that her mother wouldn't let her play with Lisbee Vries. Others, however, had hissed at her to be quiet.

(Continued on Page 93)



Find vacation variety in **Canada**

(Above) **You'll enjoy** casual jaunts in an idyllic setting of lake and forest and summer skies.



Shopping brings rich reward. You'll find "treasures" for yourself, unusual gifts for your friends.



No worries, no crowds when you enjoy a swim-and-sun holiday on a fresh water or ocean beach.



Canada's "foreign" cities are fun to explore, with a character and colour all their own.

YOU ARE QUEEN of a whole new holiday kingdom, over the border in Canada. Here you can choose between romantic old cities, smart modern resorts, the woodland spaces of great National Parks. Your idea of holiday heaven may be play-as-you-go motoring along beckoning highways . . . or finding new fun, new friends at some vacation rendezvous . . . or getting away to the quiet of Canada's lakelands. You can flavour your holiday exactly to your taste in big, beautiful Canada. Write *now* for information, or use the coupon below.

For a welcome change, travel your own
CANADA...VACATIONS UNLIMITED



CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
Ottawa, Canada D. Lee Pelton, Director

Please send me your illustrated book, "CANADA, VACATIONS UNLIMITED"

Name
(Please Print)

Address

Town ..... *State* .....

01-1-16-51-02

For every woman who leads a double life...



COMPETENT YOU. You whip up rave-winning dinners, breeze through stacks of dishes, tub your fine things, too. But your hands don't get rough and red—for you keep Trushay by your kitchen sink and smooth on its fragrant creaminess *before* each washing task. Then when HE is around, it's . . .

CAPTIVATING YOU—with hands so soft and appealing, he can't resist holding the Yes, "beforehand" Trushay guards hands *even in hot, sudsy water.* But that's only p of its magic. Trushay is such a wondrous, quick *skin softener*—you'll want a bottle your dressing table as well as in your kitchen.

TRUSHAY... *the "beforehand" lotion... guards your hands even in hot, sudsy water!*



And OH, what a fabulous skin softener! Trushay's oil-richness gives dry skin a velvety feel. Softens and smooths elbows, heels, knees.



A "lovelier-you" powder base! So flattering—so natural looking—the way your Trushay-based make-up clings! No cakey, gummy look!



Such soothing relief for chapped skin! Cracked, sore skin *feels* better—*looks* better—the moment Trushay's soothing oils go to work.



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MY

BUY TWO BOTTLES OF TRUSHAY—ONE FOR YOUR KITCHEN AND ONE FOR YOUR DRESSING TABLE

(Continued from Page 91)

l, what sounded loudest in Lisbee's was the one voice thrusting her out. , her own imperious manner, perhaps, esponsible for others' joining that one Lisbee never stopped fighting at Miss hington's for uncontested first place. ing no reason—or refusing, those many to see any reason—why anybody's r should not want her little girl to play Lisbee Vries, Lisbee kept stubbornly to cision that it must be because of the habby Bretton Road.

s, deliberately, Lisbee fell into the of trying to win by propitiating the How can I describe the absorption with she took up her books and went off to Worthington's when she first started to ere? Her uniform, a na y-blue serge r with a spotless white blouse, she wore dedication, like the habit of a nun. this Lisbee, father—usually the tearer—was a steadying force. He was always ng at somebody who did not live up to andard; for Lisbee, who was always g for the right way to do things, his pt became a kind of security.

the cream of the jest was that it was father who was responsible for the ism Lisbee felt. To put it bluntly, h father couldn't have "all the Beauti- omen in th world for himself," it because he didn't try.

n't remember how young I was (but before my fifteenth year) when I knew of sickish embarrassment as Slim, the boy, slyly weighing in his hand a iful hand-sewn saddle father had just t, leered, "For a pretty lady"—though other did not ride. If I did not exactly then about father's recurring pretty I already feared. How was it Lisbee *not* know for so long? For Lisbee most dly *did not* see about father's mis- s. Refused to, perhaps.

lful or not, seeing no reason for the ittent bouts of hostility shown her at shionable Miss Worthington's, Lisbee d that it must be because of Bretton

worst thing about this feeling Lisbee hat an invisible fence shut her out at was that she began to move away people. The ostracism she felt at Miss ington's, damaging her self-esteem, fear. She even stopped going down to Cove with Techa and me, on Techa's ff.

Cove: where there were Karoleena, omek, and their baby brother to play at Techa's cousin's, and all our other s to see.

Lisbee stopped going down to The with Techa and me. She even began the Polish people "They."

Lisbee went to school as usual the day after Evelyn's party. But with a difference. Her hair was up now to stay, though she compromised by braiding it and crossing the shining ropes over her head. Before leaving, that morning, she made arrangements with mother to meet her downtown to shop for a grown-up hat and spring coat.

But at school the new Lisbee met the old Miss Worthington's.

Evelyn, oddly, was downright patronizing about her cousin's taking Lisbee home, making it sound almost as though she herself had maneuvered it. To Lisbee this meant she was again outside the fence. Nothing had changed. Shadows . . . elusiveness . . . nothing to take hold of . . . nothing to fight back. . . . They liked her hair the new way.

Soon Lisbee, too, was taking the matter at their valuation: impossible that anybody like Nelson Etheridge should see anything in *her*. The afternoon she had spent with him at Evelyn's party and in the park had been just an accident.

But Lisbee clung fiercely to the memory. She had been initiated, and the difference between nothing and having known love, no matter how fleetingly, *was* tremendous, she assured me solemnly. So tremendous, she could live the rest of her life on nothing but the remembered ecstasy of those few short hours. Besides, she added bitterly, by now somebody had undoubtedly told Nelson Etheridge all about her—probably Evelyn, her best friend.

For two whole days Lisbee clung to an exalted state of mind: her memories. But she had not counted on a depressing sense of loss that gradually settled down on her.

Neil had suddenly become so formidable in her mind that the mere thought of him drained off her courage. How had she ever dared to face him! She grew overcharged, so vulnerable and easily swayed that a line of poetry could set her to trembling, and she would rush up to the attic to cry.

And she blamed Neil. Of course she had forbidden him to call on her, but what was a mere command in the face of love? If he really cared for her he would crash through any barrier to get to her! Well, obviously, he knew all about her now. And that was that. Everything was over for her now.

Then one afternoon, in a defiant mood, Lisbee went downtown to Blair's and charged a length of green material for a new dress. Blair's was the biggest department store in Trevore. Normand's had better materials, but we did not have a charge account at Normand's.

There was remarkably little actual money at our house. Father paid the bills for the downtown charge accounts, and the daily food bills were just added to the merchants' "investment in father." The failure of a



"I could care for you, Harold; the question is, should I make the effort?"

See the difference

Noreen

SUPER COLOR RINSE

can make in your hair!



What COLOR does for the movies NOREEN can do for your hair

Like magic, this Super Color Rinse transforms unexciting hair to full color beauty, but looks completely natural. Noreen long-lasting colors are rich and true —stay fresh until your next shampoo. Try on your color, and see how it glamorizes you, blends-in unwanted gray; or dramatizes all gray with silver or smoke tones.

How to apply Noreen *in 3 minutes*

Use the Noreen Color Applicator. Flows color evenly and smoothly, right where you want it. The long nozzle tip helps you apply Rinse close to the Scalp, onto every strand of hair. Price 40c



Choose from **14 Beauty-Shades**

15c, 30c, and 60c sizes at all cosmetic counters



For ideal results, give your hair the "shampoo of its life" . . . with Noreen's *free-rinsing* Super Satin Creme Shampoo. Price 50c

Until the Applicator and Shampoo are available in every store, you may order from

NOREEN DISTRIBUTORS, 450 LINCOLN STREET, DENVER 9, COLORADO



neighborhood bank had so frightened the storekeepers on our street that one of them, Al West, had asked father if he might deposit his money with him. Father agreed. Some of West's friends followed suit; they, too, turned their savings over to father. At our house, the butcher sent in a bill with every delivery and then a total at the end of the month. But the sum was not paid; it was just entered to the butcher's credit with father.

Though he said little about it, father was pleased by the idea of these men's appealing to him. He gave them a ridiculously generous interest, so generous he finally had to refuse any more depositors.

"Couldn't afford that much flattery," he admitted dryly.

Partly as a result of this "investing in father," and partly because of mother's reluctance to ask for money, we saw little cash. So, with one thing and another, we had to content ourselves with what could be charged at Blair's Department Store—though the green taffeta Lisbee had found there was lovely.

She stood over mother every stitch of the way as the new dress progressed. Mother sewed beautifully. She could cut out almost anything, with or without a pattern, and the hand sewing she'd learned at "Balmyfern" was as exquisite as the work that came out of Spanish convents. But for some reason mother was not always aware that styles had changed since the last time she had considered the problem in hand, perhaps in her own childhood. So Lisbee stood guard as mother sewed on the new green dress.

The material was a changeable taffeta of green and gold. What you saw chiefly were the green folds of lacquered brightness, then soft valleys misted over with the veil of gold.

The dress, Lisbee decreed, was to be completely plain, a fitted bodice and a straight, gathered skirt.

"But, Lisbee, that's not a dress. It's a—a costume!" mother protested.

"I don't care!" Lisbee said stubbornly.

She had bought, too, a length of gold tulle which she wanted bunched in a compact, yet soft, ruching around the top of the bateau neck. Again mother protested, pointing out that tulle was just for evening. But her daughter insisted, so mother said no more.

Seeing now that something drove Lisbee, mother put everything aside and worked on the green-and-gold dress. She finished off all the edges with yards and yards of taffeta cording, meticulously covered by hand. It added a surprising chic to the plainness of the "costume" which started sparks in Lisbee's eyes.

As soon as the green taffeta dress was finished, Lisbee seemed suddenly to discover what it was for.

She had spent a good deal of time in front of the mirror, trying out different ways to do her hair. Finally she hit on one that satisfied her. Drawing the whole shining mass to the top of her head, Lisbee plaited it into one fat braid and wound it into a small coronet, upended on its narrow edge. This was after no fashion I had ever seen, but it was right. Even to me she looked unapproachable for the first few minutes I saw her like that.

Her new blue straw hat, covered with white violets, was a problem because it was of the soup-tureen style then current; Lisbee and coronet were lost in it. Well, she would just carry her hat, she told me cryptically. However, her new grown-up spring coat pleased her; its long navy-blue folds covered the new green dress completely.

Having assured herself that she would do, Lisbee informed me I was to go to the observatory park and find Mr. Nelson Etheridge—he would be on or near the bench nearest the street—"and tell him that I'm sorry I haven't been able to come to meet him sooner because mother's been ill. But if he's free tomorrow at four, I can come to the observatory then."

My answer was to tell her offhand, "You can do your own lying."

The intensity of her fury took me by surprise. She made short work of me. "Oh, s you're too noble to tell a little white lie Even if it's a matter of *life and death* t me! . . . Maybe *you* think I'm not goo enough for Nelson Etheridge too!" and s on and on.

Unfortunately for her plans, Lisbee soo discovered that she had gone too far in he attempt to break my resistance. Whenever I was deeply hurt, I went so far down I coul not pull myself up very quickly no matte how I tried. And this had been no mea blow I had just suffered. For Lisbee, wh had gladdened the largest share of my wak ing hours since I was born, to turn on m like that!

But Lisbee couldn't wait, it was almos four o'clock. "Please, Mar'-Cullen! I'r sorry I lost my temper. But can't you forge it—just for a little while?" she begged. "I' do it for *you*. If something *you* wanted mean so much to you, I'd do it for you if I had t *crawl all the way down to the park.*" And allowing for the hyperbole—she would have She could be as passionate about othe people's desires as about her own. "I don' see how you can be so mean!" Her voice wa trembling with apprehension lest Neil, di couraged with waiting so long, leave th park.

"Well ——"

"You will? I *knew* you would, honey! Yo always help me out!" She grabbed me clos in a smothering hug.

"I'll go, Lisbee," I mum bled thickly, "but you'll hav to give me a note to giv him."

"All right"—she gave in- "I'll give you a note!" It wa getting late.

Lisbee came with me as fa as a drugstore two streets be low the observatory. Then went on alone while she ha a soda and waited in th drugstore.

I had no trouble finding Mr. Nelso Etheridge, though after that first glance dipped in my chin and took refuge behin my long, tangled hair.

Lisbee's note pleased this tall man so muc I was disgusted, in my disillusioned mood that he should be so easily taken in. He trie his best to be friendly, but I could answe only in sullen monosyllables. I was afraid h was going to tip me like beaux in books, bu he was better than that: he asked me if would join him in a sundae at Bettman's All over town sundaes were five cents, bu ten at Bettman's. Not in our right mind would the boys or I have bought one sunda when we might have had two for the sam money, but I found it exhilarating to be in vited to such a lavish treat. With a sheepis shake of my head, I refused, threw him a ungracious smile, and ran off.

The answer I brought back to Lisbee sen her into an irrepressible fit of gaiety. Hard a it was for me to throw off the lingering dar mood she had plunged me into, Lisbee ha me laughing even before we had starte home on the streetcar.

Here, suddenly, a new element entere into Lisbee's gaiety. It became more re strained, and a little as though she wer watching it in a mirror. Finally I caught o Everybody in the streetcar seemed to b staring at Lisbee, especially the men.

When she saw that I had noticed, too, how much her grown-up coronet was affectin the staring men, she gave me a conspirator' glance, aside, and we went on laughing, bu my mirth, too, was different now.

"Guess I'll wear my hair like this tomor row," Lisbee announced as we started dow Bretton Road. Complacently, she patted th side of her head with one gloved finger.

As soon as we reached the observator grounds, I turned to look. He was not there Nobody who could possibly be Nelso Etheridge was anywhere in sight.

I hardly dared to look at Lisbee, but sh was smiling. Oh—I had forgotten: Neil ha

(Continued on Page 96)



MEDIUM HEELS

*with the beautiful difference you can FEEL**



The Britany $11.95



The Fairmount $11.95



The Ramona $11.95

*because . . . *a Red Cross Shoe truly fits . . . as if it were made for your foot alone. The secret? Designers observe and check every lovely, new Red Cross Shoe style for weeks on active women's feet. Every detail of cut and proportion must be right. It must feel as beautiful as it looks. See your Red Cross Shoe retailer's smart, new medium heels . . . with that wonderful Red Cross Shoe feel.*



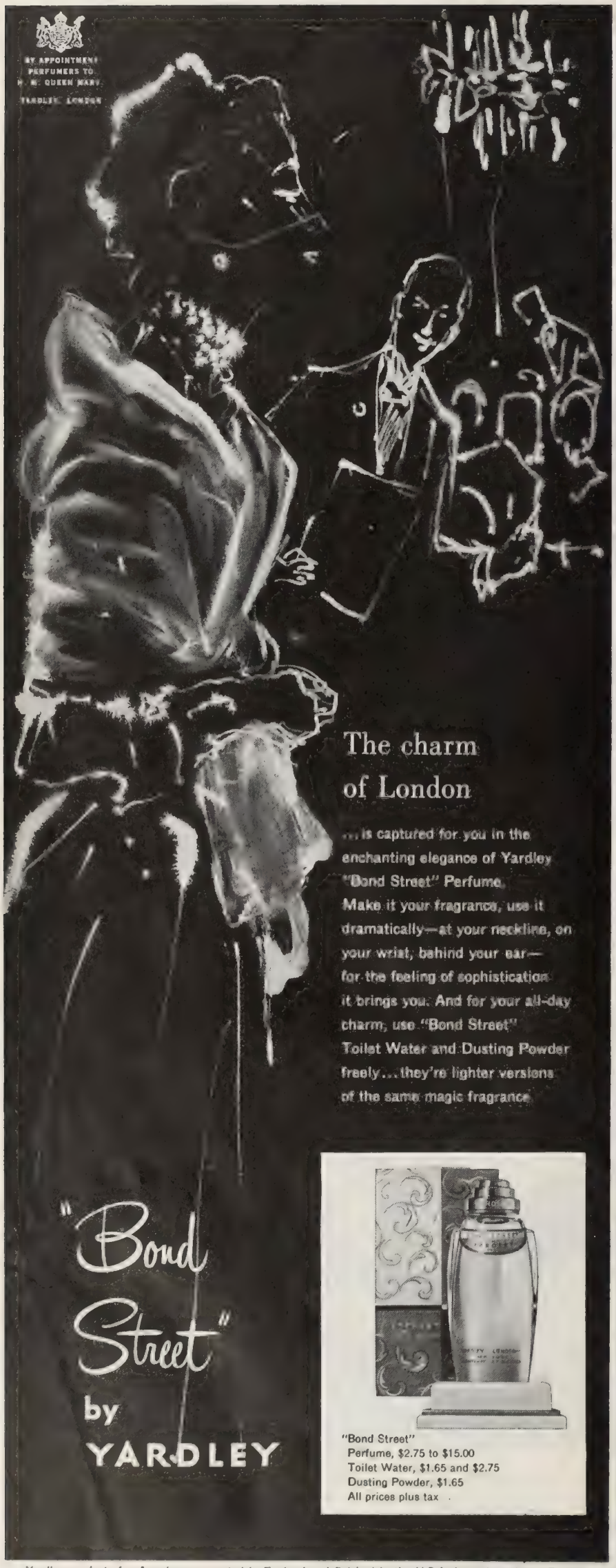
The Chateau II $12.95

RED CROSS SHOES

This product has no connection whatever with The American National Red Cross

America's unchallenged shoe value $9.95 to $12.95 *Slightly higher in Canada*

United States Shoe Corporation, Cincinnati 7, Ohio. These shoes are manufactured and distributed as Gold Cross Shoes in England by Somervell Bros., Ltd., in Australia by "Gold Cross Shoes" (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., in South Africa by Eddels (S. A.), Ltd., in New Zealand by Duckworth, Turner and Co., Ltd. Gold Cross Shoes are featured in Canada by leading retailers.



Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

(Continued from Page 94)

told me to tell Lisbee that he would meet her at "their tree." Already it had passed into myth.

When we finally came in sight of the tree, at the end of one of the paths, I did not have to look to see if Mr. Etheridge were there. I could tell from the tension in Lisbee.

That big man *was* frightening, I decided after a good look. Had Lisbee made any move in that direction, I would have gladly bolted with her, but breathing in small quick rushes, she kept on going.

When the big man looked up and saw her coming toward him, such a look of longing, mixed with incredulity, lighted his face that I felt myself restraining the cry, "Yes, she really is here!"

"Lisbee," he said, a dark joy fairly streaming from him. Her dazzling fairness! He had forgotten, the amazement in his eyes proclaimed. His arms reached for her, then, seeing me, he stopped short.

"Oh, don't mind Mar'-Cullen," Lisbee laughed aside my presence, and boldly held up her mouth.

In her endless recapitulations of what had happened on their first meeting, Lisbee had worn some of it out of shape. With her faith gone, Neil's burst of joy over her spontaneous gesture of tenderness before she had left him had been turned into suspicion. Perhaps the cautious Woman Hater had been so delighted when she touched her finger to his lips and then kissed the place because he was afraid to like her too well before she showed that she cared for him.

So Lisbee had decided that at this second meeting she must impulsively show him that she was letting herself go. And yet . . . she worried about whether it was true that Men Did Not Respect Girls Who Were Too Eager. . . . On the other hand, if she acted as if she were so carried away by her love for him she couldn't help herself—certainly that ought to please him.

What is beautiful is good, and who is good will soon be beautiful. —SAPPHO.

Whatever was in Lisbee's mind when she lifted that glowing face to Neil, it swept aside all his reticence.

Politely, I knelt searching for four-leaved clovers. But they had forgotten all about me, and I could not look away for long.

With a gasp, Lisbee finally broke free. She let out an ecstatic little laugh and patted her hair.

Watching her, still bemused, Neil, too, touched the neat crown lightly. "Lisbee," he said.

"'Member Mar'-Cullen?" Lisbee laughingly called attention to my presence.

"Of course—how are you, Mary-Cullen?" he greeted me politely, but did not really see. However, he took my hand and kept it, perhaps as a sort of apology for not being able to give any of his attention to me at the moment.

He hung Lisbee's hat on a branch of the tree, and took off her new blue coat to spread it on the grass.

"I didn't forget to bring a rug," he told her. "I was just afraid to tempt fate." They laughed together.

Then there was the new dress. He just stood and stared.

THE green set her off like the leaves of a flower. The little fence of diaphanous tulle around the neck made her dazzling whiteness appear to float on air. Her neat crown above, a different gold, was all light. She was as unbelievable as an apple tree in bloom. Lisbee was right, it was no mere dress she needed. It took a costume, for this was an occasion. Neil didn't seem to be able to get his fill, he just went on staring.

Finally I insisted on getting my hand back. "Think'll pick some vi'lets," I mumbled.

"Let's all pick, so Mar'-Cullen'll have a great big bouquet," Lisbee said.

"*I'll* help Mary-Cullen to pick violets," Neil told her. "You sit where I can watch you."

But, after spreading the coat, he seated himself beside Lisbee and went on inspecting her.

"Now you're just trying to embarr me—staring like that," she prodded h laughingly.

"I'm afraid you'll disappear if I lo away," he smiled. But the words eviden came out more seriously than he'd intend his face was serious too. "Lisbee, you rea *do* like me, don't you?" he demanded.

"'Course."

"Say it."

"Mr. Etheridge, I think you are the m wonderful man I have ever met!" her vo half teased, but the expression on her fa was tense, showed her real feelings. This him to smiling widely.

I went back to my picking.

"I thought so—*from the first look*," Lisb added.

HE laughed happily, squeezing her har

"You didn't even see me the first time y looked at *me*," she reproached him gaily.

"That's impossible!"

"Impossible, but true. I was right besi that mean Camilla Fleming when she sa you were going to read some of your ov poetry."

"You were in disguise," he chuckl "Wasn't she, Mary-Cullen?" Turning head, he threw me a look that blinded me.

"Guess so," I mumbled.

But now he was coming toward me. knelt on one knee and looked into my face. small, scrawny fourteen-year-old, with mouthful of too-big teeth, I suffered fr this prolonged scrutiny, but I could not lo away.

"If anybody should ever ask you," advised me, "you tell them you have t most beautiful big blue eyes in the worl

"Oh, no!" I gaspe "We all have big eyes like mother."

"Lisbee's are all righ too. . . . But, in that, s has you beat," he to Lisbee, rising and lookin at her.

Lisbee heartily agreed, beaming on me.

I was overcome. The Polish people dow at The Cove used to say in amazemen "Her eyes are so big—like onions in h face!" and I was often called "goo-goo eyes in derision. But now I heard that those ey were beautiful.

If I hadn't already been swept along b Lisbee's conviction that Nelson Etherid was the most remarkable man in the worl this certainly would have sent me overboar I wanted Lisbee to marry him, quick, befo anybody else got him.

Finally he really began to pick violets. B he picked very few, the stems every whi length. It is not easy to pick flowers wh your eyes are elsewhere.

He suddenly rose up and went back Lisbee. She smiled up at him. He did not turn the smile, just looked down at her for while.

"No, it's not good enough, Lisbee." Su denly angry, he tore up the flowers in h hand and threw them away. "A whole wee of hanging around—like a fool!" he accus her. "After all, there are such things as tel phones. Even a penny post card ——"

"Six days," she corrected him.

"Five days, twenty-two hours and twenty odd minutes."

Lisbee said nothing to this.

"I was here every day at four, and fo most of those days I thought I'd never hea from you again."

She nodded. "So did I."

"When did you change your mind?"

"Uh—yesterday."

"Why?"

"I couldn't . . . stay away any longer. This cost her an effort, and he seemed t appreciate it.

He relaxed then, and sat down. "Wel when do you want me to come visit you?"

She shook her head.

"Wasn't that what you came to tell me?

Again she shook her head.

"Lisbee!"

I was wishing uselessly that I had no come.

(Continued on Page 98)

every Jantzen is a friend of yours...



this one moulds you
.:. holds you

this one slims you
... smooths you

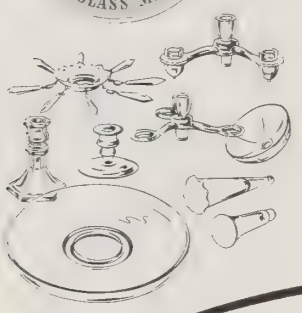
Jantzen girdle (or panty-girdle) does something
erful whenever it's around you! This one is very special
one of the marvelous Jantzen breathing-toppers...
ost perfect rib-trimming, waist-slimming,
moothing figure-fixer you've ever worn. It begins
rk above the waistline... and you can breathe easy
being glamourous because the light supple boning
right in the top... a very canny exclusive Jantzen
ique. Have it in wonderful-to-wear nylon Leno or
net... slide-fastened or step-in styles with
and-one-half or three-and-one-half-inch top
hite and lovely pink... 7.95 to 12.50.
Jantzen also has the most friendly bras... in
nylon, lace, cotton broadcloth, all with concentric
ing... all with forever uplift... 2.50 to 7.50.

Jantzen
truly marvelous
figuremakers

CAMBRIDGE 50th year FINE GLASS MAKING

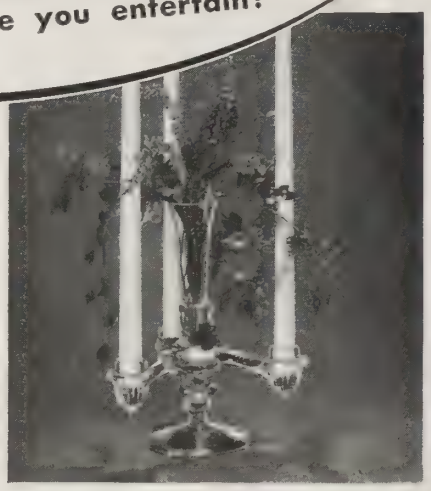
Cambridge Arms

Most brilliant idea in our 50 years of fine glass-making! That's Cambridge Arms—the unique crystal units whose variety of sparkling settings is limited only by your own cleverness. The nine basic pieces do it all! See Cambridge Arms at your favorite glassware department. Buy the whole set or build toward it piece by piece. Modest prices range from $1 to $3.95.



easy as 1-2-3

to create a sparkling new table setting every time you entertain!



Informal with a flair! Here's a candle centerpiece that's simple to create, yet charmingly effective. A Cambridge Arm on a pedestal . . . a peg vase . . . three tapers plus your own floral arrangement, and you have a lacy-looking epergnette as unusual as it is smart!



Let the setting set the theme! Take a Cambridge Arm, a shallow bowl—and let your decorative ingenuity run wild! Lilies for Easter. Fruits and vegetables for the Fall Harvest theme. Holly and spruce, mistletoe and pine cones for Christmas. Interchange the pieces, and you'll come up with ideas galore for any and every occasion!



Lazy Susan that's anything but lazy! This crystal beauty really earns its keep! It holds mints, nuts, pickles and olives on the sideboard; preserves and sauces on the buffet. It's a self-server for hors d'oeuvres on the cocktail table. And filled with floating flowers, it's an Ah-inspiring centerpiece!



"White tie and tails!" When you go formal, so does your Cambridge Arms centerpiece. Bobeches and prisms in countless combinations lend sparkle and eclat to any table setting. Here's luxury at little cost. And, of course, every piece of Cambridge Arms is the finest American hand-made crystal of quality to match your best table linen, your treasured silver service!

GENUINE HAND MADE Cambridge GLASS



For You—two valuable booklets. One illustrates many unusual Cambridge Arms settings. The second is our 50th Anniversary booklet, "The Art of Making Fine Glassware." To cover mailing, please send 10c to The Cambridge Glass Company, Cambridge, O.

(Continued from Page 96)

He drew himself up to sit beside her now. "I know all about your father, Lisbee. What does it matter to us? It's *his* life—he has a right to live it the way he wants to."

"About father?" Lisbee sat up high, her eyes coldly challenging. "What about him?"

I saw the quick change in Neil's expression. "Well, you told me yourself that he has his own opinion of things—and—and people. What do I care"—his voice now became extravagantly genial—"if he kicks me out? He can't throw me out more times than I can come back." Lisbee, too, had caught the quick change—she must have, but evidently she preferred not to see it. "Shall we go up and try it now?"

Good luck is a lazy man's estimate of a worker's success.
—ANON.

Lisbee shook her head. That had been close! She was already hurrying away (I would have said) from the subject he had *almost* broached. For it is inconceivable that Lisbee had never caught any hint of father's mistresses, when things had seeped through even to me, years before. As I see it, she ran from knowing, she did not want to face the reason those enemies at Miss Worthington's thought small of her. Lisbee preferred to see herself as flawless; those girls trying to shut her out were just jealous!

Neil sat back, evidently at a loss for anything more to say. Lisbee won again, of course, softening her refusal by giving exact date for her return to the park. Ne Sunday.

"At four. You'll be on time?" was all dared to insist.

"Mar'-Cullen and I will be here prompt at four—or earlier," she smiled.

To my surprise, Lisbee did not consic that she had been wholly successful t afternoon. I just star when she brought t out, back in our room.

Neil had not said loved her, she explaine "You're crazy! Y must be blind!" I bu out.

"Oh, I know he does love me," she assur me. "But he hasn't *said* it yet—not in many words. Do you suppose it's becau he's too cautious—afraid to commit himsel Men usually ——"

"Men!" I snorted. "Lisbee, how can y be so—so unromantic?"

"Oh—romantic. Asking *me* to be roma tic. You're too young—you don't *know* —— Her eyes were distant now, preoccupied wi something painful that drove her. "I've g to get him to say it—soon as possible!" s burst out urgently. People had already start "saying things."

(To be Continued)

TELL ME DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 31)

"Yes, but the average person would find it too expensive."

"I thought every woman was supposed to have an anesthetist and an anesthetic, these days."

"They are, but not over a matter of hours, or there wouldn't be enough anesthetists in the country to take care of a fraction of the mothers."

"What about the rectal method you mentioned?"

"Good, also, but there again the patient must be under constant supervision. She can't be left alone for an instant, or she might throw herself out of bed and cause serious injury. And there simply wouldn't be enough nurses to go around, if that method became universal. If there were, I doubt that the average person could, or would, pay for it."

"But in that magazine article I mentioned, it says they don't use any anesthesia at all, except in a small percentage of cases. The patients just don't feel the pain. How do you explain that, Doctor? Hypnotism?"

"No, that's been tried before. I don't know that I *can* explain it entirely. Any doctor of experience knows that different individuals react differently to pain. One woman accepts the course of labor stoically, while another screams hysterically. It has been felt by some that fear and anxiety were paramount in the emotional type. I think the exponents of the new system have something there. It is on that basis that they have been working—to banish fear by convincing the patient that the experience she was going through was, after all, a natural, physiological event. Bereft of fear and anxiety, the physical relaxation that should naturally ensue would certainly conduce to an easier, smoother natal experience. I agree with all that."

"Then you will try it with me?"

"My dear young woman, what do you think is the purpose of my telling you all the things I've told you today—and other days before? It's so you'll understand that, though complications may occur, the experienced doctor has a checkmate for every one of them. In other words, to banish your fear—the fear of the unknown."

"I think I understand. And I appreciate it. I'm certainly happy to leave everything to you. Now, if I may change the subject, I hear that they're getting women out of bed soon after the delivery these days. How do you feel about that?"

"Well, we get patients out of bed on abo the second day after confinement. Barri the unexpected, you should be able to home within a week after your baby is bor or even less."

"Isn't that something new—getting u so early?"

"Remember we agreed that there is not ing new under the sun? More than thir years ago Kroenig and Gauss were doing th same thing, as a part of their twilight-sle program."

"That is certainly interesting. I see th you are giving me the early-rising part their system, but not the sleep part."

"That is right."

"What will you do to help me, then, Do tor?"

"I haven't found anything better or saf than the method I've been following for se eral years. During the first stage of labor yo will receive adequate sedation to relax yo tissues and make your pains quite bearabl When you come to the second stage, during part of it you will receive the full services o skilled anesthetist, who will administer i terrupted inhalation anesthesia with the o set of each pain, in that way allowing you further your own progress to the greatest d gree. When you come to the actual time f expulsion, you will be put sound asleep to th point where you will know nothing whatev of what is transpiring. That much of it w be a real 'painless labor,' I promise you. Sa isfied?"

"I am willing to leave it to you, Doctor.

"Good. I am satisfied that there is no be ter and safer method for the average patien Now, there are one or two things I want t say about your present condition. Your bloo pressure, I note, has gone up. That is all righ because it is reading exactly normal, whic was to be expected at this stage. What I ob ject to is the fact that your weight has als risen faster than I like. Have you been fo lowing my instructions strictly?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"Well, you'll have to do better than thi A pound a week, which is your present rat of gain, is too much. If you gain more than pound in any two-week period from no until the time when you have your baby, I'l put you on a diet so low in calories that you'l not like it much. So you'd better watch out Go in strong for vegetables and salads. Be lieve me, it's important."

(To be Continued)



Suited for Springtime...

New, dramatic — the designer's theme of brilliant color contrast in your dress and coat for spring. . . . Yet this is fashion for today — while your choice of Reed & Barton solid silver is forever-and-forever. No sterling could be lovelier. . . . See it. You will feel that one of Reed & Barton's twelve enchanting patterns is designed for you, and you alone.

FRANCIS FIRST

CLASSIC FASHION

GEORGIAN ROSE

POINTED ANTIQUE

DANCING FLOWERS

BURGUNDY

REED & BARTON STERLING

FOREVER IN FASHION

6-pc. place setting, $28.75 to $37.50—including tax—at leading stores.

"How To Be A Successful Hostess": For this fascinating 52-page booklet of helpful hints, send 10c to Box 990 L, Taunton, Mass

Orchids to AMERICA'S FIRST COOKING WARE

FARBERWARE

Trade Mark

heavy aluminum-clad *Stainless Steel* cooking ware



Awarded the Fashion Academy Gold Medal

"for superior design and vital styling achievement"

The Tops in Bottoms

. . . . . exclusive with FARBERWARE!
⅛ inch thick aluminum bottom insures
NEW MIRACLE HEAT SPREAD. Food
tastes better because it cooks evenly. Hot spots
eliminated . . . scorching, sticking minimized.
And FARBERWARE is so easy to clean. Gives
years of satisfying service. 27 matched pieces.

The finest cooking ware at any price
COOKS BEST! LOOKS BEST! CLEANS BEST!

FREE! Write for Fashion Academy Award Folder. Dept. H-7, S.W. FARBER, INC., NEW YORK 54

YOUTH COUNSELING CENTER

(Continued from Page 23)

Good citizens in Cortland have entered into a league to work the judge out of his job—to keep children out of the Children's Court—and the judge is in the league with them. While serious crimes happen infrequently in their pleasant city, they have not forgotten that it was here a youth stood trial for drowning his pregnant sweetheart in nearby Moose Lake—the murder on which Theodore Dreiser based his novel, An American Tragedy.

The Cortland Youth Bureau is something new in the effort to make the prevention of juvenile delinquency a major municipal function. A tax-supported, community-centered service, the Youth Bureau operates under the New York State Youth Commission, with the state annually matching local funds, up to $15,000. Cortland is making use of this state aid to the limit. A major phase of the city's youth program has been the work of the Recreation Commission, chairmanned by Leo A. Meldrim, now executive director of the Youth Bureau. In five years, starting with nothing, they have developed two city parks, a swimming pool and a year-around schedule of sports, handicraft and games for boys and girls between the ages of nine and nineteen. "Keep the kids busy," Recreation Director Vince Fowler said, "and you're bound to prevent something!"

But that's just the beginning. Cortland is going into action on a broad front to solve its youth problem, and everybody's for it. Children, the city fathers have found, are a universal interest of the human race, and youth programs had better be well-rounded, nonpartisan and *strictly* nonpolitical.

"If talking would stop juvenile delinquency," said the Rev. Ralph Lankler, chairman of the Youth Bureau advisory council, "it would have been talked to death long ago. If organizations could kill it, it would have been organized out of existence."

Twenty-five people, most of them representing the interests of a civic group or agency as well as their own as citizens and parents, serve on the advisory council. Judge Morse Ames is there, along with the city judge, John Foley. So are Franklyn S. Barry, superintendent of schools; Carl Cooper, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce; Mrs. Grace McKee, of the Red Cross; and William Stubbs and Lois Osborne, secretaries of the Y.M. and Y.W.C.A. There are two ministers, a priest, a manufacturer, the probation officer, the health commissioner, the commissioner of public welfare and a city detective.

THESE people know what is going on in the town, and some of them know what goes on in young people's minds. Sitting and speaking with the council are two young representatives selected by their teen-age contemporaries. (Superintendent Barry, working with a committee, selected 120 comic books and magazines which seemed to them acceptable for children, submitted the list to a group of youngsters, and they threw out 21 of them). If the advisory council had no other function, it would still serve the community well merely as a co-ordinating agent for all civic agencies, public, religious and private, which deal piecemeal with the young people of the community.

But this council does more than talk. It *listens* a great deal, and it *acts*.

The viewpoint of a group of well-dressed, well-fed and able adults around a polished conference table is much different from that of some of the bedraggled and forlorn children they are trying to help. The council recognizes that it is all too easy to assume the perspective of Squires and Lady Bountifuls directing, graciously but firmly, from on high. The aim of the Youth Bureau advisory council, in all areas, is not to impose anything on anybody, to work *with* and not *o*
To this end, it works with existing orga
zations, such as the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A
the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Yout
Center and church and school groups, ar
with their leaders who know young peop
"from the ground up." But, as the Re
Ralph Lankler pointed out, it is true he
that "to him that hath shall be given," ar
there are many youngsters these activiti
do not interest or cannot reach. When poss
ble, the Youth Bureau tries to bring nonpa
ticipants into normal, wholesome activitie
by such methods as supplying a free men
bership in the Y.M.C.A. (donated by an i
terested businessman), but it doesn't alway
help.

THE council believes something must fir
stir *inside* a boy or girl before any change f
the better can occur. It wants to help pa
ents, teachers, ministers and youth leade
bring this about. "Most often," said Fran
lyn Barry, "the trouble with children in trou
ble is lack of love." He added that othe
people said that before he did—it is a wa
of saying they need God—and there is n
simple, superficial way to give love to th
unloved. Y membership, or even churc
membership, won't do it. "All children nee
a spiritual foundation," the Rev. Ralp
Lankler said, "and they must be given th
chance to attain it for themselves. It seldom
if ever, comes like a stroke."

But for a seriously working youth bureau
a beginning, at leas
is to try to see thing
from the point of vie
of a child. When a
affection-starved fi
teen-year-old girl, wit
a smile as innocent an
haunting as Mon
Lisa's, tells of sellin
herself for a box o
candy, it is not an eas
perspective to assume
To help accomplis
this, the Cortland
Youth Bureau employs a visiting teacher
Mrs. Mildred McFarlane, experienced both
as a teacher and as a social worker, and a
youth counselor, Willis Thomas, to talk t
children in trouble, or about to get into trou
ble. Their function is not to reprimand or ever
to advise. Disciplinary action is remotes
from their purposes—they have no legal au
thority. They try to get their "clients" to an
alyze and understand their own behavior
Whenever possible, they take such steps *as th
child himself suggests*. Sometimes they hel
him find a job, try to interest him in som
youth group or the Youth Bureau recreatio
program—in hopes he will find himself
Sometimes they enlist the aid of a pastor o
priest, the welfare or the health commissione
to help solve problems in the home.

The visiting teacher, though paid by th
Youth Bureau, works as a staff member o
the public schools. She gets calls for help
from other teachers, from parents, from
school and public nurses, from principals
guidance teachers and even from the police
Children who are not getting along well in
school, socially or academically, are called t
her attention. She investigates chronic ab
sences, because staying away from school is
often indicative of other troubles. (Mrs. Mc
Farlane shudders at being confused with a
truant officer, however.) She looks into re
ports of vandalism, child abuse and malnu
trition, and checks on the needs of handi
capped and sick children.

What does she accomplish? "Well, some
days you feel you haven't done a dime's
worth of good," Mrs. McFarlane admits rue
fully. "Some of their problems look insolva
ble from *any* point of view." But along with
many "failures" she has success stories
among her boys and girls too. Sally, so un
popular she contemplated suicide, was helped
to more winning ways and is now an A stu
dent with many friends. Don, a dull boy—

(Continued on Page 102)

COVER YOUR MOUTH WHEN YOU YAWN

There is a medieval superstition to the effect that yawning might permit the soul to escape from the body. Placing a hand in front of the mouth would prevent the soul from leaving, and devils or demons from entering, the body.

Hitch your salad to a star

Such sunny, tender peaches spell sweet success for any salad or dessert—even the quickest and easiest.

People like DEL MONTE Peaches better than any other brand for so many good reasons! Tempting fragrance. Rich, ripe, mellow flavor. And unfailing quality.

So why not have the world's most popular peaches at *your* house tonight?—DEL MONTE Peaches.



EVENING STAR SALAD

1 pkg. lime-flavor gelatine
1½ cups hot water
½ cup syrup from DEL MONTE Peaches
2 tbsps. lemon juice
¾ tsp. salt
1 cup very finely shredded cabbage
2 tbsps. minced parsley
DEL MONTE Peach Halves

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Cool. Add peach syrup, lemon juice and salt. Chill until syrupy. Fold in cabbage and parsley. Pour into individual molds (or shallow pan, if desired to cut into star shapes). Chill till firm. Turn out and arrange on crisp salad greens with DEL MONTE Peach Halves.





The S. O. S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A., S. O. S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

(Continued from Page 100)

but what was worse, a dime-store pilferer—was brought to an understanding of himself and is now an engaging personality, leading a strictly legal life.

After merely an interview with a youngster, or a few suggestions dropped to parents, many minor problems are solved and more serious incidents prevented. Whatever the specific results—and there are many—the work of the visiting teacher helps to knit together the interests of home, school, church and community, which is the basic service of a youth bureau.

Most parents are glad to have the visiting teacher call and talk over their children's problems. A few are surly and unco-operative, often in severe contrast to their appealing offspring. One stalwart gum-chewing mother greeted her, hands on hips, "Yeah—I told my daughter to stay home from school 'cause I'm sick. What business is it of your'n? I *am* sick, ain't I?"

People working with children in trouble soon discover they all have one factor in common. They have parents. Or, as Judge Ames notes wryly, they all *had* parents when they were conceived, and at least one at birth. In many cases, their value to the child seems to diminish rapidly from that moment on. Problem parents were among the first Willis Thomas had to deal with when the office of youth counselor was added to the Youth Bureau in the fall of 1950. Almost immediately, he found himself involved in a type of marital counseling. An Ohio University-trained counselor, with a master's degree and experience as a parole and welfare officer, this phase of youth counseling was no surprise to him. He pointed out that it has long been generally accepted that the quality of home life determines whether a child will become a juvenile delinquent. This was also the major finding of a recently reported ten-year study, one of the most comprehensive ever made, of the causes of juvenile delinquency, by Dr. and Mrs. Sheldon Glueck, of the Harvard Law School. They concluded that the kind of relationships that existed in a home between a child and its parents had far more to do with delinquency than any other factor.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Sonnet to a Soldier

By Bettie Cassie Liddell

I cannot sleep tonight. I cannot sleep
For thinking of you there in that strange place
Of paddy fields and craggy hills. Oh, deep
And dark the miles between my longing and your face!
I watch the deaf-mute moon move slowly west;
And these same stars that have so recently
Seen you in foxhole, fingering earth's breast,
Are silent too . . . only the wind makes talk with me.

I hear him out, aware that he has blown
The dust of carnage off more worlds than this.
Affirming all that you and I have known,
He winnows doubt, leaving love's emphasis.
Now I shall sleep, holding the wind's keepsake
Of faith upon my heart—lest my heart break.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In his limited experience in Cortland, Mr. Thomas has found this to be true. The Cortland area has one of the highest percentages of broken homes in the state, and in many families both parents work. These are circumstances which the visiting teacher and the youth counselor find repeatedly in their investigations of children in trouble.

Like the visiting teacher, the youth counselor gets assignments from almost any responsible source and makes use of any agency appropriate to the problem at hand. Judge Ames sends some couples contemplating divorce to him for counseling, when children are involved, as well as fathers who fail to provide and youngsters whose offenses are not serious—yet. He does what he can for them, but his main objective is to get them to do something for themselves.

While parents who drink and fathers who squander the family income are perennial problems, most marital troubles arise from a mass of trivia. "My old man won't fix the drain on my washing machine—it's clogged up." . . . "He won't do nothing around the house." . . . "He chases other women"—and this is a frequent complaint whether he catches them or not. The children are usually ignored in these squabbles, but sometimes they are subjected to oversevere punishment when one of the parents decides to "take it out on the kids." The young victims get out of the house and find some trouble of their own. To them there is no place worse than home, and the commandment to "honor thy father and thy mother," if they ever heard it, would seem silly.

Knowing no different home life, the children are often broad-minded about their parents' behavior. One twelve-year-old boy reported that things were getting much better at his house—his father actually kissed his mother. First time he had ever seen that happen! Another youngster, whose parents were always quarreling, had to get up at six-thirty every morning and wash a day's accumulation of dishes before going to school. (His mother worked.) His father cuffed him about freely and had the habit of waking him up every morning by pulling the covers off and slapping him on the rear. Mr. Thomas asked him what he would like most to have changed about his home life. The boy had no complaint to make about the beatings, the endless fights, or doing all the dishes and the housework. "I wish," he said, "my daddy wouldn't swat me on the behind that way—so early in the morning."

The youth counselor was able to get the father to substitute a more humane method of awakening his son, and he considers it one of the minor triumphs of his year—along with getting the drain of the washing machine unclogged.

One of his big tasks last year was to conduct a survey, planned and supervised by the New York State Youth Commission, of the needs, interests and activities of the young people in the community and the facilities for meeting them. This will be used as the basis for the development of a Citizenship Program, the fourth major activity of the Cortland Youth Bureau.

In its study of delinquency, the New York State Youth Commission concluded conditions in New York were no more serious than those in other states and far less acute than most, but it refused to admit that any of New York's children are expendable. It found, however, that the old saying that "Our *future* criminals are in our schools today" should be changed to "Many of our *present* criminals are of school age." Prisons in the United States are largely populated by people under 25 when they entered.

The Youth Bureau in Cortland has evidence that its town's youth problem is no greater than that of other communities—probably far less serious than most. But parents and civic leaders there know that no parent, however able, is free from the effects of the poor parental job going on next door, and this is true in the best of communities. "We don't place our problems behind an iron curtain," Mr. Thomas said. "We face them. That is the difference." THE END

No one makes kitchens like MURRAY



Your new Murray kitchen—including the beautiful, style-matched gas ranges, electric ranges, cabinet sinks, wall and base cabinets—is made the new all-steel way in one of the world's most modern plants. Over 1,500,000 highest-quality Murray-made appliances are in homes from coast-to-coast!

MURRAY



Color control heat-tuning! At a glance at the backguard will tell you the heat intensity you want. For each 7-heat surface unit there's a series of push-buttons colored from deep red (hot) to light pink (simmer).

MURRAY



Giant oven with non-steam, see-through window! Fully porcelain enameled. And every Murray oven is Fiberglas insulated for top efficiency.

MURRAY



Highest quality porcelain enamel—acid and stain resistant! Actual tests show that lemon acid, for instance, *does not mar* this superior finish . . . in contrast to dirt-catching, etched marks that result on inferior coatings.



MURRAY

High-Speed Electric Ranges

NEW! A complete, 1951 selection of marvelous, fully automatic electric ranges! To see these beautiful models, with all their many delightful features, is to want one for *your* kitchen. You'll like the new, easy color-guide heat-tuning, the big illuminated oven, the quickly cleaned 7-heat surface units, the useful deep-well cookers, the dependable Robertshaw automatic thermostats! Choose the range you've *always* wished for—there's a Murray model (whether you prefer electricity or gas) for every need, every budget!



MURRAY

Streamlined Gas Ranges

NEW! The very latest in highest-quality, feature-full gas ranges! Richly porcelain enameled—acid and stain resistant. The handsome one-piece tops—with divided or grouped burners—have easy-to-clean seamless burner bowls, flowing "waterfall" front. "Up-high" broiler that's *truly smokeless!* Ovens are extra-large, fully porcelain enameled with rounded corners so simple to keep sparkling bright. Every Murray range frame is completely *welded* for long life. Drawers are super-solid, glide on *silent nylon rollers!*

MURRAY



Dependable Oven Heat Control! Robertshaw precision thermostat accurately governs heat for perfect baking and roasting. Interval timer (on backguard) is built into fine electric clock, allows up to 4 hours exact timing.

MURRAY



High, swing-out, smokeless broiler! Fats can't burn and cause unpleasant odors. Easy to reach . . . no more tiresome "deep-knee bending."

MURRAY



One-piece tops! Burner bowls are stamped right in—no grease-catching seams. Beautiful "waterfall" front flows over top of range—no long crevice to clean! Light grates simply lift off.

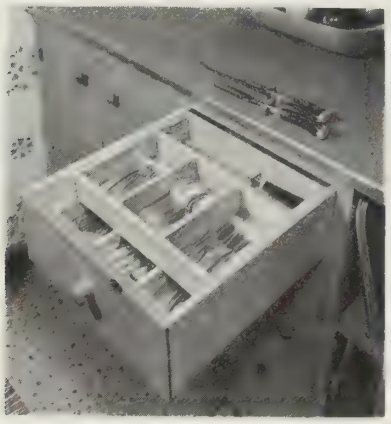
NO ONE MAKES APPLIANCES LIKE

MURRAY®

THE MURRAY CORPORATION OF AMERICA, *Home Appliance Division,* SCRANTON, PA.

In this dual-role kitchen the cooking centers are grouped conveniently in an L-shape arrangement, so the dining area is uncluttered and hospitable.

Double-tier drawer for silver has dividers and shallow sliding section at top.



Pull-out panel has hooks on both sides for utensils and drawer is partitioned.



Filed for ready reference in space built to fit: pans, bowls, staple foods.



CASUAL COUNTRY KITCHEN

Traditional good food and hospitality in a new setting for the Stephensons



STUART-STEPHENSON



Shallow space, otherwise wasted, holds cleaning aids and supplies, tank-type vacuum, mops and brushes.

By GLADYS TABER

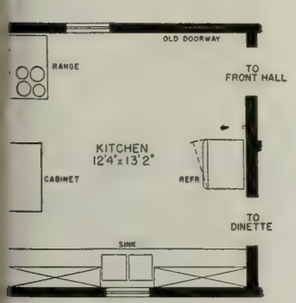
WHEN the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL started its kitchen series five years ago, it engaged one of New York's topnotch decorator-designers, C. Eugene Stephenson, to color-design and co-ordinate our kitchens. Month after month I have watched him as he wrought miracles with these kitchens. To me, his being a very successful decorator is not what really makes him outstanding. It is Steve working far into the night tacking up curtain rods, crawling around the light cables in the Lunts' cobwebby cellar with a yardstick, painting chair rungs, scraping and waxing a piece of old pine for the "Small House" kitchen, and always sunny and quick-smiling, no matter how late or hard he works, always taking time to stack up a couple of packing cases for an exhausted staff member to sit on, or to find a clean paper cup to fill with hot coffee.

The patient work and the imagination which he has used on kitchen after kitchen for other people always amazed me, and especially the way anything he creates always fits so perfectly the people who are to live with it. He seems to catch the spirit of a family and reflect it in design and color.

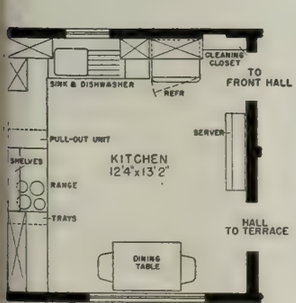
So I was pretty excited when Steve and Olive signed the papers for the old red house by the brook down the road a

Designed for a designer to eat in comfort in the kitchen while he enjoys the view through the picture window.

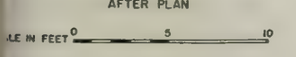




BEFORE PLAN



AFTER PLAN



Good News for Homemakers

NOW Decorate your Kitchen for Pennies!

STARTING APRIL 20, see Royledge Carnival of New Spring Patterns at local stores





On shelves at left (and above), "Rose o' Day" pattern



Above, "MacTavish Plaid." Below, "Magnolias"



Cut out patterns at right and see how they color-glorify your own kitchen shelves instantly! Costs only pennies, takes only minutes, to add Royledge beauty to your kitchen. See new patterns at 5 & 10's, Supermarkets, Housefurnishing, Naborhood, Dept. Stores.

Plasti-Chrome

Royledge



← Shelving Paper & Edging all-in-one. 9 ft. & 24 ft. pkgs.

New ADHESIVE → Edging for steel or wood shelves



Royal Lace Paper Works, Inc., Bklyn., Td. Mk. "Royledge," "Roylies," Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

add Royledge beauty to

Place Mats. At 5 & 10's, Super-

terns at 5 & 10's, Super

NOW Save on Every Meal!

Actually costs less than laundering linen to use Roylies Lace Paper Doylies at every meal! Exquisite designs make food look better. Get economical Family Pkgs. of 45 to 120 Roylies; 5", 6", 8", 10", 12" round, and oblong Place Mats. At 5 & 10's, Supermarkets, Housefurnishing, Naborhood, Dept. Stores.

ROYLIES *Lace Paper Doylies*

mile. A house of their own in the country, complete with several chicken houses and a smokehouse and a nice cow barn and a number of rotting beams and a few leaks here and there and a furnace of doubtful years that breathed through a hole right in the center of the living room! The first time they turned on the faucets, the water pump gave out, and the next week the cellar was flooded.

But the house had charm and a sense of steadfastness about it and the lovely green hill behind it and the brook running free close to the back door with real trout and real water cress, and they named it Sugar Hill for the great maples and for Steve's grandfather's plantation in Virginia.

And yes, the house had a kitchen! What would Steve and Olive, who had lived in a very sophisticated city apartment, do with their own kitchen? I wondered. You could easily trace its progress down the years. The iron sink was gone, so was the old milk cooler, but the refrigerator stood islanded on the original icebox site. Some owner in the Early American tearoom period had added wooden cupboards and hooked up a range just where the old stove had been in the corner. Then there was a minute dinette which you could just squeeze into before a meal, but could hardly get out of after one. Nobody had ever bothered about windows—a couple of small ones were just stuck in at random. It was all pretty bleak.

Sugar Hill has no dining room, so you could jam into that dinette or put a table in the middle of the kitchen. Neither solution pleased the Stephensons, and serving at the very handsome table in the living room was too inconvenient for any but the most formal occasions.

The problem itself interested the JOURNAL kitchen staff, for the traditional charm of an old country house—or any house, for that matter—can easily be ruined by an eating-cooking kitchen that isn't fitting, and the dinette problem is one many modern homemakers have inherited. Then, too, when young working city dwellers undertake the responsibility of a home in the country, the kitchen must provide for easy and gay living without taking too much time from the garden, the week-end chores and climbing the green hill to see the sun go down in glory.

Olive is a perfectly elegant cook and wanted to entertain any number of close friends with traditional hospitality and still be able to make the train in time to shop for fabrics or lug background trees around in taxis for some exhibit of Steve's.

Basically Steve, I thought, wanted just one thing. He wanted to carve one of those dark rich hams from Virginia and, at the same time, keep an eye on his brook and the old woodchuck under the springhouse wall.

WHAT happened was this: The JOURNAL editors drew up a plan that reversed the old order of the kitchen. The sink and dishwasher and cabinets were fitted in at the front of the room and the range and more cabinets were put on the adjoining wall. This L-shaped arrangement used two walls and left the back wall for the dining area. A new picture window was built in the center of the back wall, and the dropleaf table and captain's chairs placed in front of it.

The old dinette became a back entry to the outdoors where a terrace for summer dining can go when the budget permits it. There is room enough now for an early pine dry sink which is an extra serving bar, close enough to the table to be useful and yet not cluttering the kitchen.

The wall toward the front hall and living room was just wide enough for a mellowed antique open cabinet; the telephone here with all those party-line rings, and t is space for cookbooks, note pads, radio table appliances.

Knotty pine was used for the cabi spatter linoleum for the floor and wallp in an old-fashioned red stencil design o ceiling and side walls. This kept the at sphere in key with the rest of the house.

The lights were recessed in the low ce and over the cupboards, giving a soft shadowless glow for both working and ea

THE equipment chosen was planned country living with efficiency. The sink electric model with dishwasher and garb disposer. At Stillmeadow, we bury our bage or try to burn it, so I particularly mire seeing Olive do a vanishing act hers. The dishwasher opens from the fr so the top gives added work area.

The refrigerator has a separate frozen compartment that will keep food frozen months, so the makings of dinner are alw at hand when the Stephensons get in f town. It also has covered drawers where can store their garden vegetables and k them fresh. This refrigerator doesn't hav be defrosted regularly either. Excess m ture is drained to a pan in the base of refrigerator and there evaporated by heat of the m What will they t of next?

The range is a ble-oven one, w means Olive can ham for a housef guests and still an oven for bisc It also has a time roasts can be d while she goes off country auction t to keep Steve f buying one more ter churn or anti footbath.

The pine cabi were built to fit space and to store solutely everyth that is purely u tarian. When you at the Stephenso you look up and see lovely old ironst in open shelves, which can be closed folding doors if needed. You do *not* the pots and pans—they are on pull- panels at the range. Baking utensils are f over the food-mixing counter, a ventila vegetable bin keeps the onions and can out of view, and the kitchen tools repos divided drawers. But the spices are o shallow shelf over the range where you meditate on them, and an extra shelf ab is just right for colorful bowls.

This kitchen never looks cluttered, w is an important item when you dine in same room.

The colors are like music. The red ste of the wallpaper is as clear and bright trumpet. Turquoise linoleum counter and shelf linings and draw curtains in same color at the picture window giv softer tone. Shaped plywood valances at work-area end of the room are painted quoise too. They give the effect of curta but don't have to be laundered!

The chair seats are upholstered in red the spatter floor has raindrops of many ors against a sunny background. The pin the cabinets is about the tone of buckwh honey, and is lovely with the red and t quoise.

The frosty white of the ironstone gi a special charm against the blue and beautiful on the old pine of the table. An pine mixing bowl has graduated from early days as a bread-kneading unit to come a fruit bowl.

Blue hobnail milk glass adds such a p color, and makes the pine and the white the ironstone even lovelier.

The Stephensons and all the simple, f old things they have collected and saved years are at last very much at home in t country kitchen! THE E

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To Live in Flowers

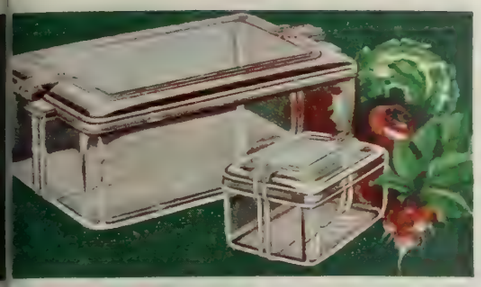
By Jessamyn West

To live in flowers and rise in tides,
To have no sequence but the stars;

To move soundless, to grow in green,
To give up day, forgo both be and seem:

This is the dream, the last we'll sleep beneath,
Ancient as rain and past all breath.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



ING FRUITS, VEGETABLES AND LEFT-OVERS is simple now use transparent Styron allows you to see at a glance e everything is without lifting lids.



KEEPING STAPLES is easy with conveniently labeled canisters. All have tight fitting lids and come in your favorite kitchen colors.



KEEPING AMPLE QUANTITIES of salt and pepper in easy-to-handle containers right at your work areas is a step-saver in your kitchen.

HOW TO

Do everyday jobs

BETTER AND EASIER

with

plastics Housewares



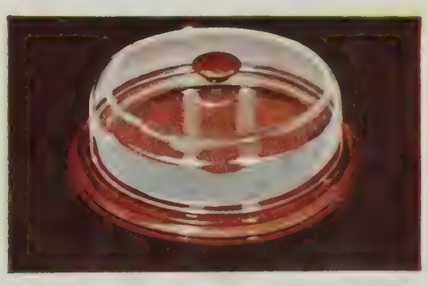
MADE OF STYRON® A DOW PLASTIC

LOOK FOR THE STYRON LABEL

. . . it's your assurance that housewares, refrigerator parts and many other plastics products have been EVALUATED for proper application of plastics, sound design and good workmanship.



KEEPING YOUR BREAD fresh in a container which will not rust and which has a tight fitting, free action top is new to your daily living.



KEEPING PIE, COFFEE CAKE AND SANDWICHES longer and fresher is made routine by using any one of a wide variety of attractive pie plates and covers made of Styron.



KEEPING ICE WATER AND JUICES in convenient size pitchers with large open tops for easy washing is now a joy to your table service.

. . but a woman's work is never done." This old ng is being proved wrong daily by millions of rt homemakers who have learned how plastics sewares made of Styron can simplify everyday s. These wonderful, gaily colored housewares inate many of the tedious tasks faced by today's nemakers. You'll find, as have millions of happy housekeepers, that housewares made of Styron (Dow polystyrene) keep foods better, are lightweight and easy to handle, easy to clean and add a decorative touch to your kitchen. Look for the Styron label on all plastics housewares at leading department, chain and variety stores everywhere—it's your assurance that the product deserves your confidence.

DOW plastics

tics Division, Dept. MSHP-1 • THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY • MIDLAND, MICHIGAN

DON'T BE A STATISTIC!

play it safe the COSCO way



Get a Cosco Step Stool . . . a Comfortable Seat and a Safer Ladder . . . All In One!

Don't use that risky, makeshift ladder another day. Reach top shelves easily—do your curtain-hanging and *all* your "climbing" tasks—on a steady, sturdy, *safer* Cosco Step Stool. No household is complete without one. *Swing out* the steps and you have an all-steel, six-leg ladder—tested to support 1,000 pounds. *Swing in* the steps (or leave them out for a footrest) and you have a comfortable, smartly styled seat, 24" high, that's perfect for preparing vegetables, ironing—doing scores of tiresome household chores in sit-down comfort. All edges are rounded or turned under to protect hands and hose. Entire stool wipes sparkling clean with a damp cloth. Don't delay, get a "famous-for-quality" Cosco Step Stool. At department, furniture or hardware stores. Model illustrated, about $16.95; others from about $9.95.

HAMILTON MANUFACTURING CORPORATION • COLUMBUS, INDIANA



Three Models—

for every purpose, every purse

COSCO Step Stools are built for every budget. Your choice of all-enamel or chromium-enamel finish; with or without back; all-plastic upholstery or plain; rubber-treaded steps; up to five colors. All bear the unmistakable Cosco stamp of quality! value! Get yours today.

For the best in quality, look for the Cosco Trademark. Accept no substitutes.

COSCO

Household Stools, Chairs and Utility Tables

Sold also in Canada and South America

JOAN NEEDS A PUSH

(Continued from Page 49)

year, she was astonished. "Why did they ever choose me?" she asked her mother. "There are lots of girls who could do the job better than me." But once elected, she went at the job with the quiet diligence that her teachers have come to expect, once took twenty minutes to put a four-word sign on the blackboard because she wanted to be sure each and every letter was perfect.

This determination to do a good job extends to any task Joan undertakes. She goes to school from 7:45 to 3:10 five days a week, has three study halls to prepare for four classes, but usually finds herself working at home too. "She really goes at her schoolwork," her mother says. "Some kids have so much more to do than others." Because she elected a two-hour course in retail selling which requires that she hold a part-time job, Joan also works Monday and Friday evenings and all day Saturday as a salesgirl in a downtown Seattle department store: "I love to sell things, but sometimes I get *very* tired."

Then there are Y-Teen meetings on Thursday night, a movie with her friend, Carolyn Burkette, on Friday evening after she finishes work at nine, and sometimes a PTA-sponsored teen-age dance (stag or drag) on Saturday night. Sunday means church with her parents, a big dinner, and time to relax around the house "because by then it's nice to have nothing to do."

The Coopers—Joan, her father and mother—live in a tiny apartment on the second floor of a worn, brown shingled house in West Seattle just two and a half blocks from the high school, and half an hour by bus from the center of Seattle. When they moved in last fall, Mrs. Cooper hung fresh white curtains at the windows, Mr. Cooper laid new linoleum (designed to look like a hardwood floor) in the living room, and gave the kitchen a fresh coat of bright yellow and red paint. But there is no refrigerator, which means Mrs. Cooper must either rely on canned goods or shop separately for each meal (if the weather is cool enough she tries to keep eggs, butter and milk outside the bedroom window), and the only heat on cold nights comes from an oilstove in the living room.

"We're comfortable," Mrs. Cooper says, "and someday, after Joan graduates, maybe we'll do better. We all get along good together, and that's the main thing."

Joan can remember nine different homes the family has rented around Seattle and back in New Castle, Pennsylvania, where they lived until 1945, when Mr. Cooper, who can "make anything out of steel," decided he could get a better foundry job on the West Coast. "Moving can get kind of tiresome," Joan says, "especially if you leave your bunch of friends behind." And this is what has happened to her twice recently. When the family sold their furniture and drove East last summer to be near Joan's older married sister, Marie, Joan said good-by to one group of friends ("It was such a nice neighborhood because I knew all the kids on the block, and we were always running in and out of each other's houses"), quickly acquired a new and larger group back in Pennsylvania, where she had eight cousins her age to help her get started. "Joan had enough fun on picnics and parties to last her a lifetime," her mother says with a pleased smile, "but even so, she wanted to graduate from the high school out here, so we packed up and came back."

Now Joan is the only teen-ager in her block, and she walks to and from school alone. And the girls who come over to her neighborhood to see a movie usually stay overnight because none of them likes the forty-five-minute bus ride late at night—"and anyway, we sit up and giggle and talk for hours."

Joan misses being closer to her friends ("But we just couldn't find a place over where we were before"), says cheerfully that she likes the apartment because she is only a

Always in Good Fa

Cloth WINDOW SHADES



Fashions come and go, b the need for **CLOTH** window shad never changes. Day in, day out, witho fuss or bother, **CLOTH** window shades pr tect your furnishings against sunburn, gi you privacy by night and regulated lig by day, keep your home warmer in wint and cooler in summer. **CLOTH** windo shades, oil-painted or plastic-coated, ke their crisp, straight-hanging trimness ye after year—won't curl, stretch or sag o of shape. Their unobtrusive good loo are in perfect taste with furnishings of a period. And all this from the lowest pric item in your decorating budget!

Feel that fabric! At your dealer the Joanna Western Quality Demonstrat turns window shades "inside out" . . . l you *feel the difference* between **CLOTH** and substitute materials.

Joanna Western Cloth Window Shades ...tell the world you're a smart housekeeper!

JOANNA WESTERN MILLS CO. • CHICAGO

MAKE MONEY SELL DRESSES FROM NEW YO

5th Ave., N. Y. firm desires women to Dresses, Suits, Lingerie. As seen in "Vo "Mademoiselle." Featuring the New York L Experience unnecessary. Good commissions. your own dresses as bonus. Write for sample Book.

MODERN MANNER, 260 Fifth Ave., Dept. L-3, New

MAKE Quick Easy CASH FREE SAMP

Sell Empire's BIG, NEW Line of Greeting Card Assortments, Book Matches, Gift Items

50 for NAME-PRINTE STATIONERY, NAPKINS, COAST

Amazing 1951 Values sell on sight! Beautiful New all-occasion Assortments. 21 Card Box $1 seller—builds profits FAST. Most complete line: Gold-Printed Book Matches, Metallic Cards, Rose-scented stationery, Children's Books. Loads of Surprise Gift it Costs nothing to try. Bonus Offer. **Write for Samples.**

EMPIRE CARD CO. 209 Fox St Elmira, N.

Buying a MATTRESS Be Sure It's REINFORCE with LONGER-LASTING

PERM-A-LATOR Wire INSULATORS



Guaranteed by Good Housekeepin

LOOK FOR THIS TAG!

★Tests prove wire insulators *last more than twice as long* as other insulators. Insist on PERM-A-LATORS and get greater comfort . . . longer-lasting mattresses and upholstered furniture.

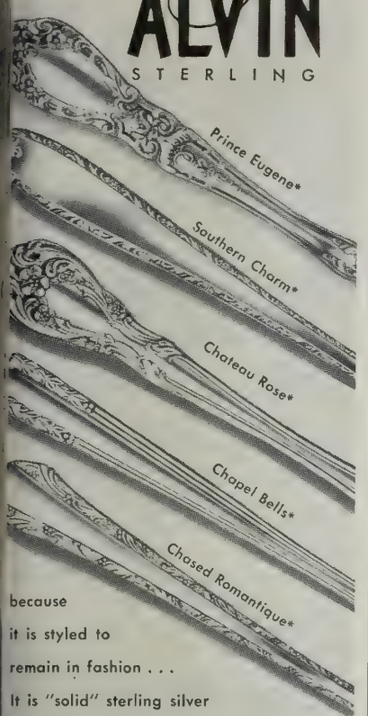
Write for Free Booklet!

FLEX-O-LATORS, Inc. Carthage, Mo. Factories in Carthage, Mo. and New Castle, Pa.

It's smart to buy

ALVIN*

STERLING

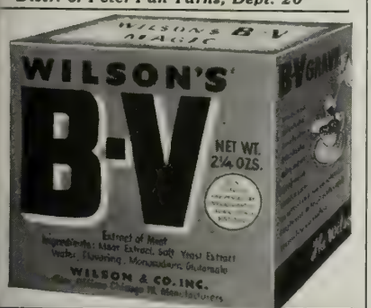


because
it is styled to
remain in fashion . . .
It is "solid" sterling silver
through and through and constant use
will only enhance its beauty.
Modestly priced for satisfaction
and service, year after year,
for a lifetime.

SEE IT . . BUY IT . . AT YOUR JEWELER'S
Write us for free illustrated price folders of these and other ALVIN patterns.

THE ALVIN SILVERSMITHS
Makers of Exclusive Silver Designs for over Sixty years
PROVIDENCE 7, RHODE ISLAND
rademarks

YARNS For Hand Knitting
BUY DIRECT AT WHOLESALE
Pure Virgin Wool and Nylon
FREE Samplecard: Instructions Given
OL TRADING CO. 363 Grand St. New York 2
Distr. of Peter Pan Yarns, Dept. 20



for the BEST SOUP you ever tasted

B-V ONION SOUP

Lightly brown 3 medium-sized sliced onions* in 2 tbsp. butter. Add 1 to 1⅓ tbsp. B-V mixed in 4 cups hot water.** Season. Top with toast and grated cheese. A delicious soup that is nourishing. Ample for four.

**Or ½ cup dehydrated onions.*
***If dehydrated onions cook 20 minutes.*

The Wilson label protects your table

five-minute walk from school—and because, unlike last year, when she slept on a couch in the living room, she has a room of her own. "I don't ask her to do much of anything around the house because I can see she's busy enough already," her mother says, "but she just loves to clean her own room. And move the furniture! She's moved the bed, the bureau and the dressing table around every way you can think of!"

The room shows other signs of being inhabited by a teen-ager—red and blue banners that Joan's father bought on stop-overs when he crossed the country by bus, a blue-and-gold crepe-paper pompon that Joan and other West Seattle students wave at football games, and a copy of the Girls' Club creed stuck in one corner of her dressing-table mirror. "And someday," Joan says, looking at the faded pink wallpaper, "I'll paint the walls a real soft rose."

Joan will be the first person in her immediate family to graduate from high school if she sticks it out until June, and she is "sure" she will—"I got this far, so I would never quit now." Her mother dropped out of school at the end of the eighth grade because she was brought up by a grandmother who felt that education for girls was a waste of time. Mrs. Cooper didn't. She read books which an uncle slipped her on the side, has since gone back to school for evening courses in leathercraft, textile painting, cutting and polishing stones, and a current try at ceramics. "I guess I always felt cheated," she said, "because each winter, there I am again, going back to school."

Mr. Cooper also left school at the end of the eighth grade, found a job in a small Pennsylvania foundry, but realized soon that he, too, needed more education. For two years after he was married he took college extension courses in engineering and drafting, has never had trouble finding work as a coremaker or electrician except for two hard years after World War II, when he drove a truck for Boeing Aircraft's large Seattle plant.

The great secret of social alchemy is to get the best of everything out of each stage of our life, to gather all its leaves in spring, all its flowers in summer, all its fruit in autumn. —BALZAC.

When Marie, the Coopers' elder daughter, came to them at seventeen and said she wanted to leave school to get married, they weren't really surprised or disappointed. "Marie had always been motherly and real interested in babies," Mrs. Cooper said. "She hated studying and loved working around the house. I always thought she would marry young. We thought Slats was a real nice fellow, and we said okay." So Marie was married in white satin with an excited fourteen-year-old Joan attending her in her first long dress—a shimmery pale pink silk.

While Mrs. Cooper admits privately that she's "very proud" of Joan and her determination to finish high school, between the two there is a certain amount of good-natured contention over whether or not Joan spends too much time on her homework. "Mother thinks I try," Joan says, "but that for all the grinding I do, I should get better than a C average." And then she adds happily, "But I'm satisfied."

And her teachers agree that "Joan is slow and deliberate. She always does her best. She's always trying."

Joan started out as a commercial major, struggled through business arithmetic, typing and bookkeeping, but dropped them at the end of her sophomore year because "They were hard and I just lost interest. Besides, I don't want to work with figures all day." She shifted to a class in dressmaking which she liked, boned through a required course in U. S. history which she "wasn't fond of, but didn't hate either," did only as much work as necessary to get through a course in botany because "I'm just not interested in plants, but you have to take a science course,

Easier than ever
to clean and keep clean
—your new CALORIC



"America's Easiest Ranges to Keep Clean" really means something in your home . . . time saved, work saved, hours away from the kitchen. That's why "easy-to-clean features" came first with 7 of every 10 women who told us why they bought a Caloric. Now, Ultramatic Caloric gives you even more easy-clean advantages along with the modern, speedy, trouble-free, *completely automatic* cooking features you've always wanted in a range.

See dealers under "Caloric" in classified phone books. Caloric Stove Corporation, Widener Building, Philadelphia 7, Pennsylvania.

WHY CALORIC IS SO EASY TO KEEP CLEAN:

Porcelain enamel inside and out—triple-coat acid-resisting white parts ★ Seamless construction eliminates dirt-catching crevices ★ Veri-Clean Broiler, completely removable for washing in sink ★ Porcelain burners easily removable for washing ★ Vents keep cooking vapors from soiling walls

Any Caloric model can be factory-equipped for "Pyrofax" Bottled Gas or other LP-Gases.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Ultramatic
Caloric® Gas Ranges
America's Easiest Ranges to Keep Clean

Only **KENTILE DEALERS** offer these low prices on **GUARANTEED** floors!



Look!

This **KENTILE FLOOR** costs only **$54.50*** INSTALLED

GUARANTEED as long as you live in your home





Only **$64.50*** INSTALLED for this **KENTILE FLOOR**

• No QUESTION about where you'll find the best buys in floors—they're at your Kentile dealer's!

You'll see a wonderful selection of 25 different, decorator-approved colors. They can be arranged in any design you please . . . will bring distinctive beauty and easy-to-clean convenience to any room in your home. Remember, only your Kentile dealer can offer these low prices on Kentile Floors . . . outstanding for beauty . . . guaranteed for long wear. Look under FLOORING in your classified telephone directory for his name and address—get a FREE estimate today.



Colors Built in!

Kentile colors can't wear off—they extend right through each tough, durable tile.



Dirt Locked out!

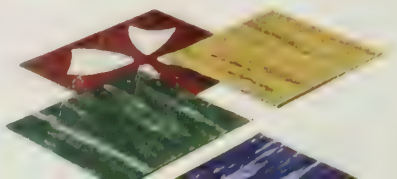
Dirt or stains can't penetrate the smooth surface of Kentile—easiest of floors to keep clean.

*Prices quoted are Kentile dealers' prices for a 10'6" x 12' bedroom and a 10'6"x 15' playroom. Your Kentile Floor may cost less or slightly more depending on the color you choose; design, size and condition of floor; and freight rates to your city.

KENTILE, INC., 50 2nd Avenue, Brooklyn 15, N. Y. • KENTILE • KENCORK • KENTILE RUBBER TILE

KENTILE®

The Asphalt Tile of Enduring Beauty



and biology, chemistry and physics didn't sound too good to me."

Her two favorite classes this year reflect Joan's need to be more friendly—and her own desire to do something about it. In newswriting she has to seek out both students and teachers to ask them questions about school activities, then write a 100–150 word piece for Chinook, the school's weekly paper. This was hard at first, easier now because "You *have* to make yourself go talk to the people, and there's always a definite subject to talk about."

Joan registers more enthusiasm about retail-selling class than anything else in her life at the moment—and especially the fifteen hours each week that she spends working (for which she gets classroom credit). During the first three weeks of school, retail-selling students learn how to dress and act during a job interview. Then, with leads supplied by the teacher, they set off to find their own part-time jobs. Joan, dressed in her brown gabardine suit with fresh white gloves, but no hat ("I love hats, but I never seem to own one"), walked into Sears, Roebuck and came out half an hour later with a job as salesgirl in the sportswear department. She claimed she was nervous, but her mother said, "If she was, it didn't show. Joan rises to the occasion when she has to." And the personnel director reported that Joan had a "very pleasant manner." All through the year Joan can bring her on-the-job problems to the classroom, learns through discussions and educational movies information about everything from handling a customer to recognizing various types of fabrics and understanding their good and bad points. Joan concentrates hard on these discussions, usually has something to contribute, and will probably make a B for the year—a mark which covers both school and store work, and which her teacher calls "above average."

As far as Joan is concerned, the fifteen hours she spends at Sears, Roebuck are the best part of the week. She likes to sell—"It's sort of a contest between you and the customer to see how much you can get them to buy"—but more than that, she enjoys being forced into contact with so many varied types of people. "You get to understand people more," she says. "Some customers like you to leave them alone; others like to be real friendly and expect a lot of service. A good salesgirl has to figure that out." Joan approaches a customer unobtrusively, always remembers to ask, "Is there anything I can do for you?" rather than, "May I help you?" (because she learned in class that the latter is more conducive to an automatic "No"), has never yet lost her patience with a difficult customer, although she felt like it once when one woman spent an hour selecting a housecoat, and then decided to "come back tomorrow" for a final decision. "If you take time with customers and show them just as many things as you can," Joan says, "they'll remember to look for you the next time they come in." She is pleased every time this happens to her, feels only that "I should do more suggestive selling. If a customer buys a skirt, you should get her interested in a blouse to go with it. But I just can't. If they didn't buy it, you'd feel sorry you ever brought it up." And her supervisor adds, "Don't forget—these kids are young and immature. Joan is learning. She's going to be a fine salesgirl."

If the job has any drawback as far as Joan is concerned, it's the proximity of her pay check (which averages $11.29 weekly) and all those sweaters and skirts. Her favorite purchase: a navy-blue gabardine suit ($25) with a navy-blue crepe blouse to match ($4.98). Joan's salary is her own to do with as she likes, and she has a hard time pointing out just exactly how she does spend it—but mostly for clothes, bus fare, and orange pop to go with the sandwiches and doughnuts she brings from home for lunch every day. Sometimes when her father runs out of money before his next pay check, Joan loans him $5 or $10—"But he always pays it back." If she had $1000, she would "pay my income tax, buy some clothes, and get mother a refrigerator. Then I'd put the rest of the



Perfumed with a mild fresh fragrance

This is what you voted for—Sani-Flush with a mild fragrance that leaves bathroom atmosphere refreshed. And the toilet bowl sparkling clean. Sani-Flush works chemically—no messy scrubbing. Cleans thoroughly, even the film you can't see. At all grocers. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush



for a **REALLY CLEAN** toilet bow

***Spare-Time* MONEY!**

DO YOU want to increase your income? All right—just send us a postal with your name and address. By return mail, we will send you a generous commission offer and easy-to-follow plans that have helped others make money. You can do it too! Write without delay to

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
408 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

NEW-COLOR MAGIC *Tru Color* PROCESS **DYEING**

for faded, "wrong-color" clothes and household fabrics

★ From your LOCAL DRY CLEANER who displays the TRU COLOR emblem

TRU COLOR DYE WORKS • Brooklyn 27, N. Y.



Quickly identify stored articles—Mark them with

Dennison
GUMMED LABELS

One of many Dennison Handy Helpers for Home, School, and Office

On sale at stationery counters everywhere

MAKE YOUR **Quilts**
"Family Heirlooms of Tomorrow"



MOUNTAIN MIST Pattern No. 73. Three old-time designs on one pattern . . . Single, Double and Triple Irish Chain. Send 10c coin for this pieced quilt pattern.

Quilt beauty depends on the quilting . . . quilting depends on the filling . . . take no chances . . . use the best . . . use MOUNTAIN MIST, the Perfect Filling.

It trims, spreads and handles like cloth without stretching thin. Soft, needle-easy "Glazene" on both sides insures neat, even puffy quilting. Comes in one-piece 81x96 or 81x108.

Send 10c (coin) to Stearns & Foster, Dept. 113 Cincinnati 15, Ohio, for Pattern No. 73 and quilt pattern catalog of over 78 lovely quilt designs.

MOUNTAIN MIST
REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE AND IN CANADA
The perfect filling for quilts
AT DRY GOODS AND DEPARTMENT STORES

Make More Money
SELL WOMEN'S WEAR
Up-to-minute styles—DRESSES—street—house—DRESS GOODS—cotton—rayon—HOSIERY—LINGERIE—APRONS—TOWELS—STATIONERY—GREETING CARDS—Beautiful Free Samples Make Easy Sales—GOOD PROFITS—without experience. Exclusive. Be First. Write Now.
MITCHELL & CHURCH CO.
Dept. 37 Binghamton, N. Y.

More people prefer...
Eastern
PRE-FAB*
VENETIAN BLINDS
Custom-made for you!

Only PRE-FAB can give you *all* the wonderful features that add new service and beauty to your windows, including the all-metal enclosed head, self-adjusting tilter and finger-touch action. Only with PRE-FAB you get the important *one-piece* metal bottom rail that makes cleaning so easy.

Now . . . Eastern's improved all-metal slat material makes your venetians lighter, brighter, more beautiful. 14 colors in long-lasting DuPont *Plasticized* finish.



Insist on PRE-FAB! There is a custom manufacturer within reach of your telephone. *PRE-FAB blinds are custom-made with the equipment and products made by
EASTERN MACHINE PRODUCTS CO.
Baltimore 30, Md.

money in the bank, save up some more, and take a long trip." On her three drives across the country with her family, she was most impressed with the Bad Lands and Cornell University, would like to see New England sometime—"If I ever get a chance."

Joan says the fact that she isn't dating much right now doesn't bother her—"I'm pretty busy with my job, anyhow." She eats lunch with eight girls who occasionally get together for a slumber party at one of their homes (three girls is Joan's limit—all in her double bed), has as many boys' as girls' autographs in her yearbook, agrees with another girl who said, "You don't need to have a date to have a good time here, and sometimes you have a better time going alone anyway." Every other Saturday night the PTA sponsors a juke-box dance at Hiawatha Field House across from the school, where for thirty-five cents apiece, or fifty cents a couple, teen-agers enjoy three hours of dancing and free doughnuts and Cokes. Ninety per cent of the girls, like Joan, go to these dances with other girl friends, have no trouble finding enough boys to dance with, although, according to Joan, "you may sit around at first before you get known," and usually have an invitation from one of the boys to go downtown for hamburgers afterward.

Though these dances are restricted to West Seattle High School students and their guests, four girls' and five boys' social clubs, all city-wide, each gives as many as four dances a year, the majority open to any high-school student who wants to come. Teen-agers are still talking about the Stardusters' big fall dance, which was held in an automobile dealer's showrooms ("With the cars moved out, there was room for more than 300 people"), decorated with great black and gold streamers, and featured a black cat as a door prize. Most social clubs are limited to from three to eight representatives from each of the eight high schools, exist mainly to promote social affairs ("You give a dance to make money to give another dance"), and are not resented by girls like Joan, who don't belong, because "you never hear much about them unless they're giving a dance, and then usually you can go to that if you want to." Joan, although she loves to dance and could invite a boy to take her, "just never has" gone to any of these dances, but feels she would probably have a good time if she did go.

Praise your new horse in the morning, your wife in the second year, only in the third year your brother-in-law, and yourself never in life.
—FINNISH PROVERB.

Though a certain crowd of girls in school ("They're sort of a clique, only nobody resents them because they're nice and speak with everyone," Joan says) give parties at home, Joan hasn't been to a party since last summer when she visited in Pennsylvania. "She could entertain here any time," her mother says, "and I wish she would, but she feels she'd be forward if she invited the kids over. If she asks a boy to a Tolo (girl-sponsored dance) and he can't go for any reason at all, she won't ask another. She's just queer that way." Last year Joan went steady for four and a half months with a tall, dark-haired boy whom she saw every day during the summer for swimming parties, picnics and movies, broke off in the fall when he didn't come around for a month. "I don't like to talk about this," she says with a faint blush.

"I'm glad Joan isn't serious about a boy now because she isn't mature enough to get married," Mrs. Cooper says. "Her sister was more motherly and real interested in babies. But Joan needs more time to grow up. I can't exactly explain why, but I feel this way."

After Joan is graduated from high school this June, she thinks she might spend three months at a local modeling school "to improve my posture—and maybe help me get a job modeling, although I don't much think I



DRESS BY CLAIRE McCARDELL · HAT BY MR. JOHN

CHOOSE THE *Longer Lasting Loveliness*
OF IMPERIAL WASHABLE WALLPAPERS
...Fashions to suit every taste...values to fit every budget

WHAT WONDERS wallpaper can work in your home! What warm, fresh beauty it brings to every room! What a soft, new glow it sheds on the most cherished objects! The new 1951 Imperial *Washable* Wallpapers do all this and more! Tuned to the latest trends, over 1500 patterns offer the widest variety of livable room treatments to fit every room or group of rooms—to please every pocket.

New, yet timeless in their winning appeal, they're outstanding values in whatever price range you choose. These *best buys in wall decoration* mean extra economy because they last so long, save frequent "re-do's." Imperial *Washable* Wallpapers are "Color-Locked"—guaranteed for three years to resist fading and to clean satisfactorily when instructions are followed. Ask your dealer or decorator to show you wallpapers identified by the famous Imperial silver label.

SEND FOR Imperial's New "Color Harmony Kit" by Jean McLain. A unique, helpful and authoritative guide for creating color schemes—quickly, interestingly, correctly. Crayons in 10 basic colors help you to sketch your own schemes on planning sheets. Achieve interesting harmonies or contrasts . . . coordinate wallpaper colors with rugs, draperies, furniture. It's yours for only 25¢.

IMPERIAL PAPER AND COLOR CORPORATION
Dept. L-59, Glens Falls, New York
Gentlemen: I am enclosing 25¢ for my copy of your "Color Harmony Kit."
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Reigning Favorite

Danish Princess

Holmes & Edwards patterns are the loveliest to be found in silverplate. Danish Princess* with its radiant Nordic beauty and adorable Spring Garden are two of the most desired patterns ever introduced. A 6 piece place setting is only $8.06 so start your service today!



6 PIECE PLACE SETTING IN EITHER PATTERN

$8.06

52 Piece Service For 8, only $69.95

*All patterns made in U. S. A.

Loveliest of all!

Spring Garden

Remember! Holmes & Edwards is superior to all other silverplate. It's Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver at the two places where a teaspoon rests on the table Thus, should wear occur, there's sterling underneath!



HOLMES & EDWARDS

STERLING INLAID*

SILVERPLATE

HERE HERE

It's Sterling Inlaid

MADE BY THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

COPYRIGHT 1951, THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., HOLMES & EDWARDS DIVISION, MERIDEN, CONN. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

could really get a job like that." She has never thought of college because her parents' savings all go for a trip back East as often as possible to see Marie; will probably find a job similar to the one she now has at Sears—"maybe even the same job, because even if you have to work hard, the people are friendly there." She says she'd like to marry "late"—probably when she's twenty—and would like to find a man who will "treat a girl right—have a good personality—and not be too loud or too quiet." If Joan has her way they won't have more than two children "because it's easier to take care of just a few," and they'll live in Illinois or Indiana to be halfway between her parents in West Seattle and her sister in Pennsylvania, although "where we live doesn't matter much so long as he works." Joan will keep her job long enough "to get something ahead for furniture," and until the children come. Then she'll stay home, keep house and take care of the children—"They will think more of you and get to understand you better."

These are Joan's plans for the future. She knows there will be some changes, but she doesn't doubt that she will find a job—or that she will marry. She knows little about world politics, and hasn't thought that a war might change her plans, although she feels that the draft is "so sad." Asked about Korea, she said, "Since I'm not in politics, I couldn't say much about that"—and if she were President, she would "jump up and down—I just wouldn't know what to do."

Of one thing she is sure: "There aren't enough happy people in the world." And Joan wants to be happy. **THE END**

Phrases to Which

Young People

Are Allergic

(Arranged in order of time heard)

By GEORGE LAWTON

1. My, what a big boy (big girl) you've become! (With an attempted pat on a head out of reach.)
2. Do it for mother's sake!
3. Not another word out of you!
4. You're still just a child! (With a forgiving smile.)
5. You're too young to know your own mind.
6. I don't have to tell you why, you just obey!
7. You're too old to do *that* any more.
8. You simply aren't old enough to understand.
9. Come tell mother everything.
10. I don't know what's happening to the young people today.
11. You'll never amount to anything, if you continue to——(do this or that, go around with X or Y, etc.)
12. I never had the opportunities I'm giving you.
13. It's only puppy love.
14. After all we've sacrificed for you!
15. I'm nothing but a servant in my own home. (To be avoided by girls when they become mothers.)
16. I'm nothing but a meal ticket for my children. (To be avoided by boys when they become fathers.)
17. I suppose you've reached the difficult age.
18. I guess you must take after mother's (father's) side.
19. When I was your age I (was making X dollars a week, had finished college, had a child, ran my own home, etc.)
20. Everyone takes us for sisters.

Teresa

THE STORY OF A BRIDE



Her name is Pier Angeli ...her smile is that of the Mona Lisa...and you will see her in "Teresa", her first American film.

An M-G-M Picture worth waiting for.



After the day's work—a mellow fire, the tang of apple smoke, and a page of timeless poetry.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

ARCH is a patchwork quilt in New England. We have absolutely everything in the way of climate, and all in a week. First we may begin with a dly blizzard, just to assure us that ter has not loosed his iron gauntlet. n a dropping down of sheer cold, often w zero. Pipes freeze. Pipes thaw. Pipes ze. And then, when we are a little worn it, comes a day of pure spring, with the purer than dew on lilies and the sun illing radiance. Around the twenty-first is apt to come, and I rush out to look, yes, there are the snowdrops, the ler luminous white bells on their deli- stalks. Who has not seen the first wdrops on a spring morning has missed re joy.

loods of rain follow, and the great un- ng winds batter us. Wings of snow sh the hills again. But the snowdrops there in the garden, testament of ng, a sign and seal that the seasons w their courses.

he rhythm of life in the valley changes. can invite the neighbors for dinner and have to plan a menu that will tuck in freezer in case the roads are too bad for el. Recklessly we set the table ahead ime and go lavishly on with the salad l without keeping an eye on the barom-

aith and Gonnie come again for tea the winding country roads, and the stling teakettle startles us in the midst long talk in front of the apple-wood I can never get used to that sudden on the stove, but it does save running and peeking every few minutes. And cially Faith likes her tea made with hly boiling water.

he pot should be rinsed with boiling er first. The tea steeps just five minutes. se the old silver teapot that mamma ays used and I never pour the tea with- a happy memory of her small hands on curve of the handle, her brown eyes ing.

Mamma and I had some of our best visits when we had tea after I came in from high school. I always had something rather sustaining with it, such as fresh comb honey and toast or hot cinnamon buns, but when mamma had the Dickens Club in, the delicate little sandwiches and tiny puffs of cake were beautiful. And after finishing the current chapter of Pickwick Papers, the ladies really did consume handsome quantities.

On the first blowy sunny day, I always suggest we begin the house cleaning. I can never outgrow my early training, and I always feel everything in the house should be carried out and sunned and aired. Sister Jill says it is like moving day when I get one of these spells.

It is complicated by the fact that Daphne and Maeve and the cockers want to help, and it does the best pillows no good to be carried all around the yard by a wild Irisher. Or I look out the window I am washing and see my very best rug snaking past. Jonquil tugs at the rear end, Daphne forges ahead, and the rug bears the strain as best it can.

The washing machine works overtime and we know the well will not go dry, since we have had tons of rain this month. Jill is an intrepid washer. She throws in everything of any color, relying absolutely on the manufacturer not to let the color run. I am amazed at how well it works, but now and then I acquire a furious purple blouse or some magenta underwear from this process.

We have to keep an eye on the machine because Aladdin gets in it the minute the door is opened and we have nightmares about a small Abyssinian getting turned on, so to speak, and whirled around and around. Esmé has such a horrid opinion of water that we are always amazed at Aladdin's love for it.

He is the only cat I ever knew who gets in the shower with anyone who leaves the door open long enough for him to slip in.



Let it rain..let it blow

Every day's a perfect drying day with a Westinghouse

CLOTHES DRYER

Now you can laugh at the weather! Rain or shine, day or night, *any time* is perfect drying weather with a Westinghouse Clothes Dryer. And it's all so work-free, worry-free, carefree. Just pop your clothes into the Dryer...set the Dial...and your work is done. Clothes are Tumble-Dried in warm, clean air . . . come out soft, sweet-smelling, fluffy as new, *every time*.

They're dried exactly as you want them, too. Thoroughly dry for immediate storage, or damp-dry for ironing. Then the Dryer shuts itself off. The whole job is completely *automatic*.

Now . . . every day's a perfect drying day with a Westinghouse Clothes Dryer.

Ask your Westinghouse retailer for a *free demonstration*. Phone him today. The Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Electric Appliance Division, Mansfield, O.

. . . of course, it's electric!



NO WET CLOTHES TO CARRY or hang. No lifting, bending, no line to put up



NO DANGER OF FADING BRIGHT COLORS. Clothes always soot-free, dirt-free.



WESTINGHOUSE LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT WINS 1951 MERIT AWARD OF AMERICAN SOCIETY OF INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERS.

See TV'S Top Dramatic Show...WESTINGHOUSE "STUDIO ONE"...Every Week

YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S Westinghouse





If the water is too hot—and mine is pretty hot—he stays away from the main stream by interposing part of the shower curtain between his golden self and the heat, but there he is in the tub still.

Sister's son and heir has mastered the art of plunging at a ball and growling fiercely, of backing and going forward, and of uttering what he feels is a bark. Sister and I feel there was hardly ever such a smart, beautiful puppy. Jill refers to him as the crown jewel. His sturdy little legs are white with black ticks on them, his fat body is black and he has a white ruff and a faint white blaze down his forehead. As the newest member of the family, he feels pretty important, and he does get a lot of attention, but he is naturally sunny and we predict a startling future for him in Obedience. We call him Tiki for short; and not High Heritage. Looking at him so small in his box one day, I said, "He's just like Kon-tiki, a lone raft on a big sea." So Tiki he became.

Stephen Leacock told this story on himself:

"Years ago when I first got my Ph.D. degree, I was inordinately fond of it and used to sign myself 'Doctor' Leacock. On a trip to the Orient, I signed my name that way on the passenger list and was just getting my things straight in my cabin when a steward knocked and said, 'Are you Doctor Leacock?'

"I replied that I was.

"'Well, the captain's compliments, doctor, and will you please come and have a look at the second stewardess' leg?'

"Realizing my obligations, I was off like a shot. But no luck! Another fellow got there ahead of me. He was a Doctor of Divinity."

After a day of cleaning, we like a stout supper. Old English Pork Pie is good, and I make it with 2 cups seasoned cooked pork, cubed, and 2 cups sliced cooking apples arranged in layers in a casserole; 3 tablespoons sugar, a sprinkle of cinnamon and cloves go over this, and ½ recipe plain pastry on top. I slash the pastry well, bake in a hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (350°) and bake 30 minutes or until the apples are soft.

This serves three or four people, but two can do well with it.

And when supper is done, and the house quiet, it is good to sit by the fire and sm the clean smell of freshly waxed furnitu and the tang of apple smoke and take out favorite book. To have worked hard all da and to have a quiet hour in the evening one of the blessings still left us in this an ious time.

Winston Churchill's dramatic and bea tiful prose is not for this particular time, n the new novels reflecting the time we live i The exciting and timeless poetry of som thing like The Lady Not for Burning is m choice. Or Edna S Vincent Millay:

If I were to walk th way
Hand in hand with gri
I should mark that maple spray
Coming into leaf.

Country dwellers g to bed early. When th embers begin to fall an the pale lavender as piles under the last lo we are ready to en the day. Standing a the refrigerator, we tak a quick look. There that Cheddar chees very good with a gla of milk and a crack or two. Or a thin slice of spicy ham is n bad laid between rye bread.

Sister and Jonquil and Maeve opine the will sample whatever we decide on, so c plenty, they suggest.

A last run for them in the windy Marc night, a last dish of baby food for Tiki. An for me, a last look at the sky and the ur changing serenity of the stars and the eterna hope of branches already faintly pricke with buds.

Spring is already in the heart!

WHAT WOMEN FIRST NOTICE ABOUT MEN

(Continued from Page 51)

he is interested in life for its own sake, apart from what he can get out of it. I like the note in the voice when some enthusiasm or interest is approached.

"As to dress, I only get the general effect: I am stupidly unobservant as to detail—except that I always notice whether the collar is well fitting or not."

Elizabeth Bowen

"*If* he laughs, *how* he laughs, and *what about*."

Mignon G. Eberhart

"Eyes. I always notice a man's eyes first. A man's eyes see all—but they tell all too. They really do."

Mary Martin

"It is the inner quality of man, woman and child that interests me. The clothes a man wears, whether he combs or does not comb his hair, even his forthright look enters scarcely at all into my consciousness. There are men with a firm handclasp and a forthright look who wouldn't hesitate to steal a herd of cattle if they could get away with it, and the only two murderers that I have ever known personally both wore their hats at a jaunty angle and strung the man up that they murdered with their knotted silk neckties—which, by the way, were handsome and of a good pattern."

Elinor Graham

"I am more impressed with the firm handshake and the direct look than anything else in the initial impression. In addition to this, I am impressed by the general neatness that a person has."

Margaret Chase Smith

"Especially I notice what he does with his hands, when he's not aware of doing anything. There are men whose hands speak of peace and calmness and good sense. They don't drum and patter. When these men have nothing to do with their hands, they keep still. When they have something to do their hands move quietly and efficiently. I al ways notice this, and I like it."

Gwen Bristow

". . . Whether the man has a roving eye is he genuinely interested in his vis-à-vis, o playing to the gallery? Some men have eye in the sides of their heads and use thei auditor merely as a sounding board, in orde to be admired in all directions. (But happil not *most* men!)"

Barbara Fros

"His hands. They should be well-kept, c course, but masculine. A man's hands shoul not be pudgy; they should have bones i them."

Ann Sheridan

"The expression of the face. The genera sum total of the personality of a human bein of adult years is, I am sure, rather the *genera expression* than any flesh-and-blood materia details of color of eye or hair, or any habits o mannerisms. For the expression is what ha been brought to the person by his own way o life, his own attitude towards others, his own feeling about himself.

"From his ancestors he inherits the shape of his nose, the color of his hair, his stature, his physique in general. His mannerisms are often acquired in unconscious imitation o the people around him. But what he is, what he has made out of himself during the years, is plainly shown by the general expression o his face—open, cautious, arrogant, humble kind, grasping, sly, frank, courageous, timid, self-assured, self-doubting."

Dorothy Canfield Fisher

"What all women from eight to eighty would answer if truthful, and that is whether or not he notices me."

Faith Baldwin

THE END



Have You "discovered" Soft-Weve?

Have you "discovered" Soft-Weve? Here is a bathroom tissue with the gentle softness of the finest facial tissue and the practical firmness that's essential! It's so cloth-like in texture we call it "water-woven"! But try "Soft-Weve" yourself! Chances are that it will win the entire family, too!

Cleansing tissue soft... yet toilet tissue firm—because it's double!

THERE IS ONLY ONE WEATHERVANE*



AND IT'S TAILORED BY HANDMACHER



*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Here, suit wizardry for Spring, in the wonderful wrinkle-proof rayon fabric Celanese* weaves for Handmacher. An array of colors *and* sizes. 10 to 20, 7 to 15 and new young Proportioned Plus sizes, 10+ to 20+. $25. At one fine store in your city. For its name, write Handmacher-Vogel, Inc.

533 Seventh Ave., N. Y. 18.

Handmacher

RIVER IN BRITTANY

(Continued from Page 38)

stream, and one day when they were rowing in the boat with Sophy she invited her to bring them up to see the flowers and the goldfish in the fountain, and Sophy promised her she would sometime. When their mother came back, was what she meant, she told them; there were enough queer things in a place like this without picking up queer friends, Sophy said. Their mother was in America; she had had to go back home because their grandmother was sick.

One morning when the children were not playing by the river but were eating their lunch in the kitchen, they could see through the window the lady sitting on the steps. They were eating it early to get out of Sophy's way because she was terribly busy and had promised them if they would take a good long nap until their father came back with the boat she would row them all the way down the river to where the ocean began. She had already taken them once and it was the nicest thing they had done at all. This time he was off by himself, painting, and had taken his lunch with him, but Sophy was sure he would be back in time. "So go on to sleep till he gets here," she said.

They were still asleep when he came. The lady, who had a book and did not want any lunch, was still sitting on the steps when she looked up and saw the boat coming and noticed that it was heading for her side.

"Good morning," she said when it was near enough for her to do so without effort. "Did you have good luck—or does one only ask a fisherman that?" She was looking down now at the paintbox and the folding easel in the bottom of the boat, and the picture propped carefully against the seat.

"I think so," he said. "At least I was thinking so when I had to quit."

"Why did you, then? A fisherman would not do that."

"I promised to bring the boat back for Sophy to take the children down to the shore."

"I see," she said. "But it is early, isn't it?"

"The tide; she doesn't want to get mixed up with the tide," he explained.

"I see," she said again. "The good Sophy keeps up with that, too, no doubt. She is very good with the boat, I have noticed—though she is not young; much better than you, I think." She smiled at him.

"Anybody is better than I am," he said, "but Sophy is an expert. She was practically born in a boat; she comes of a seafaring family."

"So," she said, regarding him attentively with what he had decided were, from an artist's standpoint, the most interesting eyes he had ever seen. "But with your family she has been for a long time?"

"With my wife's; she was her mother's maid."

"And Boston, your home, is an inland city?"

"No, it's a seaport; but most of us there don't follow the sea any more—in the line of business. In the line of pleasure I have always liked the mountains. I'm better on skis than Sophy is," he said, smiling up at her; but the interesting eyes were regarding something else.

"She is there now, your excellent Sophy, punctually on the watch. You must not let me keep you," she said.

This was by no means the first of such encounters. The lady, with or without a book, spent a great deal of her time in the garden and almost always ended by sitting on the steps. It would be nice, he thought, when Elsa came back; she would be an interesting person for them to know—even aside from the eyes, an interesting neighbor. Elsa asked him in her letters whether he had met any of the neighbors. She was already gone before they had even seen this one. The lad had seen Elsa, though.

"And the very pretty blond person wh was here—your sister?" she had asked hi on what was really their first encounter.

"My wife," he said.

"So. I have been thinking your sister. there perhaps a resemblance?"

"Maybe you have been accounting for h absence," he suggested.

"An absent wife must be accounted fo you think? You imagine someone accountin for me, perhaps? Or do you not imagine?

He waited a moment. "I may even i quire," he said then. "You might be su prised. Monsieur Desportes"—he checke the items on his fingers—"is still in Pa but will arrive the middle of next mont after which you will be extremely gay—boa ing parties, picnics"—he made a comprehe sive gesture. "Until then your preference for solitude—repose ——"

THE interesting neighbor was amuse "My dossier seems up to date," she said.

"It is the earlier entries that are missing

"Repose from what, you would as Solitude—from whom? I once read a book a very good one—about a woman who fou it essential to her peace of mind to do p manently what you find me doing as a te porary measure; to live uninterrupted alone, I mean. Unfortunately, toward t end, the author played her false."

I have, for the most part, lived in the work of the passing day, neither regretting the past nor fearing the future, but trying in the passing moment to gain good ends which were often immediate, but sometimes far distant.

—DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT: Charles W. Eliot, Volume II, by Henry James (Houghton Mifflin Company).

"He let her acknowled she was bored, I suppose

"He let her acknowled she was merely runni from a lover." The int esting eyes regarded hi with frankness and looked frankly back.

"And you, I suppose, not acknowledge?"

"Or do not run," s said, smiling.

Another thing that h surprised the Colliers w to find the house so sma In good weather, of course, they would be o all the time anyhow—was there much b weather in Brittany? they wondered. might have been better to look into things little more, and not just take the place b letter that way—sight unseen, all the w from Boston. Beyond the fact that it b longed to a friend—himself unseen since t days when he and Edward had studied t gether in Dupin's studio, seven . . . no, eig years ago—and that he liked it all right hi self, or said he did, they had practically not thing to go on. Still, almost anything at th price, they reminded each other: Imagi getting a house that close to the sea an where in this part of the world, they said what you would pay for it!

"And with just the right atmosphe too," Elsa reminded him.

"For the children? French, you mean——

"I mean for you—the right aura: artistic

"Oh," he said; "that."

"I hope he is leaving some of his pictures she continued.

"One can but hope," he said.

And then to think she had had to turn rig around and go back to Boston before th hardly had time to look around and see wh he had left! Achille de Grossouvre; a lo name to write in the corner of so many p tures, he thought.

Taking them down patiently, one by on and stacking them as well as the limite space allowed—out of danger to some exten but unequivocally out of sight—he was co scious of a profound depression. What was all about, anyway? He imagined Achille d ing this for him, in Boston. "Poor o Édouard," he would say. "Yet he had certain talent; or so we thought at t time."

He finished and felt better. The wall thank goodness, were wood, not plaste

(Continued on Page 120)



You sleep, too,



en he goes Pullman

ou know he's as safe in a
llman as you are at home.

Ask him to
Pullman

MFORTABLE, DEPENDABLE,
ND—ABOVE ALL—SAFE!

951, THE PULLMAN COMPANY

end their nurse had taken them for a walk. He looked at his watch. Oh, well —— .

"Will you take the basket back if you don't mind, Mr. Edward?" Sophy asked him as he was going out the door. She was holding it—a pretty basket Madame Desportes had sent across the river by the gardener, full of nectarines.

"For me and Teddy," his daughter told him—"the gardener said they were; he said she sent them to us—he held his hands down low and pointed at us so Sophy would understand; but she said they were for you, she made us wait until you came, to have one."

"Well, now you have waited, so you may have two, two apiece," he told her.

"I thought at first they were plums," Joan said; she was leaning over, making her selection. "Sophy told us they grew on a wall, though."

"*Against* a wall is what Sophy meant; so they will stay warmer and turn red sooner," he explained.

"She said the garden is queer; she won't take us to see the goldfish until mother comes. When is she coming?" Joan asked.

"Soon now; Grannie is getting better," he told her. "May I have another one?"

They were delicious; and now they were gone, and Sophy wanted him to take the basket back.

"Just put it there," he said—"and remind me of it." She could see his hands were full; she just wanted to show him she knew where he was going.

"I was afraid the cook might put something in it—like potatoes," Sophy said. "I can't explain things to her; it looks to me she gets worse instead of better about understanding. I thought if you were going over to paint ——"

If you suspect him, reject him, if you select him, don't suspect him. —INDIAN PROVERB.

"Put it where she can't get it, then," he said, stepping down into the yard.

Over to paint. It had been *up the river* to paint, until yesterday. So she had seen the sketch he made of the garden—turned to the wall, too, the way he left it. Not that he minded her knowing where he was: he just didn't want her to know he was anywhere; he wanted to be forgotten. He put the paintbox and the easel in the boat. So the garden was queer, was it? He would take the children over to see the goldfish himself. Picking up the oars, he headed straight for the steps.

At that hour of the morning the shapes of things in the garden were softened and the colors diffused by contrast with the light that prevailed outside.

"I never thought I would be painting anything like this," he said. "Garden in Brittany—Meadow in Brittany; I thought I came here to paint the sea. So far I haven't done anything in the least watery; not a boat or a net, or even a sardine."

"You still have time," she said. "You should row out to the Rocher de Muzillac; the sea does charming things out there."

He was not listening; he was looking beyond her, his brush poised, his eyes narrowed. A silence fell between them.

"The Rocher de—what?" he asked presently, beginning to paint again. "Where is it?"

"De Muzillac; it's the highest one of the rocks you see offshore, near the mouth of the river. A man who doesn't like interruptions should be very happy out there; nobody can get to him in a hurry—especially if he has taken the boat." She was smiling.

"Will you go with me then?"

She thought a moment. "I will go," she said.

He flushed with pleasure. "I believe you know what you do for me—for my painting. I have never told you—I am not telling you now; I can't. I have found something I thought was lost—I must just tell you that; you know it already."

"I know it happens sometimes," she said. "Once in a while perhaps God steps aside,

Queen Quality SHOES



more lives
than a tabby cat





Queen Quality

ENDEARING STYLE • ENDURING BEAUTY

Shoes you'll wear and wear and wear for any and many occasions. They're fashioned beautifully, and fit so happily on your feet.

(*a*) *Penrose*
(*b*) *Linda*
(*c*) *Larkspur*

also
Queen Casuals



Write Dept. "B" for free style booklet
QUEEN QUALITY SHOE COMPANY • DIV: INTERNATIONAL SHOE CO. • ST. LOUIS

CENTURY-OLD BEAUTY CARE

Makes Modern Hair-dos Lovelier!



Hair Styled by Bergdorf Goodman Beauty Salon

LOVELY HAIR crowns today's smart miss with shimmering glory, thanks to a secret her great grandmother knew — the magic softness of pure Castile shampoo.

Even in great grandmother's day it was the world's most highly recommended shampoo. She made it herself by dissolving Conti pure castile soap, imported since 1836.

Because of the demand by American women for this fine shampoo in liquid form, Conti developed today's famous Conti Castile Shampoo . . . containing pure imported olive oil to bring out full natural hair loveliness.

Perfect in cleansing action, it is the first choice of leading beauty authorities. Its natural oils guard the health of your scalp, leave hair silky-soft, lustrous and in better condition to take and hold its wave.

Safe for frequent use with every type of hair, Conti is recommended even for young children and for all the family. It will not streak grey or bleached hair, requires no conditioning agents and does not dry the scalp.

Try Conti — its regular use will protect your hair and make it lovelier.



Now also available in Canada.

Conti *Shampoo*

PURE CASTILE

and lets us do something for each other a good deal the way He would do it Himself—without explaining it very much. I am glad if it has happened to you." She smiled. "I think you are worth helping."

Such peace. Where had it been all this time? He stood looking down at her, there on the stone bench with her little work-basket beside her.

"You say God steps aside—it is life that steps aside for you: life as the rest of us have made it; you may even have forgotten what it is like—all the clutter and the fuss ——" He waited; her eyes were on her work. "I don't ever talk like this," he said. "I never even think like this; I can't afford to; but I can't believe that duty was meant to be what we have made it either. I don't mean the big obligations; I mean all the thousand little ones that really get in the way of anything important. We are like the man who couldn't see the wood for the trees. And all having to be done at a certain time, too; clocks and bells and even whistles to remind us—as if time were not enough of a curse by itself without having to be perpetually reminded of it. When I think what lunchtime has done to me! It's probably striking over there at my house right this minute."

"Not yet," she said. "I hear the children down by the river with Sophy."

"Good, then; that means I still have at least half an hour: she always takes them in to get them ready. Their mother may be in America and their father . . . God knows where, but they will be ready for lunch."

They were; they ran to meet him all shined up. Good old Sophy—he could hear her in the kitchen expounding to the cook that yonder he came and she could go on and make the omelet; neither of them ever conceded an inch in the matter of language. Yseult was elderly, too, and her name was Victorine, but he had mentally conceded that in favor of Yseult. They couldn't even quarrel to do any good.

The Rocher de Muzillac was much the largest of the rocks around which the water did such lovely things, and was also farther from shore than the others, but it turned out to be not too far. Even a very indifferent oarsman could row out and tie his boat to it any afternoon when the tide was low, and stay until it began to get high again, practically safe from interruption. It actually looked dark and menacing enough, in a small way, to be thought of as a sort of fortress, guarding his peace. This was the third afternoon it had guarded Edward Collier's.

"I wish I could take it with me," he said affectionately. "It's exactly what I need."

HE was sitting on it now; they both were, glancing now and then at the moving water and the moving sky, but never long away from the canvas in front of them, where these things had come to rest.

"It's good?" he asked her.

"Don't touch it," she said, laying her fingers lightly on the hand that still held his brush.

"It's over, then? Maybe tomorrow you will see something to come back for. Try; I want to come—it has been such peace!"

"I am glad," she said.

"The peace that passes understanding. You wanted it to be like that. You don't want me to understand or even to be grateful—not to you; but when I think how I have taken your time—your sympathy —— All right, then," he said as she put out her hand to stop him, "but the fact remains. I have talked to you about myself every [illegible] when I wasn't painting—you'll admit [illegible] and what have I learned about you [illegible] didn't know the first time I saw you [illegible] there on the steps? Though even that [illegible] never think of as little: it was written la[illegible] me; but about your life I know nothin[illegible] was searching her quiet face. "I don't [illegible] know whether you are happy or nc[illegible] said.

"But that would be to know so [illegible] other things, would it not? All those tr[illegible] some things—the clutter and the f[illegible] think it is better this way—for you to [illegible] me; quite by myself. I think it is a pr[illegible] to be known like this."

"Not as a mortal woman, then?"

"As something very much simpler—[illegible] less of an interruption," she said, sr[illegible] "But now I believe we should be goir[illegible] how full the ocean looks out there al[illegible] The tide races always toward the ca[illegible] might miss the mouth of the river."

He got up and went around to the [illegible] side of the rock and came back almo[illegible] mediately. "Do you know," he said [illegible] boat is gone! I don't see it anywhere. I [illegible] understand it [illegible] saw me tie it a[illegible] that same rock —

"The wat[illegible] higher, though [illegible] it?" She follow[illegible] around to the [illegible] side. "The t[illegible] coming in faste[illegible] pect the moon [illegible] tonight." Her [illegible] was as quiet a[illegible] but he could se[illegible] her color was [illegible] she was very p[illegible]

"Can you s[illegible] boat?" he aske[illegible] "It can't have[illegible] back up the riv[illegible]

"Not unless it[illegible] a good while ago [illegible] it would be muc[illegible] ther down—to[illegible] the cape, or n[illegible] on the rocks."

He looked in [illegible] directions. "S[illegible] ming is out, I sup[illegible] I am not partic[illegible] good; are you?"

"Hardly anybody could do it now, [illegible] said. "They would be carried down, to[illegible] the boat. You have no idea what it is[illegible] you have to be very strong. I have [illegible] been strong for anything, I am afraid.

That was not true, he though[illegible] thought that he would think it whe[illegible] time came: when they had done wha[illegible] they had to do now; he would tell her [illegible] good sport she had been—how calm, ho[illegible] reproachful.

"I suppose putting up some kind of [illegible] nal—this handkerchief—if I could find [illegible] kind of a stick ——" he suggested.

She shook her head. "There would [illegible] body to see it, I am afraid. In the mo[illegible] quented places there are guards; they [illegible] field glasses and keep a lookout for the [illegible] ple who get caught by the tide. But he [illegible] she looked around her, at the shore [illegible] marching water—"we are the only o[illegible]

He knew she did not want to [illegible] pathetic. He cleared his throat. "I supp[illegible] never gets to the top of this, does it?" [illegible] asked her, meaning their rock; mea[illegible] also, to sound a bit jocular himself. [illegible] hoped she would smile.

Instead, she looked thoughtful. "I [illegible] remember," she said. "Perhaps I [illegible] heard. It hardly seems as if it could, do[illegible] There is a great difference in the [illegible] though."

She spoke, he thought, as if the diffe[illegible] were not to them—that last foot or tw[illegible] the tide gauge. There were things he w[illegible] he could remember, too; he wished he [illegible] whether July was one of the high month[illegible] that he had noticed last night whethe[illegible] moon was almost full.

(Continued on Page 124)

Fatality

By Bette Richart

The lightning through my waking night
As luminous as love
Performed its clarifying work
And made the shadows move.

It bloomed across the weeping world
Like the first mystic rose
Unfolding petals in my eyes
Too radiant for praise.

Again was I enchained and lost
In beauty so immense
Forgetting, as I had for love,
The secret violence.



Help The Great Gildersleeve name the twins



Sharpest car on the road—the stunning new 1951 Ford Victoria. Styled like the snappiest convertible except for sturdy all-steel top and huge rear window. Comes equipped with radio, "Magic Air" temperature control and white side wall tires.

IN PARKAY MARGARINE'S $83,500 CONTEST!

AS FIRST PRIZES 20 FORD VICTORIAS

5 weekly contests with 234 valuable prizes every week-1,170 prizes in all!

Every week **4** Ford Victorias (or cash retail value if you prefer) plus $500 cash bonus to each winner if two "red end flaps" accompany entry.



Every week **10** General Electric Portable Dishwashers



Every week **20** General Electric Triple-Whip Mixers



Every week **100** crisp new $20 bills



Every week **100** crisp new $10 bills



You can enter every week!

First weekly contest starts March 7, ends midnight, March 17.

Second weekly contest starts March 18, ends midnight, March 24.

Third weekly contest starts March 25, ends midnight, March 31.

Fourth weekly contest starts April 1, ends midnight, April 7.

Fifth weekly contest starts April 8, ends midnight, April 14.

It's fun...it's easy to win!

Just name the twin babies in the Great Gildersleeve household!

One's a boy... one's a girl! Two names like Peter and Paula might win! Or Ray and Kay! You can quickly think of better names than these. Remember, originality counts.

Each Ford Victoria winner can also win a $500 cash bonus!

It's easy to qualify for a special bonus prize. Include at the time you mail in your entry just the red-bordered end flaps from two (2) packages of Parkay Margarine instead of one. Then if your names for the twins in the Gildersleeve household are awarded a first prize, you will receive a bonus of $500 in cash in addition to your shining new 1951 Ford Victoria!



Extra help in winning.
Tune in "The Great Gildersleeve" Wed. evenings over NBC, 8:30 EST. You'll get lots of laughs and lots of ideas for names to submit.

plus $500 cash bonus to each winner if two "red end flaps" accompany your entry (see below)

The Great Gildersleeve's niece, Margie, has had twins . . . and just by helping name them you may win a wonderful prize! (See listing of 1,170 prizes at left.)

Here's all you do: Go to your store and buy a package of Parkay Margarine. Tear off the red-bordered end flap and mail it to Kraft with your suggested names for the twins. Use the blank below or an entry blank from your grocer's. (Include two red end flaps if you want to qualify for the special bonus prize of $500.)

Be sure to read all rules carefully before you mail entries.

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES TO WIN!

1. Print or write clearly your suggested names for the twin babies. Remember, one is a boy, and one is a girl. Use the coupon in this advertisement, plain piece of paper or entry blank from your grocer's.
2. Print your name and address on each entry. Include also name and address of the grocer from whom you bought Parkay Margarine.
3. Send in as many entries as you wish. Write each pair of name suggestions on a separate entry blank.
4. With each entry enclose the red-bordered end flap from any package of Parkay Margarine. To be eligible for the $500 cash bonus awarded to Ford Victoria winners, enclose red-bordered end flaps from two (2) packages of Parkay.
5. Mail entries to Parkay Margarine, Box 6799, Chicago 77, Illinois.
6. There will be five weekly contests. First contest starts March 7, 1951; last contest ends midnight, April 14, 1951. Entries received before midnight March 17 will be judged in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries as received will be judged in the then current week's contest which will close at midnight each successive Saturday. Entries for the final week's contest must be postmarked before midnight April 14, and must be received by April 21. No entries will be returned, and no correspondence entered into. The Kraft Foods Company assumes no responsibility for entries lost or delayed in the mail. Entries with inadequate postage will not be considered. You accept all conditions of rules when you enter.
7. Weekly prize winners will be notified by mail. No one person may win more than 1 prize in each contest, nor more than 1 first prize in all five contests. Complete lists of winners sent on request to anyone sending a self-addressed stamped envelope at close of final contest.
8. Prizes as listed elsewhere in this advertisement will be awarded to the contestants whose name selections are considered most original, most unique and most apt by the judges. Judges' decision is final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties, in any week's contest. All entries become property of Kraft Foods Company. The names chosen for use on "The Great Gildersleeve" may be a combination of names suggested in this contest and do not necessarily have to be any of the winning names in the weekly contests.
9. Any person living in the continental limits of the United States and in Canada may enter this contest — except employees of the Kraft Foods Company, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Contest subject to Federal and State regulations.

Parkay... tastes so good because it's always fresh!

In most states you can buy Parkay Margarine colored yellow. Parkay also comes uncolored and in handy Color-Kwik bag.



Send red-bordered end flap

CLIP THIS ENTRY BLANK

Mail to Parkay Margarine, Box 6799, Chicago 77, Illinois. Enclose the red-bordered end flap from any package of Parkay Margarine. To be eligible for the special $500 cash bonus prize for Ford Victoria winners, enclose two red-bordered end flaps.

My suggested names for the twins—(Boy)_____ (Girl)_____

My own name is_____

My address is_____

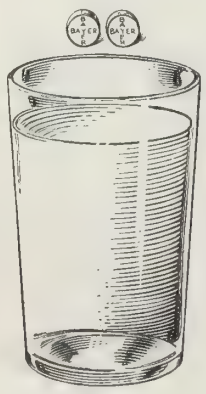
City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Grocer's name and address_____

Get additional entry blanks from your grocer or use plain sheet of paper.

This Is The First Thing You Need For A Cold— *To Feel Better Fast!*

RIGHT TODAY, doctors the country over will tell you that of all cold treatments, one of the simplest and most effective is "aspirin and as much rest as possible".



At the first sign of a cold—*before you do anything else*—you should take BAYER ASPIRIN, because BAYER ASPIRIN brings you quick relief from the headachy, feverish feeling—and the muscular aches and pains—that usually accompany a cold.

Ask your doctor about this. We're sure he will tell you that no matter what you do to try stopping or shortening a cold, it's sound advice.

FEEL BETTER FAST

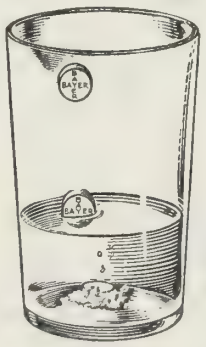
And it's advice that produces fast results. For BAYER ASPIRIN is actually ready to go to work in *two seconds*. That's one reason why, when you take it to relieve these distressing cold symptoms, you get the relief you want with astonishing speed.



By dropping a BAYER ASPIRIN tablet in a glass of water and watching how quickly it disintegrates, you can see this two second speed with your own eyes.

WHAT TO DO FOR SORE THROAT

BAYER ASPIRIN is also an excellent medication to use for the relief of sore throats due to colds. You just dissolve three BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in one-third of a glass of water—and then gargle. This makes a highly potent medicinal gargle that almost instantly soothes tender throat membranes, relieves pain and irritation.



You'll find that BAYER ASPIRIN is not only highly effective, but wonderfully gentle, too. Its single active ingredient is so gentle to the system doctors regularly prescribe it even for small children.

Get BAYER ASPIRIN today. When you buy, ask for it by its full name—*Bayer* Aspirin—not just for "aspirin" alone.

Because no other pain reliever can match its record of use by millions of normal people, without ill effect, one thing you can take with complete confidence is genuine

BAYER ASPIRIN

(Continued from Page 124)

nate to one other—the effect upon young minds and personalities of diets that satisfy the palate, but do not supply the elements needed for all-round functioning.

Who has not had the experience, when a meal was missed or very late, of becoming weary, irritable, unable to concentrate, to rely on one's judgment? Now it is learned that lack of a single element in the diet, vitamin B_1, can produce all these unpleasant reactions, even though the stomach is constantly full.

For the job of vitamin B_1 is to help burn up the carbohydrate eaten. If there is too much carbohydrate and too little vitamin B_1, combustion is arrested at the stage of pyruvic acid, which then is not utilized efficiently by the brain, the nervous system and the heart. The individual is inclined to be easily fatigued, irritable or sensitive. He can't think clearly, and takes exception to suggestions or criticisms.

Says a leading doctor in a recent issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association: "If a child develops from ten to eighteen years of age with a continuous or intermittent thiamine hydrochloride (vitamin B_1) deficiency, and is unable to take suggestions or to adjust himself to an ever-changing environment, there too often develops a personality with an adult body, but a child's understanding of social and economic problems."

And right now, today, four fifths of our school-age children are inadequately fed, two fifths of them seriously so.

THIS is not guesswork. In 1949 two big and important studies were concluded, one of eating habits of city and rural children in New York State, conducted by the New York State Board of Health, assisted by Cornell University and the Department of Nutrition, Harvard School of Public Health; the other by General Mills, of eating habits of some 29,475 school-age youngsters in the Middle West, South, Southwest and on the Pacific Coast. These have been supplemented by local researches carried out by universities, public-school systems, the American Red Cross and Government and industrial agencies. What American children actually eat, every day, has been told by the children themselves. It is an astounding story.

Twelve-year-old Johnny, in upper New York State, is an example of the way our particular brand of malnutrition operates. He is in a period when young bodies have a tremendous growing job to do and call for fabulous quantities of protein, calcium, vitamins and minerals in order to do it well and to fend off sickness besides—the reason why normal youngsters, after ten, have such awe-inspiring appetites. What does Johnny eat?

This is what he reported to the investigators: For breakfast, doughnuts if there are doughnuts, otherwise nothing, for he "doesn't like" cereals or eggs. Lunch, which he takes to school, is always jelly sandwiches and cake or cookies, for Johnny "likes" jelly sandwiches and will eat no other kind. For supper, there is usually meat and potatoes, maybe a bit of peas, corn or tomatoes (for Johnny refuses all other vegetables and salads), pie, or cake or cookies again. But if mom is busy, or Johnny isn't hungry, it may be more jelly sandwiches.

Johnny "doesn't like" milk, now that he is allowed all the pop and cola drinks he wants. Every day he has at least three of these, and sometimes four. He has several between-meal candy bars a day, and usually an ice-cream cone.

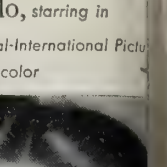
Johnny's mother, a widow who lives only for her son, does not connect Johnny's diet, overloaded with carbohydrates, almost at the starvation level in vitamins, protein and minerals, with the fact that he is small and immature for his age, nervous, excitable, constantly quarreling with his playmates and "sassy" to her, having trouble to keep up in school, a victim of every infection that comes around. Yet it requires no crystal ball to foretell that her adored Johnny will have increasing difficulties in all phases of his

Yvonne De Carlo, *starring in* "Tomahawk," *a Universal-International Picture* *color by Technicolor*



"Yvonne De Carlo's hands get La Cross care"

says RUTH COLLINS
Studio Manicurist
Universal-International



"A flawless manicure is the only kind that will pass a close-up screen test. And it takes instruments of La Cross *precision quality,*" says Miss Collins, "to give such a *perfect* manicure." That's why so many *professional manicurists prefer La Cross to any other manicure instruments.* And that's why lovely stars like Yvonne De Carlo, whose hands get La Cross salon care, choose La Cross instruments for home manicures, too!



La Cross
America's Finest Manicure Instruments Since 1903
SCHIEFFELIN BROS. CORP., NEWARK 3, NEW JERSEY



Travel the Highways of Romance in

NEW MEXICO

THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

Coronado, de Vaca, Espejo, Onate ...these are a few of the adventurous Spanish explorers who, in the century after Columbus discovered America, blazed the trails into the region now known as The Land of Enchantment. Fine highways have long supplanted those ancient routes, yet as you drive along you will notice the lingering traces of Spanish influence. Too, you'll come upon world-famed scenic wonders and historic places—Carlsbad Caverns National Park, eight National Monuments, and eighteen Indian Pueblos. . . . You'll drive through millions of acres of national forests, through picturesque villages, where the romance of the Old West is still apparent, and each day becomes more memorable than the day before. Plan now for your trip along the Highways of Romance!



Mail This Coupon...

AND WE'LL SEND YOU OUR FREE BOOKLETS AND MAPS PRONTO!

NEW MEXICO STATE TOURIST BUREAU

Room 1425, State Capitol • Santa Fe, New Mexico

Please send free: ☐ New booklet "Land of Enchantment" ☐ Official Highway Map, ☐ New Mexico "Historic Trails" Map

NAME . . . . . .

STREET . . . . . .

CITY . . . . . ZONE . . . STATE . . . .

• PLEASE PRINT

life unless he stops eating as he "likes," and begins to eat as he should.

The studies show that there are far too many Johnnies in the United States—many going to school with no breakfast at all, or with a breakfast of coffee and doughnuts or sweet rolls; many eating jelly sandwiches and cake or cookies (supplying mainly carbohydrate) for lunch, or eating no lunch whatsoever; many getting only one decent meal a day, the evening one, and a large number not getting even that.

In some sections 75 per cent of the children canvassed report no egg, no milk, no citrus fruit, no green or yellow vegetables in a three-day period. But children are few who report no soft drinks, no ice cream, no candy bars or other sweets in the same period. Four soft drinks a day is not unusual.

In many instances, children from wealthy homes are as badly nourished as those from the poorest. Often an increased income simply means greater indulgence in between-meal sweets, which cut down appetite for essential foods at the same time that they increase the need for them. The effect may be flabby overweight, when a child is actually suffering from severe malnutrition.

Moreover, diet grows poorer the nearer boys and girls get to adulthood. The studies show that fifth-graders eat less of the protective foods than do first-graders, and eighth-graders eat less than fifth-graders. Boys in senior high have less satisfactory diets than those in junior high, and topping the list of the malnourished and inadequately fed are the senior-high girls.

In New York State, in 1948, only 22 per cent of the tenth-grade girls were getting enough milk, richest source of calcium for lengthening bones; only 37 per cent enough protein, vital for the body growth of this age; only 46 per cent the standard amount of vitamin C, which guards against fatigue and irritability as well as against tooth decay, scurvy, bleeding gums, anemia and infectious disease; and only 56 per cent the standard amount of vitamin A, upon which the brain and central nervous system, the retina of the eye, dentine of the teeth, skin structure and glands, which last have a tremendous job to do in adolescence, all depend for normal functioning.

That we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us—that we should respect the rights of others as scrupulously as we would have our rights respected—is not a mere counsel of perfection to individuals—but it is the law to which we must conform social institutions and national policy, if we would secure the blessings and abundance of peace. —HENRY GEORGE.

In New York State, also, a cursory medical appraisal, which did not include blood tests and X rays, was part of the research: 10 per cent of all the children surveyed had "lesions" suggestive of malnutrition, discernible to the medical eye at a casual glance. In one large city, more than 75 per cent of the senior-high contingent showed "stigmata" of starvation in one or more essential foods. This in addition to dental defects, which were almost universal.

And the situation is getting worse. Wherever studies have continued over a period of years, the boys and girls have reported poorer diets in 1947 than in 1946, in 1948 than in 1947. More and more sweet drinks, candy, ice-cream concoctions and pastries; less and less milk, eggs and the inexpensive whole-grain cereals and green and yellow vegetables required for balance.

Dr. Howard Rusk states that there are now 23,000,000 persons in the United States disabled by illness—a figure against which war ravages are trifling. The studies show that an appalling number of our youngsters are heading for this unhappy fate, unless something is done to stop them.

That they get along as well as they do is in considerable measure due to the fact that

(Continued on Page 129)

BUY LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE'S NEW THRIFT-PAK...

SAVE $3.00 A YEAR!



NO OTHER DENTIFRICE you can buy beats Listerine Tooth Paste for:

- **Reducing tooth decay**
- **Thorough polishing**
- **Sparkling flavor**
- **Cleaning teeth and breath**

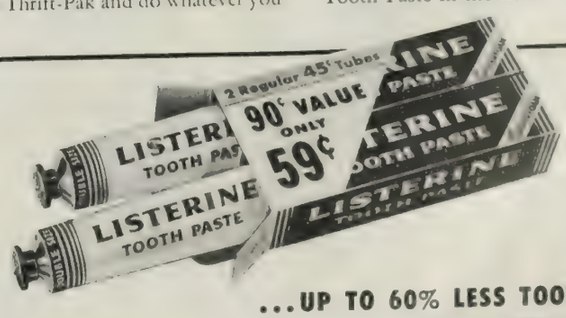
("Listerine" means breath control.)

As makers of Listerine Antiseptic we would never put our good name on any product that isn't "tops"!

So buy Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Thrift-Pak and do whatever you want with the 3 dollars you save.

The Thrift-Pak (*two* regular 45¢ tubes for 59¢) contains enough Tooth Paste to last the average family a whole month . . . and saves you 50¢ every time you buy. Within a year the average family's bound to save as much as $3 or more.

Only modern machinery, mass production, and more than sixty years of "know-how" make the low price possible. Change today to Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Thrift-Pak.

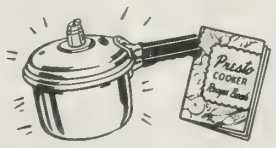


...UP TO 60% LESS TOOTH DECAY!

Research at a famous university definitely showed that modern dentifrices like Listerine Tooth Paste, used regularly immediately after eating, can reduce cavities as much as 60%. When it comes to cleaning, no tooth paste... not a single one... beats Listerine Tooth Paste.

BUY-LINES

AN ADVERTISING P



NOW I KNOW THE ANSWER . . . why millions of homemakers have changed from old-fashioned cooking methods to PRESTO Cooking. It's because a PRESTO Cooker saves you *so much* time (more than 300 hours a year) and money . . . while it gives you extra delicious, extra nutritious meals. But let me explain:

Saves you up to 75% cooking time . . . cooks 3 to 4 times faster. Saves you money . . . for cheaper cuts of fowl and meats become blue-ribbon treats . . . and only a pin-point flame is needed for only a short time. Works wonders with all foods . . . retains fresh, natural food flavors and colors plus the vitamins, minerals and other nutrients lost in long-cooking.

And last but not least, a PRESTO Cooker is so easy, so safe, so wonderful to use . . . so see the wide variety of sizes and models at your Dealer's soon. Start at $10.95 (slightly higher in Western zone)... 128-page recipe and instruction book, included. Want literature? Write Presto, Dept. S, Eau Claire, Wis.



*I*T'S truly a woman's world . . . for this spring, designers are literally "stealing" the clothes off a man's back and turning them into high feminine fashion. They look a lot prettier on the ladies, too . . . especially when we see them trooping in the colors of the guardsman's bright red and blue uniform with his fur shako for a muff. And the professor may be smart . . . but the girls look smarter in his cap and gown ensemble. Even the navy is under "attack" . . . but I think milady will win a "salute" decked out in a sailor's trim "blues".

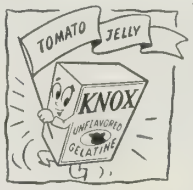
BRINGING UP BABY is an art . . . and no two mothers see eye to eye on every detail. But most wise mothers do agree on this . . . Johnson's BABY OIL and Johnson's BABY POWDER offer baby-safe protection against irritation, chafing and prickles. For both these fine products are made specially to "agree" with baby's delicate skin by America's foremost makers of baby products . . . Johnson & Johnson! So keep 'em on the nursery tray . . . and then:



Smooth on Johnson's BABY OIL after baths and every diaper change . . . see how this pure, soothing oil helps prevent skin irritation. Sprinkle on satiny-soft Johnson's BABY POWDER frequently . . . helps chase away little chafes and prickles. Babies love their gentle touch . . . you'll love their baby-sweet fragrance.

Better make a note of it . . . to get this Johnson's Baby Product "twosome" today to keep your baby soothed, sweet and happy.

YOU'LL SING A SONG OF SALADS . . . once you know the "key" to refreshing salad variety. What is it? KNOX, the *real* unflavored Gelatine . . . so get a package today and try this Tomato Jelly for example. It's a luxurious aspic variation . . . and so easy:



Soften 1 envelope KNOX Unflavored Gelatine in ½ cup cold tomato juice. Stir until thoroughly dissolved in 1¼ cups very hot tomato juice. Add ¼ tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper, 1 tbsp. lemon juice, dash Worcestershire or onion juice or other seasonings as desired. Mold in large mold or individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with mayonnaise, salad greens and olives. Makes 4 servings.

Once you try this scrumptious salad, you'll want to go on and on in Gel-Cookery . . . for it's the quick, easy way to brighten up family and party meals with refreshingly different salads, desserts and main dishes. But don't take my word for it . . . try all the wonderful recipes that come in every KNOX package.



THERE'S PLENTY OF FOOD FOR THOUGH when you shop around for a refrigerat because that's *one* investment that ha better be right! And I'd like to mentio now that you're always right with FRIGIDAIRE. 'Cause it's *the* refrige ator *made* for once-a-week shopping! Ye made to store huge quantities of food, s that tiresome "hand to mouth" buying a thing of the past! That's becaus Frigidaire's SAFE-cold lets *you* decid how often to market. Yes, constan SAFE-cold from top to bottom. Thanks t FRIGIDAIRE's exclusive Meter-Miser— simplest cold-making mechanism eve built. There are loads of other advan tages, too, of course, such as the bin-siz Hydrators which keep a week's suppl of vegetables and fruits. And Quickub Ice Trays that pop out ice cubes at th flip of a finger. But, why not see fo yourself at your Frigidaire Dealer's—an real soon!

SHOPPING FOR A NEW CHAPEAU is fun . . but with so many lovely creations to choose from, it's difficult, at first, to choose the one designed with *you* in mind. The same thing is true of cigarettes . . . and while I wouldn't dream of choosing your hats, I think can suggest a cigarette that's made-to order for you. It's CAVALIERS . . for this distinctive, new, king-size ciga rette gives you the two qualities ever smoker wants—cool, cool mildness an smooth, mellow flavor. One puff an you'll wonder . . . How can a cigarett be so extremely *mild* and *flavorsome* So let me explain . . . CAVALIER are a special, modern blend of fin light, Colonial-type tobaccos which ar naturally mild and delightful. But ge a smart white pack of CAVALIER today and try them yourself . . . The I think you'll agree they suit you s perfectly, you'll buy 'em by the carto next time!



THE LOVELIEST LASSIES in the Easter Parade will have soft natural-looking curls . . . and *you* can, too, "thanks" to TONI HOME PERMANENT. There's just no other wave like it . . . from the moment you unwind your curls, your wave will be as beautiful and soft as naturally curly hair. TONI actually *guarantees* it! But they can easily. That's because TONI has the gentlest waving lotion known *plus* the new wonder neutralizer, Permafix. It conditions your wave . . . leaves it so-o-o soft at the first combing and makes it more beautifully natural month after month. Just think of it . . . now you can have a wave that looks and feels as soft and lovely as naturally curly hair . . . with absolutely no frizziness even from the very first day. Still a TONI HOME PERMANENT costs only $1 . . . a small price to pay for such a priceless beauty treasure.



YOU'LL FEEL FREE AS A BREEZE, as if you were walking on air . . . the minute you pillow your feet on DR. SCHOLL'S Air-Pillo Insoles. Just slip a pair into your shoes . . . you'll think you're treading on your own personal cloud. And the reason they perform such foot comforting "miracles" is this . . . these Air-Pillo Insoles are made of Latex Foam (actually 90% air!) and are air-ventilating air-cushions that pillow your feet from toe to heel in airy-light walking ease.



The result? *Instantly* they relieve painful callouses, burning, tenderness and sore heels . . . as well as ease pressure on nerves and arteries in your feet. So get a pair of DR. SCHOLL'S Air-Pillo Insoles at your Drug, Shoe, Dept. or 5–10¢ store today, only 60¢. Come in all sizes and colors . . . in white for men and in white, red, black, brown, gray and green to harmonize with women's open-toe and open-heel dress, sport and casual shoes.

SPRING IS ALMOST HERE . . . time to "shed" your winter-weary skin and blossom forth with a fresh, new complexion. How? Why it's easy . . . just try this beauty treatment and see:



Brush face and neck briskly with a soft, but firm, complexion brush and your favorite toilet soap to remove dry, flaky skin. Rinse well with hot, then cold, water. Dampen a CO-ET with astringent and rub face and neck gently. Saturate a clean CO-ET with oily lotion and apply generously. Leave on for 15 mins. Remove excess with another CO-ET . . . and behold that "bloom" of newness!

But note I said use a CO-ET . . . for these little fluted cotton squares are wonderfully soft, smooth and extra-absorbent. That's why a CO-ET is your best "bet" for applying lotions, astringents, foundations, powder and rouge . . . as well as removing make-up, creams and so on. The cost? Only 35¢ for the large economy package with 80 fluted cotton squares . . . at all Drug and Cosmetic Counters.

DO YOU CARE ENOUGH to want your hair to look its very best? Then use new KREML Shampoo . . . for unlike drying shampoos that leave hair dry, brittle and unruly, it has a *natural oil base* that pampers hair to prettiness. And this isn't just my opinion . . .



John Robert Powers, famous beauty authority, recommends it to all his models. In fact, he says they should always use a shampoo such as KREML Shampoo under the conditions they work . . . because it does not have the harsh, drying effects of many detergents. But that doesn't surprise me at all . . . I've found from my own experience that it always leaves my hair silken soft and an angel to manage . . . as well as encourages the natural curl in my hair. Its magic new ingredient "Folisan" has special cleansing qualities, too . . . brings out all the hair's gleaming highlights and makes it sparkle with natural glamorous sheen. So try KREML Shampoo just once . . . you'll use it always.

SEASONS CHANGE . . . but each new one brings the sam old threat of colds and hay fever. An if you suffer from these complaints and your doctor recommends the us of an atomizer, I urge you to get a nev DeVILBISS Pocket Atomizer . . . fo it "promises" you quick, comfortin relief . . . as near as your pocket o purse. It's so neat, efficient and compact, you ca carry it with you . . . on the job, at school, on train plane and shopping "tour". Just be sure you ask fo a DeVILBISS, though . . . because, unlike ordinar atomizers, it's especially engineered to meet th needs of cold and hay fever sufferers. Naturally, it' leak-proof, sanitary and inconspicuous . . . but, bes of all, you can fill it yourself with your *own* doctor' prescription! Of course, you'll recover faster if you kee up the regular applications your doctor recommends . . so get a DeVILBISS Pocket Atomizer and carry i with you wherever you go. The cost? Only $1.50 . . at all Drug Counters.



Nancy Sasser

RINGUE PIE is a treat you'll repeat over and over again . . . once you try this *magic* recipe made with BORDEN'S Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Takes no time, nor talent, and is "miss-proof" . . . yet is the most delicious pie I've ever tasted. I know you'll agree . . . just try it tonight and see:



Blend 1-⅓ cups (15-oz. can) BORDEN'S Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, ½ cup lemon juice, 1 tsp. grated lemon rind or ¼ tsp. lemon extract and 2 egg yolks. Pour into chilled 8-inch crumb crust or cooled pastry shell. . cream of tartar, if desired, to 2 egg whites and beat until almost stiff hold a peak. Add 4 tbsp. sugar gradually, beating until stiff but not ightly on pie filling. Bake in slow oven (350° F.) 15 mins. or until wned. Cool.

OOKLET with 70 other time, work and money-saving treats . . . **rand Magic Recipes".** Write Nancy Sasser, 271 Madison Ave., . 16, N. Y. for *your* copy today.

DERFUL LIFE when ight . . . and I *will*, drinking re- EALEMON and st thing every So quick, so easy famous lemon bottles . . . no r squeezing, no nuss. Two tablespoons of ION in a glass of water . . . 's your toast to real enjoy- ALEMON's ideal for every mon juice. It's *real* lemon ueezed for you from fine, ed lemons, reconstituted



for uniformity of strength and flavor. Saves you time, work, *and* money (no waste, no spoilage)! **And say, you'll want the grand REALEMON Recipe Book that's yours just for the asking. Recipes for beverages, pies, cakes, cookies, salads and dressings. Yes, the Recipe Book's FREE!** . . . just write Nancy Sasser, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. And ask your grocer for either unsweetened REALEMON or REALEMON WITH SUGAR ADDED . . . today!

RRY ABOUT THE WEATHER . . . for even if the March winds blow snow your way, you can still warm the hearts of your family with tropic sunshine. How? Just serve them tall glasses of DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice . . . because it's such a cheerful way to brighten a gray, just-before-spring day. And the reason is this . . . DEL MONTE'S exclusive strains of pineapple have true tropic flavor . . . 're packed only when natural tartness and sweetness are in perfect This makes it not too tart, not too sweet . . . to many, the most re- Pineapple Juice you can buy. But you be the judge. Compare ONTE Pineapple Juice with any other brand! And last but , DEL MONTE Unsweetened Pineapple Juice is amazingly al . . . so keep several cans on hand and serve it with meals and meals, too.



ERS RISE 'N' SHINE smiles . . . when ow POST-TENS r breakfast menu. cause this wonder- Cereal assortment all their favorites erent cereals in 10 al packages. And are they so fresh 'n' crisp, so heavenly ! They can pick their par- pet" as often as they like or ew treat every day . . . Post's an, the fruit 'n' cereal treat, ; Grape-Nuts Flakes, the



body-building whole wheat cereal, and so on à la their fancy. And just wait 'til your family gets a taste of the latest addition to POST-TENS . . . Sugar Crisp, that "honey" of a new candy-coated puffed wheat cereal! It's a peak taste-treat . . . makes the assortment better than ever. And not that there's any room for improvement, but sometimes I try this:

"Crown" the cereal I've chosen with sliced bananas, frozen fruit or apple-sauce . . . m-m-m good!

RING GARDEN of new recipe ideas, I've just "picked" a Lenten treat you'll want to serve o-f-t-e-n . . . this DEMING'S Salmon **Super-Rarebit.** It's quick, easy and economical . . . and wait 'til you taste it! It's heavenly!



Melt ¼ lb. sharp cheese over boiling water, gradually blend in 1 cup canned tomato soup, ½ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. mustard, 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce. Add 2 beaten eggs to 1 cup evaporated milk, undiluted; stir slowly into cheese-tomato mixture. Add 2 cups DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets (two ½ lb. ed in large pieces; heat 5 to 10 mins. Serve on toast.

NG'S Sam-O-Lets is the real "secret" of its goodness . . . for it's a sly-different light meat salmon with a most delightfully delicate *And* . . . the skin is removed. Try this delightful "duet", too . . . NG'S Sirloin Salmon (that old favorite Alaska Red Sockeye) with noved and DEMING'S Recipe Pink Salmon in the regular pack.

(Continued from Page 127)

the majority have a good start. For the studies also show that when boys and girls are small, mothers are diet-conscious. They supply orange juice faithfully, they cook hot cereal for breakfast and a good lunch at noon, they study and work to get enough milk, meat and eggs, fruits and vegetables into the diet.

"It is around the third or fourth grade that mothers begin to let down," says Harvard's Department of Nutrition. "At the same time allowances get larger, permitting greater indulgence in between-meal sweets, which in their turn destroy the appetite for needed foods. There seems to be a rather general idea that diet irregularities, recognized as bad for little folks, won't hurt bigger ones. Unfortunately, this is not true."

However, mothers aren't entirely to blame. The readily available sweets and soft drinks, the overconsumption of which has grown imperceptibly into a major evil, have become part of our national mores. It means much socially to teen-agers to gather with their kind at the corner drugstore. Even boys and girls well trained in food choices may go through a slump when they reach the late-junior- and early-senior-high ages. Girls are conscious of boys and afraid of getting fat, they are ashamed of newly developed busts and hips and starve themselves in an attempt to be attractive by their own standards. (Or, like many of their elders, they may indulge in foods they know they shouldn't eat to drown feelings of social inadequacy.) They use their lunch money for shows and to buy lipstick, they insist upon coffee and sweet drinks instead of milk—and how are mothers to cope with all this?

Serious as we now know the present trend to be, a worried, anxious onslaught upon long-established habits can be more damaging than helpful. A campaign is now shaping up to approach the problem in a sane, effective way.

"The schools have to help," says Dr. Frederick J. Stare, head of the Department of Nutrition of the Harvard School of Public Health, the first department of its kind in the country to be set up in a medical and health center, and a leading factor in the new drive to get a good diet into our older as well as into our younger children. "The school, through group pressures, can accomplish more than the home in changing attitudes toward food."

It is not proposed, however, to add the study of nutrition as another subject in an already overburdened curriculum, but to insert it as a project in other studies. Dr. Betty Lockwood, formerly with the Harvard Nutrition Department, now in charge of school education for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, has worked out a detailed plan for doing this. Tried out for several years in the public schools of Newton, Massachusetts, and now under way in the public schools of Rutherford County, Tennessee, it has proved that kindergarten tots and primary graders will eat formerly despised hot cereal—and like it—when they see other children eating it at a breakfast at school; that after they have gone on a class-marketing expedition, they insist that mother buy the fruits and vegetables she has been passing up; that boys and girls enjoy learning how to prepare salads and other healthful dishes when all do it together, and that they eat with relish what they have prepared themselves.

High-school youngsters respond as well as grade-schoolers when proper eating is linked with their own lives and interests. After a sports hero has made a talk to the boys on the part played by the right food in athletic prowess, sales of milk and hot plates invariably go up in the school lunchroom. The girls make better food choices when a beautiful poster girl is pinned up behind the cafeteria steam table and they are taught that protein, vitamins and minerals contribute to the lovely skin, teeth and hair, the animation and sparkle that boys admire.

As another means of combating the growing malnutrition of our children, Doctor Stare would reintroduce into the schools the height and weight charts which were discarded some years back. But this time he would check each child, not against the norm, but against his own growth curve, with a thorough physical examination and inquiry into eating habits called for if a curve drops, increases too much, or remains stationary too long. Under this system, Marianne's self-starvation and that of many other teen-age girls would be caught before it had a chance to undermine health and true attractiveness, and so would dangerous obesity.

He envisions milk venders in the schools, on the same plan as the soft-drink dispensers so often seen; snack bars where milk, fruit, fruit juices and peanut-butter or meat sandwiches, which have nutritional value, can be obtained to fill up the empty spaces; milk bars as adolescent hangouts, enterprises that have proved successful in many places.

In homes he suggests a bowl of apples, oranges and other fruits in season on the



"He weighs 12 pounds . . . 11 pounds, 13 ounce—11½ poun—no, 12 pounds—12¼—nope —— Well, anyway, he's gaining weight fast."



DOES MORE THAN
LAZY
LAXATIVES



Phillips'
Milk of Magnesia

not only relieves constipation, but accompanying acid indigestion, too!

THREE TABLESPOONFULS FOR CONSTIPATION! Get *more complete relief* when irregularity troubles you. Take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia and you get this more complete relief because Phillips' does more than lazy laxatives which only relieve constipation. Phillips' also relieves the acid indigestion that frequently accompanies constipation!

ONE TABLESPOONFUL FOR ACID UPSET! Phillips' contains one of the fastest, most effective neutralizers of excess stomach acids known. Brings amazingly fast relief from upset stomach, gas, heartburn and other symptoms of acid indigestion.

LIQUID PHILLIPS' AVAILABLE IN 75¢, 50¢ and 25¢ BOTTLES
PHILLIPS' TABLETS IN $1.00, 50¢ AND 25¢ SIZES

Springfoot HEALTHSOX & SWEATSOX
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOR FAMILY FOOT COMFORT & PROTECTION



"HEALTHSOX"—
Premium-grade combed cotton. 55c a pair.



"SWEATSOX"—
50% spun nylon & 50% virgin wool.
$1.00 a pair.
SIZES 8 to 13

Natural-color yarns . . . no dyes or irritants. Absorb perspiration; help guard against infection. Recommended for sufferers of "athlete's foot" and for persons allergic to dyes. True-rib leg; flat-knit foot; nylon reinforced heels and toes.



PRE-SHRUNK & SANITIZED

Other popular styles of SPRINGFOOT SOX — sizes 6 to 13 — at 39c to $1.00 a pair. For the name of your nearest dealer write



WILMINGTON HOSIERY MILLS, INC.
WILMINGTON 17, DELAWARE

Why Sure! these Blue Jeans have everything



IN SIZES 1-22 Husky Sizes, too

$2.69 ANYWHERE IN U.S.A.

Guaranteed Satisfaction

Hey!-Authentic Western Jeans for GIRLS, too! ALL SIZES-$3.95

Ruffies OUT OF THE WEST Authentic Cowgirl Denims

Manufactured by
OKLAHOMA CLOTHING MANUFACTURERS, INC.
OKLAHOMA CITY 1, OKLA.

dining-room table; cans of the inexpensive fruit or vegetable juices in the refrigerator, crisp carrot and celery sticks in the freshener pan. Most youngsters will eat these without urging, and if they eat enough of them, we need not worry quite so much about the sweets they eat besides.

Doctor Lockwood points out that much can be done by preparing needed foods in ways that will appeal to young palates: attractive salads; desserts and sauces made of milk and eggs; soups and stews and casserole dishes in which a galaxy of healthful vegetables can be combined with meat.

"*Any way* in which the boys and girls will eat the essential foods is better than to have them passed by entirely," is the new watchword of the nutrition world.

Both authorities urge that there shall be no teasing of early teen-agers about the moderate plumpness natural at this time. It is after thirty that extra pounds start to be a health hazard. Before that they are a protection if they come from liberal quantities of meat, milk, vegetables, eggs and fruit, along with bread and cereals. If a boy or girl is markedly overweight and unhappy about it, insist that the dieting regimen be supervised by the family doctor.

Above all, Doctor Stare and Doctor Lockwood would have every mother supply a breakfast and lunch adequate to get boys and girls happily through the long day of study and play. They believe that these simple measures will rather quickly reverse the present disastrous trend.

Many questions are still to be answered. How much of our troublesome "adolescent problem" is due to the woefully inadequate diets so many teen-agers, by their own confession, consume? How much emotional instability, leading eventually to psychoses, would vanish under a regimen of three good meals a day, with plenty of the body-building and protective foods included?

We need to know a great deal mo[re] we do at present about the effects [of] tremendous quantities of sweets a[nd] pop now being consumed by the A[me]n young.

One school of dental research ho[lds] it is constant bathing of the tee[th] soda pop or sweetened saliva that[t] decay. Excess carbohydrate is also [to] for the blotchy skins which make s[o] adolescents miserable.

One school of thought holds tha[t] America's craving for sweets is in its[elf] of malnutrition—that it is an expre[s] the body's craving for elements it is [not] ting, and hence an index to the ext[ent] seriousness of the malady.

Undoubtedly, these questions wi[ll] tually be answered. To date, carefull[y] have shown that wherever a good [hot] lunch program has been instituted [or] has been a cutting down of physical [de] illness and poor attitudes, an ups[et] health, studies and behavior. We a[re] now learning that when we permit [a] cent of our school-age youngsters t[o] the body- and health-building foods [in] up on sweets and starches, we are a[s] mitting them to eat their way into [a] ishes, illnesses and chronic disea[ses] might be spared. The mother who, t[hro]out the grade- and high-school years, [de]entiously provides her youngsters wi[th] good meals a day, and sees that t[hey] eaten, performs a greater service t[han] knows.

The new, clever and psychologically sound [way] for getting kindergartners and grade-school [chil]the "protective" foods are described in a booklet [en]ties in Nutrition Education, prepared at Harv[ard] interest to every teacher. A folder, Goals for [Nu]Education, has been found effective for teac[hers] parents. The booklet costs $1.00, the folder 15 [cents] single copies, 10 cents each in quantities of 100 [or] Both may be ordered from the Nutrition Fo[und]Inc., Chrysler Building, New York City.

Which of These Children is Yours?

Well-Nourished Youngster	**Improperly Fed Youngster**
Alert manner.	Slow on the uptake, or nervous and [ti]
Bright, sparkling eyes.	Eyes dull, may be puffy.
Glossy hair, easy to manage.	Coarse, matted hair, hard to comb [or] keep in place.
Clear skin, of healthy color.	Sallow skin, maybe with pimples and [black] heads.
Skin and muscles of good tone—if pinched, flesh goes back into place at once.	Flabby skin and muscles—if pinched [it] takes some time to come back.
Pink, healthy gums, good teeth.	Gums mushy and bleeding, teeth re[quire] constant work.
Good co-ordination.	Awkward, co-ordination poor.
Back straight, shoulder bones not protruding.	Curved back, protruding shoulder bo[nes]
Good mental outlook, happy, playful, full of life and interest in life.	Irritable, moody, hard to get along [with]
Height and weight progressing satisfactorily.	Seriously underweight, or markedly [over] weight for age and height.

If your child displays one or more of the signs of malnutrition li[sted] in the right-hand column, check the list of adequate meals be[low]

• An adequate breakfast for your school child consists of:

1. An orange or half grapefruit or citrus juice, fresh, canned or frozen; cereal, either whole-grain or enriched (raisins or bananas served with this make it more intriguing for many youngsters); milk. *Or*

2. Fruit or juice as above; eggs and buttered toast, either whole-grain or enriched; milk.

• An adequate lunch for your school child consists of:

1. *At home, or served by the school:* Green or yellow vegetable or salad; fruit or fruit cup or fruit dessert; any desired main dish containing meat, cheese, peas or beans; milk.

2. *If it must be carried:* Sandwiches of whole-grain or enriched bread and meat or meat substitute (cheese, egg, peanut butter); carrot or celery sticks or lettuce or sal[ad] last in a paper cup; fruit; milk.

• An adequate dinner for your [sch]ool child consists of:

1. Meat or fish; green or yellow vegeta[ble] addition to potato if potato is served; [or] dessert containing milk and eggs if no[t] eaten previously in the day; milk. Ad[d] as desired. *Or*

2. Stew or soup or casserole dish con[tai]meat, fish, peas or beans and liberal [qu]ties of green and yellow vegetables [or] matoes; salad; dessert as above; milk. [Whole]grain or enriched bread and butter as [de]but not in place of the "must" food [in]

The foregoing menus contain all th[e] needed to maintain health and growth job—to make them taste as good and as attractive as you can. TH

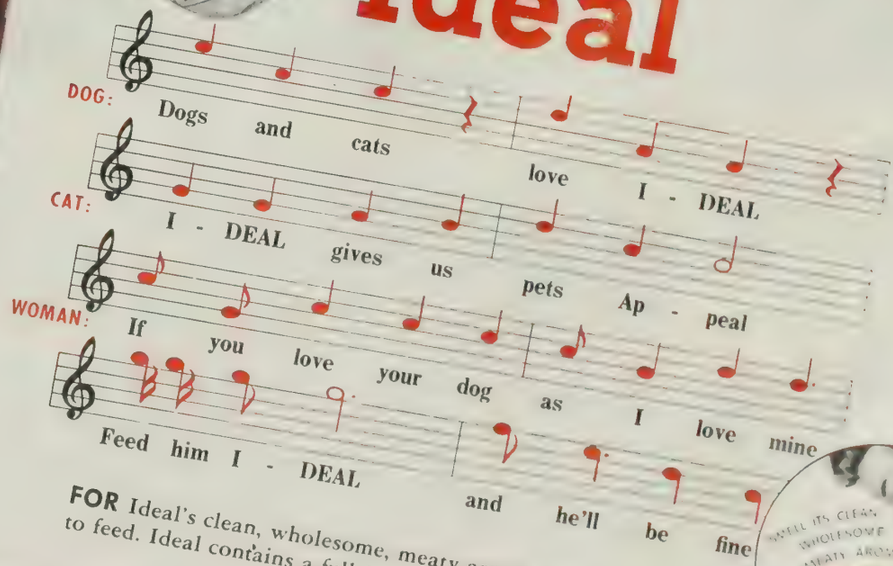
WILSON'S

Ideal



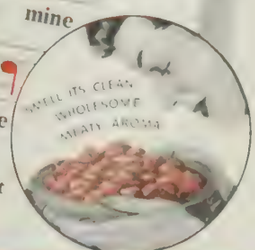
THE "HIT-TUNE"—FROM THE IDEAL TELEVISION PUPPET SHOW

Ideal



FOR Ideal's clean, wholesome, meaty aroma makes it so pleasant to feed. Ideal contains a full 7-course meal all in one can.

As sung by "Tuffy" and "Sniff" on Television



HE 7-COURSE MEAL FOR

rong muscles and growth.
tamin balance.
ear eyes and glossy coat.
rong bones and teeth.
5. Vitality and nerves.
6. Strong sinews and tendons.
7. Energy.

GET IDEAL TODAY!

Special Offer!

Would you like these cute, lovable, leven inch high hand puppets of the cat nd dog? We will send you the full col- red printed cloth (soft cotton suede) r both cat and dog. You simply sew gether. A child can do it. Instructions cluded. Simply send 50c and 2 Ideal bels to Puppets M, 310 W. Washington Chicago 6, Ill. Guaranteed satisfac- on or your money back.

© 1951, Wilson & Co., Inc.

WILSON & CO. INC.

ANOTHER WILSON QUALITY PRODUCT

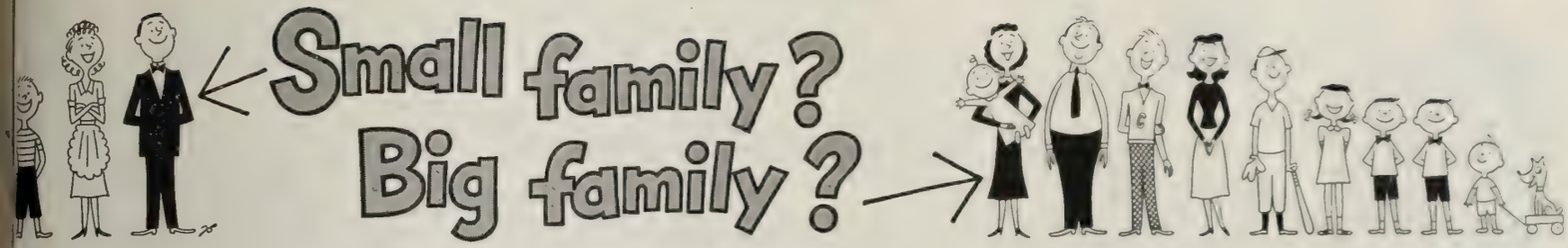
WILSON & CO. INC.

In this white-graveled garden the water lilies and other aquatics are growing in sunken tubs kept filled and freshened with a hose. It's as simple as that.

WATER-LILY GARDEN

THIS garden is to let you see that water lilies are not only for lakes and ponds and pools, but that anybody with room outdoors for one or more ordinary tubs can enjoy the luscious beauty of these plants that are as easy to grow as they are wonderful to watch from spring to fall. Here we set the tubs rim-deep in a sunny patch of level ground, then stripped off several inches of sod and soil which we replaced with coarse gravel for a firm, dry floor underfoot and a coating of fine white gravel for a carpet. You can, of course, arrange your tubs any way you wish: in rows like this, in pairs, in clusters of three, or in playing-card patterns. You can even keep your tubs on top of the ground. The water lilies won't mind. All they care about is having at least eight inches of good soil under about four inches of water, which goes as well for the various graceful reeds and rushes you can get which will rise like fountains above the lilies. Go to a place where they specialize in aquatics, or send for a catalogue—and keep yourself under control. Only one water-lily plant to a tub; like the pink and the yellow Pygmy, the rosy-yellow Aurora, the dainty blue Dauben, and the plum-purple Panama Pacific. Goldfish will add another variety of life and color; and frogs go well with water lilies, too, but they will come of their own accord.

By RICHARD PRATT



Check your PYREX Ware Cupboard

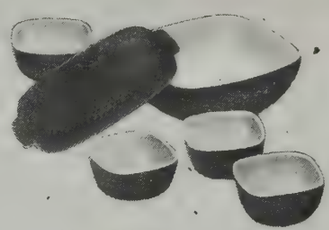
SMALL-FAMILY COOKS NEED THESE PYREX WARE DISHES!



PYREX Flameware Percolator

Makes the best coffee you have ever tasted!

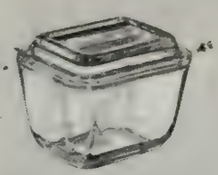
4-cup size. **$2.45**



New PYREX Hostess Set

1½-qt. covered casserole with four matching individual dishes . . . in COLOR. Red or yellow.

Set, complete. **$2.95**



PYREX Oven-Refrigerator Dish

Bake in it. Serve in it. Use it for storing leftovers.

1½-cup size, with cover. **39¢**

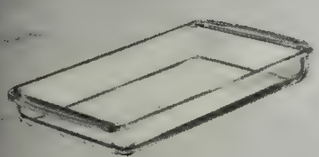


PYREX Casserole

Useful most every day for casserole suppers, soufflés, puddings!

1-quart size, knob cover. **79¢**

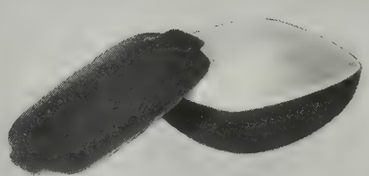
COOKING FOR A CROWD? USE THESE:



PYREX Utility Dish

Big enough to make 24 servings of cake, or cornbread . . . or baked apples.

3-qt. size. **$1.00**



PYREX Hostess Casserole

Generous 2½-quart covered casserole —with cover in COLOR. Red or yellow.

$2.25



PYREX Flameware Percolator

Big brother to the percolator shown above. Wonderful, too, for cooking asparagus.

9-cup size. **$3.45**



PYREX Color Bowl Set

Big 4-qt. bowl, and three smaller ones, for dozens of different uses.

Complete set. **$2.95**

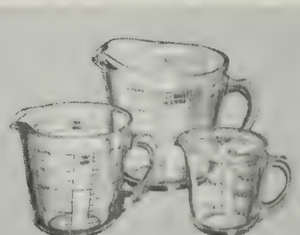
EVERYBODY'S PYREX WARE ESSENTIALS:



PYREX Flameware Saucepan

See what's cooking—and see it cook just right! 3 sizes available.

1½-qt. size. **$2.25**



PYREX Measures

Easy to read, easy to pour from. Permanent red markings.

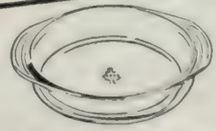
8-oz. size. **29¢**



PYREX Flameware Teapot

It boils water, brews tea, and comes to the table in style. **$1.95**

100th ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL! (Limited time only!)



PYREX ROUND CAKE DISH

Regularly ~~59¢~~ *Specially priced at only* **39¢**

Better buy 2—to use for layer cakes. And get them *now*. Offer expires March 31, 1951.

PYREX® WARE—A PRODUCT OF **CORNING GLASS WORKS**

"PYREX" is a registered trade-mark of Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.





Baroque and modern! Carved scroll design in cast metal. New decorator colors. Delicately antiqued. Approximately $12.00 the pair.



French Provincial, featuring gold laurel leaf design. In antiqued maroon, grey, or blue. Approximately $10.00.

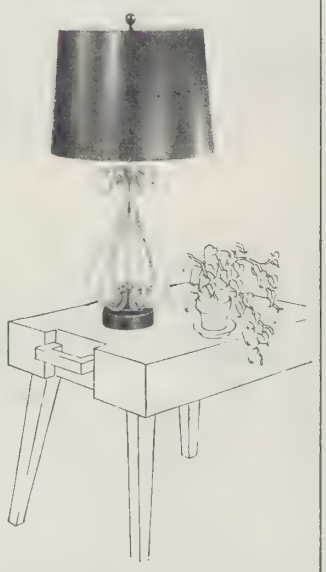
decorative and compelling VALUES

LAMPS and SHADES by Verplex

So becoming, so thoroughly gratifying—fashion, decor, echoes of smart styling for your every room at home.



Graceful wrought iron in distinctive styling. Decorator color combinations of tan and terra cotta, or chartreuse and green. Approximately $20.00.



Indoors or outdoors — an ever-so-practical magazine rack floor lamp in wrought iron. Verdi green, or white. Approximately $10.00.

TEMPTINGLY PRICED AT LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES— AND WHEREVER BETTER LAMPS AND SHADES ARE SOLD

LAMPS and SHADES by Verplex

THE Verplex COMPANY

at Essex Connecticut

(Continued from Page 134)

have a mixer, do this on the medium speed. Pour into crust. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 35 minutes. Then blend 1 cup thick sour cream with 1 teaspoon vanilla and 2 tablespoons sugar. Spread on top of the pie to within ½" from the edge. Place in a hot oven, 425° F., 5 minutes. Cool and add the strawberry crown.

Strawberry part: Select the largest and most perfect berries from a pint of strawberries. Slice and arrange on top of the cooled pie. Crush the remaining strawberries and place in a small saucepan with 3 tablespoons water and ¼ cup sugar. Simmer 10 minutes and strain. Add 1½ teaspoons cornstarch mixed with 1 tablespoon cold water. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Cook 5 minutes more, stirring constantly. Cool slightly and pour over the berries. Let the pie set 1 hour before cutting.

The spirit of spring. Watch for the signs of spring and ponder on what goes on in the depths of Earth. Breathe deeply of the sweet air and the fragrance that is not of this world but is part of that strange alchemy that transforms all into beauty and delight. Watch for it, lest it come and go before you are aware of its subtle ways. And savor it to the full, the spirit of spring, promise never to be broken as long as the world is round.

WHITE WITCH DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 43)

"Why I—I ——" I wasn't stammering, but rather searching for the right words.

"Ellen, mother and I have prayed for you oftener and more earnestly than we have prayed for any of your brothers and sisters. Not that they are any better than you—sometimes I've thought you were the most deserving of the lot. But—well—you've missed a lot of life and the years ahead are going to be difficult. God bless you, Ellen. God bless you and be with you always."

Eight days later we laid him beside mother in the little rural cemetery where so many of his friends and relatives already slept.

A week after the funeral, I made a trip into the city to the office of the mission board. Two hours later, staring at the executive secretary, I could scarcely believe my ears. In spite of her own white hair, she was saying, "But, my dear, at your age! You're not a child, you know."

"Since when has maturity incapacitated one for facing difficulties?" I demanded.

"Now, my dear, let's face this calmly."

I suppose *she* was calm. It was a part of her job to face other people's disappointments with poise. Our interview ended in a compromise—the secretary would call a special meeting of the Committee on Foreign Appointments to consider my case.

In due time two of the members of the board came to call on me. What could I do? they asked. Educational work without formal college training? Ministerial work without seminary study? Medical work without the long years in both classroom and hospital that are requisite?

"I can go as a practical nurse," I said.

"But, my dear, according to the reports of the workers on the field, almost every village woman is a practical nurse of sorts. Now if you really had nurse's training, that would be a different matter."

"Then I shall take nurse's training," I answered.

I'm not going to dwell upon my stint in the hospital. Suffice it to say that I had to ask friends to use their influence to get me into one—at my advanced age.

After my three years' training, I was duly awarded permission to write "R. N." after my name. I was also commissioned a missionary by our board. Finally, with an incredible amount of luggage, I took a train to New York and there boarded ship for Léopoldville, on the Congo.

Around the entire coast of Africa there are towns with excellent cosmopolitan shopping centers. But every mission board of which I know insists to this day that appointees bring with them all the appurtenances, domestic and professional, necessary to the maintenance of a moderately well-regulated home in Middletown, U. S. A. I did exactly as I was told, because I was as ignorant of the land that was to be my home for the next quarter century as were my employers. So, when I arrived in Léopoldville, I looked like a traveling circus bereft of all its performers but one.

The head of our local missions met me in Léopoldville. At first sight Doctor Early made me think of a russet apple. He was certainly as squat, plump and round, and, in spite of the solar topee he invariably wore, the African sun had parched his skin to the hue of a prime russet.

But Doctor Early's most remarkable feature was his eyes, and yet, for the life of me, I can't tell you now what color they were. They were tired eyes—tired and disillusioned—but still they showed no loss of faith. It was as though he thoroughly understood human weakness and somehow had managed to retain his faith in the ultimate triumph of that spark of eternal good which God tucks away in the heart of every human being.

Before I left the United States I had made arrangements with the bank at home for credit with the Bank of Belgium in Léopoldville. I asked Doctor Early to go with me to the bank, to identify me if that were necessary, and help establish my claim to credit. I hadn't finished speaking before I knew that something was wrong.

"H'm," he grunted finally. "So you're one of *those*."

"One of what?" I demanded.

He gave me no direct answer, then or ever. But I learned, quickly, that independent means were as much of a stumbling block on the mission field as my age had been at home.

When I first went to Africa, my salary totaled the magnificent sum of twenty-five dollars a month, which was the rate in our denomination for missionaries, regardless of age, training and years of service. My co-workers were so poor that, even though their reaction was subconscious, every one of them was deeply resentful of my financial independence. There were times when I surprised stark hatred in the eyes of women who called me "sister," because I could discard a worn-out undergarment and replace it with a new one from the stores in Léopoldville.

Doctor Early was a friendly enough man and normally even a little garrulous, but he seemed tongue-tied as we stalked along to the bank. When I finally demanded an explanation, he flushed, but informed me that, in his opinion, an employee could scarcely be expected to give the most conscientious service if his employer were not able to take away his bread and butter at a moment's notice.

I stopped stock-still in the middle of the street. "Why—how absurd!"

"You think so," my companion murmured in a white-lipped fashion. "H'm."

"Would I have scrubbed floors for a year in a charity ward if I had not intended to do all I could to give satisfactory service in—in my chosen work?"

He looked up the street and then down the street, and then took my arm and motioned toward the bank. "Why did you come?" he insisted gently.

"I believe," I began, speaking slowly, "that Christianity can be made to work. And that, if it is made to work, we can evolve such a civilization as—as, perhaps, only a very few men have ever grasped."

"Here in Africa?"

(Continued on Page 138)

The applause of a single human being is of great consequence.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.



this colorful upholstery keeps SOAP-AND-WATER clean...

newest texture-patterns in Firestone Velon*



Now...you can have the delicate-looking beauty of textured fabric when you choose *Velon*—the upholstery material that takes scuffs, rubs and spills. Wipes clean with a damp, soapy cloth. The newest *Velon* texture-patterns are now *overtoned* to accent deep highlights ... to emphasize the luxurious self-patterns and rich colors you'd expect from fragile fabrics like brocade and damask. Yet *Velon*-upholstered furniture is so low in price—so long-wearing—you'll enjoy it year in and year out, for hearty, family living.

West, young ma'am, for piration. *Velon* upholcy material is rugged as outdoors, beautiful as a sert sunset. Here the indsor Crush *Velon* patn (in Pepper Green on a and hassock, in Cedar own on easy chair and door lounge) is accented touches of Champagne mbler on table top and shioned cobbler's bench.



ght colors make light usekeeping, when you oose washable *Velon*. ellise—a brocade-like patn in dusty rose—covers e circular sectional sofa d hassock. Twin easy airs are upholstered in the le grey Windsor Crush.

isten to the Voice of Firestone Monday Evening over NBC

RADE MARK © 1951 FIRESTONE PLASTICS COMPANY, POTTSTOWN, PA.

OK FOR THE VELON TAG...YOUR ASSURANCE OF FIRST QUALITY MATERIAL

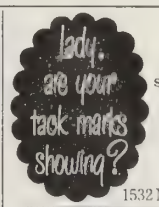


Your favorite department or furniture store features fine furniture upholstered in Firestone Velon. Look for this famous label on every upholstered piece you buy.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping







WALL-TO-WALL CARPET installed with *Smoothedge* has *added beauty*—no ugly tack marks, scallops, or dust-catching indentations. *Easier to keep clean.* Write for free color book "Working Magic with a Carpet."

Smoothedge

1532 N. Indiana St., Los Angeles 63, Calif.





Famous for *Sleep* to start your day *bright*

Your choice of OSTERMOOR Quality Mattresses ...traditionally as fine as money can buy. Superlative in comfort, in structural excellence... and long wear. Therefore soundly economical.

INNERSPRING
OSTERMOOR
AMERICA'S QUALITY MATTRESS FOR NEARLY 100 YEARS



See your Local Dealer, or write "Ostermoor" Chicago 16, Ill., or Bridgeport, Conn.

(*Continued from Page 136*)

"Yes. Why not? Religion isn't geographical, or racial."

"Sister Ellen, a long and difficult row stretches out ahead of you." Doctor Early spoke as slowly as I had done. "But, God helping you, you may be able to hoe it."

The bulk of our time in Léopoldville was occupied with getting my mountainous luggage on the little tram which carried passengers and freight bound for the interior up around the rapids that break the "Great River," as the Congo is commonly called.

I am not going to describe the Congo. It has been done many times, by those more skilled with words than I. Yet this mighty waterway is like the sky above us, the desert, the ocean, ever changing, ever new. Distance in Africa is not measured in miles or kilometers, but in terms of difficulties to overcome and time consumed. It took us three major rapids and almost a month to reach the confluence of the Congo and the Tani rivers.

The Great River was too treacherous for travel at night. The boat always anchored not later than sunset, and I soon learned that tropical Africa has no twilight. The sun sinks below the horizon, there is a rosy afterglow which quickly shades into purple, and then, before one expects them, the stars are twinkling away, tangled in the branches of the tall jungle trees.

Perhaps I should explain here that male servants in Africa are always called *boys*, whether they are totos of anywhere from six to twelve, or white-haired grandfathers of sixty or more. Our two *boys* cooked for us over a nest of coals which they kept glowing in a shallow jar of sand, and washed our clothes, somehow managing to smooth them almost free of wrinkles.

As soon as the boat swung in to a landing the black passengers who occupied the engine deck below us swarmed ashore, and for the next hour scurried up and down a rude gangplank loading fuel. When the engine deck was piled high with wood, they cooked their suppers on shore, no two using the same campfire, but no two campfires more than a few feet distant from each other.

"Why do they crowd together so close?" I asked.

"Cats," was the terse answer from someone behind me.

"Cats?"

"Leopards," another chance companion explained. "Now and then one will carry a child off."

"And lions too?" I queried, in a light attempt to show my knowledge of Africa.

"Not here," was the reply. "We won't run into lion country for about two weeks."

The next morning I saw my first naked man. I use the term loosely, of course; there were naked women and naked children also. We saw them by twos and threes in fishing boats, by tens on sandspits, and by the hundreds at the fuel docks. It meant we had passed out of the narrow belt surrounding Léopoldville where legislation protected the Victorian sensibilities of colonial females.

It seemed a lifetime by various river boats, and then an additional week by *shimbeck*, before we reached our station. The *shimbeck* belonged to the mission, and because all missionaries are poor, it was only a small one, not more than thirty-five feet long. Doctor Early told me that it had been hollowed, by fire and obsidian adzes, out of a single tree whose diameter was perhaps five feet.

This *shimbeck* met us about a hundred miles from the confluence of the Tani and Congo rivers, two hundred miles perhaps from our central station on the Tani. At my first sight of this jungle cockleshell, dancing crazily on the swelling, side-slapping Congo waves, I laughed as delightedly as a child.

Real, primitive local color, I told myself. *I must write home about it.*

It really hadn't occurred to me that I was to ride in that *shimbeck* until I saw my boxes, crates and miscellaneous luggage being tossed into the arms of our mission *boys.* Then suddenly I was frightened, and for one awful moment terrified, lest I should become

NOW . . . *Real* SALON-TYPE *Home Facial* . . .



See your skin clearer, fresher, finer—a professional treatment in 10 minutes

You know the beauty results of a salon clay facial. Now give your skin the same care *at home* . . . regularly . . . for just a *few cents* a facial with Hopper White Clay Pack. So easy! Just smooth on. Let dry. Rinse. In *just 10 minutes*, you'll see your skin softer, clearer, glowing! Tense feeling melts away! Try it today. Money-back guarantee. *25c to $1. Also 10c trial size.

FOLLOW UP your Hopper Home Facial with extra-softening Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream. *plus tax

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

HOPPER® white clay pack HOME FACIAL

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plate so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

KLUTCH CO., Box 5121-C, ELMIRA, N. Y.

JUST SEND YOUR NAME

Get 2 All-Occasion Greeting Card Assortments on Approval!

Make welcome extra money wonderfully easy! Just show exciting new "Feature" Card All-Occasion Greeting Card Assortment . . . PLUS laugh-filled Barrel-of-Fun assortment. Cards for Birthday, Get-Well, all occasions. Each sells for $1 and pays you up to 50c profit. Samples of both sent on approval. Extra cash with many other assortments and Gift Items. No experience needed. Send no money—just name, address. WALLACE BROWN, Inc. Dept. T-9, 225 Fifth Av., New York 10, N.Y.

Make Extra MONEY!

Joyous Walking Ease!

FOR "HARD-TO-FIT" FEET



Crisply smart—yet every inch of their design is scientific!



If your feet hurt—or are "hard" to fit—Dr. Scholl's Shoes will give you glorious walking ease—free of painful friction and pressure points on your feet and toes. Their style distinction gives no *outward* hint of their *inward* scientific design.

Dr. Scholl's Shoes are made in all sizes for *all types of feet*—Women's some styles, 2½ to 13 AAAAA to EEEEEEEE; men's, 5½ to 16, AAA to EEEEEEE. *Expertly fitted* at Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops and Shoe and Dept. Stores in principal cities. If not obtainable in your city, write for catalog. Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago 10, Illinois.

By the Makers of DR. SCHOLL'S Foot Remedies

Dr Scholl's SHOES

First-
FIRST AID for ACID INDIGESTION— Alka-Seltzer

Fast-
FAST Relief Headaches— ere's nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer!

Always
I ALWAYS rely on Alka-Seltzer to relieve COLD Misery

ember, Alka-Seltzer—FIRST, FAST ALWAYS for Relief of these Com- Ailments. Get a package TODAY!
Miles Laboratories, Inc.
ka-Seltzer
ALKA-SELTZER
DRUG STORES U.S. and CANADA

hysterical and refuse to follow my luggage. But before I knew what was happening, I was seized by the forearms and just above the knees by four brawny hands and tossed as lightly and almost as unceremoniously as one of my suitcases into two big, black, waiting arms. Then, very gently, as though I were not a strapping farm woman, but something delicate and fragile, I was deposited upright on a bedding roll. A trickle of sweat plunged down one side of my nose and I pulled off my sun helmet and mopped my forehead. That operation over, I looked up into a wall of green water, and then soared as dizzily as though I were a bird and peered over the edge of the *shimbeck* into a frothing trough where the wall of water had been only a second before. If everything had not been so utterly new, I am sure I should have given way to hysteria. As it was, I could only stare.

"Well, you made the first grade," Doctor Early remarked, sitting down beside me on the bedding roll.

"What do you mean?"

"You didn't squeal and kick and make a fool of yourself, and our mission *boys* are proud of you."

We spent a week in that *shimbeck*, camping at night on the banks of the Tani, where I slept under a lean-to of bamboo and palm, only a blanket between me and the hard-packed earth, and a handful of blazing logs to ward off those animals that hunted and came to the river to drink under the cover of darkness. Except for occasional traders and ivory poachers, we had passed beyond the usual range of white men and their high-powered rifles, and we began to see wild life other than the omnipresent monkeys, and

A meager peace is better than a fat quarrel. —LETTISH PROVERB.

the crocodiles forever basking half in and half out of shallow water.

One afternoon, as we rounded a bend in the river and stampeded a herd of bushbuck which had been drowsing on a sand bar, our oarsmen shouted furiously and then fell into a sad lament.

"Ordinarily the government expects a white man on safari to shoot game for his porters," Doctor Early remarked.

"Are they asking us to stop and shoot a buck?" I asked.

"No. There is a severe penalty for shooting game without a license, and a license costs two hundred dollars a year. A good dependable gun is as much more. Then there is ammunition."

He opened his lips as though there were more he would like to say; then shut them like a vise. He did not need to remind me that his yearly salary was exactly three hundred dollars.

The middle of one morning, after we had been in the *shimbeck* a week, a strange uneasiness seized me. For the next half hour I suffered more fear than I had ever known before. At first I was only mildly uncomfortable, and then waves of nausea gripped me and I felt my pulse hammering.

Good heavens! I whispered under my breath. *Am I going to have a sunstroke? Or is it possible that I just can't stand this dank jungle air? I simply can't have picked up malaria so soon.* I looked up in embarrassment. Doctor Early was smiling.

"Don't let them get you down," he said. "After you get used to them—well, no white man or woman ever really gets used to them, but when you know what they are and why they're used, they aren't so bad."

His words didn't make sense. Suddenly he laughed. "I don't believe you realize that you're hearing the big drums for the first time in your life."

African drums! I had read so much about them. I cocked an ear to listen. "Where are they?" I asked.

"In the last village we passed. They're sending word to the Tani Station that we'll be home in a few hours."

(Continued on Page 141)

every tampon user should know
Fibs ★


—the tampon with rounded ends
the only tampon "quilted" for comfort... "quilted" for safety...
next time try Fibs
(internal sanitary protection)
*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE LESTER GRAND PIANO
is the Official Piano of the Philadelphia Orchestra



LESTER Betsy Ross Spinet

music makes happier children

Wise parents realize that the ability to play the piano adds to the happiness of their children. Boys and girls who learn to play are more popular . . . more self reliant . . . and they have a lifelong interest in music that pays dividends in true contentment.

The genuine Betsy Ross Spinet is the perfect piano for your family:

- famous for glorious tone and easy touch
- carefully constructed of the finest materials
- built by the same family since 1888
- gracefully styled and compactly sized

Dampp-Chaser equipped . . . only Lester offers this amazing moisture control feature.

Model pictured $687.00; others to $841.00 f.o.b. Lester, Pa. Your dealer will arrange terms.

Guaranteed for ten years; made ONLY by the Lester Piano Manufacturing Company, Inc., builders of world renowned Lester Grand Pianos.

ONE (name quality price) a beautiful piano with magnificent tone sold by America's foremost piano dealers

mail this coupon for illustrated booklet

LESTER PIANO MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC., LESTER 13, PA.

Send me your 24-page illustrated book showing piano arrangement in the home. (Enclose 10c for postage.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone No. _____ State _____ LHJ 6D

Foreign Sales Representatives: H. A ASTLETT & CO. 39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

new glamour
for your home!

Surprisingly priced at $229.50 for sofa and chair



Pillow Back Sofa and Chair in Jacquard Mohair Frieze

This glamorous new Kroehler Cushionized Furniture is beautifully upholstered in sculptured, high-loop mohair friezes . . . in many interesting patterns and stylish colors. Both sofa and chair are yours for only $229.50

Terms available.

Your living room becomes glamorous instantly with this smart, new Kroehler Furniture. See its modern, low-slung, streamlined simplicity. Notice the luxurious fabric . . . the finger-thick cord that trims the base and outlines the deep, soft pillow backs. Buy Kroehler Cushionized* Furniture for extra comfort—sold only by Authorized Dealers.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Cushionized furniture is made only by **KROEHLER**

(Say KRAY-LER)

WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER

Kroehler Mfg. Co., Chicago 11, Illinois • In Canada: Stratford

(Continued from Page 139)

Did we pass a village? I didn't see it."
You never see the river villages from the
itself. But you can usually see a well-
ed path leading up from the river; that
is a village."
hen we rounded a slight curve to the right
it brought us into an elbow of the Tani.
river was broad here, and placid as a
grove swamp between rainy seasons.
bank was a solid wall of green, looming a
lred feet into the sky. The other was a
s of unbelievably luxuriant gardens,
ted on a flight of natural terraces where
black "cotton soil" was caught and held
series of outcroppings of uptilted rock
a. I held my breath from the sheer
ty of it while a strange, tantalizingly fa-
ir fragrance almost stung my nostrils. I
ed openly.
The coffee trees are in bloom," Doctor
y remarked.
this was my home in Africa at long,
last. Without thinking of what I did, I
to my feet as though that would give
better view. Instantly an oarsman arose
holding his pad-
upright like a
r in one hand,
ched my fore-
firmly with the
r, but I had al-
y sat so long in
imbeck that I
cely needed this
in order to keep
balance. The
r oarsmen sud-
y varied their
ing. Between
kes they clicked
paddle handles
nst the edge of
oat in a curious
of syncopation,
the *boy* who was
l porter on land
coxswain by
struck up a
ing primitive
or chant which
oarsmen re-
ed in chorus.
They are broad-
ing to the world
they found the
little white
na on the big
r boat, and have
ight you home."
he entire official
of the mission,
k as well as white, was at the landing to
t me. From the way the whites patted
on the back, not once but repeatedly, I
ized that, for the time being at least, I
a breath of variety in the social monot-
of their lives. In the Earlys' parlor, they
sed countless cups of tea and mounds of
ied biscuits upon me.

e tea and the welcome warmed me,
y and spirit, and presently I was dozing
ny chair. Someone suggested that per-
s I would like to lie down and rest awhile.
ied to keep a discourteous eagerness out
ny voice, but the tea party broke up im-
diately.
Mrs. Early, official hostess of the mission,
wed me to the guesthouse.
t dinner there was a great abundance of
t and vegetables, and a shred of chicken
it for each one of us. Further drugged
n food, I could hardly keep the lids of my
s apart. But there was no respite.
Doctor Early opened a tin box in which he
t his Bible safe from mold and the rav-
s of white ants. "Time for prayer meet-
" he announced.
For a moment I wondered desperately if I
ht not plead extreme fatigue and so be
used, but while I was searching for words,
host went on:
For days our people have talked of little
than your coming. They will all be at
rch tonight to see you and to talk with
afterward. I have told them that you
have a message for them."

"A—a message?" I stammered. It had never occurred to me that I, of all people, would be expected to preach.

"Now don't begin by making a mountain out of a molehill, dear," Mrs. Early admonished. "You just get up there and tell them whatever is in your heart. You needn't take more than a half hour or so. Lemuel will translate for you."

THE next half hour was a confusion of shining black faces and of hymns sung in nonsense syllables. Everywhere I turned my eyes, gleaming faces broke into smiles. Then I was standing behind the pulpit with a hundred faces before me, each one upturned in bright expectation.

I am a nurse and not a preacher. But surely God was with me that evening and put words into my mouth—or else my people at Tani, black and white, for all their human frailties, are the most gracious in the world. On countless occasions since, when I have had to stand before a group of men and women in a strange village, one of my safari *boys* has whispered in my ear, "Tell them what you told us that first night in Tani, *mama*."

Half the congregation escorted me to the guest hut. There they left Mrs. Early and me, all except two torch-bearers who squatted on their heels outside waiting to "light" my hostess to her sleeping hut.

The guesthouse was lighted by a pressure lantern which hung from the center of the roof and shed a mellow but still quite good reading light up to ten feet. I assumed that Mrs. Early would turn the light out, but, once I was between the sheets and smothered in billows of mosquito netting, she merely turned it down to a soft glow.

"Leopards, my dear," she explained. "We've had a scourge of them lately, and the best way to keep them out of a hut is to leave a light burning. We've assigned a *boy* to sleep outside your door so an alarm can be raised in case anything happens."

Mrs. Early had reached the door, but she came back to pick up my shoes and place them on top of my other clothes piled high on a chair.

"We have to be careful about snakes and other things," she explained. "Always look over your bedcovers before you shake them out in the morning, and always look under the bed before you get out of it, just to see what might be there. And always turn your shoes upside down and shake them hard before you put them on. Sand vipers seem to love to have their babies in the toe of a shoe. And no matter how tiny a sand viper is, it's terribly poisonous—even if it's no bigger around than a string."

Finally she was gone, and I lay staring at the pressure lamp, for the first time in my life thoroughly scared of the dark. At last, stupefied by exhaustion, I closed my eyes. Then I heard it the first time—a soughing, scraping sound. I sat up in bed—wide awake. My terrified eyes searched every nook and cranny of that small hut. There was nothing there, nothing but my trunk and bags and bales piled up against one side of the hut, my bed, a washstand, and a chair covered with my clothes. Then I heard it again, almost directly overhead. Lying back, I scanned the muslin ceiling spread out like a tent fly un-

(Continued on Page 143)

NEXT MONTH

Webster began to hate the town. Everywhere he went people talked of one thing, the will. Avidly, they watched Mrs. Lord and Francis and Miranda, waiting for them to break. "Here comes Lord Bastard!" someone said, when Francis passed the restaurant.

SCANDAL is a creeping thing. Life in Trigo had been peaceful, and good, like that of many New England towns, until Zachary Thorne died. "To my natural son ——" his will began. And nothing was the same again.

Webster had never known Thorne, Miranda had known him only slightly, but their love was twisted, and many like them were deeply hurt—by scandal which they had not known existed.

THE WILL

By Nelia Gardner White

Complete in the April JOURNAL

There is a Lovely NEW

OLSON RUG

in Your OLD Rugs, Clothing



"Rug Magic"!

Saves up to ½

It's All So Easy! Write for beautiful FREE *Olson Rug Catalog* in full colors that tells how your materials are picked up at your door and sent at our expense to the Factory, where . .

By Famous Olson Process we shred, sterilize, sort, merge and reclaim the wool and other valuable materials in worn carpets, rugs, clothing; then picker, card, bleach, spin, dye and weave lovely, NEW, deeply tufted . . .

Two-Sided Broadloom rugs with the thrilling twist-weave beauty and "feel" of luxury-priced wool rugs—at a fraction of the cost.

Choice of 52 Colors, Patterns, *Any Size* – up to 16 feet wide, seamless and *any* length:

Solid Colors	Early American	Florals
Tweed Blends	Oriental Designs	Ovals
Two-tone	Embossed Effects	

Factory-to-You. We don't have agents or sell thru stores. We guarantee to please or pay for your materials. Over 3 Million customers. *Our 77th year dealing direct with the home.*

Chicago *New York* *San Francisco*

Orders Completed in One Week

BROADLOOM woven Reversible for double luxury

FREE *Catalog in Colors*

Mail this Coupon or 1c Postcard to

OLSON RUG CO., E-76, Chicago 41, Ill.

Please mail Book of Rugs, Model Rooms Free to

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

© ORC 1951

RATE YOUR RANGE...

HOW CLOSE DOES IT COME TO Perfection

Here's your opportunity to rate your present or your future electric range! Check this list of important features—see how close the range you have in mind comes to *Perfection!* (Score sheets for gas and oil ranges appear in other magazines or can be obtained by writing.)

HEATING UNITS:

	PERFECTION	OTHER RANGE
• Seven different heating speeds	✓	
• A new Hi-Power heating unit—gets hotter faster—for extra cooking heat	✓	
• Certain speeds heat only inside coils, preventing heat from escaping around small utensils	✓	
• An extra-large heating unit for frying pans, kettles	✓	
• Each unit has only **one** simple knob control for all speeds	✓	
• Control knobs at back of range—out of children's reach	✓	
• A deep-well equipped with a rack and pudding pan	✓	
• Double **duty** deep-well heating unit—raises and lowers with cooker—clicks into place as fourth surface unit	✓	
• Lift-out reflector pans for dishpan cleaning	✓	
• Lift-out drip cups for dishpan cleaning	✓	
• Units clean themselves as you cook	✓	

OVEN:

	PERFECTION	OTHER RANGE
• All-white titanium porcelain lining looks clean and bright	✓	
• Bakes evenly on any rack position. No shifting	✓	
• Totally automatic. Oven can be turned on and off by clock controls	✓	
• Rounded corners for easy cleaning	✓	
• Insulated window in oven for easy viewing	✓	
• Non-tilt, safety-lock oven racks	✓	
• Removable rack-holders, leaving a smooth, easy-to-clean interior surface	✓	
• Automatic and manual interior light control	✓	
• High-level broiler that's easily accessible	✓	
• Heavy insulation for comfort and economy	✓	

WARMING DRAWER:

	PERFECTION	OTHER RANGE
• Separate temperature-controlled heating unit—keeps food warm—won't crack dishes	✓	
• Large enough to hold **both** the dishes and food	✓	
• Sliding shelf to double usefulness	✓	
• High-level for easy access	✓	
• Rolls smoothly, easily, on ball bearings	✓	

OTHER ADDED VALUES:

• Divided top which gives room for even largest utensils	✓	
• Specially designed adjustable lamp—raises to desired height—illuminates entire range surface	✓	
• Two storage drawers for utensils save steps	✓	
• Timer to remind when foods are cooked	✓	
• Convenient outlet for toaster, grill, etc.	✓	
• Timed outlet for coffee maker, etc.	✓	
• Convenient, easy-to-see clock	✓	
• Acid-scratch-stain resistant titanium porcelain all around	✓	

SCORE: RATING: (count 3 points for each check mark)

100_____**a perfect rating . . . means you own a Perfection . . . the *only* electric range with all the features!**

70-100_____**an average rating . . . with this range you do about as much work as the range. You're settling for less than Perfection!**

40-70_____**a below-average rating . . . you work much harder than the range. It's low in efficiency and conveniences—a far cry from Perfection!**

10-40_____**definitely under-average. You'd better look at a Perfection—today!**



Perfection STOVE COMPANY 7240-A Platt Ave., Cleveland 4, Ohio

You can't beat **PERFECTION!** Electric...Gas...Oil Ranges

(Continued from Page 141)

he thatch. All huts occupied by whites r part of Africa have this cloth ceiling. revents the spiders, scorpions, rats, s and other vermin too numerous to ion, all of which move into the grass h as soon as a hut is roofed, from drop- directly onto the occupants' heads. My g that night was peppered with beetles nsects which made darting excursions rd the light. But there was nothing else, t a heavy-looking bulge directly over ggage.

en the bulge moved slightly, and again oughing, scraping sound. Slowly, slowly ired the edge of the muslin ceiling, and I d like a hypnotized hen while what d like a looped shadow oozed over the Slowly the loop grew until it struck the of light from the pressure lantern, and at second I knew what had been sleep- terally over my head.

en I let loose like a steam whistle. They ne later that they heard me clear across ission compound, in the native village. why not? There was a "plop" like a ripe falling in a puddle of September mud, an enormous python landed not more three feet from the foot of my cot. Still king, I catapulted out of bed and leaped e door.

e next thing I remember was staring to Mrs. Early's face from the settee in ving-room hut. Behind her was a maze es, black and white, that danced about ly before they finally settled into focus.

guess you're all right now, dear," Mrs. was saying. "But what a thing to have en on your very first night here! I've in Africa close to half a century, and—

d you believe it?—never seen a python! e, I mean."

Will it come back?" I ed.

Oh, no! It's probably s away by now. Let's thank God that it n't a leopard or—

—" She didn't finish her sentence, and uld only wonder what else might have ed me in the night.

hen, as I looked up at the faces about it came to me with the force of a blow these people really did walk hand in with danger every day of their lives, that they lay down at night with peril as lfellow.

he next afternoon I plunged into my job edical worker for the Tani Mission.

here had been a medical doctor at Tani —Doctor Mary, as everyone in the go Territory knew her. She was an indi- alist and, as a result, had trekked a good hundred miles north by northwest and olished a station of her own on the N'zem r, a tributary of the Tani.

efore I ever saw Doctor Mary, I came to her cordially, for there was nothing I in those early days that Doctor Mary ld not have done differently, as my col- ues told me, thereby implying that the would also have been done better.

T first day in Tani, for instance. No called me, and so I slept the sleep of the usted until noon. If I had thought I ld work into my duties gradually, that ion was rudely dispelled at luncheon. tor Mary, I was informed, was always t the crack of dawn.

unch over, I was shown the cluster of s that served as living quarters for the arried white women of the staff, includ- the skeleton of my future home. I carried pertinent bits of information away with First, I must never use the word "hut"; ounded too undignified to describe the g quarters of a "white."

econdly, the conviction was born in me women can live too close together when companionship is long drawn out, and can possess too little of the world's ds for healthy social behavior. In the as that was called "the parlor" there a center table surrounded by a half- en wickerwork easy chairs. Mission *boys* had made them, I was told proudly, and, quite naturally, I sat down in one of them.

"Oh, Sister Ellen! That is Sister Agatha's chair!" my companion cried out in almost agonized protest.

Not knowing what else to do or what to say, I chuckled and settled more comfortably on the resilient seat.

"Here is your chair, Sister Ellen. Here. *Here!*"

I moved. I believe my companion would have pulled me out of Agatha's chair bodily if I had not done so. Then I realized that my chair, with its back to the door, occupied the least preferred position. This, it was explained to me, was because I was the junior member of the staff; I would graduate to small privileges and preferments as my seniors died off or were retired. I sensed, too, that to move my chair out of the perfect circle described by the others, or to shift it a foot to the right or left for the sake of light and air and view, would be a *faux pas* hinging upon the immoral.

I was shown through the schools that afternoon. Last of all, I was led into a newly cleared space surrounding three roofless, circular walls—all that remained of Doctor Mary's hospital.

THE next morning work started on the roofing of the hospital huts, and I held two clinics, one for the white workers in the guest *dukases*, and the other near the hospital huts. I had two white patients that day. One, the small daughter of the missionary who taught carpentry and operated a sawmill for our few neighboring planters, had a sore throat. I swabbed her throat out and was about to tell her mother to give her cod-liver oil daily when I remembered the size of her income.

"Give her plenty of fruit and see that she eats a generous portion of liver, preferably fish liver, at least once a day," I advised.

Sister Susanne had a toothache. Could I give her something to relieve the pain a little? I must not imagine that she was a dope addict—why, she didn't even drink coffee because it was a stimulant. If I gave her something, she would take it only at her most agonizing moments. She did not want to show me the tooth, but her face was swollen and I insisted. The tooth was almost entirely black, and there were three open pus ducts in the gum above it.

"I'll have to pull it," I told her.

She looked ill at the thought. I dissolved a sleeping tablet in a glass of water; at least that would take away her dread of what was to come.

"Take this and then go home and lie down," I said. "In about two hours I'll extract the tooth."

"I couldn't do that," she answered quickly. "I have classes all morning, and other work during the afternoon. Could you pull it right after twelve o'clock? I don't mind doing without my lunch."

I hesitated for a second and then I tossed a second sleeping tablet into the tumbler. "Any time you like," I answered. "Empty the glass. Every drop."

Twenty minutes later Sister Susanne found teaching on her feet too much of a chore. She sat down on a bench beside one of her small charges, blinked a time or two, and started snoring. No one could waken her, so they called me, and I went armed with a handful of cotton swabs, an iodine bottle and a pair of forceps.

A half-dozen pairs of arms carried Sister Susanne to her sleeping *dukas* and laid her gently on her bed. Then, although her coworkers were as much concerned about her as I, they left her in my care while they went back to tasks that they believed could not wait on human frailty. I pulled Sister Susanne's head over to the edge of her pillow and propped her lax jaws apart with a wad of cotton. There was no need for Novocain; she had never taken a sedative before in her life, and I don't believe she would have awakened if I had cut off a leg. I prepared the tooth,

(Continued on Page 145)

A moralist is a person who is in earnest about other people's morals.

—F. MARION CRAWFORD.

LEWYT

WORLD'S MOST MODERN VACUUM CLEANER

No dust bag to empty!



- **No muss! No fuss!** No dust bag to empty! Simply toss out Lewyt's paper "Speed-Sak" a few times a year!
- **It's quiet—no roar!** Terrific suction power, yet super-quiet! Lewyt's so easy on your nerves!
- **Preserves your rugs!** Famous No. 80 Carpet Nozzle gets embedded dirt ...lint, threads, even dog hairs...*with less rug wear!*
- **3 filters clean the air!** Unhealthy dust can't escape Lewyt's Speed-Sak, Dustalator, and Micro-dust filter!
- **So light, easy to use!** Glides smoothly in any direction—follows you around *effortlessly* as you clean!
- **10 light, work-saving attachments** that do all your dusting; brighten drapes; sweep linoleum; clean radiators; even spray, wax, de-moth closets!
- **No cluttered closets!** Attachments tuck neatly away in Lewyt's compact, dust-proof container!
- **A complete home cleaning center,** Lewyt costs no more than ordinary cleaners! See your Lewyt dealer for a free demonstration!



Listed by Underwriters' Laboratories

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



LEWYT WINS TOP AWARD!

"Finest vacuum cleaner produced anywhere in beauty, engineering design, utility," says American Society of Industrial Engineers!

DO IT WITH LEWYT

free

TRY THE LEWYT IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Lewyt Corporation, Vacuum Cleaner Division, Dept. 3, 66 Broadway, Brooklyn 11, N. Y.

Without cost or obligation, I would like to try the sensational Lewyt Vacuum Cleaner in my own home.

Name.....

Address.....

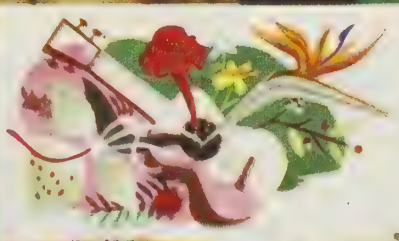
City.....

County..... State.....



Spring Tonic

Every morning starts off bright when you set each breakfast-place with Dole Pineapple Juice! Here's a healthful, Hawaiian-style "Spring tonic"—for it's field-ripened in the Islands, sweetened only by the sun! Serve it chilled and cheery in the a.m., *and* any thirsty afternoon!



Put Springtime on your table—



Flower Show Salad ★

Even your salads can blossom out with a breath of Spring! Make yours a bed of cottage cheese, with "flower petals" of almond-stuffed dates—centered with a plump Dole Pineapple Chunk. Bank the dish gaily with more Dole Chunks—true Hawaiian pineapple works such charm on appetites!

with this **DOLE**-of-Hawaii trio!





Fruit Cocktail Cooler ★

Dream dessert—and it's easy to do! Scoop servings of raspberry sherbet, and spoon on Dole Fruit Cocktail—the five-flavor treat that's blended to your taste from whole and flawless fruit! Crown the sherbet with a mint candy and a merry cherry from the cocktail!

★ By *Patricia Collier*, DOLE HOME ECONOMIST
DOLE · 215 Market Street · San Francisco 6, California

(Continued from Page 143)

ip the forceps, looked at the festering
d shuddered. *You fool!* I snorted at
What do you know about dentistry?
a deep breath, gripped the forceps—
gan what was to be as habitual
e as the breath in my nostrils or the
of my heart:
i, our Father, please let that plagued
ome out all right. If it breaks off, I
ever in the world get it out. You've
help me, God. I'll do the best I can,
u—You ——"
s a pathetically childish prayer. And
as all prayers born of fear are selfish.
was sincere.
tooth came out as clean and sharp
istle on a frosty morning, and a month
ster Susanne had gained six pounds
ked and acted like a different woman.
e never ceased to regret that one lost
eaching.
t came what I, in anticipation, had so
stically called my first native clinic.
were no tables, there was no long
of patients. There was nothing but a
ttles and rolls of gauze in a basket at
t, three doorless, roofless huts behind
d a half-dozen old women squatting
r heels and mouthing crushed peanuts
n their toothless gums. They were so
sly healthy that I wondered if they
ere only because they were too old to
ployed at some useful task. They
d munching for a moment to look at
then fell to chattering among them-
eying me keenly all the while.
ng me the once-over, I snorted under my
, and felt like a monkey in a zoo. I
about, thereby nearly butting N'ege
feet.
e was one of those strange creatures
only to Africa—a breathing, eating,
g, talking corpse. He achieved this
s state as a very small child, when a
doctor had given him up for dead.
rations were being made to throw him
jackals when he had begun to whimper
witch his limbs. Everyone had been
ed, most of all his parents. The witch
had called him dead; therefore these
f life could be nothing but the mali-
perversions of evil spirits. No one
feed him or otherwise care for him.
illagers fled beyond sound of his feeble
nd his father and mother built another
r themselves on the opposite side of
ief's kraal.

OR EARLY had found the waif and
him home with him, but even in the
n compound N'ege's position was a
s one. The children were afraid of him,
their elders treated him with the re-
one shows a strange dog of impressive
Finally, out of sheer pity, Mrs. Early
had taken the child into her own home and
was rearing him with her own children.

"I have a terrible wound on my leg, Sister Ellen," he murmured, in soft tones that pleaded for attention.

"Let me see this terrible wound."

"Here it is," he answered, and twisted his body around to show me a hairline scratch on his right calf.

I would have laughed had it not been for his eyes searching my face trustingly, eyes as big and soft and round as an antelope's. "My goodness gracious, we'll have to fix that up," I assured him solemnly.

His entire face crinkled into a smile of complete happiness. I did as thorough a job on that scratch as any surgery nurse assisting in an operating theater.

"Why don't you wrap up L'ladbo's arm?" he asked, when I had finished with his leg.

"L'ladbo? Who is L'ladbo? And what's the matter with him?" I demanded.

N'EGE held up a slender, chocolate-colored twig of a finger and murmured, "Come." There was even a bit of swagger in his stride as he stepped along before me. "L'ladbo works in the carpentry shop. There is a splinter of wood in his wrist. It does not pain him—it is not nearly so serious as my wound!—but there is pus about it."

In the carpentry shop I treated three patients: I extracted two splinters imbedded too deep in the flesh for the native's scalpel—a splinter of bamboo—and I lanced a gumboil the size and color of a wild grape. When I instructed this patient to come to my clinic on the morrow to have the diseased tooth pulled, he answered with an enigmatical, "What pleasure!"

The next day, and for many days to come, there were very few people except the same curious old women. But, gradually, these old women were joined by other crones whose faces I never saw in our chapel; therefore I knew they were "bush natives" from the surrounding villages. These women had ulcers and occasionally a bit of scabies, but for the most part they came for entertainment rather than for medical help.

I chatted with these crones as best I could through a supercilious second person, and persuaded them to tell me about the younger women of their villages, and the children and the men. Then a few really sick patients were brought to me. The first was a young girl in her early teens who was an epileptic. She had rolled into the fire, and through burning, and later gangrene, had lost most of the muscles of her left hip. I cured her, but it might have been more merciful to have let her die, for she lived an unmarriageable cripple.

Sister Agatha didn't become my patient until I could no longer help her. That sainted woman suffered from what she called "a lit-



"Does supper always have to be ready in the last half of the ninth inning with two out and bases loaded and me at bat?"



Corners are mitered and taped for perfect fit. Shaped tuck-under holds all four sides firmly, prevents wrinkling.

heet
kle, can't pull out

dry work, too. They're
g optional. They won't
uthorized**!

d double, twin, and
st to slight variations
our choice of extra-
r-smooth percale. Try
ite for folder and name
ific Mills, Dept. DD3,
rk 18, New York.

Pacific Mills **Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Most practical baby sheet ever made! A Pacific Cribfast Contour Sheet stays "put" 'til Mother takes it off. Sturdy muslin or soft percale.*

THE ... WEAVERS OF FINE COTTONS, RAYONS, WOOLENS AND WORSTEDS

tle tickling in my throat sometimes." Her furlough was not due for a couple more years, and she refused to go home before then. Give up just on account of a little "tickling"? Both Doctor and Mrs. Early had upon occasion whispered to me that she had "the lung complaint." I was amazed to learn that she was only in her middle thirties. Tall and gaunt, she looked sixty. With her unnaturally large, fever-bright eyes, she could have posed for the portrait of a medieval ascetic.

But the morning finally came when Sister Agatha could not even sit up in bed, much less get out of it. There was nothing I could do except ease her pain a little, and I told the Earlys as much.

"Then we'd better send for Doctor Mary," Mrs. Early said. "There is something about her—I don't know what it is—well, I've seen her work miracles."

"It will take a miracle to save Agatha," I muttered. "How long before Doctor Mary can get here?"

"Well, N'zem is something over two hundred miles away, and at twenty miles a day that would take ten days."

She was there in four days. Within an hour after the big drums pulsated out the news of our need she left N'zem. She and her men did what every white man in the Congo was afraid to do: she shot the rapids of the N'zem.

But even so she was too late.

The morning of the third day, with other aid but her indomitable will power, Sister Agatha rose, dressed and went to her sister's room. A few minutes later one of her helpers came running to say that she had fallen asleep with her head on her desk. It was the sleep from which there is no waking.

(Continued on Page 148)

Spring Tonic

Every morning starts off bright when you set each breakfast-place with Dole Pineapple Juice! Here's a healthful, Hawaiian-style "Spring tonic"—for it's field-ripened in the Islands, sweetened only by the sun! Serve it chilled and cheery in the a.m.. *and* any thirsty afternoon!

Put Spr

with this DOLE-of

Fruit Cocktail Cooler ★

Dream dessert—and it's easy to do! Scoop servings of raspberry sherbet, and spoon on Dole Fruit Cocktail—the five-flavor treat that's blended to your taste from whole and flawless fruit! Crown the sherbet with a mint candy and a merry cherry from the cocktail!

★ By *Patricia Collier*, DOLE HOME ECONOMIST
DOLE, 215 Market Street, San Francisco 6, California

window dressing

IF you plan to buy new glass curtains this spring, you will find a wide variety—some familiar fibers and weaves, others newly developed. It will help you dress your windows for spring if you know the characteristics of each type before you buy, and how to care for those you have bought.

Nylon Available in tailored or ruffled marquisette; shrinks very little; sheds soil easily in laundering; dries quickly; if properly heat-set, will not sag; requires only touch-up pressing. Sensitive to acid fumes.

Silk Available in opaque weaves; drapes beautifully. Must be ironed; subject to shrinkage; sensitive to sunlight.

Rayon Available in marquisette, tailored or ruffled, and ninon weave; very sheer; excellent draping; does not shrink excessively; sheds soil quickly in laundering. Must be ironed or dried on a frame (but not strained); requires rather gentle handling; sensitive to sunlight or atmospheric fumes; tends to sag in damp weather.

Orlon Resistant to sun, weather and insects; washes and sheds soil easily; dries quickly; does not stretch, shrink or sag. Rather soft; requires ironing; fairly expensive.

Fiberglas Resistant to mildew, mold, sunlight, insects, salt air; nonflammable; dries instantly; hangs well; does not stretch or shrink. Should not be ironed; rather sensitive to abrasion; comparatively expensive.

Cotton Available in many weaves, weights and styles; crisp appearance; may be bleached; obtainable preshrunk and with "permanent" stiffness. Must be ironed or stretched.

Curtain Care

Before washing, measure curtains to be dried on a frame as a guide in setting the stretcher. Curtains should be laundered as a fine fabric. Unless manufacturer specifies hand washing, a washer may be used if washing time is kept short. Labels usually give instructions about water temperature and special precautions. Plan to launder curtains from one room at a time to keep your home from looking naked and to give yourself time to handle each set of curtains properly. Before washing, shake curtains briskly to rid them of loose dust. Plunge into clear, cool water to remove clinging dust. Lift into washer or tub of mi warm suds. Keep washing perio short—two to three minutes. If ve soiled, two short washings are bet than one long one. Rinse at least tw in lukewarm water.

Each fabric requires different tre ment from here on.

Nylon Roll lightly in absorbe towels to remove excess moisture. F a smooth finish, hang on rod, sprea out to full width and slide extra ro through the lower hems. Nylon ruffl and hems will be prettier if press with a warm iron while still damp.

Silk or Rayon Stretch on a fram unless they are "tender" from su burn. If stretched, set frame so dam curtain fits without strain, becau



Ruffled curtains can be stretched if you ease fullness into pleats. For perky ruffles, smooth with an iron just before hanging.

some rayon is weakest when wet. T prepare for ironing, fold wet curtai lengthwise and roll in a towel. Whi still moist, glide the iron lengthwi over the curtains to avoid distortio

Orlon Iron at low temperatu while quite damp. To retain moistur roll in plastic sheet after washing.

Fiberglas Pat with a Turkish tow and replace on rods immediately.

Cotton With "permanent" finis which remains crisp through sever washings, stretch or iron while sti damp. Refresh untreated curtains wit a light stiffening. To insure the sam crispness for each curtain in a roo immerse them immediately after laun dering in a starch solution deep enoug to cover all. Plastic starch will im part stiffness through four or five laun derings. Dry, then dampen starche curtains before ironing; put those t be stretched on frames while wet.



Corners are mitered and taped for perfect fit. Shaped tuck-under holds all four sides firmly, prevents wrinkling.

Amazing *CONTOUR* sheet won't wrinkle, can't pull out

ou wake fresh as a daisy when you sleep on Pacific Contour* Sheet. It hugs the mattress smoothly, your twisting and turning can't ll out the corners, won't even cause a ripple. Four sewn-in, mitered corners cap your mat-ss like a slip-cover. A shaped tuck-under on four sides glides into place automatically, lds the sheet wrinkle-free all night long. When u get up, your bed is half made. No wrinkles smooth out, no corners to re-tuck.

Pacific Contours save laundry work, too. They're lighter to wash, and ironing optional. They won't lose their fit—they're Sanforized**!

Available in standard double, twin, and youth-bed sizes that adjust to slight variations in mattress thickness. Your choice of extra-strength muslin or super-smooth percale. Try your favorite store or write for folder and name of nearest dealer to Pacific Mills, Dept. DD3, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, New York.

*TM Pacific Mills **Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Most practical baby sheet ever made! A Pacific Cribfast Contour Sheet stays "put" 'til Mother takes it off. Sturdy muslin or soft percale.*

s a *PACIFIC* sheet BY PACIFIC MILLS . . . WEAVERS OF FINE COTTONS, RAYONS, WOOLENS AND WORSTEDS

An American Tradition—

BAKER'S
Premium No. 1
CHOCOLATE



Favorite of the country's best cooks since 1780!



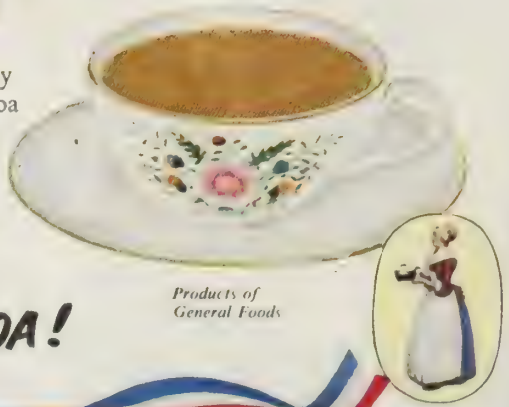
CHOCOLATE PIE—the best you ever tasted! Make it from your favorite recipe and *be sure* the chocolate you use is Baker's Premium No. 1.

Another American Tradition—



BAKER'S
Breakfast
COCOA

Delicious complement to any dish—at any meal! For cocoa at its luscious best—follow recipe on Walter Baker's Cocoa package.



America's most Heart-warming COCOA!

Products of General Foods

(Continued from Page 146)

The next day Doctor Mary arrived. Our black *boys*, their ears cocked to drumbeats almost too faint for us to detect, told us to the minute when she would reach Tani, and their eyes picked out her boat before any of us could see it.

"Oh, Lemuel!" I heard Mrs. Early wail to her husband.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"The woman is coming by dugout," Doctor Early hissed close to my ear. "She is traveling like a native. That sort of thing tears down the dignity of white people here in the tropics."

"How should she have come?" I asked.

"By *tipoye* or *shimbeck*."

"But she's cut almost a week off her traveling time by coming by dugout."

Doctor Early stared at me for a second, and again snorted. "You medical workers!"

In those days no medical worker was on a par with the evangelist.

Singing, as Congoese always do when nearing a journey's end—but singing softly, chanting now for "the little white *mama*, asleep under the jungle trees"—the boatmen drove their dugout its full length up onto the sand beside the *shimbeck* landing.

I heard someone behind me suck in her breath. "Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! Short sleeves!"

And then even I shared the electric shock of the assembled whites. Clad only in a sun helmet and a bathing suit—barelegged as well as barefooted—Doctor Mary stepped out of her shallow dugout and was bending over to pick up a pair of handmade leather moccasins. She dipped her feet into them and straightened up. Her glance took in the tongue-tied group and came to rest on me.

"Jiggers! And scorpions!" Her knowing wink told me she had identified me instantly. But I wondered if, away from Tani, she was always this careful, for in the second before she had slipped into her moccasins I had caught a glimpse of badly scarred feet, one of them with two toes missing.

I glanced sideways at Doctor Early and saw him drawing in a long breath that was a menace to his threadbare shirt. Doctor Mary saw it too.

"Oh, Lem, don't be so stuffy about my bathing suit," she scolded in a good-natured tone. "I've been in dugouts that rolled over and it's enough of a job to fight current even in a bathing suit. I'm wet as a dishrag just from the spray."

I WAITED for the storm to burst, but instead my colleagues crowded around Doctor Mary and greeted her as cordially as they had first greeted me. Later that evening, as we sipped tea and nibbled the precious cakes again brought out of the locked tins, I realized that these people were genuinely fond of her, and that she knew it and discounted their envy and criticism as a wise mother overlooks petulance in a tired child.

I was eager for Doctor Mary to visit my "hospital." There were a thousand questions I wanted to ask, particularly about my outstation work. I had suspected on more than one occasion that my "linguister" lost the thread of my meaning in a hopeless confusion of circumlocutious courtesy that got neither me nor my patients anywhere at all.

"Kick him out," was Doctor Mary's blunt advice. "When you're on your own, Ellen, you'll understand a lot more of what is said around you than you do now, because you'll have to, and then, too, your patients will love teaching you. They can't help you now because your 'linguister' stands in between and won't tolerate any interference."

"I wouldn't have judged, from the heat and the humidity, that this was as healthy a climate as it is," I told Doctor Mary. "The kids never have anything wrong with them but an infected toe now and then, and very minor abrasions on their arms and legs."

"These abrasions—do they look as though they had rubbed against the bark of a tree? Or had fallen on gravel? But still absolutely clean?"

I nodded, and my white-haired companion threw back her head and laughed.

"The totos are having an awfully good time with you," she chuckled. "They love bandages. They look upon them as ments, and wearing them makes the y sters feel important. So they rub their and legs with the underside of an leaf—their fathers use *eeysoe* leaves to down their drums and stools—and w little blood appears, they run straight t They wear the bandages until they ro drop off, don't they?"

I felt deflated, but Doctor Mary di let me dwell on my embarrassment.

"What about your other patients strangers, the men whom you never sa fore and probably never will again? I about the mission folk—suppurating roots, bellyaches and malnutrition. need meat, Ellen. Africans are meat e and you can't change a man's eating overnight without doing him harm. In villages they hunt almost every day; h the compound they become men of the bench and there is no time left in wh stalk and kill the game they crave and Why don't you, as a doctor, do some about that, Ellen?"

I was already used to being called tor, but I quickly denied right to the t Doctor Mary.

SHE brushed my protestations aside. African native draws wonderful distin among his own witch doctors, but so you and I are concerned, they see no ence between us. They'll expect as from you as I'm able to give them. No what kind of case is brought in to you and go to work on it."

As Doctor Mary chatted on, we ca view of the three huts which had onc her hospital and were now mine. I st and stared. The dozen, or at best two patients who would normally have g me were lost in a sea of mahogany-hue ies. My companion strode forward, ca greeting to this one and that, until she directly in front of the central hut. Th stopped, turned.

"Come on," she called. Then wh saw the surprise in my face she expl "Remember, because of my age if n else, I'm the *Big* White Witch Docto you're only the *Little* White Witch Do

"Goodness," I exclaimed, "how ol one have to be to—to become as big a doctor as all this?"

"I'm seventy-three, Ellen," she ans

My mouth fell open. I didn't beli Except for her snow-white hair, she look a day over forty-five.

"Well, let's get to work. That's why here."

First she stood up in front of the and harangued them.

"What were you saying?" I wh when she had finished.

"I told them that of myself I have power to heal, that it all comes fro *ungu*—the biggest God—that only ease pain and mend broken bodies paused. "After all, it's the truth, makes Lemuel feel better—and maybe his work a little easier."

Preliminaries were not yet over. T est men were queueing up, and the f already in front of my companion. one each passed in front of her. As he held out his clenched fist with the sticking rigidly upright. And Doctor seized each thumb and gave it a sma As she did so, each man leaned forwa spat very accurately into the middle blouse. I don't know how many tim splattering greeting wrenched the bre of me in what I thought was an u "Oh!", but suddenly Doctor Mary s quite distinctly.

"Oh, shut up! If you can't stand of raw Africa, get out of the country it's too late. Better still, try to get it t your head that our customs seem as even worse to them. 'When white meet, they spit in each other's m That's what they say of white wome ing."

It seemed to me that surely all t the blind, the ulcerous of Africa pas fore us that day, and when evening f were as many more waiting to be tr

ometime during the afternoon, limp with
ustion, I burst out, "You're fooling
t your age. You can't be seventy-three."
Maybe I can't, but I am," Doctor Mary
vered. "And don't *you* begin talking
t my retirement. This is my home, and
e are my people, but the board secretary
he United States has a one-track mind.
little suburb is *home* for everyone else,
if you don't agree, you're 'a problem.'"
octor Mary was with me for more than
weeks. Technically, I suppose, she was
guest of the head of the mission, and she
t a part of each evening in the Early
e, but her days were mine.
When I learn Hausa well enough so that
n go on itinerary intelligently, I'll find
e cases, won't I?" I remarked half to
elf as I wove palm-leaf splints for an
with a month-old compound fracture
h Doctor Mary was dressing.
Then you'll learn surgery!"
he words were a challenge, and I was
k to deny pretension to qualifications I
not have.
So, you think you're only a nurse! Well,
e tell you, Ellen, in Africa you're what-
the occasion de-
nds—or you're
ing at all! Sub-
e to some medi-
ournals, get some
ks; better still—
er still"—Doctor
y's voice almost
away, and she
ed off into the
le for a full min-
before she com-
ed her sentence—
me back to N'zem
me. I'll teach
everything I
w, and I've got
ks."
If only I might,"
ispered.
You're always
come," she said.
ore than wel-
e."
octor Mary did
again bring up
matter of my go-
to N'zem with
until the day she
Then, almost the
thing before she
into her dugout,
turned to me.
Come to N'zem
time you like, Ellen," she said lightly.
ou'll always be welcome there."
thought she was letting go of my hand,
her palm merely slipped from mine to
p my thumb and give it a quick, sharp
, native fashion. I had a strong impulse
lean forward and spit smack into the
om of the scandalous bathing suit she had
in donned. Many times since I've wished
adn't smothered it.

ORKED hard at Tani. I can't say that I
omplished much, but my days were full.
ad anywhere from ten to fifty dispensary
ients a day, the smallest group always on
ndays, and the number growing until on
ndays my hospital was mobbed. Doctor
ly always tried to send them away, but
y wouldn't go until evening.
was under the strictest injunction to
member the Sabbath day, to keep it
y," and I am reasonably sure that I was
tched so that any infringement of this
dinal prohibition would be detected in-
ntly. I could read on Sundays, and write
ers, and guzzle tea until I splashed in-
rdly, but sewing was forbidden; nor could
alk in the jungle, since that would neces-
ate the services of a *boy* to keep me from
ting lost—although not working myself, I
uld be putting another to work, which
uld be just as sinful.
'Disease, accidents and human frailty
n't know anything about a six-day work
ek," I protested more than once.
My reasoning was honest and, I thought,
her clever, but Doctor Early knew all the answers. They boiled down to two main points: I had no right to set a bad example for my African brothers, and, "Are you sure, Sister Ellen, *really sure* that you were *called* to the mission field?"

One Sunday I picked up one of our church magazines and began turning the pages, reading a paragraph here and there. Then I gasped and reread:

"The Mission Board is very happy to announce the appointment of Dr. Charles Clyde to work in the Belgian Territory. Dr. Clyde is a graduate of Johns Hopkins Medical School . . . interned at the McGill University Hospital in Montreal . . . wife a graduate nurse with several years' hospital experience and special training in obstetrics. . . . Both speak fluent French . . . splendidly prepared young people. . . . They will leave in a few weeks to organize and head up the medical work at our Tani Station, where at present there is only a nurse ——"

I HAD known that for several years the board had been looking for just such a couple. Yet those three modest huts on the edge of the compound had become mine after that peculiar property sense which is born of personal mental and physical labor. How could I subordinate myself to some stranger? What would I do if I couldn't? Where ——

Doctor Mary, that wise and knowing old woman, had said, "You'll always be welcome at N'zem." Suddenly I knew what I should do.

I think I was more cheerful the next day than at any time since I had come to Africa. I took more time dressing, and I hummed a tune that was not a hymn! I dawdled over my breakfast, telling my companions to leave whenever they liked. There was no one in sight when I started for my hospital; the entire mission was at work as I strolled along.

The school unit, like my hospital, was a cluster of huts, each teacher presiding in one of them. My path lay so close to Sister Susanne's hut that I could have put out my fingers and brushed the wall. As I strolled by, there was a little buzz, a pleasant, homey, comfortable sound, and I stopped to enjoy it for a moment. Prayers were over, and Sister Susanne was explaining in Hausa:

"We are late this morning, children, so I shall have to tell you a shorter story than usual. Once upon a time there was a village where for several seasons everything went wrong ——"

I stood outside the hut a few seconds longer enjoying that almost imperceptible bustle of a schoolroom settling down to work. Then I lifted one foot and set it back down in exactly the same spot, as sudden realization hit me with all the force of a physical blow. Sister Susanne had told the story in Hausa and I had understood every word without a translator. I had ears at last! I could go anywhere I chose now without upsetting the routine of the mission. I could go on itinerary to our neighboring villages.

That morning I was so exhilarated by the new independence that I did not hear the big drums when they began booming through the jungle like a monstrous heartbeat. But I noticed at last that my patients were listening, and watching me curiously.

"What is it?" I demanded.

"The drums say that the *Big* White Witch Doctor is dead."

I was stunned. True, Doctor Mary had told me that she was seventy-three, but she

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Two Frogs: a Fable

By Wilfrid Thorley

Into a can of milk one night
Two frogs together fell. Said Blip,
"We never can survive this slip,"
And with a groan sank out of sight.

But Blop was made of sterner stuff:
He kept in a continual flutter
Until at last when short of puff
He found the milk had turned to butter.

The fate of Blip was more than grim;
Lifeless he lay like any mummy,
While Blop now sat upon the brim
And at his leisure filled his tummy.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BAKER'S gives America a Blonde Brownie!



It's made with BAKER'S Chocolate Chips



BLONDE BROWNIES

They're made with BAKER'S—the Chocolate Chips that stay firm and flavorful *right through baking!*

For the most heavenly mouthful you ever tasted—get Walter Baker's Chocolate Chips today and make Blonde Brownies from the recipe on the package.



You'll want to use Baker's Chocolate Chips for all your chip cookery—they *taste* better and they *bake* better! Get a package today!

Everything chocolate tastes BEST when it's BAKER'S!

Product of General Foods

Stopette Protection is Positive Protection

You can be sure of Stopette. Each mist-fine spray envelops the entire underarm...destroys odor-producing bacteria, checks excess perspiration instantly. Does both with the gentleness of a fine, fine cosmetic. You never touch Stopette, hardly know it touches you. Harmless to clothes. And the squeezable Stopette bottle is unbreakable... can't leak or spill. It's time you joined the millions of Stopette users. Buy it for the whole family—your man wants it, too! At all drug and cosmetic counters.

Family size: $1.25 plus tax
Travel size: .60 plus tax

Jules Montenier, Inc., Chicago



had been in good health only a few months ago, and there seemed to be something eternal about the woman.

Hurriedly, I did what I could to relieve those patients who were suffering and sent all of them away. Then I ran to the Early home.

When I got there preparations for a long safari were well under way. Mrs. Early explained to me, "We don't know how bad off Doctor Mary is. Oh, I know the message said she was dead, but that just means they expect her to die. And when they say it of a person—particularly one of their own people—that person usually does die. But Mary may be alive when Lemuel gets there."

"If Doctor Mary is as sick as the natives think she is, why shouldn't I go instead of Doctor Early?"

"Why-y-y-y-y! Lemuel is the head of the mission; it's his *duty* to go."

"But if she is alive, can he treat her? Or take care of her? What will the board say?"

"They'll tell Lemuel to send her home. They always do when he mentions her age in a monthly or quarterly report. Now that she is really sick, I hope they say to drag her out of there by the hair of her head if necessary."

A reply came from the mission board that afternoon: "Send Mary Evans home."

A month later Doctor Early and Doctor Mary were back at Tani. Doctor Mary was scarcely more than skin and bones, and I suppose for the first time in her life she really looked her years, but her eyes were clear and she was almost spry. She was with us for a little better than a week, waiting until boat connections were available at Léopoldville. During those days she went with me to my hospital every day, and sat or lay in a palm-fiber hammock and gave sage, and on occasion even gay, advice while I ministered to my patients.

A week after Doctor Mary left Tani, she boarded a coastwise steamer. Two days after that, she was dead. They buried her at sea, near a bay where slavers used to throw their chained live freight overboard when capture by an English man-of-war seemed imminent. It was fitting. I like to think of her sleeping there among her people.

If a man is too good for the world, he is bad for his wife.
—YIDDISH PROVERB.

During my residence at Tani, I was to see mission *boy* after mission *boy* enticed away from us by some white hunter's promise of all the fresh meat he could eat and the luxury of a spoonful of salt to lap up from the palm of his hand each evening when the day's work was done. We could have had "salt Christians" without number if we had had the money to buy guns, a game license and a few sacks of salt.

I watched this sort of thing for many months and then, taking my courage in my hands, I sat down and wrote Monsieur l'Administrateur a letter in my almost non-existent French. I did my poor best to explain the need of our mission people for meat and the harm the lack of it did our work. I told him that the necessary license and equipment were within my financial reach, but that aside from a little rabbit, squirrel and quail hunting with my brother in Indiana, I knew nothing about guns or game. Was there anyone who could teach me the things I should know?

OUR postmen were back in less than two weeks with a reply from Monsieur l'Administrateur. It was a rather cryptic letter. Did not missionaries enjoy a short rest period each season? he asked. He and Madame would be delighted if I would spend my next vacation with them. If that fell within such and such a date, they would be at L'tere, near an outstation of our mission.

There was nothing to do except go to Doctor Early and make a clean breast of the whole affair.

"You have to go," he told me. "An invitation from the king's representative is almost as much of a command performance as one from His Majesty himself." Then he peered at me speculatively. "So you're going to be our 'white hunter' now, eh? I used to hunt as a boy, in Kansas. Jack rabbits, now and then a coyote, and, once in a great while a wolf. I was a pretty good shot too."

Perhaps it was the boyish grin of pleasu that spread over his face at the memory th loosened my tongue.

"Doctor Early," I said, "couldn't I—I really love to ——"

"Buy me a license? And gun?"

"Yes. It would give me so much pleasu to share what I have."

My intentions had been of the best, but could have bitten my tongue out. He mu have sensed this, for he leaned forward pat me on the shoulder.

"Don't mind me," he said. "Don't mi any of us. We don't blame you for the pri leges you enjoy, not really, in our hearts."

So it happened that I, the newcomer the staff, the one who least needed it, took vacation.

I SPENT almost a full month with Madar and Monsieur. I learned a good deal French, and more about our Hausa nativ than my months at the mission had taug me. Monsieur had me sit beside him ho after hour as he held court; he asked my a vice on how he might secure more whol hearted co-operation from his black a white underlings; he complained pleasantl but sincerely, of the disadvantages of position.

"It's hard to get the truth from anyon he grumbled. "Everyone is trying to mak good impression on me—or make me susp the worst of the next fellow."

Best of all was Jacques. Jacques neither French nor Hausa, but there much of Africa and a little of Gascony in veins. He was a mountain of a man, tattoo and scarred "beautifully any African would ha said.

"He has the slave mar of a dozen West Afric tribes on his face a chest," Monsieur l'Admi istrateur told me. "A he has worn chains on his wrists and ankles

"Meaning what?" I asked.

"That he has served time in Cayenne or some other prison camp."

"Aren't you afraid to have him about?"

"Afraid?" Monsieur laughed. "How mar of the men who rowed you down the Ta had pointed teeth? Or no teeth at above, in front?"

"Why, only a few of them really ha teeth," I answered. "There were"—quick I counted in my mind—"eight of them ha pointed teeth in front. The rest may ha had filed teeth once, but they are rott away now."

"You know what the filed teeth mean

"Yes. That the men came from villag that once were cannibal." Suddenly I peer at him doubtfully. "I suppose that the tra pings of cannibalism linger on after the pra tice itself is uprooted from a village?"

Monsieur took his time about answerin But the impact of his words could not ha been blunter. "There was not a man in yo boat who could not estimate to the fracti of an ounce the amount of good, lean, r meat on your bones."

"Oh, no!"

"Why do you suppose Madame and have made the trip up here and settled dow prepared to stay as long as necessary?"

"You must judge disputes that have bee taken out of the hands of native elders, an cases that involve white men ——"

"I could finish with these petty disput in a day or two," Monsieur interrupte "But an outbreak of cannibalism is a diffe ent matter. It used to be a simple villa custom, but since it has been prohibited b law, it hides itself in the deepest jungle an cloaks itself in sorcery. Its devotees are mo frightened of their witch doctors than the are of the severest punishment. Ferreting ou the guilty men is no easy task." Sudden Monsieur threw back his head. "No Jacques. Does he seem so bad after all? I ad mit that in other days he might have been pirate, or a runner for the Arab slavers—bu what might you and I not have been in oth

(Continued on Page 153)

arling, your figure should never be taxed

Latest returns show Warner's Sta-Up-Top tops them all for comfort—with interest!

More women come back for more Sta-Up-Top girdles than for any other girdles in the world. They wear them once and love them forever!

Waistband news for waistbind blues! This Spring's narrow-as-an-arrow look begins with a little middle. So begin with Warner's Sta-Up-Top, the girdle topped with Warner's patented lazy-stretch, elastic waistband. It *minds* but never *binds* your waist . . . smooths away the slightest hint of a tummy tire.

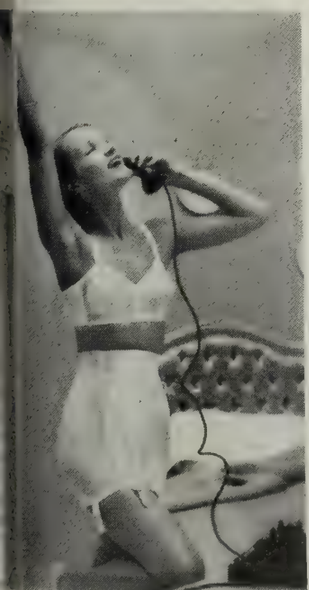


WARNER'S STA-UP-TOP
never rolls over • always stays up

The loveliest stories begin in the middle!

The flattest, most pliable little bones you *never* noticed are tucked away in hidden pockets of the soft band. That's why Sta-Up-Top *always stays up . . . never rolls over.*

For the comfiest fit this side of heaven, look for the label that says Warner's Sta-Up-Top. Priced to please a MacTavish or a Miss Lavish. From $5 to $27.50 at the nicest stores. Match it with a beautiful Warner's bra. From $1.50 to $10.





Choose yours in your very own 3-Way-Sizes

WARNER'S®
3-Way-Sized
Foundations and Bras

WORLD FAMOUS FOR LE GANT® • A'LURE® WARNERETTE® • STA-UP-TOP® • FREE-LIFT®
®Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., The Warner Brothers Co., New York 16 • Chicago 6 • San Francisco 8

Your length . . . short, medium, long or extra long. No *too-long* girdle that rides up or *too-short* girdles that pull runs.

Your hip-size . . . straight, average or full. No *too-wide* girdles that wrinkle or *too-small* girdles that bind.

Your control . . . whether you like the soft-knits or those designed to discipline. Sta-Up-Top girdles come in 100 or more styles and sizes. With 2- or 3-inch waistbands. Nylon or not.

Beatrice Cooke's Mealtime Adventures

FOR MARCH: Butterscotch Bread, Apricot and Cottage Cheese Pie, Lenten Luncheon Casserole





For tea table talk!

Isn't it nice to have neighbors drop in from time to time for a cup of tea and a bit of a chat? And isn't it nice to have something home-made to serve them! Here's one of the most perfect tea-time refreshments I've ever made. It has a special subtle flavor all its own because of the fresh Meadow Gold Buttermilk in the recipe. Meadow Gold Buttermilk is wonderful in many foods, you know, and always a good source of important milk minerals.

Butterscotch Bread

2 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup brown sugar
½ cup chopped nut meats
2 Meadow Gold Eggs, well beaten
1 cup Meadow Gold Buttermilk
2 tablespoons Meadow Gold Butter, melted

Sift first 4 ingredients together, add sugar and nut meats. Add combined liquid ingredients, mixing just enough to moisten. Pour into greased loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven (350°) 45 to 55 minutes.

You'll notice that I've indicated Meadow Gold Butter, though it's such a small amount. The truth is that even for that bit, you'll be able to tell a difference if you use Meadow Gold! And of course I suggest Meadow Gold Butter to spread on your Butterscotch Bread! I use it always because I know that Meadow Gold is churned fresh daily in spotless creameries, made from only the richest, sweetest cream. In most localities it's wrapped in an extra protective aluminum foil, too. You'll be able to tell the difference—just try it and see!



LIGHT, BRIGHT DESSERTS FOR A BIG EASTER DINNER

Do you find desserts for a big meal a problem? I did until I discovered Meadow Gold Sherbets. They have that perfect light, sweet, fresh fruit flavor, and demand no complicated preparation.





Nest of sherbets. For Easter I like to serve small scoops of a variety of Meadow Gold Sherbets on individual nests of green colored coconut. Coconut is easily colored by tossing in a bowl with a few drops of green vegetable coloring.

Pie, too, can be a light dessert! Pie is an all-time American favorite that's always a safe choice for guests. And I've found a pie that can be classified as a light dessert, too. It uses that wonderful combination of flavors—apricots and Meadow Gold Cottage Cheese. It's light and fluffy, grand as a topper for a big meal.

Apricot and Cottage Cheese Pie

1 cup dried apricots
2 eggs, beaten
¾ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1½ cups Meadow Gold Cottage Cheese
½ cup Meadow Gold Milk
½ cup Meadow Gold Cream
Cinnamon
Pastry for one-crust pie

Line a 9-inch pie plate with pastry rolled out a little than ⅛-inch thick; trim and flute. Wash apricots well a thoroughly. Cut fruit in small pieces and spread over b of crust. Combine eggs, sugar, and salt; beat until well b and foamy. Add cottage cheese, milk and cream, s until mixed. Pour mixture carefully over apricots and sp top with cinnamon. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) for 1 utes; reduce heat to 325° F. and bake for 1 hour, or until inserted in center comes out clean. Cool before servi

I say Meadow Gold Cottage Cheese because I believe there isn't another cottage cheese any with the same freshness and delicacy of flav Meadow Gold. And for this recipe Meadow Cottage Cheese is particularly valuable for it tinctive soft-yet-firm texture. It's creamed, yo

A meatless dinner in a matter of min

That's the LaChoy heat-and-eat Meatless Chinese D I depend on it for days when I'm rushed. In on pact package there's delicious LaChoy Chow Mein, chicken, or meatless), a can of crisp LaChoy N and a small bottle of LaChoy Soy Sauce. Each is delicious . . . *I know*. Keep some on hand, won'

FREE!
Book of 25 authentic Chinese recipes you can make quickly and easily in your own home . . . exotic dishes like Chinese Egg Roll, Lobster Cantonese, Sweet and Sour Pork! Just write to Dept. J-19. LaChoy Food Products Division. Beatrice Foods Co., Archbold, Ohio.





Make this party dish the day before

This delicious casserole dish is just one of the one-dish meals included in my handy new free card-file of recipes. Write for yours today!

I always think entertaining is so much mor if the hostess has time to rest and relax before And here's a recipe, ideal for a Lenten lun dish, which can be all mixed the day before, the refrigerator overnight, and popped into th half an hour before lunch time.

Cheese and Shrimp Casserole

¼ lb. fresh mushrooms
2 tablespoons Meadow Gold Butter
1 lb. fresh cooked shrimp
1½ cups cooked rice
1½ cups grated Meadow Gold Process American Cheese
½ cup Meadow Gold Cream
3 tablespoons
½ teaspoon W tershire sau
½ teaspoon s
Dash pepper

Slice mushrooms, saute slowly in butter 10 minutes or till tender. Mix with shrimp, rice and cheese. Combine cream, catsup, Worcestershir and seasonings; add to shrimp mixture. Pour into individual casserole overnight if desired. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 25 minutes. Makes 6 se

Incidentally, I've found that the kind of cheese makes all the diff in this dish. And by far the smoothest, most delicious Am process cheese I've ever used is Meadow Gold. Meadow Cheeses, both process and natural, are made by time-tested m that bring out the best of mellow cheese flavors, produce a plea smooth texture that won't string in the melting process. I know I can be sure of just the proper qualities when I use one marvelous Meadow Gold Cheeses.

Free Recipe File of One-Dish Meals!

Ten easy, delicious recipes on handy file cards. Such interesting taste treats as Lima-Macaroni Casserole, Ham Stacks, Cheese and Rice Croquettes. Thrifty! Unusual! Just write to me today, care of Beatrice Foods Co., Dept. BC-3, 120 South LaSalle Street, Chicago 3, Illinois.



© 1951, Beatrice Foods Co.

(Continued from Page 150)

nd in other circumstances? In many
e is the best servant I ever had. He is
tive to these parts, but came from the
th. I think there is Arab blood in his
He shoots like an Arab, and he re-
a gun and cares for it—as only a man
as loved soldiering ever does."

t was as much of the history as I ever
f one of the best teachers I ever had.
ttle over three weeks Jacques taught
w to take any type of shoulder firearm
clean it perfectly, adjust it, and even
minor repairs. He impressed upon me,
oughly as a drill sergeant might have,
dirty or a faulty gun is worse than no
all. Then I stood with him for hours
me, in all kinds of light and shadow,
g how to shoot at both stationary and
g targets. I never reached his perfec-
f course. I have seen him bend a tall
over, tie a clod of dirt to its tip with
h of rawhide, and then walk away. At
aces he would shout to the boy holding
of the sapling to let go. Then he
whirl about and with one shot burst
d into a thousand fragments as it sped
h the air.

id "with one shot," and Jacques ex-
laconically one day, "You start with
clip of ammunition, yes—four or five
But *simba* does not know or care when
rges."

t I'm not going to hunt lions, Jacques."
you hunt at all, you will go where
hunts, *mama*, for man and *simba* eat
ne meat. And what will you do if *simba*
a kill with you?"

upshot of the matter was that I em-
upon a highly intensive study of the
ny and the psychol-
the bigger animals,
easts of prey, and
with reputations for
mpers.

vacation sped by.
the mission *shim-*
ad been summoned
jungle grapevine to
ne back to Tani, I was suddenly fright-
Would Monsieur not lend me Jacques
t a little while—six weeks, or a month?
were so many things I still needed to

he end I got Jacques—"Jackie," I
tly christened him—"for keeps." I
se he had his faults, but I don't remem-
at they were. I do remember that he
ore than a good and faithful servant;
s a true friend.

morning after my return I shot a les-
ustard—the African wild turkey—
erhaps a hundred guinea fowl. That
guinea fowl simmered in every cooking
the native compound, while all the
contributed delicacies from their pre-
oards and dined on bustard with the

re were jokes at my expense, of course,
f which were undoubtedly barbed, but
a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

do wish—I feel silly to say it—but,
I do wish," Mrs. Early broke in, "that
would shoot us a—a hippopotamus."

rned to Mrs. Early. "Why, of course,
to shoot you a hippo. Jacques didn't
ne out after any of them while I was
ning. I don't know how successful I'll
t what in the world do you want a hip-
amus for?"

e fat. It renders down like lard. Like
ansas farm lard. I can sift and sift and
e native flour and get it as fine as I can
ake some pies, and oh! lots of things
muel—and all of you ——"

N we left the table, Doctor Early put
hat and went to the native quarters to
arrangements for the hippo hunt.

next morning I learned that the pros-
f meat was infinitely more engaging to
tients than bandages and pills. There
o one waiting for me except two *pick-*
who were playing hooky from school
the intention of going along on the
I gave each urchin a light spank and
d them to return to Sister Susanne. I
went back to my *dukas* to change into rough clothing and to get my biggest gun.

The hunting party consisted of Doctor Early, myself, Jackie, of course, and about twenty porters.

"They are to carry the meat," Doctor Early explained, as I eyed the small army.

"They—and you—have more faith in my marksmanship than I have myself," I assured him.

We walked about five miles cross-country, over trails perceptible to native eyes but invisible to mine. I wasn't used to trekking and my legs were on the point of giving out when we reached a sharp bend in the Tani, where the river was cutting a new channel and leaving the old bed to become an oxbow lake.

"Aren't there any hippos nearer the mission?" I demanded between puffs.

"Yes, *mama*," a dozen voices assured me, "but we are taking you to the best place."

"Are you sure there are hippos where you are taking us?"

"Oh, yes, *mama*."

The barely literate showed off their knowledge by counting for me. "There are a hundred, hundred, hundred, *mama*."

We pushed through a curtain of lianas and came out on the banks of what looked like a beautiful bayou, and for a full minute all I could do was stare. I tried to count them and finally gave up. Surely there were "a hundred, hundred, hundred!" of the huge monsters in the water before me. Some that were standing in the shallows moved leisurely into deep water; those on the far bank merely turned Gargantuan heads in our direction and some yawned prodigiously. Everywhere I looked, noses as broad and blunt as washtubs pointed at me, and protuberant eyes, like blinking warts, stared.

If you confer a benefit, never remember it; if you receive one, never forget it.
—CHILON.

I contemplated the great horde helplessly. Which one should I shoot? And where should I aim?

"In the eye, *mama*," a voice came over my shoulder. "The socket goes clear through to the brain." Jackie, too, again calling me *mama!*

I tried to estimate the distance, adjusted my sights, and lifted the heavy gun.

"Steady, Ellen," I heard Doctor Early whisper.

Jackie solved my problem. Before I knew what he was about, he had slid in front of me on all fours, plugged his ears with his index fingers, and offered his buttocks for a gun rest. I went down on one knee and aimed with painstaking care; then, trying to remember everything I had learned about guns, pressed the trigger firmly.

There is nothing in the world quite like the complete absence of sound for a few seconds following a gunshot. A moment of stagnation—then the porters shouted, Doctor Early grunted, birds in the trees above us screamed, squawked and flapped their wings. Out on the river before us there were big and little splashes, followed by big and little ripples, widening until they died in the rotting sedge at our feet. Then absolutely nothing.

I looked at Doctor Early. "I thought I hit it."

"I thought you did too." There was as much confusion in his tone as there was on his face.

But the porters lifted their voices in a joyful chorus: "Meat!" . . . "Meat!" . . . "Chop chop!" . . . "Chop chop chop!"

Then my gunbearer rolled back onto his haunches from his knees, clapped his hands together softly, and spat lightly on the ground between my feet. In a second every other *boy* surrounding us was gazing at me with big, black, softly rapturous eyes and gently clapping his hands.

"They are honoring you as a mighty hunter of hippopotamuses," Doctor Early exclaimed.

"It would be more to the point if I'd aimed better," I said bitterly, and stared at the placid water as though it had done me an injury. "Well, I can try again."

(Continued on Page 155)



High stemware ... low stemware
of glittering cut-glass ... harmonizing
with traditional or modern china.
Complete services (stemware and tumblers)
... and praise be! Rims* are guaranteed
against chipping. Heavenly for Brides ...
all gift-boxed, too!

LIBBEY GLASS
ESTABLISHED 1818

Copyright, 1951, Libbey Glass, Division of Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

Nourishing MEAT
Yardstick of Protein Foods



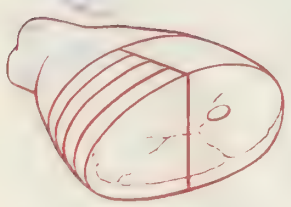
He will help you

Meat Serves the Nation
make the most of every pound

Try this new economy way to buy HAM



get 3 or 4 fresh-cooked meals from one shank half!



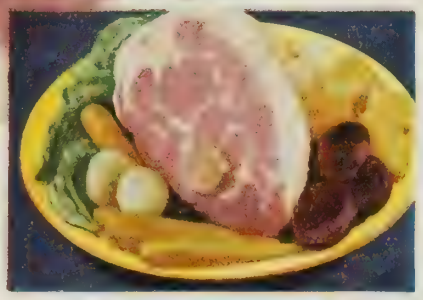
Getting more fresh-cooked meals from a shank half of ham is one of the ideas that have helped many women to "manage" their meat better. It seems especially appropriate right now.

Next time you have ham on your shopping list, ask your meat-man to cut it as shown here. Ask him about other ideas that help you provide, in more of the week's meals, the good nourishment of meat—*complete*, high-quality protein, essential B vitamins and food iron.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE • *Headquarters, Chicago* • *Members throughout the U.S.*

This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION





Meal 1—Before you bring your half ham home, have your mea man saw off a generous shank end. For lots of flavor in a "boil dinner," simmer gently with carrots, onions, potatoes and wedg of cabbage.

Meal 2—Later in the week, divide the center part of the ham in two portions as shown here. Bake the piece with the bone. Sco and decorate it, if you like, with your favorite glaze.





Meals 3 & 4—The remaining piece is boneless and easily slic with a sharp knife. Start from the larger end, cutting fairly thi slices to fry or broil for Meal No. 3. As you get to the small en

(Continued from Page 153)

y words the porters sucked their teeth
usly, Jackie rocked forward onto all
gain, and once more I sighted across
d back.
in the next hour I emptied five clips
unition into that herd of hippopot-
and not a single animal squealed or
or kicked or writhed in mortal agony,
ed over onto its side, or floated on the
he water. Finally I refused to make a
myself any longer and turned toward
Doctor Early trudged along behind
stalked along in silent misery. When
hed the edge of the mission clearing,
d.

sorry," I said, "just as sorry as can
d the best I could."

it ten o'clock that evening, an hour
had gone to bed, I was awakened by
in the compound. Then fists began
ring upon my door.

me out! Wake up and come on up to
sion house, Ellen. They're bringing in
t of the meat!"

ang off my cot and flung open the
There was my boss behaving like a
buck at a village dance. "Have you
azy?" I demanded.

seized me by my shoulders. "Ellen,
y there are seven dead hippos piled up
and bar about two miles below that
the river where we were this morn-
hey say you killed eight, but that
one was swung out into midstream
s gone on past."

ped into moccasins and a kimono, and
next few hours sat on the Earlys'
receiving such homage and viewing
uantities of raw, dripping meat as I
ever to have to encounter again.

NG the next few days tribesmen from
rounding jungle gathered by the hun-
and so huge is one of these river pigs
here was meat for all. The next two
were simply wonderful. Invitations
for me to visit this village or that,
of them formerly cold, if not hostile, to
n work. Some definitely specified that
not to come with my Bible and medical
it with my gun, if you please. In des-
on I asked Doctor Early what I should
d he told me to accept as many of the
tions as possible.

n the next few months I went on itin-
and learned to trek over all sorts of
. I learned to judge the temper of a
even before I entered it—friendly, cur-
hostile. I accustomed myself to varia-
in dialect, lisps, grunts and guttural clicks. I learned to take care of myself, alone with a handful of black men, in the depths of the jungle or on the sun-baked veld.

No sooner had my feeling of self-sufficiency returned and my sense of independence reasserted itself than word came that Dr. Charles Clyde and his nurse wife were on their way to Tani.

There was no suggestion in the letter from the board that I should move on to a new field, but I knew that the time had come. Consequently I was not surprised when Doctor Early asked if I would like to take Doctor Mary's place at N'zem.

"Of course I'll go," I answered. "But I can't take her place. No one ever could."

I WAITED for the new doctor. It seemed only right to divide instruments and other equipment with him if he should be short of supplies.

It was fortunate that I did wait, for in that way I met John—L'loni, as we always called him, since most West Coast natives find *J* a difficult letter to enunciate. He was a trader—Doctor Mary had told me about him—and arrangements were made for me to travel to N'zem with him.

When Doctor Charles came, I was suddenly and overwhelmingly embarrassed at the size of my hospital huts and the poverty of my appointments. Doctor Charles, however, made me feel that I had done wonders in less than two years.

When John, or L'loni, reached Tani, I was packed and ready to leave. He would carry responsibility for me and my porters on this trip and vouch for me to the headman in N'zem.

I had felt silly at the thought of travel in a *tipoye*, and had told Doctor Early that I did not want one. The idea of a grown woman lolling in a hammock chair carried by four men—nonsense! But L'loni insisted that I have not only a *tipoye*, but a bush car as well. A bush car is an adult's tricycle, with a chair for a seat. It is light, fairly speedy—for the Dark Continent, that is—narrow enough for the game trails which usually serve as paths. In the years ahead, bush car and *tipoye* proved invaluable as savers of time and energy, but together they set me back almost a year's salary. Small wonder most missionaries trek on their own two feet!

L'loni's stock in trade as a traveling merchant was composed almost entirely of Africa's greatest necessity—salt. He traded his salt for groundnuts, kola nuts, ivory, and strips of the cloth which the men of the villages weave, using their big toes as weights and boom. All this in turn he sold to the gov-

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ask Any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

ALL girl praying: "Thank you, God, for
e stars and the snow—but God, why
ou take the leaves off the trees?"

en a man promises to "take a look"
e fire he means just that.

blush is nature's lie detector.

tatoes have many shapes, but the
an who eats too many, only one.

gue as a man's description of what he
o eat away from home.

alking home, a mother met a neighbor-
boy. He tipped his cap and addressed
vith considerable poise. Later she re-
the incident to her son. "Oh, yes,"
son, "he learns that on television."

man's idea of setting a table is a
h of plates plopped down at one end,
a bundle of silver tossed into the
le.

me parents think discipline means
ng a child to act voluntarily.

What has happened to the word "innocent" in talks to the young?

"Someone once told me I looked like Mona Lisa," recalled our black-haired daughter wistfully, "but they didn't know I'd been trainsick that day."

Where there's smoke there's a bride cooking.

Child thinking: "Why is it called a hamburger when there's no ham in it?"

March, trying to hold her hat on and her skirts down at the same time.

One woman quickly cured her family's habit of not putting away personal possessions. She dumped everything in the middle of the living-room floor, to greet their arrival home with friends.

From the want ads: "Ex-minister, 6 x 9. Good condition. Call evenings."

Courage: What it takes for one woman to buy a necktie for another woman's husband.



TREO

your figure's a dream in a

"FASHIONED FRONT"

the only girdle *fashioned* to curve inward against your tummy . . . That's why it can style your figure with soft light fabrics . . . *and without a bone!*

For the Fashion-Wise . . . TREO girdles, panties, all-in-ones and "LOCKET" BRAS . . . proudly featured by all fine stores.

ernment agents on the coast. He made a good profit; even I could see that.

"How much?" I demanded one day, when he had just concluded a bargain with a village chief.

He answered without a second's hesitation, "Around eight hundred per cent." For a moment he looked embarrassed and then added, "But after all, you see, I like old M'fooloo. He and I have been friends for a long time."

"Eight hundred per cent!" I gasped.

"I normally aim at somewhere between twelve and sixteen hundred," he went on.

"You robber!"

"How many times have you edged up toward a sermon on polygamy?" he accused, his eyes twinkling. "I'm a more effective missionary than you are. I just take the old boys' merchandise and they haven't anything left with which to buy more women."

Under L'loni's guidance, I saw another Africa which up until that time had been hidden from me. Any newcomer to the Dark Continent is amazed at the size and profusion of the flowers which are rare and costly in the florists' shops at home—or completely unknown there. L'loni showed me lilies eighteen inches to two feet across, lobelias twenty feet high, tree-sized heather, and he called my attention to other extremes—blossoms so tiny that in the distance they looked like colored dust beside the path or a fungus growth on the bark of the trees. He showed me plants that thrust grayish-green spears through the leaf mold and burst into bloom as I sat and looked at them.

"That's all there is to the plant above ground," he said. "By nightfall they will have withered."

ONE day while on the march he came back to my *tipoye* and asked me to come to the head of the line with him. There was something he wanted to show me, and as we passed the porters some of them called out questioning remarks about what sounded like "butterfly trees." Still, I was not prepared for what burst upon me when we reached a little glade. There, on the banks of a tiny, sluggish stream, were a half-dozen trees of some gray-barked, fine-leafed variety. One of them was completely covered with blossoms of every conceivable hue. Two others seemed just beginning to blossom.

"Some bouquet, eh?" L'loni remarked. Then to his gunbearer, "Mpika, go over and give a branch a couple of shakes."

The boy grinned and did as commanded. The blossoms shattered off, but instead of falling, they fluttered off to another tree.

"Butterflies!" I exclaimed. "I never saw so many. Why do they settle on just those little gray trees?"

"I don't know," L'loni answered. "A couple of scientists came out here a few years ago just to study butterflies, and even they couldn't tell why the butterflies choose this particular tree for a roost. At first they thought the butterflies drank the sap, but they couldn't find any scars on the bark and the tree is never injured unless a small limb cracks or breaks off from the weight."

"Broken down by butterflies," I laughed. I've seen such trees many times since and I never cease to wonder about them.

For days L'loni had been using pidgin English, and I was picking up the tongue. At the same time I had continued to feel comfortable about my Hausa; I had been told that it was the lingua franca of the native population of the West Coast.

"You're well beyond coastal territory now," L'loni remarked as if reading my mind.

"What language do they speak at N'zem?"

"Luobolanga."

I thought of the months at Tani when I tried to diagnose and treat patients in spite of the drawback of an interpreter. Now again I had no tongue, no ears.

"You'll get along," L'loni assured me. "I'll get you a teacher." But I had no illusions about the difficult labor ahead of me.

The last night before we reached N'zem, L'loni asked me to marry him.

"For heaven's sake!" was all I could get out at first.



Don't be
HALF-SAF



by VALDA SHERMA

Many mysterious changes place in your body as you ture. Now, the apocrine g under your arms begin t crete daily a new type of spiration containing milky substances will — if they reach your dress — cause stains and clinging odor.

You'll face this problem throughou manhood. It's not enough merely to st odor of this perspiration. You must no a deodorant that stops the perspiration before it reaches — and ruins — your clo

As doctors know, not all deodorant both perspiration and odor. But Arrid It's been proved that the new cream d ant Arrid stops underarm perspiration days safely—keeps underarms dry and

Remember this, too. Arrid's antisept tion kills odor on contact — prevents f tion of odor up to 48 hours and keep "shower-bath" fresh. And it's safe for —safe for fabrics.

So, don't be half-safe. Don't risk happiness with half-safe deodorant *Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure.* Arrid Creamogen will not dry out, and it's so ant and easy to apply. Get Arrid today.



INGROWN NA
Hurting Y
Immedia
Relief

A few drops of OUTGRO® bring blessed relief tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTGRO so ens the skin underneath the nail, allows the na be cut and thus prevents further pain and disc fort. OUTGRO is available at all drug count

TALL GALS
SEND FOR FREE SHOE BOOK
BUY DIRECT! MAIL PENNY POSTAL T FOR OUR NEW FREE 24 PAGE BOOK
Stage, Screen Stars, Societ Shoecraft Tall Gals 5th Ave, B Famous for Fashion and Fit in to 12; AAAAA to C. Money back ointed if returned unworn in 10
SHOECRAFT 603 FIFTH AVE. - NEW Y



CHIGNON by Joseph Fleischer

)ur new hairdo
set to stay
you
)LD YOUR HAIR
IE VENIDA WAY
nd made of human hair, there's a
nida net for every hairdo, every
r shade, every occasion *every day*.
en a special CHIGNON net. A
nida hair net is an indispensable
cessory — yet only YOU know
u're wearing it!

olors 20c for $2.25 single or double mesh Grey, white 25c 12 for $2.75

At drug and dept. stores

VENIDA
The Guaranteed
HAIR NET
rules the waves

He was sitting across the campfire from me and he grinned, but his tone was gentle. "No, Ellen, for your and for my sake. I can give you as nice a house as there is in Léopoldville, and everything that goes with it. And security. I'm not too young, and neither are you, and I'm not pretending I get hot and cold when I look at you, but . . . Africa can be an awfully lonely place, if one doesn't have someone to come back to after trips into the bush."

"But, L'loni, I—I'm a missionary."

"Isn't homemaking Christian work?" he answered. "Love, for people our age, Ellen, isn't what it is for young folks. Friendship and respect are what count. Young love has to boil down to that anyway if it is to last a lifetime. I've never bought a black woman. I've never carried booze in my trade goods. I make a good profit, but what I sell doesn't hurt any purchaser. I stick by my bargains ——"

"L'loni," I broke in, "how old are you?"

"Thirty-five."

"I'm old enough to be your mother. You'll find some nice girl nearer your own age. There's Sister Susanne, for instance."

"Let me pick out my wife, Ellen."

L'loni didn't say much more about the matter, but any time I might have wished, for the next two decades, I could have moved into Léopoldville and taken my place as wife of one of the richest men in the territory.

The next day we reached N'zem, and as we entered the village, L'loni swore softly.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Doctor Mary's kraal," he answered, pointing out a small clump of huts. "There's her house, and her hospital, and her dispensary. They didn't burn her huts! They

Most folks are about as happy as they make up their minds to be. —ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

believe that when a person is born, two spirits struggle for ascendancy in him—Leza, who is good, and Mifwa, who is evil. When a man or woman dies, they build him a little hut out near the swamp into which they throw the body, and they hang an effigy of the person in the doorway so the spirit will know that that is to be its home from then on. And to make sure that no evil spirit comes back to live in the village, they burn the hut it used while alive. They must be so certain that Doctor Mary's soul was very, very good that they left her huts standing for her spirit's home. It's the first time I ever saw this happen."

The villagers had known for days that we were coming, and as we entered N'zem a feast was in preparation.

"For you as Doctor Mary's successor," L'loni told me.

There was not a great variety of food, but plenty of it, and the quantities consumed were a thing to marvel at. The men and women swelled visibly as they gorged themselves, and, once the feast had begun, no one but L'loni and me stopped eating until every scrap had been consumed.

The next morning L'loni brought around an old man who was to be my language teacher. He was wealthy, L'loni told me. He had many women in his kraal who had borne him many daughters, and these he had sold and was still selling to good advantage. Naturally, only a man of such standing merited the importance of being my teacher. Besides, he knew more pidgin English than any of his tribesmen. L'loni armed me with a few phrases in the local dialect, such as, "What is your name?" "What do you call this?" and, "I am hungry. I am thirsty." These I memorized.

That afternoon L'loni went on, leaving me and Jackie, my gunbearer, behind in N'zem. He also left behind about two hundred and fifty pounds of salt.

"I'll bring you some every time I come through," he told me. "Your money is practically no good here, but salt will buy you anything. A little bit, remember—measure it out by the spoonful. A spoonful for a bunch



"SEE! Sofskin did wonders for my rough DRYSKIN HANDS!"



Wonderful new cream softens 3 Kinds of Dryskin!



Soapy-water chapping . . . Dishwashing makes hands look *older*. Use Sofskin for a younger look!

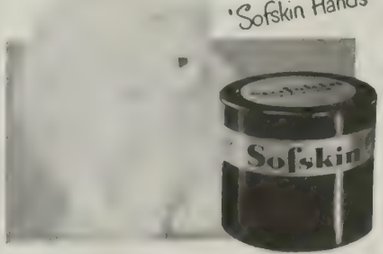
Hard-water dryness . . . Hands feel dry, drawn! See how Sofskin softens your dry, surface skin!

Cold-weather roughness . . . Hands rough, red? Sofskin's creamy richness beautifies!

YOUR DRYSKIN HANDS FEEL SMOOTHER, LOOK YOUNGER...IN SECONDS!

The moment you smooth on Sofskin Creme, your hands feel the difference! Dry surface skin seems to lap up its creamy goodness. For this amazing cream *penetrates* . . . doesn't just slick the top. Made with true skin-softeners, it smooths 3 kinds of dryskin . . . cold-weather roughness, soapy-water chapping, hard-water dryness. Suddenly you, too, have 'Sofskin' Hands . . . lovely to his eyes, thrilling to his touch!

Soft as 'Sofskin' Hands



So successful, 3 out of 5 who try it, buy it! Available at all drug and cosmetic counters.

Sofskin Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. CREME

GET BIG 25¢ JAR luxurious Sofskin ONLY 10¢

MAIL TODAY! Send coin — no stamps
Sofskin Co., Dept. 105, Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me big 25¢ jar of luxurious Sofskin Creme. I enclose 10¢ in coin.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State ____



"Here are two delicious Van Camp's products that will help you solve the problem of many a quick and tasty meatless meal . . . **Van Camp's Spanish Rice** and **Van Camp's Tenderoni.** The Spanish Rice is colorful and rich in flavor . . . combines happily with shredded fish or shrimp. Tenderoni is always light and fluffy . . . cooks in only 7 minutes . . . needs no blanching . . . extra tempting with cheese, seafood, tomato and other sauces. Enjoy them both . . . now . . . often."

1861 1951

VAN CAMP'S
90TH
ANNIVERSARY

On TELEVISION *Look · Listen · Enjoy*
"Van Camp's LITTLE SHOW"
Tues. and Thurs. Evenings NBC-TV *Network*

of bananas, or three or four chickens. A handful for a goat. Make it last until I come back. Your own health, maybe even your life, may depend on it."

The fourth morning after L'loni had left, I heard a gentle cough outside my door as I stretched and yawned preparatory to getting up. A moment later, there was another discreet cough and the door opened slowly to admit what had very evidently been Doctor Mary's tea tray. The tray was followed by a tall, handsome youth in a white *kanzu*.

"Good morning, *mama*," he greeted me in English with a broad Scottish accent. "I am Achmed. I will have your bath ready in five minutes."

While I stared, he placed the tray across my knees, picked up my garments of the day before and went out with them. On the tray were a little stack of freshly baked mealie cakes, fruit and a glass of milk. Five minutes later, Achmed appeared with two jars of hot water.

"This waters is for your face and hands and foots, *mama*," he explained. "And this waters is for your elsewheres."

He picked up the empty tray and almost backed out of my presence. I arose and bathed. When I stepped outside the hut, yesterday's garments already fluttered on a line Achmed had stretched between the trunks of two mango trees. Half of N'zem was lined up staring at them in admiring wonder.

I was as curious as the villagers. "Where did you come from?" I demanded. "And who in the world are you?"

The *kanzu*-clad stranger snapped to attention, folded his arms across his breast, and bowed from the waist. "I am Achmed, *mama*. I am your houseboy. I will be a good servant, *mama*, never fear. The Bwana L'loni sent me. He said you would pay me sixteen francs a month."

Achmed never told me much about himself. When I asked him where he came from, he would wave his hand and say, "Over there," vaguely indicating the east. It was not until L'loni came through again half a year later that I learned his story. He was from Kenya Colony, a Kavirondo with some Arab in his blood, who had been sent to a mission school in Kismu.

Achmed was with me the rest of that first term of service; and when I returned to the United States on my first furlough, he accompanied me to Léopoldville, where I found him a position in a French household.

Men are like wines, age souring the bad, and bettering the good. —CICERO.

N'ZEM remembered Doctor Mary with love and complete confidence in her powers of healing. And now that she was gone, they came to me, the Little White Witch Doctor, with such helpless appeal in their faces and trust in my abilities that I quite honestly believe I healed by faith alone. Doctor Mary, that wise old woman, had known all along that I would go to N'zem, and had left her medical books and journals there for me, all carefully wrapped in oiled cloth against the ravages of mold, and stored in a galvanized-iron trunk to protect them from the white ants. I read late into the night, every night, until I knew those few books almost by heart.

I worked seven days a week, ten, twelve, even sixteen hours a day. I never felt isolated or lonely. I was surrounded almost every waking hour by people who, although I could not converse with them for several months, communicated with me nevertheless and who needed me.

At least twice a week I took my gun and Jackie and, with perhaps a half-dozen men tagging along, went out after game. We could go east or south into the jungle, or west toward the great plains beyond which stretched The Hungry Country; but we could not go to the north. In that direction, across the little N'zem, tributary of the Tani River, stretched mile upon mile of an apparently endless swamp.

Doctor Mary had gone into that swamp. The Pygmies lived there, the true "little men"—not the Batwa hybrids, who are merely five-foot half-breeds living on the edge of the great swamp. The Pygmie[s] been Doctor Mary's friends, as all h[er] beings were.

Even on the days when I hunted, I ten ministered to as many as a hu[n]dred sick people. In Tani I had kept an o[p]en file of my patients. At the end of th[e] fortnight at N'zem, I burned what r[ec]ords I had jotted down, and used the tim[e] and energy they would have consumed in e[s]tablishing a ward of sorts in a hut next [to] the dispensary. I could have filled that h[ut] times over the first day. And when a [man] or woman or child enters the "sick kra[al]" a white witch doctor, he does not come [a]lone; his relatives bring him. They throw up [t]heir shelters as near the "sick kraal" as the [w]itch doctor will allow, and care f[or] the physical needs of the patient.

Nevertheless, I knew immediately I would need nurses, and one night I [a]sked Achmed's advice concerning suitable w[o]men.

"In hospitals that I have known, [a]ll the nurses were all men," he told me.

"Why men?" I asked.

He was very patient. "Because, [e]ffendi, when a girl is big and strong enough [to] work you require, she is old enough [to] husband and a hoe and babies."

As I approached my work the next [m]orning, it seemed to me there were more [p]eople waiting outside my door than ever [b]efore. Each one of the miserable wretches [w]anted to talk to me and none of them could. My back began to ache before the day was [h]alf over, and finally a thousand little [d]emons, each with a knife in its hand, perched [t]hemselves on my shoulder blades and [w]ere hacking away at the base of my brain. [A]t least that's the way it felt. It was my first attack of malaria.

Stupidly enough, I did not diagnose my own symptoms. I only knew I became excruciating[ly] hard for me to wait while the patient mouthed the nonsense syllables [that] seemed so necessary to his peace of mind before he moved on to make room for the next.

"No wonder Doctor Mary killed [herself] here," I muttered bitterly, forgetting that my predecessor had lived to a ripe old age.

The shadows were long when my last patient hobbled away. I turned back into the dispensary and sank into a chair, too [tired] to sterilize my instruments and put away my bandages and drugs, too exhausted to walk the fifty feet between the dispensary and my hut where I knew the ever-willing Achmed was already preparing a hot bath.

If it had been Achmed coming to call, I would have heard his step; he was very careful that I should. But there was no sound whatsoever until someone behind me coughed. I didn't move, and the cough was repeated.

"Go away and come back tomorrow," I exclaimed petulantly.

There were a few seconds of silence, then again that cough. Then I remembered that only Achmed of all the souls in N'zem could understand my English; only Jackie and the Hausa. I felt thoroughly beaten. Perhaps I would have burst into womanly tears had not a vagrant breeze wafted into my face such a stench as I hope never to have to smell again. I whirled about, full of wrath and quite enough energy to deal with any new problem. Facing me stood the most gauntest, most wrinkled old woman I had ever seen, stark-naked except for a goatskin slung over her back and knotted across her shoulder.

I looked her over from head to foot. She did not drop her eyes; instead, she looked back at me until I, forgetting my knowledge of the local language, waved her permission to speak.

Then I gasped in amazement, for she spoke slowly, laboriously, but in perfect English and with an Oxford accent, "Mistress, I am to be a mother."

More astonishing than the old woman's English was the term of respect she had used. I had grown so used to the ubiquitous "Mem," which implies not only respect and a

w to bake a better pie shell on the ck of your pie pan

a pie-baking hint from
MARIE GIFFORD
rmour's famous home economist



e crust pies hold their shape better d shrink less—when you bake them e outside of your pie pan. Shape the over the back of the pan, and then o the edges. Prick the crust liberally the tines of a fork to prevent rs. Bake in 425° oven for 12-15 tes—cool and fill.



ake your pie crusts deliciously flaky tender every single time — use our Star Lard! It's America's perfect lard—the lard of pie-baking cham- s. And be sure to follow Marie rd's 5-minute pie crust recipe. 'll find it printed on both the carton the new 3 lb. tin. It's an easy, can't- recipe—you mix all ingredients at n temperature. Armour Star Lard es deliciously tender hot breads and uits—makes fried foods more digest- too!

a pie-baking question? Just write Marie Gifford, Dept. 453, Box 2053, our and Company, Chicago 9, Illi- . She will help you with any pie- ing problem you may have. Write to ie Gifford, too, for an interesting booklet of her favorite baking recipes.



Armour Star Lard

he all-pure lard that stays fresh hout refrigeration. Remember, lard saves you money, too!

but some claim on the white woman's charity, that I wondered just what she meant.

She read the inquiry in my eyes and spoke again, "Mistress, I wish to be a mother."

At this she slid the goatskin around until a pouch formed by the broad part of the pelt rested directly on her hip. Almost as a tabby cat would pick up a kitten, the woman's clawlike fingers closed around the back of an infant and held it out to me.

At first I thought it was newborn, then I saw that the navel cord, which had received no more attention than the cord of a zebra colt newly foaled on the veld, was dried up hard as a twig and ready to drop off of itself. The infant had never been cleaned from birth, and its lower body was so completely plastered with its own filth that it was impossible even to tell what sex it was.

Then the baby whimpered, and the woman took a cautious step forward, dropped it into my lap, and leaped back like a child or pet that has learned to expect blows instead of caresses. Involuntarily I shut my nostrils against the stench.

As I did so, all the cumulative weariness of the past months engulfed me and I lashed out at the woman with a storm of unreasoning words. Under my outburst, the hag shrank into a corner near the doorway, but she did not go away. She watched me, keen-eyed, until I wore myself out; then she opened her lips and slowly repeated her message: "Mis-tress-I-wish-to-be-a-mother." Perfect English, but the only words she knew in the language.

My temper tantrum over, momentarily, I sighed and turned my attention to the repulsive bit of humanity on my lap. There was no doubt that it needed immediate attention.

As I worked, night fell and I lighted a lamp. Then Achmed came to scold me for working too long. I showed him the child, but when I turned to point out the old woman, she was nowhere to be seen. Neither inside the dispensary nor within sight outside it, although I circled the hut and shouted.

I carried the child back to my living *dukas* and laid it on a chair. In a few minutes Achmed came in bearing a calabash neatly sawed in two. Deftly, but disdainfully, he transferred my new charge to its odd but excellent cradle.

"I would not like you to forget and sit on the little worm," he told me. "The wash *boy* would never be able to get its filth out of your skirts."

Achmed maintained that attitude toward the child, but he helped me keep it alive. For my part, I shall never again look upon a newborn child as something delicate; the tenacity with which that bit of abused flesh clung to life was amazing.

I had two goats which supplied milk for my table, and Achmed caught one of the nannies and tied her to my doorjamb. He milked a spoonful while I warmed a little sweetened water over my lamp; then, with an eye dropper, I gave the child its first taste of food. The drop of warm, weak food disappeared, but I could not tell where—into its lungs, its throat, or merely through the membranes into its dehydrated body. I placed another tiny drop on its tongue.

That first feeding took upward of an hour, and Achmed stood beside me the whole time, cupping the glass that held the milk and water in his hands, in order to keep it warm, and holding it over the lamp whenever I looked at him. It was an intense and exhausting hour, but before it was over the tiny tongue was moving, sucking at the tip of the medicine dropper. Then the little head lolled sideways on its fragile stem of a neck and there was the faintest breath of a snore.

Achmed and I straightened up and looked at each other, triumph in every line of our faces. My houseboy called my attention back to the child.

"See? Mata Kwan sleeps," he announced.

"Mata Kwan." I rolled the soft syllables over my tongue. "I like the sound of the name you have given the child, but what do the words mean?"

"Mata Kwan, the Son-of-a-Goat."

Supper over, I went back to my sleeping *dukas*, and stopped in the doorway to stare.

Quick, easy fudge



Recipes for these 3 treats on package!



The favorite for richer chocolate flavor!



Money can't buy better pudding or pie....

MY-T-FINE dessert



makes it so quick and easy!

COMMENDED BY PARENTS' MAGAZINE

© 1951 PENICK & FORD LTD., INC.

MY-T-FINE DESSERTS...8 DELICIOUS FLAVORS

Made by the makers of Vermont Maid Syrup and Brer Rabbit Molasses.

"That Formfit Look"

Life by Formfit

First Choice...

FOR FIT, FOR COMFORT, FOR A SWEETHEART OF A FIGURE

Know why *more women wear Formfit than any other make?* One reason is that regardless of your bust size or development, there's a Life Bra by Formfit to give *you* a high, young, naturally lovelier bustline . . . with blissful comfort and freedom! The secret is in the exclusive way Formfit designs Life Bras to LIFT, MOLD, CORRECT, HOLD. Tailored-to-fit, with quilted cushions for healthful support, plus elastic insets for free-action comfort. Be fitted and see what thrilling things a Life Bra can do for *you!* At better stores everywhere.

Life Bras from $1.25

THE FORMFIT COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK

There was the strange old woman, squatting on the floor beside the chair on which Mata Kwan's absurd cradle rested. Without a word or even a change of expression, she arose, walked to the door, and milked a few spoonfuls from nanny into the glass Achmed had used. Again I warmed water over the lamp with which to dilute the milk and fed Mata Kwan, who must have downed all of two tablespoonfuls. I made no move that escaped the woman's scrutiny.

Knowing what was ahead of me that night, I wondered if it were worth while to go to bed at all, but finally I undressed, set the alarm clock to go off in a half hour, turned down the light, and unrolled a straw mat on the floor. Then I motioned to the woman that she, too, should get what rest she could. I was groggy from the malaria and exhaustion, but before I feel asleep I saw her wrap the straw mat about her shoulders. Then she squatted beside the chair, staring at the calabash cradle.

Every half hour during that night I awoke and fed and otherwise cared for the baby. The next morning when I woke at the usual time for my breakfast, the woman was nowhere to be seen. Mata Kwan was sleeping peacefully, as he sucked spasmodically at the tips of two of his fingers. I heaved a sigh of relief, realizing that this baby in one troubled night had already woven itself into the fabric of my life.

ACHMED brought my breakfast tray and I asked him about the old woman.

"That one!" he murmured disdainfully. "No, I don't know who she is. No, I don't know where she came from. But I know she was here." He sniffed with emphasis.

I carried Mata Kwan to the dispensary that morning, Achmed trailing behind with nanny on a string. He came to fetch me—and the goat—when lunch was ready, and took us back after a short siesta.

Often I thought of the strange old woman's absence when other people were about, and of her immediate appearance when I was alone. Everyone in the village of N'zem knew she was about, yet no one saw her but me. During the daylight hours she hid herself like a furtive animal.

At the end of two days I had Mata Kwan's body completely clean. He had a beautiful little body, perfect in every way.

I tried to question the old woman in English, French and what little I knew of the N'zem dialect. She understood my gestures and that was all. But these she understood well. By the end of a week she was caring for Mata Kwan, not as a tribal sister would have done, but as though he were a white baby—diapers, daily bath, regular feedings, naps.

In two weeks Mata Kwan more than doubled his weight. It took ten eggs to balance him on the rude pair of scales I had mad of bamboo fiber and banana leaves. Wh had first arrived, his weight balanced slightly more than four eggs. And wh wanted fresh diapers, or food, he mad desires known in squawks that would done credit to any other child of his age

Therefore, when Jackie, my gunb came to me with the statement, "*Mama* more than half a moon now since the p of N'zem have had fresh food and hunger for it," I told him:

"ALL right, Jackie, tomorrow we'll go ing. The old woman can take care of Kwan as well as I. And ——"

Again I was thinking aloud, and befor day was over there was proof that alth the old woman might not be in my sight others were around, I was constantl hers—and in this case in her hearing as

"*Mama,*" she said to me that eve "you can leave the child with me while kill flesh food for the village cooking p

I don't know which surprised me m that she had called me *mama* instea mistress, or that she had spoken to m stumbling Hausa! Had I only known could have talked with her two weeks b when she had brought me Mata K

We talked a long time that night. Agan I soon learned her name—was as natu garrulous as all her African sisters, bu had bred caution in her. We talked mos Mata Kwan—what a perfectly formed he had, how beautiful he was, his chan attaining manhood in spite of the mali spirits that surround every child at Then we talked of my work.

Aganza picked up my hand, turning i way and that, prodding the palm and j with her fingers. "It would never do fo hoe," she told me at length. "The skin the flesh underneath are soft. My hand she dropped my palm and spread out her fingers before her eyes—"my hands meant for shaping pots and pounding and wielding the hoe. They could never torn flesh and fasten it together again."

"Nonsense!" I started to say, but word died on my lips as my heart leap the thought that had just occurred to "Aganza!" I grasped her knee in my ex ment. "Why don't you stay with me learn how to care for sick people? You w learn quickly, very quickly—I know it. you stay, Aganza? Can you?"

Gently the old woman answered, "I stay with you. I will not go back wit Mata Kwan, and if I took him back, would kill him."

Long after Mata Kwan had outgrow calabash cradle, Aganza slept beside

(Continued on Page 162)



"He came back!!"





Two, with a talent for flattery, to take you straight from Spring through the end of Summer. The charming dress at upper right, in **Tebilized spun rayon** with fagoting trim and swaying skirt. In aqua, pink, white, gold. Sizes 12 to 20, 38 to 44, 12½ to 24½. The decorative costume at center, a slender sundress of **Tebilized spun rayon** with its own curving bolero of lustrous cotton lace. White dress with coral; aqua with brown; gold with brown; pink with navy. Sizes 10 to 20. Each, **$14.95.** For name of nearest L'Aiglon store, write L'Aiglon Apparel, Inc., 1350 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y

Tebilized stands for a superfine and tested crease-resistance that lasts the fabric's lifetime. Tebilized on the tag of your L'Aiglon dresses means that they'll stay wonderfully fresh and that any slight creases will hang out overnight. No wonder you'll find the Tebilized mark on the world's fine fabrics, the world's loveliest clothes.



We're
Just Right for You in

Slumberon



BUY ON PROOF Make the convincing "Seeing is Believing" test at your favorite store. Prove to yourself, before you buy, why Slumberon is the mattress that is *just right* for you.

Slumberon's secret of superb sleeping comfort is the exclusive combination of Ortho-Flex and Si-Latex.

ORTHO-FLEX...

Burton-Dixie's patented innerspring unit. Hundreds of "magic fingers" provide *individual* coil control. Ortho-Flex gives you a more level sleeping surface...buoyant controlled body support.

SI-LATEX...

Burton-Dixie's miracle comfort cushion that makes Slumberon America's smoothest, most luxurious mattress. Si-Latex insulates all spring feel and assures definitely longer mattress life.

Burton-Dixie
CORPORATION • CHICAGO 8, ILLINOIS
MAKERS OF FINE SLEEPRODUCTS

ALSO MAKERS OF KOT-N-TOP PILLOWS, DELUXE BEDSPRINGS, BURTONIGHTERS, STUDIO COUCHES

(Continued from Page 160)

I don't know where she was born, but it was surely in Hausa territory, for that was the half-forgotten language of her childhood. As nearly as I can estimate, she was about my own age, somewhere in her forties. Her father had been neither wealthy nor prominent, and by African standards she had not been strikingly beautiful; therefore her first marriage had been a simple sale to a neighbor, who already had a half-dozen wives and a score of children. After her first three children had died at birth, her husband had palmed her off on an unsuspecting stranger. With her second husband, Aganza's wandering had begun, and she could no more list for me all the villages she had lived in than she could number her husbands or count her children. This man had sold her in anger because he did not like the way she cooked his mealies; that one, in order to raise money with which to pay his hut tax.

When she could bear no more children, a labor recruit had bought her for a song. He beat her unmercifully, and Aganza harbored no ill will in her heart, for that is normal conduct for men. She would work hard and earn the money for a younger sister wife and so perhaps, if the jungle spirits were willing, she might purchase for herself a few years of peace.

But the spirits of the jungle had not been willing that there should be peace for Aganza. In the village of N'Titierte, her new home, there was a man by the name of U'boli who was markedly different from his relatives and neighbors. U'boli's father owed his life to the quick thinking, courage and skill of a white man when the two of them had been charged by a wounded buffalo. And when the black man had asked how he could discharge the debt he owed him, the white man had answered, "Give me one of your sons."

U'boli's father had placed his son's small hand in the white man's big one and had watched the two of them walk away together. His father had never expected to see U'boli again, but in a half-dozen years the boy returned, his body grown to manhood and his head full of such foolishness as the village of N'Titierte had never heard before.

He had with him curious things he called "books." When he chose his wife from among the village girls, he insisted that the marriage fee be called a gift instead of a price. And since U'boli had returned to his people a rich man and the gifts he sent were numerous and impressive, the bride's father was not inclined to quarrel over a matter of terms.

U'boli's wife had only to express a wish for an ornament and it was hers, but, plead or storm as she would, there were no sister wives. Instead, when she argued that the labor of hut and garden was too much for one wife, he had pounded the mealies himself and would have gone to the gardens with her had she not forbidden it.

THE young wife's pregnancy had apparently been normal, but labor had been difficult. Aganza, as one of the old women of the village, had tried to help her.

She said, "The child cried out, but the mother never spoke again. Presently the women returned and bound the living child to the dead woman's breast and wrapped the two of them in palm-fiber matting. Then they each picked up some small thing in payment for their services, and went away again. Because I had worked harder than any of the others, I had the right to a bigger fee. As I looked about for what I might take, I heard the baby stir under its matting. I am not a thief, *mama*. But many thoughts came into my head when I heard the child stir. I remembered that I had borne many children, and those who lived had been taken from me. And . . . *mama*, I undid the matting and looked at the child. I picked it up in my arms and held it. That—that is a very pleasant thing to do, *mama*."

The old woman's face was tremulous with pleading that I might not blame her.

I nodded understanding. "But why did the women bind the child onto its dead mother's breast? Why didn't one of take it?"

"How could a village woman feed less she had a baby of her own?" A demanded in surprise. "And having of her own, what woman would rob it o for a stranger?"

"But to bind a child onto its dead er's breast and cast it, perhaps still li into the slime of a swamp or to the bea vultures or fangs of jackals!" I excla "That is needless cruelty."

"Have you ever heard the wails of a gry child, *mama*? Of a very hungry That is hard for a woman to hear, hard man to listen to also, *mama*. Since the must die, it is better that it die quickly

"But Mata Kwan didn't die! He without food and care for—how many were you on the trail coming to me?"

"I slipped away that night, and six the sun rose and set before I reached she answered.

N'TITIERTE was, roughly, two hundred fifty miles away. The old woman had ered at least forty miles at each spell of ing, and she had done the bravest thi African ever attempts—she had travel night when the most fearsome beasts o are feeding.

"What gave you the courage?"

U'boli had entered the hut as she cr the child in her arms, Aganza told m stared at his son and touched its hea when he spoke to Aganza, his voice, alth low, was very firm. He told her she bring the child to me. He told her what to follow in order to reach N'zem, and she must say upon arrival.

> **Being young is a fault which improves daily.**
> —SWEDISH PROVERB.

"At first I was not mind to do what he manded, *mama*," Ag told me. "But sudd the thought occurre me that if I did, and he said, your magic great enough to keep child alive, and if"—the old woman b off and looked at me sharply—"an *mama*, I could manage so that no searching for runaway *cattle* might eve me—then no one could take this child a from me!"

We built Aganza and Mata Kwan a beside my own and she became my stay.

At first I thought I might train her to me so that I could have leisure for wh called "more intensive study and proper of myself," but at the end of a few mo Aganza and I were sharing responsibiliti most as equals. I never saw anyone a knowledge with greater facility or app more naturally.

As my clinical safaris into the bus creased I found that it was frequently *my* fame that had spread.

"Do you come from Mother Agan more than one headman asked me. The would go on: "My oldest son by my wife suffered from a hunting wound tha not heal. He went to this black witch do in whose kraal you live, and she took a and cut away the jagged edges of fles which the devils festered. Now my son's b is clean and whole."

Our hospital grew, too, hut by hut, when Doctor Early visited us, we had a colony of eight *dukases*. My superior made the trip to N'zem ostensibly as a toral call, but I believed he came to see himself if the work at N'zem had develo sufficiently to merit a substitute while I on furlough.

I made no attempt to repress the pri felt as I showed him my ménage. He tated a moment when I led him past Agan hut next to my own, and I tensed myself the criticism I anticipated: whites li next door to blacks—tsch! tsch! tsch!

When he spoke, it was to say, "Wh first came to Africa, my hut was built so c to that of the headman's that rain from roofs dripped into the same mud puddle.

"Well?" I demanded. "Did you do be or worse work?"

(Continued on Page 164)



ALL THE *Glamor* OF COLOR . . . IN SHEETS AS *Strong* AND FIRM AS LADY PEPPERELL'S FAMOUS *Whites*!

Lady Pepperells have everything!

e colors are so lovely there are *more* Pepperell colored sheets in use than other brand. And Lady Pepperells give extra long wear thanks to their super-sturdy construction. Yes, in pink, blue, maize, rose, aqua, peach, Spring green, *or* white, these sheets bring you luxury *and* strength.

Over 1,000 extra threads give extra strength!

Lady Pepperell Superfine Muslins have more than 144 threads—10% more than regular muslins—to every single square inch! In a 81" x 108" sheet, you get 8,748 square inches. Simple arithmetic shows you get 1,188 *more* threads, 104,976 *more inches* of thread in a Superfine Muslin than a regular muslin. Stands to reason that a closer, tighter weave means a finer, firmer, stronger sheet!

Tests prove Superfine Muslins ⅓ stronger where it counts!

Most of the *extra* threads in Superfine Muslins are *crosswise* threads and crosswise threads get the most wear. Now laboratory tests show Pepperell Superfine Muslins ⅓ stronger *crosswise*. New proof that you can't find a tter sheet for your money whether you choose color or traditional white!



PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



THE LITTLE CUFF-LINK BLOUSE... *simple yet elegant...*
the one fashion you can scarcely do without these days.
Dual-personality collar for change of mood.
Jewel-type cuff links, fine pearl buttons, white and ceramic colors.
In two ever lovely, ever washable fabrics—
Pediloom nylon-and-rayon crepe **4.00**
Fine combed cotton broadcloth **3.50**

SHIP 'n SHORE Blouses

SUSQUEHANNA, 1350 BROADWAY, N. Y. 18



(Continued from Page 162)

He laughed. "You can't always measure life by that yardstick, Ellen. I was young, inexperienced, and I had no help whatsoever in learning the language—or anything else; but nobody crept into my hut and drove a spear through me while I slept. That's something."

Aganza was not in the hospital when I showed him through the dispensary, but I talked a lot about her, as there were evidences of her handiwork everywhere. A moment later I pointed Aganza out, bending over a little fire in front of her hut, cooking her *posho*. She must have looked to him like any other woman preparing the evening meal.

"For heaven's sake, Ellen, why haven't you put a dress on her?"

The human mind plays curious tricks. I can honestly say that, although I resented Aganza's nakedness the day she first appeared, after I was drawn heart and soul into the battle for Mata Kwan's life I never again thought of clothes in connection with her. I don't know when she discarded the rotting goatskin she had worn then; now she had on a strip of bark cloth of native manufacture. It was scrupulously clean, but it barely covered her from her navel to her thighs.

"Why should she strive to be different from her people except in the ways that are really constructive?" I defended.

Doctor Early laughed. "It is the formal thing for a Christian convert."

"But—but ——" How could I confess to my superior that my mainstay in my work was still pagan? "But she—she—is not—Lemuel, she is a Christian who has not yet confessed Christianity," I hedged.

"What's her reason for holding off?" he asked, but went on before I could answer, "Religion is a curious thing, Ellen. With most people, religious decisions come from the heart. Then there is a phase when it is entirely logical. But if it is to endure, it must be mind and heart working together."

Moral qualities rule the world, but at short distances the senses are despotic.
—EMERSON.

I tried to explain. "She says she can see that my medical practices are superior to those of the ordinary witch doctor. These things she is certain of because she can see them. But she can't see God or heaven. What can I say to persuade her?"

"Nothing. A mind like that has to convince itself. Continue your normal work. And wait. Time is on the side of truth, Ellen."

He was not so comforting when it came to determining the future of my station.

"I'm afraid we'll have to give it up," he told me.

I bridled instantly, but he held up a hand to shut off my protests.

"Now, now! Doctor Mary knew we'd have to give it up eventually. The swamp across the river is moving in—you can see that for yourself. Whether the ground is sinking or the water level is rising I'm not geologist enough to know, but in another five years you probably would have to go around in boots and bed your patients down in mud."

"What would Doctor Mary think of my deserting?" I demanded. "Her lifework that she built up ——"

"Doctor Mary is dead, and her lifework is ended," he answered. "It is now you and your lifework. Have you, during your itinerant work, come upon another place that would make a good site for an outstation?"

THEN I told him about N'Titierte, Aganza's village on the Oogau River. I had seen it on a hunting trip. Everything was in its favor, it seemed to me: the hills, the river, the number of villages in the surrounding countryside. Doctor Early kept nodding.

"I know the place. 'Big Bush,' the natives call it, from the appearance of the coral trees in bloom. N'Titierte means 'Big Bush,' you know."

We were both silent for a little while.

"But what about Doctor Mary's Pygmies?" I demanded.

"What about them?"

"She once told me—well, she was always making trips into the great swamp. She hoped that ——"

"Uh-huh, she hoped. She made a lot trips into the great swamp, and she nev got anywhere with the Pygmies—from missionary point of view, that is. All of have had our failures, Ellen. Even Doct Mary. She never sent us one Pygmy child the school and she never reported one Pygm convert."

"That's no reason why I should let do the work she started. I'm not going to p off my trip into the swamp any longer."

He answered, "You should go, Ellen, all means, at least once. And let me kn about it, won't you? I'm interested."

He started back to Tani that afternoo Before he went, he said, "Mother and I a leaving on our furlough very soon now. Do tor Charles will be in charge during my a sence. He's a good fellow, Sister Ellen; y can take your problems to him."

A FEW weeks later I left Aganza in char of the hospital and made my first trip in the great swamp. There were several peop in N'zem who said they could speak the Py mies' language. One of these I took alo into the swamp as a porter.

I also took my rifle, thinking that if I cou shoot some game and supply the Pygm with meat, it would help win their friendsh I forgot that the true Pygmies, among t cleverest hunters in the world, are the on African tribe that is able to subsist alm entirely on meat of its own procuring.

I took along half of the salt L'loni had me. Doctor Mary had said that when went on a search for Pygmies she acted though they were the farthest thing from mind, but that when she broke camp in morning, she left little heaps of salt in c spicuous places. I did same thing; then I doub back later to see if the s was gone. It always w The elusive little m were with me but, true their reputation, alwa out of sight. At the end two weeks my salt w gone, the other stores exceedingly low, a my porters discontented at the lack of fre meat, so I had to return to N'zem.

But every step of the way back I cou see Doctor Early's mocking face. If I c not find the Pygmies and establish wo among them, what reasons could I give continuing at N'zem?

The arguments were all against me, and I tried to meet the situation with ang Back at N'zem, I had a hot bath and a go night's rest, rounded up a new group of p ters, and prepared to invade the great swa once again with the rest of my trading s

The first trip had been difficult, but th are no words with which to describe the s ond. This time I insisted on striking direc toward the heart of the swamp in a strai line. All my *boys* objected, argued vocif ously, and in the end obeyed me. I know n that only an exaggerated sense of loyalty k them from deserting, for I led them direc into a dry swamp.

In my opinion nothing equals or even a proaches the horror of a dry swamp. So far I know, it is a purely African phenomen Overhead there is a green twilight in t tangle of gigantic jungle trees, many of th blanketed with a thick layer of lianas. U derfoot there is anywhere from six to eigh een inches of rotting vegetable glue, cover over with a half inch or so of dried mud th breaks into jagged fragments with every st scratching one's ankles and calves like p tery shards. The air is thick, day and nig with stinging, biting, voracious, bloodsu ing insects. There was no place to pitch tent or build a fire, so for two days we a cold food and for two nights we kept on feet.

The third morning my porters eith avoided my eyes or looked at me strange Their attitude could mean anything, and was so numb with suffering that I wonder vaguely if they were going to desert me, o I were going insane. And then we ran int colony of land crabs. Thousands upon tho sands of the repulsive things! Everythi

(Continued on Page 166)

After 25—drying skin begins to show...



Flaky dry skin patches on your cheeks, rough up your skin, spoil your make-up's smooth look.

Correct—Work into your cheeks *nightly* plenty of Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Swirl its softening help from chin-line *up* in front of ears. This lanolin-rich cream is homogenized to soak in better. Use a *light* film of this special cream under your make-up for day softening also.

These pictures show where drying skin on your face is most noticeable—and what you can do to help correct it!



Criss-Cross Lines Under Eyes will print themselves if your skin is dry, papery.

Smooth—Be sure to cream-over those tiny dry lines *lightly* with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Start from side corners of your eyes and tap cream *very gently* inward under eyes to nose. Feel, see how your dry, papery skin soaks up this cream's moistness.



Little Creases Settle By Earlobes when your skin begins to get dry and inelastic.

Flatten Out—Use first two fingers of each hand and make "U-turns" with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream back and forth under your ears. Cream from front of ears, under, then up in back. This helps flatten little dry-skin creases, keeps skin soft, resilient.

It's noticeable...the way skin begins to *look drier* after 25.

The trouble lies in the skin itself!

From 25 on, the natural oil that helps keep skin soft, pliant and young-looking starts decreasing. Before 40, skin may have lost as much as 20% of its own softening oil. And—without *enough oil*, your skin will seem to shrivel—tiny dry lines will start to show up where you don't want them.

But you can offset this drying out—by giving your skin an oil especially suited to its needs. You can use a dry skin cream that is *extra rich* in *lanolin*, which is very like the oil of the skin itself — this *special* rich cream is Pond's Dry Skin Cream.

See its effects on *your* skin. At night—work it in *thoroughly* for special softening. By day—use it *lightly* for a smooth look under your make-up. It brings your skin a softer, fresher, younger look immediately.

Be sure *you* get this wonderful help *now*.

MRS. ERNEST L. BIDDLE says: "I find Pond's Dry Skin Cream is perfect softening care for dry skin. It's an indispensable cream for me."

THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND says: "I've never known a cream to soften skin so beautifully as Pond's Dry Skin Cream. I find it a delightful help."



That Matronly-Looking Sagging starts so unpleasantly to show along your chin-line.

To Tone Up Chin-Line—Use thumb and first finger of each hand and "pinch along," from point of chin to up in front of your ears, with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. This treatment brings circulation up, and gives this dry skin the lift and *rich lubrication* it needs.



Thread-like Dry Lines on Forehead can dig unattractive little furrows to age you.

To Help Erase—Use a firm stroke to circle lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream *thoroughly* over your dry forehead skin. Pay special attention to skin at temples where little dry lines fasten on you. A special emulsifier in this rich cream gives your dry skin *extra*-softening help.

3 features make this cream effective

1. Rich in Lanolin—very like the skin's own oil
2. Homogenized—to soak in better
3. Special Emulsifier—for *extra* softening aid



Start this remarkable correction of your Dry Skin today

See *on yourself* how the use of this wonderful, *rich* cream *promptly* helps relieve skin dryness. How it helps combat loss of skin-softening oils . . . leaves your skin *feeling* softer, *looking* so much fresher and prettier.

You can *be lavish* when you use Pond's Dry Skin Cream—it is so sensibly priced—55¢, 31¢, 15¢, and 98¢ for the generous *biggest* jar (all plus tax).

Get your Pond's Dry Skin Cream today—you'll *never* be without it!

Join the RUST CRAFT Easter Card Parade



This year, be sure to select Rust Craft Cards to carry your warmest Easter greetings to relatives, friends and dear ones. The artistic designs portray the full significance of Easter — the Resurrection; also the familiar symbols . . . the choir . . . the church-goers . . . the flowers of Spring . . . the bunnies and the chicks . . . all reproduced from original paintings by members of the well-known Rust Craft Artists' Guild. You'll find a wide choice of sentiments, making it possible for you to select a card to carry each individual message in the way you yourself would like to say it.



And — so important now — there are special Easter Cards for dear ones and friends AWAY FROM HOME . . . let's not forget them!

Your RUST CRAFT Dealer

leads the Easter Card Parade with greetings that are expressive of the beauty of Eastertide. You'll find that Rust Craft Cards carry thoughts of renewed hope and rejoicing — not only at Easter, but all year round!

RUST CRAFT CARDS OF CHARACTER

The Kind You Like to Send and Receive

(Continued from Page 164)

from babies only a fraction of an inch in diameter to bearded grandfathers four or five inches across. If we relaxed our vigilance for a second, they were all over us with the persistence of ants. We slogged forward doggedly, slapping and slashing frantically at the crabs with sticks and leafy branches.

Then, just as suddenly, we were on dry land, if any portion of that bit of jungle can be called dry land. At least the dry swamp and its loathsome crabs were behind us. It was then that I understood the peculiar looks of my porters. In an effort to save our lives they had abandoned their loads during the night. At first I was too weary to care, but after I had rested for an hour, I realized that it would take from two to three years of my salary to replace my camping equipment. And my salt! My precious salt for the Pygmies was gone, every last grain of it.

"Why couldn't you have saved just a little?" I moaned. "Just one load!"

My headman sat down on his upturned heels directly in front of me and explained that the salt was nothing—we were without food and weapons, and in unknown, forbidding territory. Suddenly the headman, still squatting in front of me, began to sway and dance crazily. The rest of that day and most of the following night were a prolonged nightmare. After that I was conscious only of being shaken and rolled about. Days later, when I was back in N'zem and resting in my own bed, the headman and others of my porters told me what had happened.

"The hours passed and you fell silent. Too silent. You did not ask questions or tell us what we should do. You wept and you laughed and you wept again, and when we spoke to you and you did not reply to us we knew that the spirits of the Great Mother Forest were calling to you, and we debated among ourselves whether or not we should break open your skull and set your spirit free so that it might answer them. Then the jungle on one side parted and a band of the 'little men' slipped into our midst. They spread a length of game net on the ground and laid you on it beside a long pole. They wound the net around both you and the pole, and then several of them picked up each end of the pole. That is the way they carried you home. To us they gave a few pieces of fat for food and we followed along behind."

So I had found the Pygmies—or rather they had found me—I mused bitterly, and still I had not enjoyed so much as a glimpse of them.

The weather furnished the final argument in favor of moving my station while Doctor and Mrs. Early were on furlough. The wet season, of course, takes the place of winter in tropical Africa. Then it rains for two or three hours every day, beginning in the early afternoon, with sometimes a shower in the morning too. The sun may shine between times, but it is a sickly, wan-looking sun that makes only a halfhearted attempt at drying off the land. At other times, the heavens open and it pours for days on end without a break.

"Next year it will be the same," Achmed said to me one day. "And the year following that, it will also be the same. The river has drunk too much, *mama*, and cannot swallow any more. It is best that we go away."

We were all hungry. What food we had must last until the wild asparagus and spinach and celery and bamboo sprouts shot up through the hot earth and the game came back again. We could get along then until the women furrowed up their shambas and the carefully treasured seed sprouted. Many a night I lay on my bed wondering what would happen to my N'zemi, and the dozens of other villages up and down the river when the food was gone.

One night I lay awake torturing myself thus when I heard a strange sound. My bed, a variation of the typical N'zemi cot, was woven of rattan and hung on discarded drums which raised it about a foot fr ground. Every time I moved, the creaked.

I sat up, reached out to the bedside and picked up the box of matches lying I pried off the tin lid with my thur and struck a match.

At first I didn't see anything. Appa my visitor had stopped to watch me, I sat quiet, he moved again. Then him—and started up a shrieking such a the spirits of the unhappy and ma dead in a jungle storm can equal. I wa ing straight into the beady eyes of a puff adder, half of whose length was a sprawling across the end of my bed.

It seemed a lifetime before Aganza. don't know how many others, stood doorway. Seizing a spear from one of th she used it as a club, and with one sm blow crushed the adder a few inches b its head. A man leaped forward, grabb ugly, writhing thing by its tail, snap like a whip and carried it away.

Aganza shoved the others out. I ha perate need of her, for the blow tha killed the snake had broken one of the in my right leg just above the ankle. It clean break, and, working together, A and I pushed the edges of the bone bac alignment. I held them in place while A went to the dispensary for bandages, of Paris, and bamboo splints.

When we opened the plaster-of-Pa we found it filled with a neat little roc lid, which had been designed to keep sects and dust, was far from proof the wet air of a jungle rainy season.

> **Every true mother realizes at times that her children are only loaned to her.**
> —ELBERT HUBBARD.

As I sat there d up in bed, clutchi ankle with both ha tried to recall what I Mary had said she when she ran out of of Paris. It was a s papier-mâché made maize flour and th of a trailing ground vine. What wa name of that vine? I leaned over and at the floor of my hut as though would help me remember.

Then I knew why the adder had s my bed, why it had clung over the ed stead of dropping to the floor and slit away. Aganza was standing in at lea inches of water.

"We're—the village is flooded?" I g

"Yes, *mama*," she answered.

"The hospital, Aganza! We must tak of the people there no matter what pens." Without thinking, I let go ankle and moved both legs as thou swing them over the edge of the bed. I the two ends of bone grate as they slid and the pain of a red-hot spear shot c my thigh. "Where are the villagers?"

"The men are gathered about the h huts and are making a big palaver. who have hunted far away on higher la speaking of places where a village mi located. The women sit behind the men council, but now and then one of the ries off to her hut to search for wh might have overlooked and which she take with her to the new home. They w leave until light comes."

The hours until dawn were a night The muscles in my leg were beginni draw, and I knew that if we did not s bone immediately, removed from s medical help as we were, I should be a c for life. Somehow we pulled and push two edges of bone back together. Aganza placed and bound the splints. inwardly I bemoaned the lack of an with which to make a cast. I looked the room at the row of Doctor Mary's cal books. What help were they in emergency? Then I fairly whooped wit joy of my sudden inspiration.

We, too, must leave N'zem, and wasn't the faintest possibility that we take the books with us. After all, there one that was irreplaceable—or as valua me as a sound, straight leg.

"But how will we grind up the pape wailed, when I had told Aganza my pl

Elizabeth Arden



Her name
Her fame
Her genius

Spun-Cream Permanent Wave

ice nothing less than the best
er satisfies this greatest of beauty
thorities, there is a distinction
this wonderful home permanent
ich is recognized, and prized, by
auty-seeking, quality-conscious
men everywhere. It is the one
rmanent wave for home use with
actually spun into the magic
rling lotion.



N CURL PERMANENT, fast
d easy as setting your hair. Spun-
eam Lotion, special alloy Bob-pins,
irlstick, Curlcap, Neutralizer. $2.

OD CURL PERMANENT
rfect for all types and lengths of
ir. Spun-Cream Lotion, Rod Curlers,
ue Grass shampoo, hair pomade,
utralizer, cotton pads, curlcap.
.50. Refills, $1.65.

all prices plus tax

"In the same way women grind corn when they make *ksava*, maize beer," she answered. "Chew it up."

My jaws ached long before we had enough of the gooey paste, and the false dawn had faded into the true morning before Aganza stirred salt and mealie flour into our sodden paper. But I had a cast for my leg, though I may as well say right now that something was wrong with our recipe for papier-mâché. It never really dried properly. It molded, too, and within a few days it stank to high heaven, but it hardened. And the bones knit and my leg healed as it should.

Long before we had finished with my leg, a deputation of elders came to my hut. I knew they had decided upon a new village site. My first concern was the patients in the hospital. With the exception of two, all of them could rise to their feet and walk. Very well, they would walk.

"For the other two, and for you, *mama*, we will lift your beds upon the shoulders of four men and you will not need to put your feet to the ground."

This was a complication that I had not thought of. I had become as big a burden to my people as any patient in my hospital. I couldn't walk! Or could I? I called for a pencil, turned to a flyleaf in one of the remaining books, rapidly sketched a crutch.

"Can someone make me two of these?" I asked the headman. "If so, then I can walk."

While I waited, I talked with Aganza, Jackie and Achmed. The village had elected to move westward toward a small ridge of rolling hills ending in a well-wooded plateau where there were game and rich earth for gardens. I would only be a burden to them while they built their houses and cleared the land for planting. I would have to go on crutches to Tani, two hundred and more miles of jungle in a nearly opposite direction. I was frightened, but when these people, who had lost infinitely more than I, uttered no words of complaint, how could I whine? The last thing they did for me was to fan heat from glowing embers across the heads of their big drums until the membranes were dry enough to produce their normal rich tone and pitch. Then they sent word to Tani that I was injured and had started back to the central mission.

I WATCHED my N'zemi file out of their village and off into the unknown. They carried with them as much as any group of black folk on trek, but it was so pitifully little.

We carried very little more than the N'zemi—food, my big rifle and shotgun, a blanket apiece, and a couple of cooking pots. Hospital supplies, instruments, drugs, records, personal items—all had to be abandoned. I picked up the little hinged frame holding my father's and mother's pictures and was on the point of tucking it into my bosom when I looked up at Aganza. The pile on her head seemed mountainous: two blankets, one cooking pot, a measure of mealie flour, a stalk of plantains, a meager roll of garments for Mata Kwan, and the child himself slung over her hip in a fold of cowhide. I laid the pictures down and picked up a little tin first-aid kit instead.

I took a half-dozen steps on my crutches, and then, when I slung my good leg forward, my foot struck a patch of mud as slick as grease. I sat down flat, at the same time clutching my right knee so that my broken leg was lifted off the ground. I felt like weeping, but there was nothing to do but get up and struggle on. I can't describe the horror of that first half hour. Normal crutch walking was an impossibility in the flood slime underfoot. I could only shuffle forward a few inches at a time and still I slipped and slid until every muscle in my body was strained and my arms felt as though the crutch heads were tearing them out of their sockets.

Finally I had to admit that two hundred miles of this was beyond my strength. We were still within sight of N'zem. I could get back there somehow and wait for whatever fate God might send. I looked back at my hut and saw—I rubbed my eyes with my knuckles and looked again—no, I wasn't dreaming! A string of the little men, Pygmies, a whole baker's dozen of them, trotted

"So nice to arrive Relaxed!"



GREYHOUND travel is carefree, comfortable—and so inexpensive!

You're more in the mood for a happy homecoming when you get there *by Greyhound* . . . without driving strain, weather worries, or parking bother.

In fact, everyone's more relaxed when you go Greyhound . . . *your family*, because they know there's a courteous, safety-trained driver at the wheel of your SuperCoach . . . *you*, because you ride in the cushioned comfort of a reclining armchair—free to enjoy the wayside scene, congenial conversation, or a refreshing nap.

Your travel budget is bound to stay in the black, whether you take a shopping trip, an extended visit with the folks, or a pleasant "get away" to a good show. Greyhound fares are far less than the rates of any other type of transportation!



"SUCH GOOD DRIVERS"
"I get a thrill watching one of those Greyhound drivers in action. I can understand why their safety records are among the finest in the world!"

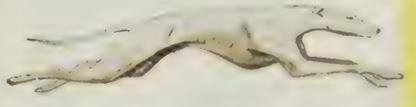


"SO MANY SCHEDULES"
"Whenever I yearn to take a trip, I just up and go Greyhound! Almost any time I'm ready, there's a SuperCoach leaving my station!"



"SUCH COURTEOUS SERVICE"
"I like service with a smile—and Greyhound people seem to go out of their way to help me!"

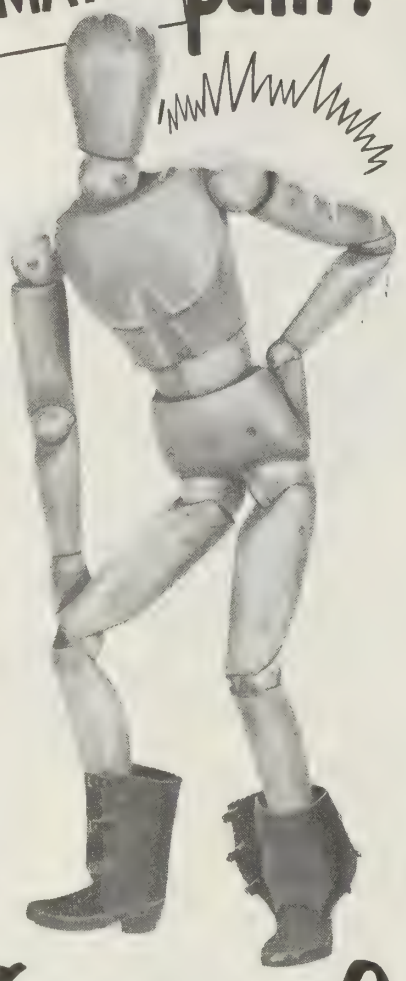
A LOT MORE TRAVEL FOR A LOT LESS MONEY!



GREYHOUND

AMAZING AMERICA TOUR BOOKLET—FREE!
Mail this coupon to
Greyhound Information Center
105 W. Madison, Chicago 2, Ill.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____
LHJ-3-51

Cold weather RHEUMATIC pain?

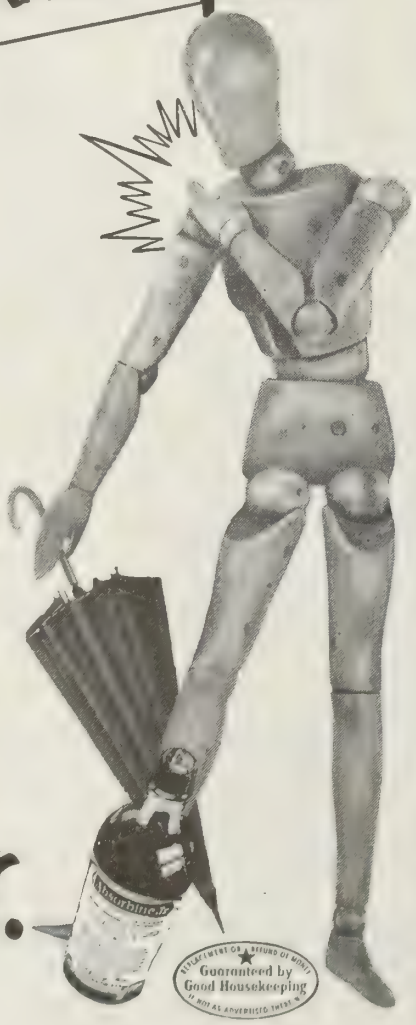


● Why let cold, damp weather mean agony for you? See how easily, how *quickly* and how *safely* you can relieve torturing rheumatic or neuralgic pain —with Absorbine Jr.

This famous fast-acting liniment fairly "floats" away the pain—goes to work *the minute you apply it* with two wonderfully beneficial actions!

First, it *warms* and *soothes* those aching, agonizing areas. And second, it quickly *counters the irritation* that causes the pain—with a grand, relaxing effect!

Damp weather NEURALGIC pain?



● There's no need to go on letting rheumatic or neuralgic pain make life miserable for you. Join the thousands who get *fast, safe, effective* relief with the *two* pain-chasing actions of Absorbine Jr!

Be ready for the next time rheumatic or neuralgic pain strikes. Keep Absorbine Jr. handy in your medicine chest. Only $1.25 a long-lasting bottle wherever drugs are sold.

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Get fast relief with

Absorbine Jr.

It feels so good!

into view. I stretched out my hand and pointed silently.

"*Halaa! Muungu wa tesi,*" I heard Jackie murmur behind me. "God has sent them."

Aganza was more practical. "They heard the drums, *mama,* and they have come to help you."

The Pygmies reached us, jabbering away, although not one of us could understand them. Two of them put their shoulders together, while a third wound a green vine loosely about their two necks, making a rude sort of saddle. But when they knelt, motioning for me to sit down, I hesitated. I am not a particularly big woman, but they were so tiny that I didn't see how they could get up again if I once crushed them with my weight. Jackie solved the problem by lifting me up as though I were a child and settling me firmly where the Pygmies wanted me. A third stepped in front of my two "pack mules" and lifted my legs across his shoulders, straddling his neck. A fourth pressed his open palms against the small of my back and with scarcely a grunt we splashed off.

We made good time. My carriers changed about every ten minutes, and before night fell we were out of flood territory and could make a comparatively dry camp.

But how long would it take us to reach Tani? I had no way of estimating the distance we traveled each day, and I knew better than to ask my companions. To the ordinary African villager, distance is either "a big walk" or "a little walk." I have known "a big walk" to be completed in five minutes, and "a little walk" to stretch out into a week's trek.

The morning of the fourth day we flushed a few guinea fowl, some of which did not fly until we almost stepped on them. It was a small flock, as guinea fowl go in West Africa, perhaps no more than a thousand. Jackie, who always trod at the heels of the Pygmy supporting my back, handed me my shotgun, and I fired into the mass of fluttering birds. I forgot that my Pygmies had probably never heard a gun discharged. At its roar the men at my feet and back and those unencumbered simply melted into the jungle about us while I teetered precariously on the yoked shoulders of my frantic bearers. Undoubtedly I should have taken a pretty bad tumble had Jackie not wrapped one great arm about the two men and the other about me and held us in a viselike grip until the struggling ceased. Then, gently, he lifted me down and set me on the root of a tree.

By that time Achmed had retrieved twenty-six birds. We built a fire, skinned and drew the fowl, spitted and roasted them. Long before the meat had started to brown, our Pygmies were back, sniffing like puppies. Many of the birds were eaten half raw. I hadn't thought of myself as being really hungry, but I devoured a whole one, and little Mata Kwan did almost as well.

That afternoon I got more guineas—not shooting from the Pygmies' shoulders, however. And the next morning there were lesser bustards and spur-winged geese. There is no better recipe for contentment on trek than meat in the tummy.

Many times as I rode along I wondered just what I should give the Pygmies in payment for my rescue. Salt, of course, would have been the ideal gift—but I had not [illegible] fact, leaving N'zem under the circumst[illegible] we did, I had nothing.

But I might have spared myself [illegible] for I never paid the Pygmies in any slig[illegible] measure for their great service to me. [illegible] left suddenly on the ninth day, without [illegible] ing or leave-taking of any kind. They si[illegible] stopped, as though by signal, and mut[illegible] to one another so low in their throats [illegible] the words sounded like stomach rumb[illegible] Then, gently and calmly, they deposite[illegible] on the ground. My two pack animal[illegible] yoked themselves and, before our aston[illegible] eyes, melted into the jungle like shado[illegible]

It was Achmed, more Occidentalized [illegible] his companions, who broke the silenc[illegible] smell a white man," he announced. A m[illegible] later we heard men talking, and then D[illegible] Charles came into view with a string o[illegible] ters. I had forgotten the message my N[illegible] sent to Tani via the big drums.

We camped where we were that nigh[illegible] Doctor Charles examined my leg thorou[illegible] The injury caused me no [illegible] discomfort th[illegible] had a right t[illegible] pect; neverth[illegible] being both p[illegible] and nurse in [illegible] case, I watche[illegible] carefully.

"Nurse El[illegible] he began in s[illegible] tones, "posit[illegible] the rottenest [illegible] I've ever e[illegible] ined."

For a mom[illegible] was bewildere[illegible] my cast, which [illegible] actually was sp[illegible] ing a coat of r[illegible] had become so[illegible] a part of me t[illegible] had forgotten [illegible] rank character [illegible] were both on [illegible] point of laug[illegible] when, with a s[illegible] movement, Ag[illegible] stood between [illegible] tor Charles and [illegible]

"*Bwana,* my[illegible] *ma* has done [illegible] best she can, an[illegible] has done well."

The words [illegible] simple, and the [illegible] man's tone was [illegible] soft and gentle. [illegible] there was somet[illegible] about it that cut through one's ears as e[illegible] as an iron hoe cuts through weeds in a gar[illegible]

Doctor Charles took a step backward [illegible] I could only stare at Aganza. She spok[illegible] Hausa, but she had understood our En[illegible]

"What —— Who—is—this?" Do[illegible] Charles was groping for words.

"Her name is Aganza. Mother Aganza [illegible] all call her. She is the best helper a miss[illegible] ary ever had and she is a wonderful nu[illegible] Not the kind you're used to, but still sk[illegible] wonderful with children and old folks [illegible] those really sick."

His eyes flashed interest and he looked [illegible] up and down, then pointed at Mata Kw[illegible] "Her child?"

Aganza's body tensed.

"She gave him life," I answered. "Yes[illegible] belongs to her."

"We can use her at Tani," Doctor Cha[illegible] stated.

I breathed a sigh of relief, and Aga[illegible] patted my shoulder.

A week later we reached the Tani. I[illegible] outs were waiting for us. We carried th[illegible] two miles upstream, and then aimed [illegible] though to cut straight across. Five min[illegible] later we landed about a quarter of a mile [illegible] low the Tani dock.

I spent fourteen months in the Un[illegible] States—hectic, frantic months—rushing f[illegible] engagement to engagement; crossing

(Continued on Page 171)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Deliverance

By Walter de la Mare

Starch-capped, implacable, through
the slow dark night
She had toiled, and through a
dawn she had not seen,
To bring into the world this
shapeless mite.
Cheeks cold with sweat, strong
hands, eyes kestrel-keen,
She had coaxed, and wheedled:
"Patience, now; push hard!
Strive on! I'm travailing too. Oh,
have no fear!
See, I am come to comfort, help,
keep guard.
Deliverance soon will come,
swift, sure, my dear!" . . .
A last gasped wrenching groan; a
gnatlike wail,
Shrill, angry, sweet, all human
cries above:
"Thank God," she sighed, "Who
did not let me fail!"
And sighed again: for pity, grief,
and love.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Sensitive skin. "Regular use of medicated Noxzema helped my sensitive skin look softer and smoother," says Hollis Burke of New York. "And 'creamwashing' cleanses without drying skin!"



Dry skin. "My skin had been dry, before I tried the Noxzema Home Facial," says Mrs. Ellen Sloan of Raleigh, N. C. "It helped so much, I follow this routine daily, now!"

Look Lovelier in 10 Days

with Doctor's Home Facial ...or your money back!

Easy, New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

• No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With just *one* dainty, snow-white cream—*greaseless, medicated* Noxzema Skin Cream — you can help your skin look softer and smoother, so much fresher and clearer, too!

The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Home Facial, described at right . . . the beauty routine, developed by a skin doctor, to help you use Noxzema most effectively. In actual clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with problem skin to lovelier-looking skin—in 2 weeks and less!

See what it can do for *your* skin

With this doctor's Home Facial, you "creamwash" your skin to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give your skin the all-day protection of a greaseless, natural-looking powder base...and the all-night aid of a medicated overnight cream that helps heal *externally-caused blemishes—helps soften and smooth skin.

WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT NOXZEMA



Mrs. Mary Peterson of Minneapolis, Minn. says: "Noxzema has been my regular all-purpose beauty cream for years! It makes a particularly good powder base, as it doesn't make my skin look greasy. And Noxzema is so helpful in relieving occasional rashes."



Mrs. Margaret E. Lockett of Baltimore, Md. says: "The Noxzema Home Facial is a beauty treatment that actually works! It helped my skin look so much softer, smoother and clearer that even friends noticed the difference and complimented me. It's so refreshing, too!"

Money-Back Offer! Try the Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. Follow the directions at the right. If your skin doesn't show real improvement —return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—and get your money back. But you will be delighted! Get Noxzema today—at any drug or cosmetic counter—and save during the Special Trial Offer!

Save these Home Facial directions... follow them daily to look lovelier!



Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. Using a damp cloth, "creamwash" with Noxzema just as you would with soap and water. No dry, drawn feeling afterwards!

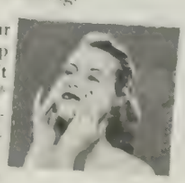
Now, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. This greaseless film of Noxzema holds make-up beautifully and helps protect skin *all day!*





Evening—At bedtime, you "creamwash" again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, the day's dirt—without harsh rubbing!

Now, lightly massage your skin with Noxzema to help soften and smooth. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. Medicated Noxzema is a greaseless overnight cream.



*externally caused

Get Noxzema now—and save!

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER!

Regular 40¢ size NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM

Now only 29¢ *plus tax*

Limited time only

Better with Butter

DELICIOUS

GOOD EATING and LOW COST LIVING!

BREAD and BUTTER . . . "Staff of Life" brought to luxurious goodness with the matchless flavor of golden BUTTER! So economical! Yet tastier, more nourishing than fancier foods costing much more. So many ways to fix 'em, too . . . good in *every* way. Here are four . . . for *fortitude* . . . all *quick, easy, inexpensive.* Serve often . . . for good eating and *low cost living.*

FRENCH TOAST and BUTTER (6 slices) . . . Beat 2 eggs well. Add ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon granulated sugar and ¼ cup Milk. Pour into a shallow dish. Dip each slice of bread into it, turning so that both sides are well soaked. Brown on both sides with hot BUTTER in frying pan. Serve hot, topped with BUTTER and maple syrup, honey, molasses, jelly or applesauce. *Umm!*

HOT BISCUITS, MUFFINS or BUNS . . . and BUTTER . . . What a choice! Satisfying taste delight . . . made BETTER with BUTTER. Whether you buy baked goods or make them yourself, these hot BUTTERED treats sustain and satisfy. And oh, how good . . . hot, browned and BUTTERED!

SWEET ROLLS or COFFEE CAKE . . . BUTTER 'EM . . . So easy, inexpensive, to buy ready-baked . . . or to make, yourself, from choice ingredients or time-tested mixes! But baked or bought . . . they're always BETTER with BUTTER.

BUTTERY BREAD PUDDING . . . Delicious, low-cost recipe: Melt 2 tablespoons BUTTER and combine with 3 slightly beaten eggs, ½ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. vanilla and 1 quart Milk. Mix and pour over 3½ cups bread, cut in cubes. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 45 to 50 minutes. (NOTE: If bread is dry, heat it in the Milk before adding other ingredients.) Serve piping hot. BUTTERY, smooth, delicious . . . good eating and *low cost living!*

Better with Butter

Rich in golden goodness . . . that's nature's trademark for BUTTER. The concentrated goodness of four pints of cream is required to make every pound. BUTTER makes so many foods taste so much better. On bread, toast, biscuits, buns . . . on pancakes, vegetables . . . in cooking, baking, frying . . . there's nothing like BUTTER. With its golden color, smooth texture, distinctive flavor; rich in natural vitamins, high in food energy . . . BUTTER is America's symbol of good living.

FIRST IN FOODS

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION

20 N. Wacker Drive • Chicago 6, Ill. • *"Voice of the Dairy Farmer"*

(Continued from Page 168)

ent four times; doing secretarial, depu-
and ministerial work. I had fragments
e with members of my family and a few
s. And I tried to study. Long before my
f rest was up, I was exhausted, and I
to long desperately for the peace and
of my primitive jungle, my hundreds
ients, my simple schedule of ten to
en hours a day seven days a week. I
d to go home. As the whistle blew and I
ed the steps, my face turned toward
, my heart was singing.

s time no one from the mission met me
poldville. I was an old hand now, and
sedly able to take care of myself. A
from one of the hotels was a *boy* who
ft Tani only a year or two before. He
s good as a nursemaid until our side-
r chugged away from the dock four
ater, and we headed up the Congo.

mission *shimbeck* and Doctor Early
e at the confluence of the Tani and the
). Seven years earlier, I would never
believed the unwieldy-looking craft
have survived the turbulent water of
wer Tani. Now I knew that we would
along, often so close to the bank that I
pick flowers from overhanging
hes, and that in due time, singing an
priate chantey, we would nose in to the
above the dock at Tani and let the cur-
nchor us broadside against the piling.
eryone met me at the dock, and we
ed and chattered like monkeys, and
nd then I had to sniff hard to keep back
ars of happiness. With the exception of
Kwan and the Clyde twins, everyone
d exactly as when I left: Doctor and
Early perhaps a bit rounder, plumper;
Susanne a bit thin-
Doctor Charles, broad
andsome; and Mad-
Doctor as stiffly
ed in a house dress
e had looked in a
's uniform. The twins
almost as broad as
were tall. I was assured they could
but for the time being all they would do
nod and blink and waddle about like
natic dolls.

anza was wrapped in a single length of
merkani, her version of a suitable
an nurse's uniform. I would not have
nized Mata Kwan had he not attached
elf to Aganza as tightly as the twins
anchored to Madame Doctor. I picked
p in my arms, but after five seconds of
lering acquiescence, he came alive and I
t as well have tried to hold a forty-
d eel.

remarkable how quickly a missionary
back into the life of a station. Before I
npacked my traveling bag, I was help-
the outpatient clinic. The entire staff
inner together that night in the Earlys'
g *dukas*, but after a little gossip and a
ecords on the phonograph, we settled
to planning for the new station I was to
olish at N'Titierte, or "Big Bush."

What have you taught Aganza?" I
d Doctor Charles.

looked baffled for a moment. "Well,
ing really that I can take credit for,"
nswered. "But she's learned a lot. She
n't need teaching. She just seems to
rb knowledge without effort." A few
ites later Doctor Charles spoke up, "I
ose you will want—you're planning, of
se—to take Aganza with you?"

ooked at him in amazement.

Hang it all," he burst out, "the woman's
best assistant I ever had."

ganza's reply was gratifying when I
d her if she would prefer to stay at Tani
me to Big Bush with me. "We are old
en, *mama*, you and I. We will build a
on at Big Bush that will be like Tani.
we will train many young men and per-
some young women to heal and to teach.

Mata Kwan"—her eyes glowed when
spoke of the child—"you will teach him
ything there is for a man to know."

took us some weeks to prepare for the
e to Big Bush. I had brought back from
United States what I could, and, as I had
shared with Doctor Charles on his arrival
he now divided equipment with me.

Doctor Early chose with great care the *boys* who were to serve as my porters on the trip in. They were all mission *boys* skilled in some form of handicraft and construction, and each was to stay with me two seasons if I wanted him that long.

"It won't be clear sailing for you at Big Bush," he warned. "I made a trip up there for general observation. I've talked with several traders, too, and Monsieur l'Administrateur, of course. There are three witch doctors there: one good, one bad, and one indifferent. Really want to go up there, Ellen?"

"Of course I'm going."

It was a beautiful morning when we started out, Aganza, Mata Kwan, Jackie, myself, and some sixty-odd porters. We carried food for a month, some barter goods—salt, of course, *merikani*, safety pins, and such—a tent, and what medical equipment we could manage. Two *shimbecks* took us downstream to the confluence of the Tani and Congo, and then about a hundred miles west on the Great River, where we landed and struck cross country almost due north.

There was a new *tipoye* for me, but it was mostly Mata Kwan who occupied it. I enjoyed walking, for the going was not too difficult. In the wooded sections we followed game trails which were sometimes as smooth and pleasant as the bridle paths through a city park. It was about a month after the rainy season had stopped and the open spaces were spread with a bright new coverlet of flowers.

Our entrance into N'Titierte caused very little stir. The village knew who I was and why I was there; Doctor Early and Monsieur l'Administrateur had taken care of that. There was no particular welcome, and, despite Doctor Early's warnings, no more animosity from the villagers than a primitive people naturally show the stranger who may be either friend or foe.

Mothers are the only goddesses in whom the whole world believes. CHAMFORT.

Concerning me, however, there was a great deal of curiosity. What seemed to be the entire female population of N'Titierte followed us out to the spur of land overlooking the Oogau River, where the mission station was to be built. My *boys* pitched the tent that Aganza, Mata Kwan and I would occupy until permanent buildings were constructed, and then threw up bamboo-and-palm-leaf shelters for a kitchen and a dining room.

With many hands helping, our three *dukases* were completed in a day; then, with a slow fire burning in the center of each to help dry out our plaster, they were ready for occupancy in a week.

The evening of the day we moved into our new homes, Aganza came to me and asked for Christian baptism. I had almost forgotten that she was not a Christian. Surely she had been one in the truest sense of the word for several years now.

"And *mama*, will you baptize Mata Kwan at the same time?"

The next day I baptized the two of them and received them into the membership of the newly founded, and as yet homeless, little church of Big Bush Station.

My own people were present, of course, as well as the porters from Tani. Back of them, in shifting, goggle-eyed groups, was the entire village of N'Titierte. Two men of striking appearance were in the forefront of the N'Titierteans, and I could not help wondering about them. Our simple ceremony over, one of these men turned and stalked off, and the villagers made way for him. As I watched the arrogant swing of the man's shoulders, I knew that he was a witch doctor. Even a village chief, no matter how rich or powerful, never equals that air of insolence. And he was an unfriendly witch doctor; nothing could have been more evident.

The second man stayed to talk with me. I have called him N'Derfi (friend) and he has been just that throughout the years. He remained behind to offer advice as from one practicing craftsman to another. I tried to





Ayro



Tweedies
ALLURING FOOTWEAR

SCINTILLATING
SPRING
SHEER
genuine Nylon mesh.

There is a dealer near you.

TWEEDIE FOOTWEAR CORPORATION • JEFFERSON CITY • MISSOURI

Lassie Jr.



SILVER Lassie Jr. UNIVERSAL

CRISP PLAID TAFFETA accents the scarf, brightens the lining of this smart 32" topper in MARAJAH, finest 100% Virgin Wool Crepe. For style, quality and fit, always say, **"My coat must be a Lassie Jr."** *In grey or beige only. Sizes 7 to 15. Style 2499.* **$39.95**

AND REMEMBER... THE LINING OF EVERY Lassie IS GUARANTEED FOR THE LIFE OF THE COAT!

For booklet and name of store in your city, write: **Lassie Jr.**

Lassie Jr., Dept. LHJ-1
512 Seventh Ave., N.Y. 18

Please send me "Sparky" Pin shown. Enclosed find 25¢ in coin to cover postage and handling.

Please send me **FREE** *Full Color Fashion Booklet.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

explain to N'Derfi that I had no supernatural powers. He was an honest man who believed in his own magic, and my confession bewildered him. He advised me quite earnestly not to disclose my weaknesses to the general public.

We started a school with Aganza as teacher. At first only two of N'Derfi's sons attended. Aganza taught them to read while a raft of village tots stood about in a close-packed circle, wriggling, giggling, staring and pointing. Aganza was an excellent teacher. We printed books in Hausa by hand, she and I together, during the evenings, but we were seldom more than one page ahead of our pupils at any time.

It was Aganza, too, who worked out a system of securing nurses for my hospital. If a young male patient was strong and healthy and his illness or wound superficial and not incapacitating, Mother Aganza demanded personal service in return for medical attention. Some of the boys were inept or unwilling; some few liked the work we set them at so much that when we offered them a few *saus* by way of salary, they stayed on and eventually studied medicine, after a fashion—under Mother Aganza's direction, of course.

I REMEMBER the first time I ever saw one of those boys. He had come to me with a superficial wound which laid back the skin over the big muscle on his left arm. All I needed to do was cleanse the wound and sew it up, but when I brought out my needle, the boy took one look at it and drew back.

"Afraid?" I taunted.

The urchin grinned impishly and waved at a companion. The latter dashed away. I took a step forward with my needle, but Aganza touched me on the shoulder and whispered in my ear.

"Wait, *mama*. I think he wants to show you something."

In a few seconds the companion dashed back with a calabash dipper covered by a leaf. Nonchalantly my erstwhile patient thrust his right hand into the gourd and picked up a vicious black driver ant. Calmly he ripped off one of the insect's pincers, and then held the other at the exact point where the tear in his skin ended. With almost lightning speed the pincers clamped shut through the skin, drawing it together in as neat a stitch as I have ever seen, a stitch which I knew would never loosen its hold until pried out later. A fingernail severed the body of the ant from the pincer and tossed it away. The boy grinned at me again. A second ant, a second stitch, and another grin.

When he had finished, I examined the primitive "seam" carefully and then said with perfect honesty, "I couldn't have done a better job myself."

His reply was as surprising as his conduct had been, "Now, *mama*, what must I do in order to pay you?"

What would I give him to do? Then, as usual, "Mother Aganza will put you to work," I hedged weakly. I have no sweeter memory of all my African service than the happiness which flooded his face.

Eventually that boy went to the University of Chicago and worked on my brother's farm during the vacations. Today he is known and respected throughout Africa.

I had almost four terms of service in Africa—not bad for a woman who was already forty before she ever saw the shores of the Dark Continent. There was nothing remarkably outstanding about my work, and I doubt if as a result of my twenty-odd years of service I could count as many Christian converts. To be perfectly honest, my evangelistic work had been only sporadic at best and usually the result of repeated instructions from those higher up. Nor could I preach the religion of complete love, compassion and forbearance, to say nothing of the brotherhood of man, when the white overlords of the territory, in whose hands lay all final authority, frequently ruled with as heavily mailed a fist as any feudal baron.

On the other hand, I am egotistical enough to say that I believe I accomplished more of lasting value than the average professional

Penetrates



Smooths Dry Skin

- Contains new skin beautifier, PENATEN!
- Plus lanolin and 4 other special skin-softeners!
- Discourages tiny dry-skin lines. Smooths weather-dried skin!



FOR YOU — a skin that's softer, smoother younger-looking. Extra-rich Woodbury D Skin Cream penetrates deeper into th important corneum layers of your skin. supplements your skin's natural oils. Bring an immediate feel of velvet softness. Banis that dry, taut look—get Woodbury Dry Sk Cream today! Jars 25¢ to 97¢ (plus tax)

May we send you a trial jar? Send 10¢ (t cover packing and postage) to Box 45 Dept. 415, Cincinnati 14, Ohio, for a 10-day size jar. Enough to show the beautiful differ ence Woodbury can make in your skin. Offer expires May 1, 1951.

Eyes tired?

MURINE
BRINGS QUICK RELIEF!



● Why put up with the dull, weary feeli of tired eyes? Murine quickly makes your ey feel good—and then you'll probably feel b ter. Just put two drops of gentle Murine each eye. Enjoy a fresh, rested feeling Murine's 7 ingredients cleanse and soothe the delicate tissues of your eyes as gently as a tear. Use Murine for regular eye care.



MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

NOW!
FASTEST RELIEF EVER
Corns
CALLOUSES · BUNIONS
TENDER SPOTS
SORE TOES

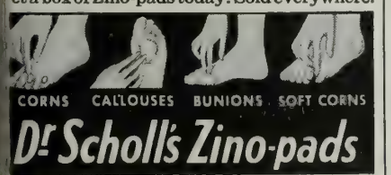


d instantly relieves inful shoe pressure — Medicated Disk quickly removes Corns, Callouses

O OTHER METHOD DOES AS MANY HINGS FOR YOU AS DR. SCHOLL'S!

1. Instantly Allays Pain—No Faster Relief Possible This Easy Way...
2. Quickest Corn and Callous Removing Action Known to Medical Science...
3. The Proved Method That Stops Corns, Callouses Before They Can Develop

o wonder Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are the orld's largest selling reliefs for corns, cal- uses, bunions and sore toes—for no other ethod does as many things for you as Dr. choll's. So join the millions who already en- y instant relief this modern, scientific way. et a box of Zino-pads today! Sold everywhere.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

For complete removal of superfluous hair use ZIP Epilator

ZIP-IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

Safe for face, arms, legs. Good stores, or send $1.10 to Jordeau Inc., South Orange, N. J.

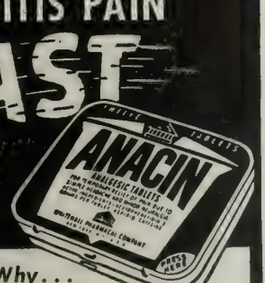
WOMEN WANTED

omen wanted to forward new and renewal subscriptions the *Ladies' Home Journal, The Saturday Evening st, Holiday, Country Gentleman, Jack and Jill* and her popular publications. Large commissions. Write day to

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
5 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

O YOU NEED MONEY?
40.00 IS YOURS
r selling only 50 boxes of our 0 greeting card line. And this n be done in a single day. Free mples. Other leading boxes on pproval. Many surprise items. It sts nothing to try. Write today.
FREE SAMPLES
PERSONALIZED STATIONERY and NAPKINS
HEERFUL CARD CO., Dept. G-3, White Plains, New York

RELIEVES
HEADACHE
NEURALGIA
NEURITIS PAIN
FAST



Here's Why...
Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. Anacin is specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

religious worker in the foreign field. I like to think that when the time comes that my people are not only ruled by white men but may live side by side with them, it will be my boys and girls, who are literate and who know some white man's trade, who will be best able to bridge the terrible gap between village life and white man's civilization.

At times I have been compelled to take part in something of which I disapproved. What might be called my last outstanding adventure in the Congo Territory was of this nature.

I do not like "explorers" who "explore" with million-dollar safaris, and whose sole "scientific" aim seems to be columnar miles of newspaper publicity and fat royalty checks from the books in which they tell the world how "famous" and "intrepid" they are. It was toward the middle of my fourth term of service that word came through from Monsieur l'Administrateur that we were to be visited by a pair of explorers. Monsieur, knowing that I would not divulge the contents of his letter, was extremely frank in expressing his dislike of this couple. They were, he assured me, roughing it in the jungle with only about five hundred *boys*, an army of tents, radios, bathtubs, chemical toilets, to say nothing of the corps of Hollywood technicians who would operate their battery of movie and still cameras.

The white rulers of Africa have made it mandatory for a village to bring the white men who camp near it all the food desired. It was impossible for N'Titierte to feed an army of five hundred people, so a system of food transportation would have to be set up with neighboring villages. All normal village routine would be disrupted, and the sole profit to the natives would be what little money the women received for their eggs and chickens and vegetables.

It's just as well to forget your old troubles, because there are a lot more coming. —ANON.

"I have witnessed that the Mrs. Explorer loves to haggle—'bargaining,' she calls it. Tell your women to bear this in mind when setting their first price," Monsieur wrote.

It was well that Monsieur warned us, for after the couple arrived, it became a regular morning routine for Mrs. Explorer to strut up and down before the line of women who had been compelled to strip their trees of the precious fruit. I have seen her scream, rant and even kick the women in an attempt to beat the price of a stalk of bananas down from three cents to two cents. Not two cents a banana, or two cents a cluster, but two cents a stalk—the entire yield of a plant that some woman had tended carefully for two years.

When the safari arrived, they moved onto my knoll without so much as a by-your-leave. It was the best site for a camp; that was why I had chosen it for a hospital compound. When I asked the man and his wife to leave, the only answer I received was a series of exaggerated, knowing winks at each other. I chased them away finally, but it took some doing. They waved miscellaneous permits and letters from a battery of Belgian high and mighties in my face. I had my permits, too, and I know with what facility and boredom Belgian officials can write these letters.

I learned that our visitors were in N'Titierte to film a native lion hunt. In all the years I had been in Big Bush there had been no real lion hunt—only one ceremonial dance. There were a few lions about, but the village had never, in my days there at least, been troubled by any old man-eater. So the N'Titierteans very wisely left the big cats alone.

One afternoon a delegation from the Council of Old Men asked me if I would tell my white brother and sister that the men who were experienced in lion hunting were old; that the young men were brave, but ignorant and unskillful; and that the neighboring lions

(Continued on Page 175)

BOW-KNOT



the promise of delightful nights

. . . and days. So flattering to wear, so easy to care for! Munsingwear's exclusive cross-dyed knit rayon washes in a wink, needn't be ironed. Carefully tailored to insure long wear. Know it by the little bow knots knitted right in. Right, draped bodice, shaped midriff, floats a soft skirt. Left, Empire design with the grace of a ball gown. Apricot, aqua, chartreuse, pink. 32-40, about $3.50

it's knit . . . it's nice . . . it's
Munsingwear®
at finest stores everywhere

Quaker Oats helps grow "STARS OF THE FUTURE"

Doctors say the more often youngsters eat a good oatmeal breakfast, the better they grow! They say that because a recent survey shows only 1 school child in 5 gets enough breakfast.

THE GIANT OF THE CEREALS IS QUAKER OATS!

A GIANT in Nutrition! Nourishing Quaker Oats helps grow "Stars of the Future." Your child gets more growth, more energy from oatmeal than from any other whole-grain cereal!

A GIANT in Value! Penny for penny, oatmeal is the richest source of all leading types of cereals in 4 vital food elements: Protein, Vitamin B_1, Food-Energy, and Food-Iron.

A GIANT in Flavor! Quaker Oats is the most popular cereal in the world because PEOPLE LOVE THAT QUAKER OATS FLAVOR!





Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same



Tomorrow morning serve hot

QUAKER OATS

Less than 1¢ a serving!



Wake Up to Fluffy-Light Aunt Jemimas





TWO Wonderful Kinds!

1. AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES . . . for the kind of flavory-lightness you won't find in *any other* pancake! Get some—you'll love them!

2. AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEATS for an exciting change! Light, tender . . . with *just* the right amount of buckwheat flavor. Mm-m! Wonderful!



See for yourself why... more women prefer **AUNT JEMIMAS** than all other brands combined!

(Continued from Page 173)

xceedingly large and fierce. I delivered essage and was laughed at for my pains. aughter was a small matter—that I have shrugged off—but they showed etter from no less a person than a prince reigning house. To have flouted that would have been to invite eviction he Congo Territory, not only for myut for every missionary of my denomn.

the next few days, N'Titierte was a e of activity. The old men who had ipated in tribal lion hunts in their , but who had not held a spear in their for years, began practicing like young lors. The young men heard lectures on rength, cunning and unpredictability king of beasts. News of the projected spread like magic, and several hundred men and boys drifted into N'Titierte. ck lion hunts were staged, with some- a half-dozen old men playing the parts rounded lions. In short, an attempt was to crowd into a few days what should been the training of a lifetime. And all hile the "modest safari" of only about undred *boys* was devouring the gardens iles around like a scourge of locusts.

. and Mrs. Explorer were filled with imnce. Big Bush was but a minor incident ir intrepid lives, and they resented the squandered on us. They were eager to ck to their base camp, where they were ing it de luxe, with permanent buildexotic vegetable and rose gardens, and ne connections with the outer world.

ally preparations for the lion hunt were leted. The young men, Mata Kwan g them, were to keep well in the rear, to n the tall grass with bamboo poles, and eir heads off when the time came. Thus , charging for what looked like a weak n the circle of spears surrounding him, be turned back.

LL never forget that morning if I live a hundred. Mrs. Explorer and I stood e peak of a forty-foot anthill and ed, I peering through my spectacles she using the most up-to-date field s. The hunt was all over in half the time k to show the film later. Mr. Explorer's hunter had had a pride of lions under vation, almost under guard, for a week. nen went immediately to the clump of trees where they slept and surrounded . It was an immense circle, at least a er of a mile in diameter, and for the of the camera those who would come the picture were costumed in all the nents of fur, feather, bone, claw, copper and other oddments they possessed. It l have been impossible for them to look ike a group of hunters on serious busi-

They tell me that the actual "hunt" took only minutes, but the agony of each second is so clearly etched on my mind that in retrospect it seems hours. The edges of the circle were rippled, like a piecrust. The younger of the really experienced lion hunters were in the front. Their rhino-hide shields would make a brave showing on the screen, I knew, but I prayed that they would not fall apart if and when *simba* charged. It seemed to me that I could see some of the scrawny arms tremble under the weight of the heavy spears.

"Beautiful display of primitive savagery!" I heard the woman beside me exclaim. "It should photograph magnificently—if only heat devils don't obscure the film!"

I wish I had asked her the question that leaped to my tongue: "Primitive savagery—on whose part?"

PERHAPS you have seen the motion picture of that hunt. If you have, all I can say is: Don't believe it! There was so much about it that was false, that was staged, that was Hollywood and not Africa. I peered this way and that until I picked out Mata Kwan. In spite of his gangling height, the old men had judged him still a boy, and he had been assigned to the outer circle of beaters and shouters.

At a signal the hunt began, covered from every angle by well-protected cameramen. Mr. Explorer was not even in the outer circle of boys, but was giving orders and shouting directions. The circle began tightening and dividing into three concentric rings: first the older men, then the younger hunters, and finally the boys. And now and then one's eyes caught glimpses of a tawny figure in the grassy center. Then, high and shrill above the shouting of the boys, I heard an agonized scream.

Then it was all over, and—can you believe it?—there were three lions dead. Lions as full of spears as a dressmaker's pincushion is of pins. I wondered who had been hurt and how badly; started down the anthill, but was stopped peremptorily. There were more pictures to be taken, and I must not get in the way. There must be a ceremonial dance about the dead lions, the man ordered.

Finally our visitors had enough; and in less than an hour the big tents were down and the man and his wife were swinging off down the trail in *tipoyes* that would have done credit to the palanquins of an Oriental emperor.

They were gone, leaving us to gather up our dead. I kept no record of the number of men and women and children who sustained minor injuries that day. Those whose muscles and bones were laid bare or mangled and crushed by the lions came first. Barked shins and stubbed toes were disposed of hastily. Among the women there was an epidemic of nausea.



"It must have been the price tags—he hasn't gone shopping with me in ten years."

Make every meal a party meal

What satisfying, healthful goodness MONARCH Peanut Butter and MONARCH Jelly give everyone—grown-ups as well as growing boys and girls! In sandwiches, these two MONARCH *delights* "hit the spot" any time—at lunch, between meals, or as an "Ice Box Raider Special" before going to bed at night. Just try them and watch your whole family "go" for these two taste treats in a *big* way. But be sure you get MONARCH.

definitely finer!

PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLIES



MONARCH

World's Largest Family of Nationally Distributed Finer Foods

REID MURDOCH, Division of Consolidated Grocers Corp., Chicago, Ill.

suddenly all eyes tell you...



you never looked younger!

Tussy Beauty Plus brings the promise of a new, younger beauty to over-thirty skin! For each ounce of this famous hormone cream is brimming with 10,000 active units of natural estrogenic hormone...a counterpart of the substance that helps keep young skins fresh and glowing.

This vital hormone ingredient is actually absorbed by your skin...produces a remarkable "young skin" action. See how aging dryness seems to vanish...how lines and shadows of fatigue seem to melt away.

Start using Tussy Beauty Plus today...use it every day. The men in your life and your mirror will tell you..."You never looked younger." Tussy Beauty Plus $3 and $5 plus tax.



TUSSY *beauty plus*

At last all the suffering were cared for, and I turned to the four bodies lying beneath funeral mats under the thatched eaves of the palaver hut.

The first face I looked into was that of Atakaa. He had four wives and probably a dozen living children. One boy and one girl were working and studying in my hospital. Atakaa had just entered the years of wisdom and dignity—that is, he was probably forty or forty-five years old. He had not been a wordy man, but even the chief listened when he cleared his throat to speak. N'Titierte would miss him.

The next man, they told me, was N'yan. He was old, experienced; by reputation he had been a magnificent lion hunter in his youth. But he was old and his arm was no longer strong. His bones had snapped like dry twigs under the impact of *simba's* charge. I think he really died of shock.

The third face—O dear God! A dozen hands reached out to touch me—just to brush my body with their finger tips. A score of voices murmured gentle words. Then—then I could only stand and stare into the face of what had once been Mata Kwan. Mata Kwan, the boy who in a small way had taken the place of a son in my old maid's heart. Mata Kwan, the little Son-of-a-Goat.

"How did it happen?" I whispered.

"Many lions got away, *mama,*" a voice equally low and tense replied. "Each beast as it broke through the circle of hunters left its mark upon some man."

"And Mata Kwan was brave; he rushed forward like an experienced hunter."

"He left his spear in *simba.*"

I wondered—the child had carried nothing but a thornwood stick with a point he himself had hardened in the fire. Still, he would have tried; Aganza had made a man of him.

He who sees his own faults is too much occupied to see the faults of others.
—ARABIC PROVERB.

I turned suddenly. "Does Aganza know?"

"Yes, *mama.*"

The stress of emotion and the pressure of work had been so great that day that only then did I realize that Aganza had not helped me in the hospital all afternoon.

My companions looked at one another, at my feet, at their own feet, and one by one slipped away from the palaver hut. All but one, an old man, who knelt and rolled the mat back over Mata Kwan's face. Then he uncovered the fourth boy—one of his own grandsons.

"The jungle has taken back what it lent for a little while," he murmured softly. His voice and tone were calm, too calm. I knew his heart was as full of tears as my own.

For several days I had had pain in the small of my back, but I disregarded the evidence of my senses. The explorers and their bogus lion hunt had turned my world upside down, and if they carried any report at all of me and my work to the outside world, I did not want it to be a smart-alecky description of a neurotic semi-invalid. Besides, I was in my late sixties and it was natural that I should have a little pain from time to time, pain that could be caused by any number of things—rheumatism, for instance.

Now there was no question about what caused the pain in the small of my back: blackwater fever.

It was Aganza who saved my life. She drenched me with frequent and liberal doses of the nastiest brew any witch doctor ever cooked up. I don't know what therapeutic qualities it possessed, but I told her afterward that I had to get well just in order to describe that bolus to the American medical profession. Maybe the jungle African does have some sort of specific; I don't know.

After I had explained to Aganza just what blackwater fever is, she had sent word via the drums to young Doctor Early. He in turn had cabled my condition to America, and back had come a reply which had said in effect, "Go up to Big Bush and bring that old war horse out, by the hair of her head if necessary, and put her on a boat for home." Very well, I would go, not because I was ready, but because I must. Doctor Charles was coming up later to take over my work Big Bush, and a young fellow, just recen out of McGill, would take over at Tani.

There was never any question that Agar would stay on at Big Bush. This was hospital and these her schools, as much mine.

At prayer meeting, the night before I l N'Titierte, my people expected me to spe to them, and I dutifully prepared as nearl formal sermon as I was capable of. Seve times I opened my mouth, but it was beyo my power to push sentences out from b tween my teeth. Then young Doctor Ear who had been sitting behind me on the pl form, arose and asked my people if he mig tell them a story. Their eyes gleamed wi surprise, and he was talking before th gave assent. I was surprised, too, but I sa back into the chair with immense relief.

The sermon wasn't long, but I could s the faces in front of me gleam with satisfa tion as Doctor Early sat down beside m The next minute I arose with the congreg tion, but I couldn't sing with them, becau my heart was suddenly flooded with su faith as comes to the best of us perhaps more than once in a lifetime. The tea that had drenched my heart for days n overflowed, but they had become a woma tears of thankfulness and joy.

Aganza put me to bed that night as thou I were a child. I tried to tell her that if I h done nothing more than discover her, my l in Africa had been well worth while. S smiled at me and patted my cheek gently.

It was cold and foggy when we started o the next morning. Aganza trotted along b side my *tipoye*, holding m hand. I kept telling her sh mustn't come too far, bu whenever I did, she onl squeezed my hand th harder. Finally I kne she was saying good-b Silently she put a han into the bosom of he dress and drew out a little parcel wrappe in a segment of banana leaf.

"For her who bore you, *mama.* This is fo her who bore you." Then she turned an plodded away.

I watched until she disappeared around bend in the trail, but the old woman neve looked back, not even once. Then I picke up the small green parcel. I could tell by m fingers what it contained: a handful of pea nuts. Intrinsically worthless! But such a gif is the highest compliment one African ca pay another; it is a mark of the greatest lov and respect for one woman so to honor an other's mother.

I knew what tribal custom demanded o me. Had my mother been living, I must g straight to her immediately, ignoring a other duties however pressing, and onc there, lay the parcel of peanuts on her knee My mother being dead, I must go to the lit tle spirit house reserved for her. But wha would people think of me? Good Midwest ern farmers, totally ignorant of the custom of people living sometimes only a step be yond their visual horizon? They would con sider me absolutely crazy should I do wha Aganza expected. But then, why shouldn't I I had brought the customs of these sam farmers to Africa and had asked Aganza an her people to accept them. But couldn't there be something reciprocal in it? Why shouldn't I carry a little bit of Africa back to America?

I knew then as I swayed along in my *tipoye* that I would do it. When I reached home, I would go immediately to the little rura cemetery where my mother had slept these many years. There, before the "spirit house" that she shared with my father, I would lift up my voice and call upon my mother until—well, until Aganza, if she were with me, would be sure the spirit had awakened and was listening. Then I would tell my mother of this wonderful black woman who so loved and honored her for the daughter she had borne. I would do all this, just as the custom of my black-skinned sisters demanded of me, and I would leave out no tiniest portion of the rite. THE END



tt, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

NOW YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK "Radiantly Alive"



Prell leaves hair so Radiant, Soft, Smooth— Younger-Looking!

More Radiant and "Alive" . . . because Prell's patented cleansing ingredient gives you marvelous *free rinsing* action! And Prell is *concentrated* for *thorough* cleansing—leaves *no* dull film. After Prell, hair simply sparkles with glorious rich natural color and sheen, and it's so soft and smooth and *glamorous*.

So Much Younger-Looking . . . giving you that happy, confident feeling that something nice is going to happen! Yes, bright, shining Prell-washed hair looks younger, has more "spring," *acts* better—no matter how "lifeless" it seemed before! You'll love Prell—it's *different*, it's wonderful, it leaves hair more radiant than cream or soap shampoos, in *hardest* water. Try Prell *today!*

Prell



Different! Emerald-clear for that "Radiantly Alive" look!

Created by Procter & Gamble

HOW AMERICA LIVES



To win
"a new kind of life"—
$250 cash
and the courage of youth.
Meet the
Bill Krasilovskys—



Even as a boy Bill saw Alaska as his land of opportunity, planned his life and his work, law, toward that end.

NEWCOMERS TO ALASKA

By DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

IT rains a great deal in Juneau, Alaska. The weather ran true to form on July 14, 1949, the day that Phyllis and Bill Krasilovsky arrived from distant New York State determined to carve out a new kind of life for themselves. A gray, misty rain splashed around the craft in the harbor. Fog shrouded the towering, beautiful mountains that shut off and isolate Juneau's 7500 residents from the rest of the world.

Pretty city-born Phyllis was twenty-two years old, and so was her city-born lawyer husband. The Krasilovskys, who had grown up in the same Brooklyn neighborhood, attended the same Brooklyn high school and shared two college years of playhouse marriage in Ithaca, New York, were ending a journey of approximately 3200 miles. The last lap of the trip—they came up from Seattle by boat—occupied two and a half days.

Isolated Juneau has a chronic housing shortage. Krasilovskys' fourth home, 4-room cottage, $75 a month furnished.

The Krasilovskys had burned their bridges behind them. The adult life they had delayed until the head of the family could complete his professional education stretched before them. Their immediate assets were $250 in cash, a spanking-new diploma from Cornell Law School, and the courage of youth. In addition, Bill had a letter in his pocket. It was signed by one of Alaska's four Federal judges. Neither Bill nor Phyllis had ever laid eyes on the judge, but his name loomed large in their calculations. Several months earlier Bill had heard that the judge was without the services of a law clerk, and he had written from Cornell proposing himself for the job. To any but the young and the hopeful, the courteous but

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROSS MADDEN



Alexis, "first Alaska-born daughter," helped Phyllis fight homesickness, adjust to new life. "I used to cry when we got mail from home, but you can't cry around a baby—the competition."

"New York, my family, mean a lot to me; but Bill suggested living on the moon, I'd try it



Juneau sunshine is rare, Alexis gets extra rations of vitamins.

decidedly noncommittal reply Bill treasuring in his pocket would h seemed a little discouraging. "might come in sometime for a sonal interview" was the gist of it

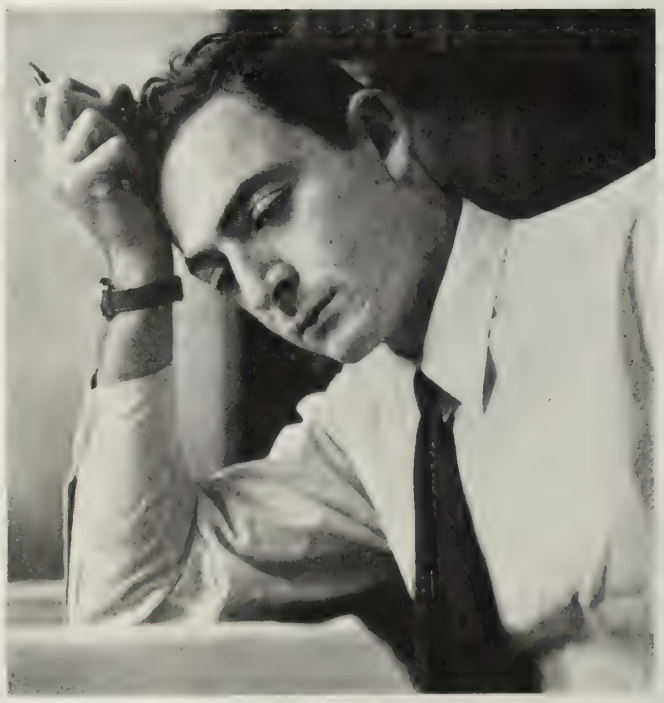
Bill is an optimist from way b On the strength of the judge's let he and Phyllis had raided their savi account, bade good-by to their frie in Ithaca and their families in Bro lyn, and headed for Juneau. W they got off the boat that day in pouring rain, Bill escorted his wife to the town's second-best hotel—$4 a day and please use the bath down the hall—and hurried to the hands Federal Building on Fourth Street to arrange for the "personal intervie There, an unpleasant shock awaited him. The judge was holding sessi in Ketchikan, a fishing community some 200 miles to the south, and wo be away from Juneau for a period of weeks.

Phyllis and Bill conferred. Then they paid a visit to the Alaska Airli office. They learned that the cost of a round-trip ticket between Juneau Ketchikan was $70. They counted the Krasilovsky bank roll, already sa attenuated by travel. Next day Bill took $70 from the $250 on hand flew off to Ketchikan, leaving an anxious and homesick Phyllis behi That same afternoon he had the promised interview. It lasted fifteen m utes. The results were inconclusive. The judge was impressed (and perh perturbed) by the distance the job applicant had traveled. He was favora impressed by the applicant's record—William Krasilovsky placed seve in his class at Cornell. But the matter must wait.

Two months later—or, it might be said, eight weeks of suspense worry later—daring and ability paid off. Bill got the job he still holds tod In the worrisome interval while they sweated out the judge's decisi



Bill arrived in Alaska with no job only promise of an interview with the man he knew he wanted to work for.



Work as law clerk to one of Alaska's four Federal judges provides valuable experience and contacts for the future.



"Lucky in his job," Bill works hard, plans to go into private practice. "It'll be somewhere in the territory."



HOW AMERICA LIVES

Bill's garden produced "several days' supply" of greenstuffs (scarce and expensive in Juneau) last year, but he never keeps up with the weeds.



"Bill likes fancy breakfasts." Phyllis obliges with waffles or an omelet while Bill mixes the baby's formula. To offset high prices, Federal employees in Alaska get 25% cost-of-living bonus.

ither Phyllis nor Bill was idle. Obviously they couldn't remain in the tel and spend their money eating out. Phyllis took on the house-hunting signment, while Bill scoured the town in search of temporary work. hen nothing turned up in his own line, the fledgling lawyer put on over-ls, applied at the U. S. Employment Office and got work as a day laborer. at job soon played out, but he landed another. This time he got tempo-ry employment in the office of a busy Juneau lawyer ($250 a month) and arted wearing his business suit again.

Overcrowded Juneau, bursting at the seams with Federal and terri-rial employees, Coast Guardsmen and the military, has a chronic housing ortage. When Phyllis applied at the new veterans' housing project, she scovered there were already hundreds of names on the list. Back in Ithaca e and Bill had lived in a "dreamy" seven-room house, which cost only 5 a month. But they had got that "superbargain" through friends. In a wn where "nobody seemed to want us and we had no friends to help us ok," Phyllis pounded the sidewalks, rang doorbells, climbed hills, ex-ored alleys, asked questions of passers-by. She learned the names of land-rds, sought them out personally, pleaded and cajoled. "Those landlords t awfully sick of seeing my mournful face," twenty-four-year-old Phyllis ys today, "and sometimes I thought we would never be settled. Those st places I found were awful."

Agonies of homesickness tormented her during that period. She missed e gay life of Cornell, she missed the New York she knew so well, most of l she missed her family. Phyllis is unusually dependent on her mother d her two sisters; for weeks she cried "nearly every time we got the mail om home." At night she would dream of the familiar streets of Brooklyn,



"Between 10 P.M. and 2 A.M. our baby murders sleep." For her parents, work is shared, as in Bill's law-school days when Phyllis worked to supplement GI allowance—one of many young wives "working for their 'Ph.T.s'" (Putting Him Through) and the future.





Supermarkets equal New York's (except in fresh vegetables), but some prices are high: 1 ear of corn (frozen), 12c; milk, 30c a qt. Last year's electric bill was modest $20, but oil (heating and cooking) cost $180.

Phyllis chooses Indian moccasins for sister in Brooklyn. Ties with family and friends are treasured; Krasilovsky budget includes yearly trip home, allots $240 to birthday, wedding, new-baby gifts; $70 for stamps.

"I wanted to get away from crowds, grow up in a country that was big."

or of the carefree student establishment in Ithaca where unmarried classmates had dropped in every afternoon for "coffee and Cokes and plenty of good talk." Each day she would examine the shipping news in the Alaska Empire, steal time from the incessant house hunting, and rush to the pier whenever a boat left for the States. As she waved at the outgoing tourists, homeward bound, she would picture herself as stowing away and popping up back in Brooklyn "to surprise our relatives and friends." There were occasions when she wondered whether the Krasilovskys would ever manage to make friends in the strange new town which they had chosen. There were occasions when she was so dispirited she didn't much care.

In those first months, the newcomers had small chance to acquire a sense of permanence. Between July and September, Phyllis and I moved four times. For a while they shared the home of a young Fede worker whose wife was visiting in the States. Phyllis cooked for both m until the vacationing wife returned. The Krasilovskys next found refu in a place which Phyllis, who is a good housekeeper but conditioned her upbringing to modern conveniences, describes as "a shack dug in t side of a mountain." Beautiful Juneau is almost entirely hemmed in mountains; many of the town's houses and apartments perch on pi cipitous heights and can be reached only by breathless stretches of ste wooden steps. The Krasilovskys had 67 wooden steps to climb to rea their third temporary residence. This was "fine for the waistline but ha on the disposition, particularly when you forgot you'd run out of bread

In their fourth dwelling, a catastrophe befell them. The apartment w modern and pleasant and the first place the couple had lived that seem



Interest in writing dates from college days. Phyllis has talent, determination: works "at least an hour every day" while Alexis naps; "trades off" with friends as baby-sitter to make time for weekly meetings of Juneau Creative Writers Club.



Phyllis' first published book, The Man Who Wouldn't Wash His Dishes, deligh children. Juneau bookshop ordered 50 copies, sold out in two hours. She has be Story Book Lady on radio, writes for magazines, papers, is working on a nov



Juneau harbor is colorful sketchbook material. Missing the busy, friendly life of Cornell campus (where Krasilovskys were "that couple who are going to Alaska"). Phyllis now finds new interests, friends provide "pretty much the same kind of fun we had at home."



real home" to Phyllis. She wasn't to enjoy it for long. They had been au for barely six months when fire gutted the premises. Their furnihich had been shipped on from the East was destroyed, along with herished mementos of college and home.

llis was in the early stages of her first pregnancy. Small Alexis was way. The combination of the fire and her pregnancy was almost too for the homesick young woman to bear. For a time the whole Alaska e teetered in the balance. Phyllis was tempted to persuade Bill to give ska, return to the East and seek a career among familiar surroundings. then Bill was well established and happy in his job, and Phyllis loves sband very much. She made up her mind to stick and she did.

e young Krasilovskys from Brooklyn are now nearing the end of their l year of residence in Alaska's capital city. They have solved their ial problems, located a place to live which "will do until we find somebetter," and almost won the battle of loneliness. When Phyllis goes hopping expedition these days, she counts on seeing at least half a other young shopping wives of her acquaintance. She and Bill have many new friends. Very small, very recent Alexis, who arrived in July year, helps a great deal in the homesickness department. "You can't

A sunny Sunday may mean a beach picnic—mountain climbing is a favored sport. Phyllis and Bill both love to dance, spend "a big evening out" once a month, consider the $10 to $12 cost well worth while.





Each boat brings letters from home, view
of the latest fashions, friends return
ing with news and gossip from "outside."
Low point of Krasilovskys' Alaska venture
fire destroyed all their belongings. "We
both cried. I think I hated Alaska then."

Bill made a solo trip to Alaska in 194
worked at a variety of jobs, looked fo
a place to settle. He also panned gold—
enough for a wedding ring; still had t
buy one, though—green as any cheechak
(newcomer), he'd panned "fool's gold.

"Alaska's our home" has real meaning for the young Krasilovskys now.

cry around a baby," says Phyllis, who is now able to smile at the wretched girl of a year ago. "I get too much competition from ours to make it worth while!"

Phyllis and Bill and the baby live in a gray shingled house, squeezed in between identical neighbors, on Willoughby Street. From their back door they look across the channel at forested mountains which have never felt a woodsman's ax. From their front door, they look across sidewalks and pavement at the neon lights of a fancy grocery store. They are only a few blocks from the bustling shopping and business district which is a boon to Phyllis, who retains her big-city appetite for the crowds and the people. Their rent, with the major furnishings provided by the landlord, is $75 a month. Juneau rents, if you're fortunate enough to find a place, aren't excessive.

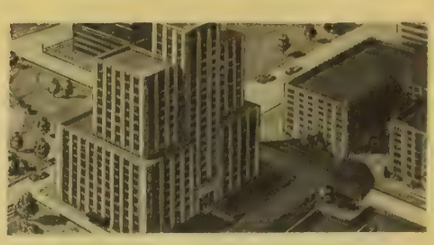
The four-room house is modern, equipped with an electric refrigerator and washer and so on, but isn't especially *(Continued on Page 191)*



We know how you feel about Judy

If you had your wish, it would probably be that Judy never get hurt. We know how you feel, yet aren't bittersweet moments like this part of Judy's job of growing into the fine, brave woman you want her to be? Especially when your loving care keeps small injuries from ever becoming big ones. And you can use the same first-aid dressings most leading hospitals use—*Curity*. Could anything less be good enough for Judy?

Use the Same First-aid Dressings Most Leading Hospitals Use



Most of America's leading hospitals use *Curity* Dressings as a standard of protection. Isn't it good to know that you can get these same famous dressings packaged for home use at any leading drugstore?



Curity

REG U S PAT OFF

BAUER & BLACK

Half a Century of Adhesive Tape Leadership

Bauer & Black,

Division of The Kendall Company

$100 Patterned Wardrobe

By NORA O'LEARY

As far as clothes are concerned, living in Juneau, Alaska, is quite like living in any large city in the United States. A good wool suit forms the backbone of Phyllis Krasilovsky's ideal wardrobe. To go with this she has a wool jersey blouse and stole . . . these she can also wear with other skirts and with her wool slacks. Her black crepe afternoon dress has a new trumpet silhouette. Her strapless evening dress of silk shantung taffeta lends itself to many changes. The bustle effect in the back is detachable and can also be divided and worn as panniers on either side of the skirt. The black lace mantilla is a pretty way of flattering bare shoulders. In each caption we have listed the complete cost of the fabric and the findings.



Classic suit in red, blue and white checked wool, $16.50. Slim four-gore skirt. Blue wool jersey stole with fringed yarn ends is also in pattern, $7.48. Vogue Design No. 7267, 12 to 20.

MARK SHAW

Lovely strapless evening dress with sweeping six-gore skirt, in silk shantung taffeta, $36. Vogue Design No. S-4118, 12 to 20. The bustle drape, $11.25. Design No. 7283. Black Chantilly lace triangle-stole, $6.

Slim black flannel slacks are Mrs. Krasilovsky's favorite "at home" costume with a sweater or blouse. Design No. 6822, 24 to 32 waist, $8.05.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ontario. (*Connecticut residents please add sales tax.)

Wool jersey blouse with tie neckline worn with suit skirt and red belt. $1.05. Vogue Design No. 7186, 12 to 20.





© VOGUE

Black rayon crepe afternoon dress, soft cowl neckline, gored trumpet-shaped skirt, $6.61. Design No. 7270, 12 to 20.



Very personally yours

Smile is more than a "sometimes" word—since you learned how to glide through certain days' handicaps: learned about comfort, from Kotex.

In short, you've made the happy discovery that this new, downy softness *lasts*. Holds its shape—because the new Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Of course . . .

Any woman gains added confidence, once she's aware how discreetly those flat, pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. How dependably that special safety center gives extra protection. So, too . . .

Season after season, you meet trying days without dismay. Choosing Regular, Junior or Super Kotex to suit your own requirements perfectly; to help keep that *every*-day smile . . . so *very personally yours.*



Super Kotex in the Brown Box—extra absorbency for more-than-average needs.

Junior Kotex in the Green Box—for women who prefer a slightly narrower napkin.

Regular Kotex in the Blue Box—perfectly suited to the needs of most women.

New Kotex Sanitary Belt made with soft-stretch elastic—non-curling, non-twisting. Washable. Dries fast.

More women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Oh, for a hairdo to hide my big ears!" sighed pretty Phyllis Krasilovsky. Phyllis' photograph at the right shows her as she has been wearing her hair for years—skinned back and tied with a ribbon. Her large picture was taken a few hours and one hairdo later. The side sections of her hair were trimmed and shaped to taper down toward the back, the ends turned forward to form soft curls and fullness over the ears. . . . If ears are your problem, avoid overexposure brought about by cropped cuts, upsweeps, chignons, buns. Stick to pretty waves and curls that cover up—and compliment!



hair do's and don'ts







A long face with a prominent nose often looks stern, sometimes hard, when the hair is combed into a severe, sleeked-back arrangement. See how much younger and prettier the model (above) looks with her new hairdo. It has a center part and is set in large forward pin curls to comb toward the face and curl prettily over the temples.





If your face is broad with a squarish jawline, your hair should be arranged in simple, slim lines. Try a high diagonal side part with hair brushed slightly up and away from your forehead. Set the sides in wide waves to comb close to your head. Avoid: center part, bangs, hairdos that stop abruptly at the jawline, fullness at the ears.

GENEVIEVE NAYLOR

MANY of today's recognized beauties prove that an "odd" feature, flatteringly treated, often creates a greater air of beauty than does the perfect oval-shaped face with features in precise proportion. In fact, a prominent nose, wide-set eyes or a square jawline can add real distinction. Whether or not you wish to play these features up or down, your hairdo takes an important part in providing the proper setting. The photographs illustrate some of these points. Here are some more feature-story tips: *A Round Face* "loses weight" when hair curls or waves up and away from the forehead and sides, and tapers down below the jawline in back. . . . *A Low Forehead* can be cleverly camouflaged by having your hair trimmed short enough in front to form curls that have height and, at the same time, fall barely over the hairline itself. . . . *A High Forehead* is prettily concealed with any full- or half-bang effect. . . . *A Receding Chin* finds new balance with a smooth crown and bulk at the nape in the form of a pretty chignon or bun, or hair arranged with fullness over the ears. • By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN

Beauty Editor of the Journal

Incredible new idea in fragrance...

TOILET ESSENCE Lenthéric



c dible Toilet Essence lasts far longer than toilet water. o far less than perfume extract. Never anything like it.



Throughout your day, fragrant companion and constant evidence of your vital presence . . . long lasting Toilet Essence.



Wherever you go, Toilet Essence leaves a fragrance trail, a reminder that you were there and may come back again.



dmired. Friends ask, "What *is* that wonderful fragrance have on?" Toilet Essence has true perfume character.



So unusual. Only Lenthéric makes Toilet Essence. Enjoy it in cherished Tweed or witty Repartee. Costs only $2.50. (plus tax)



Never be without it. Toilet Essence pays you such nice compliments. Use it in your bath . . . smooth on afterwards.

a reminder that you were there
... and may come back again



2.50 PLUS TAX
2 FULL OUNCES

TOILET ESSENCE
IN *Tweed* OR *Repartee*

Lenthéric
PARIS LONDON NEW YORK

1, LENTHÉRIC, INC., 673 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



THERE ARE THREE DIFFERENT BRECK SHAMPOO FOR THREE QUITE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITION

The Breck Aim is to merit the reputation of producing the finest preparations for the ca of the hair. Because there are three quite different hair conditions, three different Bre Shampoos have been developed. If your hair is dry, ask for Breck Shampoo for d hair – Breck pH8 Lather Oil Shampoo. Should your hair be oily, ask for the Bre Shampoo for oily hair – Breck Lacene Shampoo. For more normal hair conditio ask for Breck Shampoo for normal hair – Breck Regular Shampoo. The Three Bre Shampoos are thorough yet gentle in their action, leaving your hair clean and lustro

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold. Look for the gold foil b

JOHN H BRECK INC · MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS · SPRINGFIELD 3 MASSACHUSET
NEW YORK · SAN FRANCISCO · OTTAWA CANAD

NEWCOMERS TO ALASKA

(Continued from Page 184)

active and is cramped for the Krasilov-s' present needs. The baby's crib crowds parents' bedroom, and the bathinet, gy and other paraphernalia overflow in alcove at the end of the combination hen-dining room. White-enamel cabinets nded for pots and pans hold neat stacks liapers and scrap-sized dresses.

hyllis, who combines good taste with an sually sensitive feeling for color, has done best to make the small living room di-ly adjoining resemble the interiors she ires. She hasn't been able to diminish the of the overstuffed furniture or to shrink huge oilstove which dominates the room which she calls "my bugaboo." Some-she hopes that Bill, who has an inventive n of mind, may be able to figure out some d of screen. In the meantime, the bright curtains that hang at the windows agree-y distract the eye. Books and pictures, vaged from the fire, add a note of comfort permanence.

he couple's daily routine is pretty much at it would be if Bill were practicing law k in a small town in New York. They ally rise at eight, ess, as is infre-ent, Alexis oses to wake at earlier hour. The y, who has in-ited her mother's ely, gregarious position, was in first weeks when isited the family, l at that time she med to prefer the rs of the night testing her lungs. etween ten P.M. l two A.M.," her ud parents both dly declared, as ugh such a phe-nenon had never urred before, ur baby murders ep." Bill has rked out an in-tion, strictly un-entable, to han-this situation in effortless fashion. long stout piece string, tied to xis' crib, leads to double bed adjoining. Whichever Krasi-sky hears the first wail in the darkness ches out, takes hold of the string, and jig-s the crib until Alexis goes back to sleep.

In the matter of breakfast getting, as in st of their living arrangements, Phyllis d Bill employ teamwork. Bill mixes the mula, a task at which he considers himself ept, while Phyllis changes the baby and ds her. Alexis is fed a powdered-milk for-ula and, like all well-tended infants in Ju-au, receives extra rations of cod-liver oil d vitamins to take care of the shortage of nshine. Phyllis' pediatrician—she takes e baby to the downtown clinic once a nth—watches Alexis closely for any signs incipient tuberculosis. In Juneau, as in all laska, the TB rate is exceedingly high.

WHEN the baby is cared for and quiet, hyllis and Bill sit down and eat a sub-ntial, unhurried meal. "Bill likes fancy eakfasts," says Bill's wife, and obligingly rns out waffles, French toast, omelets or e like. Often there is time for the two to are in the dishwashing. Bill isn't due at his ice until nine, and is only a ten-minute lk away. After his departure Phyllis whisks rough the bedmaking and cleaning—effi-nt and quick, she has her home spotless in minutes flat—bathes Alexis, pops her in e buggy, and the two of them go for a walk, in or shine.

Phyllis, who thought she'd never get used Juneau's ubiquitous rainfalls, has accom-plished the feat. A smartly cut raincoat is the mainstay of her wardrobe. A poncho, thrown over the buggy, keeps Alexis dry. Just for the meteorological record, the Krasilovskys had considerably more snow and cold weather to contend with in Ithaca than they've had in their new home. Indeed, Phyllis gets quite a kick out of the tourists who arrive toting parkas and Arctic clothing, and neglecting to bring umbrellas and rubbers.

TWICE a week the morning walk leads to the well-stocked supermarket on Franklin Street. Except for fresh vegetables, the shelves and bins display all the items to be found in a New York grocery. Phyllis saves both time and money by shopping in quantity, piling her loot in the buggy and wheeling it home. En route she usually drops by the library to exchange a book, and if Bill hasn't picked up the mail the afternoon before she stops at the post office. There are no home mail deliveries.

If it isn't a marketing day, Phyllis and Alexis are likely to call at the veterans' housing development and visit awhile. Mrs. Krasilovsky has friends there. She met them during the dreary months when she was trying to move in there herself. If the weather is fine, she is frequently able to organize an impromptu sketching party. Phyllis, who was interested in sketching back in Ithaca, has transplanted the interest and imbued others with her enthusiasm. One of the agreeable street scenes in Juneau these days, not mentioned in the guidebooks, is a group of absorbed young mothers, with Phyllis among them, circled by baby buggies and sketching away for dear life.

Phyllis' schedule, flexible but efficient, permits her a leisurely morning. Twenty minutes of twelve always finds her back in her own kitchen preparing to feed the baby, and whipping together her husband's noon meal. Long-legged, quick-stepping Bill has an hour for lunch, and arrives home at twelve-ten on the dot. His working day is over at five. His Saturdays and Sundays are free, and he has six weeks' vacation a year.

Bill is lucky in his job, and knows it. Many of his classmates at Cornell who located along the Eastern Seaboard are still wondering anxiously how to acquire the experience necessary to attract clients, and simultaneously pay the grocery bill. Bill has solved this double dilemma. Each day at work he is gaining an invaluable knowledge of Alaskan law and laying a solid foundation that should ensure future success in private practice. In a highly competitive profession, he is making associations and is becoming acquainted with lawyers who live all over Alaska. His present income, what with the generous travel expenses allowed him when the court holds sessions outside Juneau, is approximately $6450. His base pay is $4800. He gets $11 expense money a day when his job takes him to Anchorage or Ketchikan.

If Bill held a similar job in the States, he wouldn't be traveling and his base pay would be less. Federal employees resident in Alaska receive a 25 per cent cost-of-living bonus designed to offset the higher prices generally prevalent throughout the territory. The isolation of Juneau, which added so much to

NEXT MONTH

"Education can mean a better job ——"

THINGS didn't look bright the depression day James and Eledith Peters decided their children would be better educated than they were. James had been laid off as a Pullman porter. Some months they got by on $20. Today, James, Jr., 18, is a freshman at Kenyon College. Dolores, 20, is a junior at the University of Wisconsin. Teenage Carolyn is planning a career in medicine.

Meet the James Peterses, of Baltimore, Maryland, in

"Our Kids Are Going to College"

By Charles Samuels

How America Lives in the April LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Brides, belles, smart women everywhere know there's nothing like Luxite for looks, cling-fit, wear. Why don't you try these pretties, too?



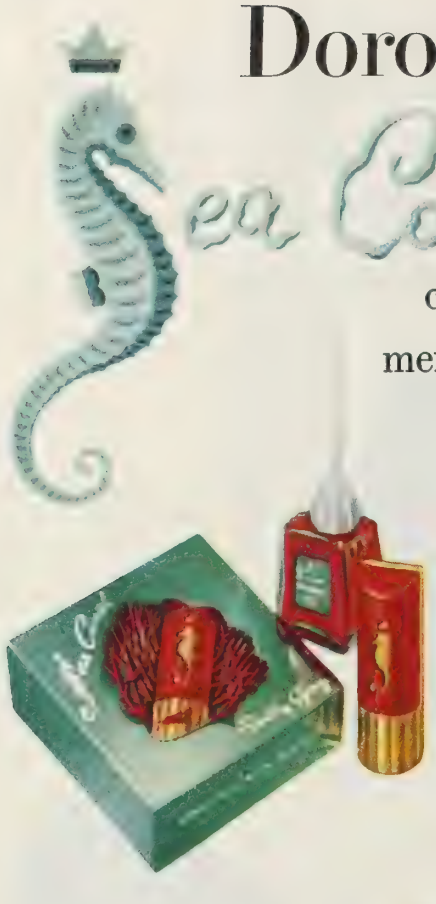
Star Flower set of new, exclusive Fil D'or (nylon and rayon blended for extra smoothness, extra softness). All nylon trim and permanent pleating. Slip: white, blue, coral. Sizes 32-40, $7.95. Gown: white, blue, pink. Sizes 32-40, $9.95. Matching but not shown: petticoat, $5.95 and panties, $2.95.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

® HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN • IN CANADA: LONDON, ONTARIO
World-Famous Men's Socks • Women's Proportioned Hosiery • Luxite Lingerie

Dorothy Gray

Sea Coral . . . a new color, stolen from the mermaids . . . and definitely siren stuff!



Deep-sea treasure: this sweet but sultry orange-pink coral—and you'll find that Spring begins the moment you smooth it on your lips! Made on a new formula that seems to last forever, with a happy affinity for every skin tone, every Spring and Summer fashion-shade.

SEA CORAL LIPSTICK . . . $1.50
Matching nail polish with new, easy-to-use applicator 75
Matching cream rouge or dry rouge . . . . . each 1.25

(All prices plus tax.)



Sea Coral Lipstick and Nail Polish. Iridescent green eye-shadow. *Sheer Velvet* foundation. Dress by Claire McCardell in Fuller Fabrics' Sea Coral Print. Jewels by David Webb, New York.

Phyllis' initial feeling of strangeness and being cut off from the world, also adds to the cost of living there. The town has no railroads or through highways, and is wholly dependent on shipping and air for transportation. Prices are considerably higher farther north in Anchorage or Fairbanks, but Phyllis finds shopping in Juneau more expensive than in New York. Freight charges are necessarily included in the cost of every 12-cent ear of frozen corn or $2.50 bottle of cleaning fluid she buys. Her milk costs her 30 cents a quart. It costs her dairyman approximately $1.65 a day to feed each of his 80 cows on shipped-in fodder.

Thanks to Phyllis' shopping ability—she keeps a sharp watch for Wednesday's and Thursday's advertised specials—the Krasilovskys' food bill is held to $20 a week. On occasion, Phyllis thinks, they spend as little as $15 or $18 a week. The smaller figure seems overoptimistic. Phyllis doesn't keep a budget, and freely confesses that she has a poor head for figures. In this connection, Bill tells a favorite family joke on her. Back in college, Phyllis promoted two student weddings by assuring the engaged couples, doubtful they could afford marriage, that the Krasilovskys got by on exactly $100 a month. After the marriages took place and puzzled questions from the brides rolled in, she consulted Bill and discovered with surprise that they were actually spending $140. "Both brides forgave me," unrepentant Phyllis will tell you with a giggle, "and both marriages are still going strong."

Bookkeeping or no, the Krasilovskys are more than keeping abreast of their current expenses on Bill's present earnings. They have a bankbook to prove it. Despite the medical costs incidental to Alexis' birth ($125 to the doctor, $112 to the hospital), the family is saving $100 a month. Bill's expense money, which isn't taxable, assists in this respect. His tastes are modest; he seldom spends $11 a day on his out-of-town trips unless Phyllis accompanies him, and the money left over is put in the bank. Last year the court held sessions outside of Juneau for nearly five months. So you can see.

Make other people like themselves a little better . . . and I promise you they will like you very well.
—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Some of Phyllis and Bill's success in saving, they believe, is due not only to prudence and thrift, but to the way they go about it. The method might seem unorthodox, but it works for them. Bill's regular $159 check (taxes are withheld) is paid every two weeks. When he cashes the first monthly check, he keeps back $10 to cover his own incidentals and turns over $149 to Phyllis. She immediately pays the major bills—rent, oil, telephone, and so on—and has enough left in her purse to buy the food. With Bill's second check, the saving comes in. He deposits $100 in the bank, takes out his own $10 and hands Phyllis a meager $49. She is invariably obliged to call at the bank before the month is up, but those rising $100 figures in the book provide a fine checkrein against extravagance. "It's a kind of psychological trick," explains Phyllis. "I just hate to cash an unnecessary check."

THIS shouldn't be taken to mean that Phyllis and Bill stint themselves unduly, for they don't. They spent $250 to replace clothing lost in the fire; their families sent them many gifts at that time and two adoring grandmothers have presented Alexis with everything a well-dressed baby could possibly need. Oil, used for cooking and heat, costs them an average of $15 a month. Power is cheap; Phyllis and Bill don't bother much with turning off lights, but their electric bill runs around $1.60 a month. Cleaning and laundry in Juneau are expensive. Typical rates are $2.50 for cleaning a man's suit, $2.50 for cleaning a plain woolen bathrobe, $1.25 for pressing a woman's suit. In contrast, diaper service for Alexis at $2.50 a week seems modest, since the service includes the laundering of crib sheets, pads and the baby's small shirts. Phyllis does most of the household laundry in her electric washer, sending out only Bill's shirts at 35 cents apiece. She washes on Monday in exactly 45 minute and gives up an hour on Tuesday to ironin "I don't believe in fooling around with jobs don't like," she thinks is the secret of h speed.

Phyllis and Bill invest a surprising $1.40 week in air-mail stamps; top-notch custome of the U. S. mails, they keep in touch wit families and friends back East with an almo daily drumfire of correspondence. Like man of their neighbors, they find that magazir reading keeps them informed on world a fairs and lessens the sense of remoteness which even old residents complain. Th Krasilovskys spend $27 annually on ma azine subscriptions, buy other magazines a the newsstands, and they also take the Sur day edition of the New York Times, whic reaches them by mail two weeks late.

REGULARLY every Sunday the two onetim New Yorkers make a ritual of opening the bulky out-of-date metropolitan newspaper- Phyllis pays close attention to the clothe advertised by Fifth Avenue—and a pleasar morning passes by while they catch up wit the doings in the big town far away. In th afternoon, weather permitting, they ma decide on a family picnic for three. In tha case they pack up Alexis and her bottle and sally forth to toast their wieners on or of the lovely, virtually unpopulated beache outside town. If it's summer and the day fine, they may telephone friends and a grou of six or eight, babies and small fry include will travel out for a view of awesome Me denhall Glacier. Back in Ithaca the Krasilo skys were fond of bicycling, a sport which impractical in Junea They have substitute mountain climbing, ar several times have toile up Mount Roberts to e plore the mammoth shu down gold mine that onc showered the town wit wealth. As yet, the haven't tried the fishin and hunting for which their part of the worl is famous. "Those things take time," says Bil

Alexis' arrival has curtailed her youn parents' away-from-home recreation. Bu both love to dance and at least once a mont they make it a point to escape from dome ticity. The big evening out—they dine eithe at the popular Baranof Hotel or in one of th town's several night clubs—costs betwee $10 and $12. Phyllis and Bill depend o Alaska's friendliness to provide them wit transportation. If they're headed for Mike Place, located across the channel and severa miles distant from their home, they sta out gaily on foot and invariably are able t hitch a ride long before they reach th bridge. The elderly neighbor who sits wi the baby on these occasions is further pro of Juneau's warmhearted ways. Mrs. Baye lives in the Krasilovskys' block; Phyllis g to know her neighbor on her return from th hospital with Alexis; Mrs. Bayers called or afternoon with knitted bootees to a whether "an old lady may make a present a new baby." Alexis' sitter refuses to acce payment, and Phyllis returns her neighbor kindness with small gifts.

Phyllis, who took a lively interest in soci and political problems at Cornell, is a active member of the League of Wome Voters, Juneau branch. Her membership i Juneau's Creative Writers Club, which meet one evening a week, also stems back to th Krasilovskys' college days. Phyllis starte writing there. She has real talent in the fiel and plenty of stick-to-itiveness. Every after noon, while Bill is at work and Alexis napping, she gets in an hour at her type writer. Last year she achieved her first pub lished success with a charming child's boo entitled The Man Who Didn't Wash Hi Dishes. This pleasing triumph gives Phylli reason to hope that the day isn't too fa distant when she can earn enough to pa for an annual trip back East. Most Juneau ites who can afford it attempt to leav Alaska at least every two years.

Several times a month the Krasilovsky entertain their friends, many of whom ar

(Continued on Page 194)



Satisfy

Step smartly into Spring

with **Vitality** SHOES



Glance



Rhyme



Rinsetta



Hachita



Finesse

Gleam

...for that well-dressed feeling that reflects your intrinsic good taste... fashion-wise and dollar-wise.

Newest Spring colors, delightful designs wonderfully coordinated with fine leathers and painstaking craftsmanship to give you dollar-for-dollar value in your footwear.

Yes...Vitality continues to rely on painstaking workmanship and fine materials to assure you of lasting quality in every seen and unseen detail.

See the marvelous Spring selection at your Vitality dealer's today!

VITALITY SHOES and Vitality Wanderlust Shoes

Complete Range of Sizes and Widths

Satisfy
Slim, low lines—illustrate delicate flattery of foot.

Glance
Refreshing and lovely as Spring itself.

Finesse
Perfectly tailored for dress or smart sport occasions.

Gleam
Dramatically beautiful, delightfully elegant.

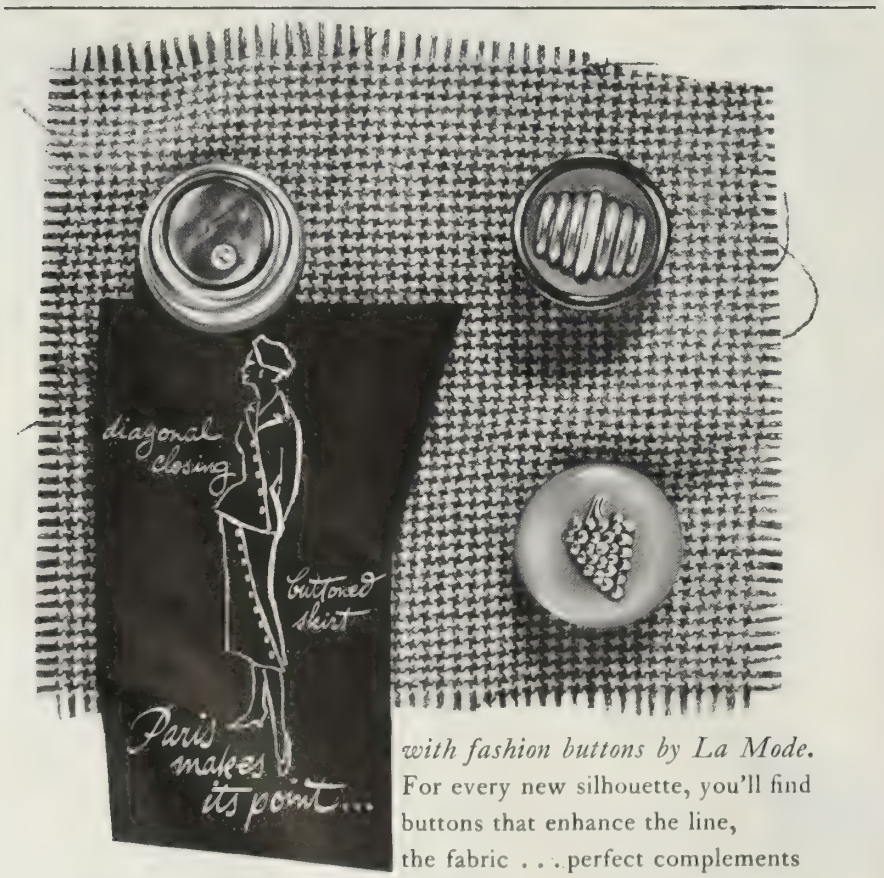
Rhyme
Instantly designed for active moments.

Rinsetta
Dainty stylist for walking comfort.

Hachita Superbly tailored, smartly comfortable, first-lasted oxford.

Vitality Shoe Company, Division of International Shoe Company, St. Louis 3, Missouri





with fashion buttons by La Mode.
For every new silhouette, you'll find buttons that enhance the line, the fabric . . . perfect complements by La Mode. When you shop for La Mode you'll see the whole fashion story in buttons – every shape, every shade, every price!
At your favorite Button Department.
Or write—we'll tell you where.

La Mode
FOR EVERY FASHION...IN EVERY PRICE RANGE
BUTTONS
Since 1877

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

By Blumenthal & Co., Inc., 1372 Broadway, New York 18, New York
Also creators of nationally advertised Le Chic buttons, available at variety stores.

(Continued from Page 192)

recent arrivals like themselves. They go in for buffet suppers, informal evening get-togethers, pretty much the same kind of fun they had back in Ithaca. They made their first friends in their new community through Bill. In a government town like Juneau, a job like his insures a certain number of introductions. Through his work Bill became acquainted with other young lawyers and Federal employees, and Phyllis became acquainted with their wives. An occasional official function has further widened their circle. Phyllis met Gov. Ernest Gruening and his wife at a party given in the governor's honor. Last summer, amid flurry and excitement, she and Bill dined with the Gruenings in the governor's summer home on Auke Bay. Phyllis and Bill sat around a roaring fire with a party of Yale students touring the territory, and sang songs by the soft light of gasoline lamps. The governor's summer home, like the majority of dwellings outside city limits, has yet to be reached by electric or telephone wires. Phyllis and Bill were a long way from New York, but they had a wonderful time.

With nearly two years of residence behind them, it can be seen that the Krasilovskys have successfully become a part of their new community. They have made the adjustment and are happy. Things were very different at first, particularly for Phyllis. Frankly, the move was Bill's idea. From boyhood he longed with a passion to live in Alaska. "I was determined to have a new kind of life, different from my family's life," is the way this recent Juneauite explains it. "I wanted to get away from the crowds and grow up in a country that was big and had room." As for Phyllis: "I always expected to live in New York, near my mother and sisters. The feel of New York—Fifth Avenue and Macy's, the subways and the theaters, the buildings and the people—means a lot to me. But I'm so much in love with my husband that if he suggested living on the moon on a nickel-and-dime budget I would try it."

Phyllis Manning and Bill Krasilovsky met at the age of sixteen when both were students at Brooklyn's James Madison School (5200 students). They'd occasic glimpsed each other in the crowded, ch ing halls, but the formal introduction place at a tryout for the high-school d ing team. The adolescent contestant debating laurels selected their own top the tryout. Bill's enthusiastic, optin speech dealt with the opportunities found in the land of Juneau, Skagway chorage and Nome.

Both Phyllis and Bill made the deb team. They fell in love in the Bro public library as they bent their heads research books. For the next few sparkling-eyed and popular Phyllis Ma had plenty of chances to listen while he beau expounded on his pet subject. Th had a longer-than-average courtship. graduating from high school, Bill enlis the Navy but spent his service ye college classrooms rather than at sea career—law—was deliberately chosen Alaska in mind. Reading had convince that professional men were needed i territory. A goodly share of his service ings went into a savings account earma Alaska.

The Krasilovskys were married s after Bill finished his first year in law s The bride, who was certain of her hear considerably less certain about life North. However, Phyllis did her b maintain an open mind. During th halcyon college years that preceded arrival in Juneau, she buckled down t Bill realize his ultimate ambition. I allowance barely covered their livi penses and simple, inexpensive fun; was certainly nothing left over to sw savings account. While Bill attended l classes, Phyllis cheerfully pounded a writer. Most of her $35-a-week salary acted as secretary to a Cornell profe went into the Alaska fund.

But when the time came to mak break, she still hoped that Bill migh for New York. She had the vigorous b of the elders in both families. Bill's

(Continued on Page 196)

WHAT THE KRASILOVSKYS SPENT IN THEIR FIRST ALASKA YEAR

Food	$1118
Rent (including hotel bills, temporary quarters)	1000
Taxes (less than normal due to fire losses, medical bills; expense money is not counted as income)	550
Phyllis' trip to New York	700
Transportation (Phyllis sometimes goes along with Bill on out-of-town trips)	280
Clothing (fire loss increased this item)	250
Oil (heating and cooking)	180
Medical expenses (due to Alexis' birth mainly)	250
Entertainment and recreation	180
Diaper service, laundry and cleaning	153
Stamps (average 2 air-mail a day, plus gifts and birth announcements)	70
Electricity	20
Movie film, phonograph records	73
Charity	50
Cosmetics	0
Gadgets (Phyllis loves to buy new kitchen tools, goes in for sprees in the ten-cent store)	20
Presents (Krasilovskys remember all family birthdays, send wedding gifts and presents to new babies in a large circle of friends)	240
Insurance (health and life)	230
Magazines and newspapers	73
Telephone	40
Incidentals	90
	$5590

The Krasilovskys don't keep a strict budget; their spending was further complicated by fire, travel and Alexis' birth. They do, however, meet their goal of $100 savings each month. Their approximate gross income jointly received during the first year in Alaska was $7450, of which $4300 was Bill's base salary; $1650 was expense money while out of town ($11 a day); Phyllis' book royalties, magazine and newspaper sales (stories and articles) $400; $320 was quiz-show gifts; $150 Bill's GI-insurance dividend; $100 was Phyllis' income as secretary fo slightly over a week.



SIMPLICITY PATTERN 8363

rlington Mills Tubrite Fabric

short cut to perfection...my White

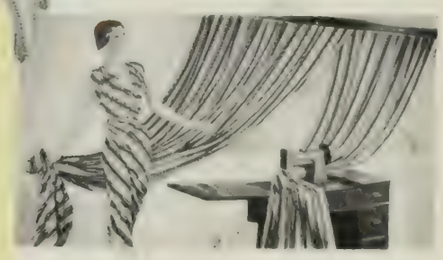
made-to-measure clothes could give me such perfect fit, such wonderful fabric, such careful attention etails. They're all mine when I sew my own on my White Rotary Sewing Machine. I knew White was the ig machine for me from the moment I watched it sew over pins. When I back-tacked a seam out stopping to adjust the White, I was completely sold! And how it helps to turn the numbered to any stitch length I want. The beautiful, furniture-styled cabinet is a joy to own. *It's easy to own, too.* I got a good allowance for my nachine, and the money I saved sewing made the payments simple.



When you purchase a new White Rotary Sewing Machine, you will be given complete instructions in its use... how to get those professional touches in sewing for yourself, your family and your home.



Use of the Zigzagger is one of many touches of White Magic you will learn. This amazing attachment, available in all White departments, will applique, apply trims, do elastic shirring . . . many things.



One-stop shopping when you purchase a White. Fabrics, patterns, notions . . . and the best-known sewing machine sold through department stores . . . all conveniently located under one roof.



EARLY AMERICAN

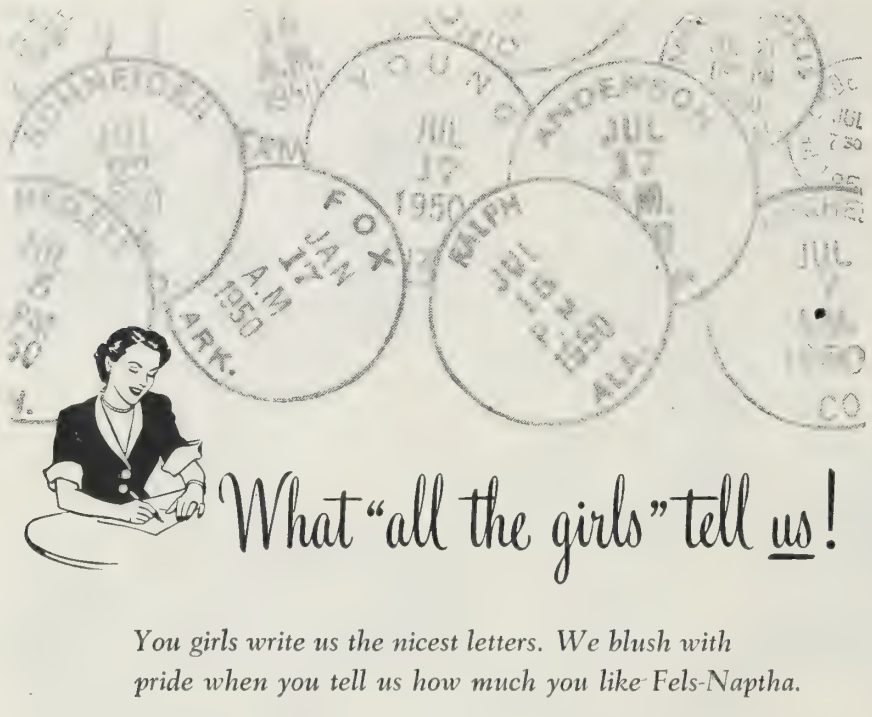
White SEWING MACHINES Since 1876

for 75 years the aristocrat of sewing machines

Look in the Yellow Pages of your telephone directory for the name of the department stores where White Sewing Machines are sold.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CORPORATION • CLEVELAND 1 • OHIO • • • IN CANADA: TORONTO 2B

AMERICAN MADE



What "all the girls" tell us!

You girls write us the nicest letters. We blush with pride when you tell us how much you like Fels-Naptha.

Peek over our shoulder when we open the mail and you'll read words like these: "Thank goodness for Fels-Naptha—absolutely no soap like it—easier on my hands—as soon as I began using Fels-Naptha each washing made my clothes noticeably whiter—we have really clean white clothes without bleaching—couldn't get a whiter, cleaner wash—can't be beat for washing painted woodwork and walls—during the war I missed Fels-Naptha more than anything else."

...and what we tell "all the girls"!

There are three good reasons why you like Improved Fels-Naptha—

1. Mild, golden soap.
2. Gentle, active naptha.
3. New "sunshine" ingredients that make whites *whiter* and colors *brighter.*

Oh, yes! One more—our responsibility to you and millions of other women to keep on improving our laundry products so that they will always be the best we know how to make.



MADE IN PHILA. BY FELS & CO.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

(Continued from Page 194)

who is a successful building contractor, thought his eldest son should practice in New York State, where he'd received his education and had connections. Phyllis' mother and father were separated when she was very young; Mrs. Manning, who brought up and supported all three of her daughters, wanted "my girl to settle near her family," and frankly said so. This situation hardly decreased Phyllis' homesickness during her first weeks in Juneau.

She adapted with difficulty. Less venturesome than Bill, Phyllis shrinks from the unfamiliar and the strange. Minor inconveniences disturb her. For instance, she still laments the lack of freshly picked corn on the cob, which is unavailable in Juneau, and isn't disposed to settle for freshly caught salmon instead. Bill is endowed with humor and is able to laugh at small troubles that strike his less-flexible wife as monumental.

Phyllis treasures friends, but the delicate business of making new friends in a new place was hard for her at first. Without knowing it, she occasionally blundered. She is sensitive and easily hurt herself, but it took her quite a while to realize that the new people she was meeting each day were also sensitive and very proud of the city which she and Bill had adopted. "I believe in being honest and direct," says Phyllis, who is young and sometimes fails to grasp that honest criticism of a town comes with more grace from old-timers. Accustomed to measure by the yardstick of New York, in the beginning she made thoughtless undiplomatic remarks that in turn made trouble for her: "My, but the roads up here are bumpy and rough." . . . "Why don't people up here patronize foreign movies?" . . . "Oh, I should think in a town this size there would be a good orchestra." This attitude, Phyllis now concedes, wasn't helpful in the painful process of adjustment. In a town of 7500 a single remark can travel with the speed of light.

Both Krasilovskys agree that the low point of their Alaskan residence was reached with the fire. They were out of town at the time. Court was meeting in Anchorage, and Phyllis and Bill received the bad news in a hotel room there. The material loss was tough enough to accept, but to both young people the loss in intangibles was much worse. At a time when they were just putting tentative roots in a new kind of pr abruptly their strong roots with the pas snapped. It was as though their mem had been burned up. Phyllis' wedding was destroyed, Bill's law-school diplom afghan knitted by Bill's grandmother tures painted by Phyllis' mother. Book phonograph records, rolls of movie film could not be replaced, were lost. "E thing we were saving for our children in that fire," says Phyllis. "Bill and I in each other's arms, and I guess I must hated Alaska that night."

There seems small question that Ph reaction to the fire was heightened b pregnancy. Bill is a wise, understandin band, mature beyond his years. Befor couple left New York, he had promise wife a yearly trip back. He suggested Phyllis collect on the promise in adv Eight months after the Krasilovskys their permanent move to Alaska, P returned to the Brooklyn of her girl

The visit back home, both Phyllis an now believe, represented the turning From the big city that she had yearne Phyllis got a better perspective on the town she had left. She had the Empire Building to look at, but she misse mountains of Juneau. Among the frie her childhood, she missed the new f she had met in the north. Bill's care sumed in her mind the importance serves. The husbands of the girls she envied her husband his job and his flo ing prospects. Her visit lasted six week returned to Juneau in May of last ye

On the Fourth of July, Phyllis an and a group of other young June climbed Telephone Hill to watch th works in the harbor below. Little whom Phyllis calls "my first Alaska daughter," was born next day. Fro tender inflections of her voice, you g Alexis' mother came back to Alaska to

When Bill finishes his present jo expects to go into private practice. Krasilovskys may remain in Juneau, o may decide to locate in booming Anch They aren't quite sure. But one thi sure—they will be somewhere in the tory. When Phyllis and Bill say, "A is our home," they mean it.

THE TRUE LOVE AND THE DEAD

(Continued from Page 40)

Stella did not know the others in their party well; they were friends of Tyler's and, like Tyler, much older than herself. Every now and again they were very kind to her and made quite a fuss over her, but she had the feeling that they were laughing at her secretly. Everyone in the room seemed to be laughing and talking a great deal.

There was one girl—she was really beautiful with tawny hair that sprang away from her face like the petals of a chrysanthemum. She was dancing with a big blond man who looked as if he had played football at college ten years ago and never done anything since, and she was looking up into his face and laughing. When they passed their table Stella heard her say, "Oh, forget about my brother—I'm having a wonderful time!" But when Stella looked at her she saw that her eyes were filled with unutterable misery.

Tyler touched Stella's elbow lightly. "Let's get out of this and get a breath of air."

She was grateful, but she asked, "What about the others?" as she crossed the floor.

"I said I might be taking you home soon. They won't even notice we've gone." He looked at her and laughed as if he shared a secret with her and she began to feel happier.

The darkness was cool and sweet and quiet. Out toward the ocean hung the riding lights of anchored yachts.

The girl with the tawny hair came running out; she did not see them, but fled down the steps to where a dinghy creaked softly in the shadow of the wharf.

Stella and Tyler got into his car and drove out along the shore road. "Where shall we go, Stella, my sweet?"

His voice had a strange note in it to She felt he might be someone quite dif and not the Tyler she knew at all. She felt this about herself—that she was so quite different. She looked suddenly ler. He was a handsome man with creases running down on either side sensual mouth, and hair turning a littl She didn't really know him at all, she th

He laughed. "I'm glad we ran out on aren't you? I tell you what," he crie sudden boyishness. "Let's go for a sw

"Oh, yes!" she answered eagerly. swam together every day. Then she re bered. "But my suit's at the cottage."

"We'll stop by for it," he said.

She could not explain that Elinor not let her go swimming at this hour. the things that Elinor had said that Tyler seem so strange tonight. She star of the car away from him.

They passed the Old Fishermen's Wh the end of the town and they could s colored lights strung around the Sea S again. Suddenly out of the darkness side of the road a face sprang into the li the car. It had come and gone so swiftl she was not sure if it was real; it was instant as if the face of her own youn plexity had leaped out at her from the But it had been the face of a boy, v familiar, she thought, behind the l anguish that it wore.

There was a light on in Elinor's Stella let herself in cautiously.

"That you, Stel?" her sister calle was reading in bed.

Y"

H a good time, honey?" Elinor's voice s c ciliatory. It was only half past ten. O wonderful. But it got so crowded and

" st went into the bathroom and took s and a beach coat off the peg. In her m e changed quickly, opened the win- v d stepped softly out onto the cool ss yler said nothing to her. He took off b e and let the car slide down the hill a le y before putting it into gear, as if he w st what Stella had done.

W she was waiting for him on the beach h an to wish she had not come. There s noon and the black oily water slapped ly t her feet.

T came running down over the sand in tr ks. "Come on," he shouted, splashing o water. "I'll race you out to the Sea m ."

t uld seem so stupid if she backed out v ne followed him, slipping into the c oiselessly as if she had become part of H swam with powerful driving strokes, i without effort she kept pace with him. W n they reached the Sea Nymph he m ed on board. The cruiser was his, a it expensive-looking craft. He leaned r, ught hold of her wrists and heaved t Her wet body brushed his.

I cold," she said with a shiver.

C ne on down into the cabin and I'll e u something to put round you and l ve a drink."

h ollowed him, s on the thresh- o e cabin like a e ring a strange m

lo witched on the t nd went over a cker and took h an's bathrobe. y his on and slip o hat wet suit," s with fatherly h ty, "We can't e you catching d His hands d her shoul- s he put the i e round her.

h you're trembling, child!" he said, d her. "You're not afraid of me, are Y ou know I wouldn't do anything to h you."

I I'm just cold."

" funny little thing!" he said softly. " up now and get out of that wet suit." H lid away from his hands. "I'll go up d and change."

l ughed as if he were relieved. "Be c bout it. I'll make some coffee," he s r.

I went up on deck. She was trembling all f he moved lightly to the stern of the b t herself down into the water sound- l nd began to swim away.

A moment she heard him call. He called i nd his voice became alarmed. Then s rchlight from the Sea Nymph swept t e water; she watched for it and dived. I s growing cold.

T ought now how stupid she had been; h ad been no need to run away. He i id he would not do anything to h her—but that was what had fright- e r. Now she had cut herself off from a e would know now what a little fool w s.

H limbs felt heavy and cold, the black e linging to her as if it were oil. It was a , so still and so solitary. She would be w d and he would know what a little s e was.

A int sound came out of the dark, the t creaking of a boat at anchor, little s starboard. She began to swim toward T water resisted her, slapping up in her a d she swallowed and choked.

W n she touched the gunwale her panic H . She rested for a moment. There was s nd on the boat, but the light in the c abin was on. She recognized it as a m ster called the True Love. She did not know who the owners were. She swam round to the stern and eased herself quietly onto the deck.

She moved cautiously until she could look down into the cabin. There seemed to be no one there and she called, "Hullo, there!" softly. Then she realized there was no dinghy made fast. They must have gone ashore and left the light on. Only when she was well inside the cabin did she see the girl lying on the bunk.

A LITTLE cry caught in Stella's throat, for the girl was not asleep. She saw that at once. The girl's eyes were wide open and horribly protuberant. It was the girl with the tawny hair; she was still wearing the flowered silk dress she had been wearing at the Sea Shanty, but she wasn't smiling any longer. There was a fleck of blood on her lips.

She's dead! Stella thought. The scene was so exact and clear that she knew she would remember it in its every detail all her life. And yet it was not real; nothing was real any more.

She heard the sound of oars being shipped and a dinghy coming alongside. She swung around, her mouth open but no sound coming from it.

A pair of old sneakers came down the companionway, and a boy ducked his head mechanically as he came into the cabin. He was perhaps two or three years older than Stella, a thin boy with a thatch of the same tawny-colored hair as the girl on the bunk; the bones of his haggard young face jutted out, making triangular planes of light and shade.

Stella looked at him, trying to speak. "Something's happened," she whispered at last. "Something horrible has happened."

He kept his eyes away from the bunk; his look clung to hers. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I—I swam. I couldn't make the wharf, so I came on board." Then she cried out, "But she's dead!"

"Yes," he said, still not looking at the bunk. "I—I found her like that. She's my sister. I've called the police. You better get out of here before they come. You don't want to get mixed up in all this."

"Oh, but ——" She made a little gesture in his direction.

"I'll give you something to put on and you can take the dinghy. Let it drift—I'll tell them I forgot to make it fast."

There was a girl's sweater on a peg and he reached for it. As he handed it to her they heard the sound of a motor launch. A moment later the True Love was caught in the wash of a Coast Guard picket boat and a voice was hailing them. The boy went up on deck and Stella followed him, shivering.

The picket boat had come alongside and a burly-looking man leaped on board. His face appeared crimson and shining, but his voice was unexpectedly mild.

"You Lawrence Hierens?" he asked.

"Yes," said the boy.

"I'm Macadam, chief of police. Why didn't you wait for us on the wharf like I told you?"

"I—I don't know. I had to get back to her, I guess."

"Who's the young lady?"

"I—I don't know. She hasn't got anything to do with it. She swam here."

"Swam! What's your name, miss?"

"Stella Lowe," she whispered.

"Where's the body?" Macadam asked the boy.

The True Love swayed and dipped in the subsiding wash. Two policemen and a man in a tweed jacket carrying a bag had come on board. There were two sailors on the picket boat. With the searchlight of the picket boat shining behind them, they all seemed larger than life; to Stella it seemed that a great

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Windy Night

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Clouds overhead are wind-filled sails
Bellying against the stars
While midnight creaks to the rise and fall
Of leafy masts and spars.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

the pressure pan that is changing the cooking customs of a nation!



MIRRO-MATIC

time-saving wonders are yours, through
MIRRO-MATIC *SPEED*-COOKING and *SELECTIVE* PRESSURE CONTROL!

The exclusive MIRRO-MATIC selective pressure control lets you choose the *right* pressure, then *automatically* prevents pressure from going higher than your recipe requires . . . 5, 10, or 15 lbs. *You can hear it* as it goes about its work, speeding, protecting, perfecting your cooking, while *you* relax and enjoy it!

now in these popular sizes
4-quart 6-quart
8-quart

4-qt. $12.95
[West, 13.95]
6-qt. **$17.45**
[West, 18.45]
8-qt. **$18.95**
[West, 19.95]
Each with rack and recipe book.

What to Look For in MIRRO-MATIC

Notice its V-type Neoprene gasket, so easy to remove, clean, and replace. See how simply the cover opens and closes, how its gracefully domed shape provides *full* capacity, for canning as well as cooking. Then choose the size that fits your needs now . . . add another when you need it. That way you'll get *all* the pleasures and benefits of MIRRO-MATIC . . . the pressure pan that is changing the cooking customs of a nation!

ALUMINUM GOODS MFG. CO., MANITOWOC, WIS.
World's Largest Manufacturer of Aluminum Cooking Utensils

Get **MIRRO** *at department, hardware and housefurnishing stores, wherever dealers sell the finest aluminum.*

MIRRO
THE FINEST ALUMINUM



MIRRO-MATIC ELECTRIC PERCOLATOR 8-cup, with cord 12.95 (Fed. Tax Included)
MIRRO DRIP COFFEE MAKER 6-cup 3.25
MIRRO PERCOLATOR 4-cup 2.25 6-cup 2.45 8-cup 2.75 12-cup 3.25
MIRRO COMBINATION PAN 3-qt. 2.75
MIRRO TEA KETTLE 5-qt. 4.25



MIRRO STRAINER PAN 3-qt. 1.85
MIRRO FRENCH FRYER 3-qt. 1.95
MIRRO RING MOLD 8-10 Servings .85
MIRRO TUBED CAKE PAN 1½ cups egg whites 1.85
MIRRO COOK BOOK 304 pages 2.00

Prices slightly higher in west

Swell Sandwiches... *with a* built-in Salad!



THEY *look* like French pastries, but *actually* they're hearty luncheon sandwiches. And *easily* made.

For each sandwich loaf, trim the crusts from two pieces of thin-sliced bread. Cut each slice in half.

Spread each half slice with Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. Make two sandwiches . . . one with sliced tomato and one with lettuce. Spread the top of the tomato sandwich with Kraft Olive-Pimento Cheese Spread and place the lettuce sandwich on top.

Soften rich, delicate Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese with a little milk and frost each loaf generously. At their first forkfuls guests will say "So clever!" . . . "So *good!*"

Look for the red Kraft K.

Only Philadelphia Brand

Cream Cheese has it on

the package!

Other cream cheeses are in *similar* blue and silver packages. To help you pick the *real thing* at a glance, look for the red K on every package of famous Philadelphia Brand.



TWO POPULAR SIZES

3-oz. famous since 1880

½-LB. saves you as much as 12¢

THERE'S ONLY ONE "PHILADELPHIA" CREAM CHEESE...

THE BRAND MADE BY KRAFT

AND GUARANTEED FRESH!

number of men had come on board and that they were all alike. The boy had gone below with Macadam and the man in the tweed jacket, but they had not allowed her to follow. She could hear them questioning Lawrence Hierens.

"You say she was your sister? What's her name?"

"Tamara Hierens."

"Age?"

"Twenty-one."

"Address?"

He gave an address in New York.

"What's that, Doc?" Macadam asked.

"Look's like she was strangled not more'n an hour and a half ago. But she weren't lying this way. She had her face pushed in the pillow—you can see the marks on the back of her neck."

"Did you find the body in that position, boy?"

"I—I turned her over."

"Oh, for the love of Mike! Was anyone else on board when you found her? That girl?"

"Her? No."

"When did you last see your sister alive?"

"At dinner at the Sea Shanty."

"What time was that?"

"About eight-fifteen, I think."

"What time did you come on board?"

"I—I don't know exactly. About eleven, I guess."

"What were you doing between eight-fifteen and eleven?"

"I—I went for a walk."

"Alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was your sister with at the Sea Shanty?"

"With a couple we know, George and Ella White. And with Bernard Stone."

"Did anyone bring her aboard?"

"I—I don't know."

"Hi, you there—Spree," the chief called up the companionway, and one of the shadows on the deck sprang to attention. "Telephone ashore and get one of the boys to pick up George and Ella White and Bernard Stone. And send that girl down here."

Stella went down into the cabin.

"When did you and young Hierens come on board?" Macadam asked in his mild voice.

"He . . . I came first, just a minute before he did. I swam."

"From the shore?"

"From another boat. The Sea Nymph."

"That's the Chase boat? Was anyone with you?"

"Ty—Mr. Chase was on the Sea Nymph with me. Then I—I left and swam here."

"Did you come over here to meet Lawrence?"

"No. Oh, no, I didn't even know him."

"And his sister Tamara—did you know her?"

She shivered. "I—I saw her at the Sea Shanty."

"Oh, so you were at the Sea Shanty too? Did you speak to Lawrence there?"

"No. I didn't know him. I told you."

"Did that guy Chase let you go off swimming alone in the dark?"

"He—he didn't know. I just swam off. I meant to swim ashore." She shivered again.

MACADAM called up on deck, "Go over to the Sea Nymph and see who's on board and bring 'em here."

"She's got a wet suit on. She'll catch cold," the boy blurted out suddenly.

"Okay. Find some clothes for her. You can change in the for'ard cabin, miss."

The boy went over to a locker and took out some denims and a reefer jacket and sneakers. *They belonged to his sister*, Stella thought.

She went into the forward cabin and put on the clothes. Another boat had come alongside and the picket boat had returned. She heard the man called Spree call out, "There ain't no one aboard the Sea Nymph, chief."

She went quickly up on to the deck where Macadam was waiting for her. He helped her aboard the picket boat. Lawrence was on board already.

Macadam sat down on a locker in front of them and began to ask questions, the same questions all over again.

"Why did you leave the Sea Nym go swimming off into the dark alone a funny thing for a girl to do."

The boy moved as if about to spe

"I—I don't really know," Stella wanted to go home."

"Did you swim to the True Love Lawrence there?"

"No. I didn't even know him."

"But hadn't you seen him at Shanty with his sister? Didn't yo there to meet on the True Love?"

"No! No!" they both cried togeth didn't even know each other then."

OUTSIDE the chief's office they sat chairs set side by side. Ella and White were in the chief's office now. Stone had not been found.

The girl and the boy did not speak, there waiting side by side. Presen Whites came out. They did not look rence. *They think he killed her*, Stella th

Spree told Stella and Lawrence th chief wanted to speak to them, an they went into his office Macada them in his mild way to sit down.

The chief said nothing for a while. there looking at them and chewin *When his mouth isn't moving it looks h cruel*, Stella thought; *he is only pre to be kind.*

"Why didn't you tell us you ha reled with your sister?" he asked L suddenly.

"It wasn't important. It had not do with this." His voice was ang Stella wanted to say something or her hand to him.

"But you quarreled at the Sea Sh

"We did quarrel."

The chief turned suddenly on Stella. was the quarrel about?"

"I—I don't know. They weren't near us."

"Oh, so you know where they sitting?"

"I saw . . . his sister. I told you —

"I tell you," the boy cried out hasn't anything to do with it. We nev before."

Macadam looked at him though "Your sister was engaged to be mar

"Yes," Lawrence whispered.

"Who to?"

"To Doctor Ellis—Jordan Ellis."

"Guy that's been doing all that research?"

"Yes."

"Quite a guy, from what they say.

"Oh, he's swell," Lawrence said.

"Where is he now?"

"In Europe."

"When were they to be married?"

"Next—next month, when he got

Stella could feel that the boy was bling, although she was not touchin

"How long has he been away?" th asked casually.

"Four months."

"And your sister's been going arou this fellow Stone?"

"Oh, she went around with a lot lows. She liked having fun."

Stella wanted to warn him. His voi all wrong. It was too fierce, too desper

"Wasn't it over Bernard Ston quarreled at the Sea Shanty? Wasn't cause of him you left?" Macadam's voi still quiet, but it was not soft.

"I quarreled with my sister becau wouldn't leave with me. There were a drunks and I didn't think she should

"Didn't he leave because he qu with Bernard Stone?" the chief asked unexpectedly.

"No. I mean I don't know."

"Oh, but you knew there was a q Did he tell you about it?"

"No, no. *You* said ——"

Again and again, over and over. W you leave the Sea Nymph? What w quarrel about? Where did you meet other first? On and on and on, and believing them.

"I've got that guy Tyler Chase chief," said Spree, coming in with a sheaf of papers.

a did not look at him when he came
in his voice she could hear amazement
rm.
lla! What are you doing here?"
a know this young lady, Mr. Chase?"
ef asked blandly, chewing his gum.
y, yes, yes, of course I know her. We
a party together for dinner at the Sea
last night. I took her home—must
en around ten."
a took her straight home from the Sea
? You and the young lady didn't go
vim?"
a looked at Tyler then. *He's afraid,*
ught. *He's afraid they'll think he made*
ne or that he left me to drown.
a swim? No! I'm getting a bit too
o swimming in the dark." Tyler gave
asy little laugh and then, as if that
ven him courage, he cried angrily,
ok here, what's all this about? What's
a?"
chief's jaws continued to move
nically and he looked at Tyler con-
tively for a little while.
ere's been a murder, Mr. Chase," he
'This young man's sister found
ed. Did you see these two young peo-
ak to each other at the Sea Shanty?"
! I mean, I don't think so. It was
crowded, you know. A murder! You
hink this child has anything to do
?"
a was watching him. It was strange to
a fall apart bit by bit. She felt that
as nothing left to him that she did not
and, that she would always know just
would bluster and prevaricate, look-
the safest thing to

y, this is outra-
" Tyler Chase was
"Keeping the child
l night. Don't you
Stella, my dear.
oon get you out of

looked away from
own at the floor.
f a person were no longer important
horrible to see him falling apart.
ll, that will be all, Mr. Chase,"
am said. "I may want to ask you some
ns later on."
course . . . of course," Chase replied.
a did not look up when the door closed
him. She felt sad, sad for herself and
too. *I was right to swim away,* she
t, and she remembered the dark soli-
the waters. She looked sideways along
or to where Lawrence sat. She could
foot twisted over at the ankle so that
ed where a hole was worn in the sole of
aker and this, too, seemed somehow
eakers! Her thoughts stopped short.
e gone dancing at the Sea Shanty in
s and the dungarees he was wearing
She looked away quickly, for fear the
as watching her.
you swam out alone to the True
"

no, I told you. I swam to the Sea
n with Tyler Chase and then on to the
ove alone."
ase said he took you home."
took me home and waited while I
d into my swim suit."
dn't you speak to anyone in the
."
poke to my sister. She was in bed.
retended I was going to bed too."
ay?"
e didn't like me going out with Tyler
"
. Did he make a pass at you on the
is that why you swam away?"
. But I was afraid ——"
at he would make a pass? Now, tell
iss Stella, swimming out to a yacht at
with a man—didn't you expect him to
a pass at you?"
. . . . At least, I mean I didn't know."
hat got you scared?"
—he said I needn't be afraid."
u mean you didn't think there was
ng to be afraid of until he told you not
fraid and then you jumped overboard
and swam away and he went quietly home without troubling to see if you were safe?"

"Oh, no. No. It wasn't like that. I slipped over the side quietly while he was making coffee. I heard him calling and then he turned the searchlight onto the water and I dived ——"

"You didn't swim out to the True Love to find Tyler Chase and Tamara there?"

"No. Oh, no!"

The chief pressed a button on his desk. "Spree, did you check on Tyler Chase?"

Spree's voice came back, hollow and mechanical. "Yeah, chief. Pair of wet swimming trunks in the back of the car—nylon ones and dripping wet. And, chief, one of the boys that works down at the Sea Shanty says he saw a light on the Sea Nymph, going off and on. Just before eleven."

"Good work, Spree. Anything on Bernard Stone yet?"

"No one ain't seen hide nor hair o' him."

"Keep working on it."

MACADAM leaned back in his chair. "So there was a light on the Sea Nymph," he said thoughtfully. Suddenly he pointed at the boy. "Did you go to the Sea Shanty in sneakers and dungarees?"

"No, sir. I—I went back on board to change."

"You stopped to change your clothes after you found your sister's body before calling the police?"

"No . . . no—before that."

"You didn't say you'd been back on the True Love before that."

"I forgot. I just went back to change after I left the Sea Shanty."

"What did you do after you changed your clothes?"

"I—I went ashore and went for a walk."

"Oh. You mean you left the Sea Shanty in a violent rage, went on board to change your clothes and then went for a walk?"

"Yes. Only I wasn't in a *violent* rage."

"Mrs. White told me you were so mad with your sister you said you didn't care if you never saw her alive again."

"Oh, I didn't mean that! I didn't mean anything!" cried the boy and he dropped his face into his hands with a sob.

The chief waited as if out of consideration for Lawrence's feelings. Then he said quietly, "Let's get this straight. At about eight o'clock you left the Sea Shanty and went on board the True Love to change. What dinghy did you use—your own?"

"No, sir. I borrowed one. Ours was tied up to the steps of the Sea Shanty. I was halfway to the Old Fishermen's Wharf where we usually leave it before I remembered."

"Oh. So you walked along the shore, borrowed a dinghy, went on board and changed your clothes, went ashore again and took a walk for an hour or more? Meet anyone on that walk?"

"No, sir."

"Huh. Then you went back to the True Love—did you use your own dinghy this time?"

"No. I thought my sister would have used it."

"So you took the second dinghy again, went back on board and found your sister lying there dead?"

"Yes."

"Then you took time to take the second dinghy in tow and return it before you called the police—why'd you do that?"

"I don't know," Lawrence answered.

The chief leaned forward across his desk, and when he spoke it was in a harsh tone. "Did you ever take that second dinghy at all? Didn't you go out to the True Love with your sister? Didn't you row her to the True Love and quarrel with her there? Didn't you strangle her?"

"No! No! He didn't," cried Stella. "He didn't, I say!"

"He didn't?" Macadam repeated. "How do you know he didn't?"

"I saw his sister leave the Sea Shanty. She went down to the dinghy and there was no

When a man has a rip in his coat and only three buttons on his vest, he should do one of two things: either get married or get divorced.
—ANON.

"Better than my own French Dressing!"



SO SAY THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF HARD-TO-PLEASE WOMEN. SOME ARE TALKING ABOUT KRAFT FRENCH, SOME ABOUT MIRACLE FRENCH, ALSO MADE BY KRAFT. SEE WHAT YOU THINK!



TOMATO ROSE SALAD

Peel and chill firm tomatoes. Slightly soften Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese with milk. Form 2 rows of petals on each tomato by pressing level teaspoons of the cheese against the side of the tomato, drawing the teaspoon down with a curving motion. Sprinkle center of each "rose" with hard-cooked egg yolk pressed through a strainer. Serve on greens with *Miracle* or *Kraft* French Dressing.



MIRACLE FRENCH. *If you like a touch of garlic and onion—a deft touch, just the* right *touch! —Miracle French is for you. This lively dressing—of the clear type—has the Parisian accent you've been looking for.*

KRAFT FRENCH. *The most widely popular French Dressing ever created! A creamy thick dressing, with a marvelous blend of seasonings. Flavor so smooth, so exactly right. It's zippy enough for grown-ups, mild enough for children.*

Just try these two delightful

FRENCH DRESSINGS by KRAFT



In 1908, *we resolved...*

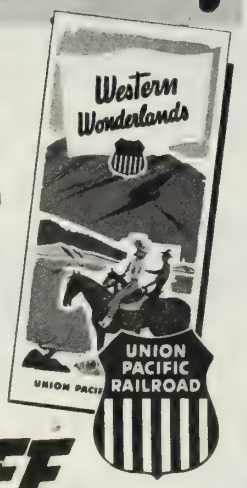
to create a masterpiece among cookies: two *crisp* chocolate cookies with a velvety cream filling in between. Today, millions say Sunshine HYDROX... the *original* cream-filled chocolate cookie... is the *Finest Ever Made!*



Sunshine
HYDROX
COOKIES
THE ORIGINAL CREAM-FILLED CHOCOLATE COOKIE

Planning Your
VACATION?

This colorful folder tells you about many of the marvelous western vacation regions
•
with description, photos and full color pictorial map



IT'S FREE..

TELLS YOU ABOUT THESE REGIONS:
SUN VALLEY, IDAHO • CALIFORNIA PACIFIC NORTHWEST • COLORADO YELLOWSTONE-GRAND TETON • ZION-BRYCE-GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARKS • LAS VEGAS-HOOVER DAM DUDE RANCHES

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD
Room 420, Omaha 2, Nebraska
Please send free folder "Western Wonderlands."
Name_____
Street Address_____
City_____ State_____
I am also interested in Escorted Vacation Tours ☐

AMAZING OFFER—$50 IS YOURS
for selling only 100 boxes of MERIT'S outstandin . 21 for $1 All-Occasion cards. No experience necessary, costs nothing to try. Write for Selling Plan and Samples on Approval now.
MERIT, Dept. 70, 370 Plane St., Newark 2, N. J.
Also Free Samples Personalized Stationery, Napkins, Book Matches

IF YOU CAN BOIL WATER you can make the finest JELLY
MAKE JELLY NOW!
SUN GOLD Spredon
USE NO FRUIT
1 PKG SPREDON +
2 CUPS WATER +
3 CUPS SUGAR =
5 GLASSES JELLY
4 PKGS. $1 Postpaid CHOICE OF 7 FLAVORS
AT YOUR GROCER'S ... if not send his name and receive your FREE sample
Write CALFRUIT Pasadena 3, California • Dept. C

ALWAYS POPS BETTER!
CRISP-TENDER-TASTY!
JOLLY TIME POP CORN



"MEXENE IS IDEAL FOR ALL SEASONING"

Says
Mrs. Ray Alden Smith
of Lynchburg, Va.

Good cook that she is, Mrs. Smith knows it's the flavor that makes the meal . . . and the cook's reputation! That's why she uses Mexene All-Purpose Seasoning to add delicious goodness to everyday foods. Mexene, a piquant blend of rare peppers and spices, is ideal for adding appetite appeal to meats, spaghetti, soups, vegetables, and sea-foods.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



Walker's AUSTEX Chili Co.
CHILI • TAMALES • BEEF STEW
BRAISED BEEF HASH • SANDWICH SPREAD
SPAGHETTI and MEAT BALLS

one there—at least, no one spoke to her and they would, wouldn't they, if they had been waiting there?"

"Not if they were hiding in the dark under the steps waiting for her to come."

"But he wasn't. I know he wasn't because I saw him afterward."

"I thought you said you saw him for the first time on the boat."

"I didn't realize . . . I mean, that it was him. It was when we were coming back to get my bathing suit, just before we got to the Sea Shanty I saw him." She looked at Lawrence. "I saw him going toward the Old Fishermen's Wharf, walking along the road."

"So you did know him before you met him on the boat?"

"No. Not really. I just thought he looked familiar—I didn't know who he was, but his hair . . . it's the same color as—as hers. I remember now that it was him I saw."

"Oh," said Macadam as if he had not believed a word she said.

There was a knock at the door and the officer standing there let Spree in. "Here's the report from the doc, chief," he said, laying a sheet of paper on the desk. "We've got the girl's sister here."

"Oh. Any word on that guy Stone?"

"Not a word, chief. Looks like the sea had swallowed him whole."

"Well, do something about it. And the sister can wait in the next room," Macadam said in a more kindly tone. "Have you got that guy Chase there?"

"Yes, chief."

"Send him in."

The moment Tyler came into the room Macadam began to speak in a harsh, authoritative tone of voice, very unlike the mild accent he had used before.

"You lied to me, Chase. You took this girl home, waited for her and then took her swimming. When you got on the boat you scared the poor kid so that she slipped away when you weren't looking. You thought she might be drowned and you weren't going to get yourself mixed up in it—isn't that so?"

Stella stared at Tyler. She couldn't take her eyes off him, although it was shameful to see him so, so hollow, flapping about in his own uncertainty.

"I—I had to protect the girl," he said. "I didn't do anything, but you know how it is—what people would say."

"You don't say," said the chief, chewing on his gum. "Sergeant, take this gentleman out and keep him till I send for him."

"Look here, you can't do this ——" Tyler began and he looked angrily at Stella. She had turned away from him and was looking at the boy.

The door closed and there was silence. Then the chief spoke in his most gentle tone. "When did you find out that your sister was pregnant, Lawrence?"

The boy let out a cry. "No! No! It's not true!"

"The doctor's report says she was about two months gone."

The boy covered his face with his h
"Now tell me; her fiancé, this D
Ellis—how long has he been away?"

The boy raised his head. He looked
gard and sick. "About four months."

"So it wasn't him. Was it Stone?"

The boy made no reply.

"Tell me, son, d'you think Stone
your sister out to the True Love and
her?"

The boy nodded dumbly.

"What puzzles me," Macadam we
thoughtfully as if he were talking to hi
"is that if Stone took her out to the
Love in a dinghy and you found a d
there but no Stone—what dinghy d
leave in?"

The boy made no reply.

Macadam jabbed at a button on his
"Any word on Stone?" he asked.

"No, sir," was Spree's mechanical
The boy sighed and looked up. "You
find him," he said. "He's dead. I killed

The chief sat with his chair tipped b
pencil turning in his strong, blunt fi
"Well, let's hear your story, son."

Lawrence had looked at Stella after h
spoken, and when he turned away sh
that the last thread of reality had sna

"We'd been quarreling about Stone,"
rence began in a flat, tired voice.

"Begin at the beginning, son. Who w
guy Stone and how did you meet?"

"I don't know much about him re
said the boy. "My sister met him last
in New York and she brought him ro
our apartment once or twice. I didn
him from the start. He began taking T
out. He's married, but I didn't wo
first—she always liked having a goo
and Jordan's a lot older and he alwa
Tam do just what she wanted." Th
stopped, his face contorted. "But
wasn't anything bad in Tam," he burs
"There wasn't anything really bad
just liked having a good time."

Stella sat apart, looking into this s
world in which she had no part, linke
only by the thin thread of the boy's d
ate voice.

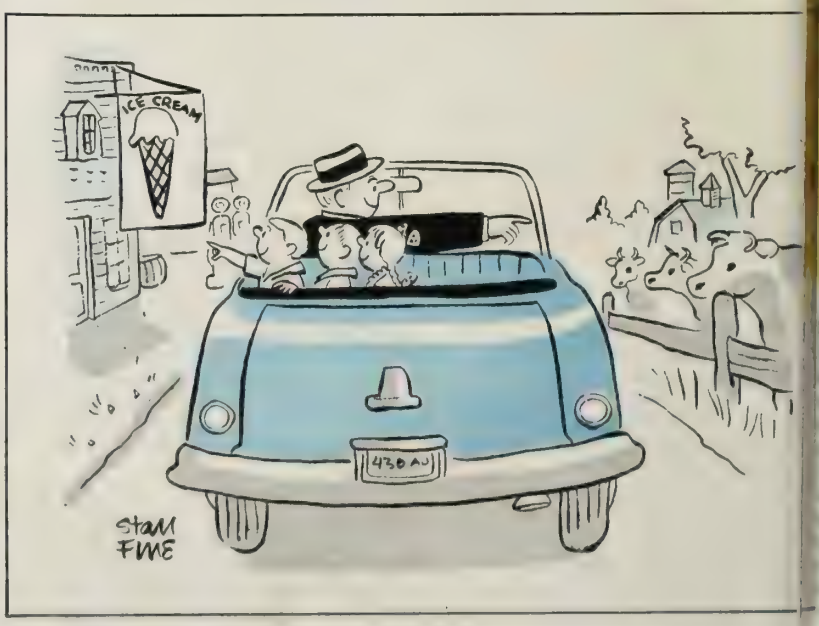
There was a knock at the door ar
chief made an impatient gesture to sho
he wanted no interruption. "Go on, s

"I thought it didn't matter too m
Lawrence went on, "because we wo
away all summer and Tam would soon
him. Jordan had said we could come
here and stay on the True Love. The
Love's his. We—we thought it would b

"Well?"

"Then when we got here Stone wa
I got mad with Tamara because I g
they'd fixed it up between them and
a row. We had a lot of rows after that.
she was seeing a lot of Stone, but I k
of the way. Sometimes I could see th
been on the boat together and that m
sort of sick. The True Love belongs
dan, you know."

(Continued on Page 202)



fresh-shucked flavor!

The big thing about Niblets Brand Corn is not how it got that way. the years it took to develop this exclusive breed nor the scientific growing methods we touch upon below. The big thing is this. In each golden forkful you get the fresh-shucked flavor of tender young roastin' ears any time of the year. How about tonight?



Clockwork . . . not guesswork. Pick almost any corn at its fleeting moment of perfect flavor, and you have something pretty fine. But every ear that goes into Niblets Brand Corn is picked at that exact moment, because Green Giant scientists have worked out a way of telling in advance when each field is ready. Better corn to start with, brought you at its *peak* of flavor!



Niblets BRAND **SWEET Corn**

© GGCo. "Niblets" Brand Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Designed for Your Modern Kitchen!





The New UNIVERSAL TAB-L-TOP Food Chopper



Hand pressure holds TAB-L-TOP firmly against the table's edge.



TAB-L-TOP'S body swings open, makes cleaning easy, sanitary.

Get the new TAB-L-TOP for your kitchen. Only $5.95 at your Universal dealer's.

TAB-L-TOP rests snugly on counter or table's edge. Rubber pads prevent scratching or marring surface. You put food into hopper and effortlessly grind it out—evenly cut every time. All excess juices are diverted by special trough into container below.

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Gracing the Tables of Eleven Million American Homes!



Airko*

FREE-FLOW MOISTURE-PROOF SHAKERS



Eleven million women can't be wrong! They know that wonderful Airko* Shakers actually keep salt dry the year 'round in the dampest, slushiest weather. The patented Airkonite element in the gleaming chrome top is a self-reactivating drying unit. It requires no further attention.

Beautiful in design, these Deluxe Airkos stand four inches tall and are made of sparkling crystal glass, hand-cut, satin-finish base.

Packed in unique "Show-Case" gift boxes, **$1.00 PAIR**

At Better Stores, Leading 5 & 10's
Dealer Inquiries Invited

Keep salt dry!



*AIRKO ORIGINALS

These smaller Airkos have the same amazing drying element . . . Ring-designed crystal clear glass, metal tops with plastic colored shields . . . Only **39¢ PAIR.**

*T M

AIRKO MFG. CO., Clermont, Florida

(Continued from Page 200)

Stella had not taken her eyes off his tragic young face. It was she who asked, "What happened then?"

"I went off early this morning—that is, yesterday morning." He was telling the story to Stella now. "When I got back to the True Love—I guess it was about five this afternoon—I found Tamara alone. I—I was still mad at her and I made some stupid crack about her having lost her fine beau. She just got up and went down below. When I went down I found her lying there crying. I tried to comfort her and then she told me she'd had a quarrel with Stone and she wasn't going to see him any more. I was glad and sort of worried, too, because it wasn't like Tam to cry over a quarrel with anyone. Then she said would I go over and tell George and Ella that she wouldn't be going out with them tonight, but I didn't like to leave her alone, the way she was crying. So I said I'd take her if Stone wasn't going to be there. I knew a party was the best thing to cheer her up." The boy paused and put his hand to his head as if he were trying to remember what had happened next.

Again there was a knock and whispering at the door, but with a gesture Macadam silenced the interruption.

The boy went on:

"I don't like parties much, but it was kind of nice going with Tamara and we danced together a bit and she was laughing and talking the way she always does . . . always did. I—I kept telling myself that Jordan would be back soon and everything was going to be all right. But we hadn't been there more'n half an hour when Stone came over to our table and said, 'Sorry, Tamara darling, I couldn't make it earlier.' I expected Tam to tell him to get out, but she just sat there looking at him as if she was looking at the morning sun. I guessed she'd hoped he would come all along. I said if she wanted to stay she could, but I was clearing out—for good. She laughed at me then, but it wasn't a happy laugh, it was sort of hysterical. And she kept saying, 'You just don't understand.' 'I understand well enough,' I said. 'I understand you're double-crossing Jordan and you're just a common little cheat.' I said that to her. I said—I said, 'I don't care if I never see you again.'" And the boy put his hands over his face and groaned.

Intuition: the strange instinct that tells a woman she is right, whether she is or not. —AMBROSE BIERCE.

THEN in a little while he went on, speaking in the flat tones of exhaustion, looking at Stella all the time as if it were important that she should be made to understand:

"I just left her there with Ella and George and walked out. I thought I'd just disappear. I thought I'd hitchhike my way south. Mexico perhaps. I was way down near the Old Fishermen's Wharf by that time, so I took Ned Alonso's dinghy—I knew he wouldn't mind—and I rowed out to the True Love. I changed into dungarees and sneakers. I thought nobody'd notice me much in them. Then I went back ashore. I knew there was a bus leaving town just before midnight. So I went back toward town, but when I got along near the Sea Shanty I was thinking maybe it wasn't right to leave just like that, that I ought to stay and look out for Tamara. When I came to the Sea Shanty I crept up round the back there where there aren't no lights and I looked in. George and Ella and Stone were there, but Tamara was gone. I thought I'd make sure and I went to see if our dinghy was gone. The dinghy was still there and Tamara was sitting in it. Then I heard someone coming down the steps and I heard her cry out, 'Oh, Bernie, Bernie, I knew you'd come.' He got into the boat with her and began to row her out. I just couldn't bear the idea of them going to the True Love together. It's Jordan's boat, you know. I knew if I ran round the shore to the Old Fishermen's Wharf and hopped into Ned's dinghy I could maybe make it before them. So I ran up through the car park and along the road "

"That's when I saw you," Stella said.

"I thought that car was going to run down. I took Ned's dinghy out to the T Love and I could hear the sound of their o in the rowlocks way off—Stone wasn't m hand with a pair of oars. I climbed on bo and then I pushed Ned's dinghy off—I did want them to know I was there. I went i the for'ard cabin and waited and the heard Tamara say, 'You see! He's not ba I bet he won't be back all night.'"

Some little sound the chief had m brought the boy's face round to his, Stella turned and looked at him too.

"Go on, son," Macadam said.

"THEN I heard Stone say, 'Well, I'd bet not stay long. We've got to be careful, know.' And then Tam gave a funny li laugh. 'You're very careful all at once,' said. 'Well, it's different now,' Stone s 'You've got to remember you're going to married next month.' And Tamara cried c 'Do you think I'd marry Jordan now? E nie, you've got to divorce her and ma me—you've got to, Bernie, don't you unc stand?' And he gave a little laugh as if was scared and said, 'Tam, I'll get this fi up for you and then you'll marry Jordar

"Go on with your story, son," said chief.

"Tam got mad then. 'Oh, you think can fix everything,' she cried. 'Well, thi something you can't fix, because if you d tell your wife I shall!' You know," the went on, "I had expected them to come board and start making love and the would walk out and say just what I thou and maybe throw Stone overboard or so thing. But there was T fighting him and I felt s of foolish hiding there the dark. I didn't kn what to do."

Again he looked Stella and she nodded head, understanding h he had felt.

The boy's voice faltered as if he could bring himself to tell the end of the sto "Then they came down into the main cab Tamara was laughing and Stone was whisp ing and I thought, 'They're going to m love!' I couldn't bear it any more. I pul a blanket up round my ears and put my f in the pillow. I heard Tam cry, 'Oh, Berni There was a sort of gasping sound, it was— I didn't know . . . I just thought it was —

Stella put her hand over his.

"And then it seemed so queer and quie heard Stone go out on deck. All the ti there was no sound from Tamara. I scared. I went and opened the door tween the two cabins—then I saw her. was lying there . . . her face in the low. I knew he'd killed her. He must h kneeled on her and killed her while I just lying there. I was just lying there all time ——" Lawrence had bowed his h over Stella's hand that lay clasped in his she felt the tears fall.

"This guy Stone, is he a big strong guy

The boy nodded his head.

"I was wondering—it wouldn't have b easy for a boy like you. Go on, son."

"I went out through the forward ha and picked up the boat hook." The looked straight at Macadam now. "I wan to kill him, meant to kill him. I knew I did stand a chance with my hands. I moved f ward and he must have heard me, for turned. Then he came for me. I caught h sideways with the boat hook. I heard bone crack and he cried out and I hit ag and he went overboard."

"Did you take a look to see what had h pened to Stone, son?"

"Not right away. When I did look th wasn't a sign of him. I knew he was de But first I went down to the cabin. I turned her over and I began rubbing hands and things —I didn't know what to And then I saw it was no use. I—I fixed hair and her dress so—so she didn't look mussed up and then I went ashore and t phoned."

"It would have saved a lot of trou son, if you had told us all this at first.'

I DON'T HAVE ANY FUN

(Continued from Page 50)

e know, they seldom pay attention
ust stand there and look dopey."
pretend to be polite to me, but I
shamed when I have to ask some-
unce. I've been getting fatter and
e I was thirteen."
w being overweight makes me look
When I'm with other girls I feel big
vard. And because of my self-con-
s I can't make friends easily. All my
onestly look better in the closet."
seventeen and have had acne since
teen. I persuaded my father to take
skin specialist who gave me sun
cs and X ray. That caused my face
and all the infection came to the
Everything was all right until my
d left me. I have lost all my self-
e and don't know what to do."
er did start dating because of my
reaks out so I can't even shave. I
many pimples I can't even cover
h adhesive tape to hide them all."
very underweight and have ex-
ily skin. Every time I try to build
by eating fattening foods. my skin
ut. I feel that other people can't
ing at my condition."
adolescent mind, a single defect can
fied to distort an entire personality.
e legs that are straight up and down.
seem a trifle, but I am always being
ny family that I have piano legs and
n so aware of them that I wish I
ar hemlines right to the ground."
e seventh grade I started feeling in-
everyone else. Then I started to
I just can't keep my shoulders back
I feel so in the dumps all the time. I
lly speak my mind any more. My
school are in the nineties and right
nough to make me seem queer to a
ople."
sixteen and weigh under one hun-
nds. All my friends have developed
nd I have not. My mother says that
get older I will also develop, but I
look like other girls right now."
parents won't let me take the braces
eth. They laugh at me and say that
he eighth grade don't pay attention
I know my teeth are the reason I'm a
er, because many girls have said,
f you didn't have those horrid-
braces on your teeth, you would
be a member of our gang.'"
gh it is ultimately the acceptance of
emporaries that the teen-ager is seek-
ch reassurance about his physical
nce can come from home. Parents
ealize adolescence actually *is* a try-
for the teen-ager, that he is having
culties and has not just turned sulky
trary by choice.

NG or critical comment such as
an't you straighten your shoulders?"
n't you ever stop eating?" will do
make the teen-ager conscious of his
nings than to correct them. When-
ssible, it is best simply to work aids
rection tactfully into the everyday
he whole family: menus with an em-
on protein and fresh-fruit desserts, a
rbrush for the girl whose hair has sud-
one unruly, a deodorant brought home
from the drugstore—anything to
e teen-ager without making him feel
r disapproved. Too much of such at-
however, will only make him feel
is pitied and conspicuous. Casual
nts often, when the teen-ager is in a
ood or really deserves praise, will
mily approval seem routine and be-
. One popular boy commented that
dn't remember going out for a date
hearing his mother say, "You look
e tonight, Ronnie."
hiatrists, as well as teen-agers them-
have long stressed the feeling of con-
that can come from having an ade-
sex education. Explanations of such
phenomena as menstruation and the
oment of breasts in girls, or nocturnal
emissions, erections and changing of the voice in boys, if discussed by parents as natural developments in human growth, can do much to make the adolescent feel that his body, and hence he himself, is "normal."

On the contrary, inadequate information or parental silence that implies "You are not *supposed* to know" adds worry and anxiety. One girl commented, "In ninth grade all the smarties began to wear brassières and I used to wear an undershirt. Finally I bought a bra for myself to wear on gym-class days. I used to take it off and carry it home in my purse. I was scared stiff my mother would find out." And a very shy boy, as an explanation of why he never dated, said, "After I learned all about sex I just never felt good enough to be around girls."

Most teen-agers also need assurance that they "look right." Often a teen-ager who is ill at ease will suddenly feel acceptable and confident because he or she owns the same red corduroy jacket or the beanie that "everyone at school is wearing."

Though a moderate degree of moodiness is considered a normal characteristic of growing up, depressed moods, if persistent or long-lasting, may affect social attitudes even into adult life. Often, through a need for attention and approval, teen-agers become overly eager, flamboyant and too demonstrative, and lack of judgment in human relations can cost them the very approval they seek.

"I'm a 'blabbermouth.' Just to get in on the conversation, I ramble on and on. My girl friends usually say something like 'Can't you shut her up?' or 'Sad case.' I think they actually mean it. But if I keep quiet I feel ignored."

"When I first meet people, I am very interested and they get to like me. After a while, my enthusiasm dies down and people think that I'm not interested any more, and drift away. I try not to be so enthusiastic in the beginning, but it doesn't work. I always start bubbling over again."

"My father told me never to take a back seat for anybody. I have some friends, but I sometimes think they're jealous because I'm loud and they think I'm trying to get into a better crowd."

Occasionally adolescents' fears about themselves make them uneasy and harsh with others their own age, and the ever-present desire to become an "ideal person" makes shortcomings depressingly evident.

"I crave people, but dislike so many that it's not funny any more. How can I make myself see the good in everyone I meet and not the bad?"

"I attract people all right, but as soon as they like me real well I discontinue to like them and I'm almost mean. I just can't seem to hold a civil tongue. As a result, I don't talk at all."

"I'm sixteen and one of the most selfish brats there are, so selfish I let mom and pop keep house and earn money while I mess up things and spend the money without giving them one thought. I have done everything but spit in their faces; and yet I don't want to be selfish and lazy. I want to be good and kind and love everyone and have everyone love me!"

"Sometimes I am rude when there is no cause to be. I always hate myself after I say the wrong thing. I try hard to do and say the right thing, but I can't seem to help how I act. Is there something wrong with me?"

Usually the female adolescent feels *most* self-conscious when her classmates *know* that she is not popular. Teen-aged boys can "run around with a crowd of fellows" without dating and still be considered attractive, but girls need dates with boys to prove their popularity, and often sensitive feelings exaggerate this unpopularity.

"When I *do* get a date I can never manage things so there will be a continuation. I worry so about whether the fellow will ask me out again we can't even have fun that one time."

"No one can dance right with me except my mother. Everyone says I hold myself too



Mushroom Salmon Loaf

One bowl and just a little mixing makes this easiest-ever Lenten loaf

2 cups salmon, drained and flaked
1½ cups dry bread crumbs
½ cup minced green pepper
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 can (1¼ cups) Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup

Combine ingredients as listed and mix lightly. Pack firmly into a greased, small loaf pan. Bake in a moderate (350° F.) oven for about 1 hour or until done. Pour off juice and turn out on a warm platter. Serve with Mushroom Sauce. Enough for 6.

Mushroom Sauce: Just heat together 1 can (1¼ cups) Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup and ¼ cup of milk, stirring constantly. Pour over Mushroom Salmon Loaf or serve in a side dish.

You're going to love it!

CREAM SAUCE and CREAMED DISHES THIS QUICK EASY WAY!

One mark of an expert cook used to be the luxurious velvety-smoothness of her cream sauces and dishes. . . . Today, *anyone* can do it! Women everywhere have found they can get top results *every time* by cooking with Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup. . . . Campbell's is a skillful blend of fresh, cultivated mushrooms and extra-heavy whipping cream—heavier than you use in your own home! As a soup, in a recipe, or for making a delicious cream sauce, it is incomparable. Try the sauce over fried chicken . . . fish filets . . . potatoes. Your family will love that extra mushroom flavor!

DELICIOUS AS A SOUP... AS A POUR-ON SAUCE ... AND IN COOKING



FREE COOK BOOK
50 PAGES
99 DISHES
FULL COLOR

Mail coupon to Anne Marshall, Campbell Soup Company, Dept. L 15, Camden 1, N. J.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
ZONE STATE



stiff. But it's because I get self-conscious when I'm near a boy."

"Whenever a boy becomes interested in me more than just as a friend, I begin to get very mean to him, making it clear that I don't want him as a boy friend. Usually after I have discouraged a fellow, I feel ashamed and sorry and try to win back his friendship. Thinking a boy really likes me scares me."

"I think sometimes I'm going crazy because I think nobody really likes me. I am touchy and every little thing bothers me. I can't even be nice to boys who seem to like me, because I don't know how. I always want to break up and then dream about getting together again in some romantic way."

Almost all social inferiority, not based on things economic, can be traced directly to parents. Psychiatrists have pointed out that many parents unconsciously relive their own adolescent inhibitions and anxieties through their teen-aged sons and daughters. A father who had not made the school football team in his own youth later sent his son to special football camps, came to afterschool practice each day, flew into a rage when his son was benched during most of the season. Two overly solicitous parents, with a moderate income, isolated their daughter from high-school social life by insisting that she make a debut in a small town where this was not done. Another girl was depressed for weeks because her mother told the mother of a girl friend that "Mary had her dance program completely filled last night," though Mary had been asked to dance only twice.

Often teen-agers are set apart from their crowd and made to feel "different" by parents who are too eager to give them "everything I missed." In a small-town high school, one girl was miserable because her parents "gave me a sheared-beaver coat and all the girls said I was trying to show off." Similarly, a teen-ager who is given special dancing lessons while his friends learn to dance at a local Y is likely to be left out of their plans for fun. Teen-agers achieve a camaraderie from sharing the same restrictions, the same set of complaints against parents that their contemporaries are enjoying.

Most likely to feel socially inferior, however, are teen-agers who have been told at home that boy-girl friendships are "wrong" or "a waste of time." Since adolescence is a highly social age, the teen-ager should be urged early to join his contemporaries in recreation as well as in schoolwork. But such social interests should be allowed to develop naturally, encouraged only by a friendly interest from home, without being forced. One girl wrote to a teen-age advice column to ask frantically, "What can I do? I just cry, I'm so scared. My mother says I have to have a 'sweet sixteen' party and I just can't tell her I have no friends."

"It must be pointed out, however," comments William J. Ramseyer, guidance expert and Y. M. C. A. youth director, "that as a general rule, *most teen-agers are not shy.* They often *get* shy and self-conscious when adults are around, even though they are still considered good guys as far as their own crowd is concerned.

"It is the teen-ager who has no crowd, who won't join or who can't make friends, who should be worried about.

"Social adjustment in adolescence is no overnight process. The most adjusted teen-ager has usually been, from the beginning of his life, an active part of his family group. Even as a young child, he is allowed, through picnics, church groups, parties at home and trips or vacations occasionally to take part in a ready-made social life with his family and with other people. He gets used to thinking of *people* as part of his fun. And his social life, especially something like a trip with his family, gives him a chance to be a hero once in a while with his friends.

"The most important thing for parents to do is not to wait until the boy or girl is an adolescent to worry about whether or not he 'gets along.' Let him make and have friends, year by year, in his own age group. Then, when he reaches the teens, he's likely to feel at home with a lot of people like himself."

THE END



Wonder-washing Curity Diapers high with the nursery set. They're as a sigh on baby's tender skin . . . Mothers know they're long on and short on care because they . .

Wash Easier — Their open wea for cleaning ease in the suds of Ivory Flakes, Ivory Soap or Dreft

Dry Faster — Indoors or out, dry air acts faster on their open weave

Resist Wrinkles — Their exclu weave resists the after-launder wrinkles and size distortion of chine-washed diapers.

Absorb Fully—Their thirsty surg weave assures maximum absorpti

Fold Easier — Curity's helpful *line,* a patented feature, labels the from the rest . . . ordinary dia don't have it.

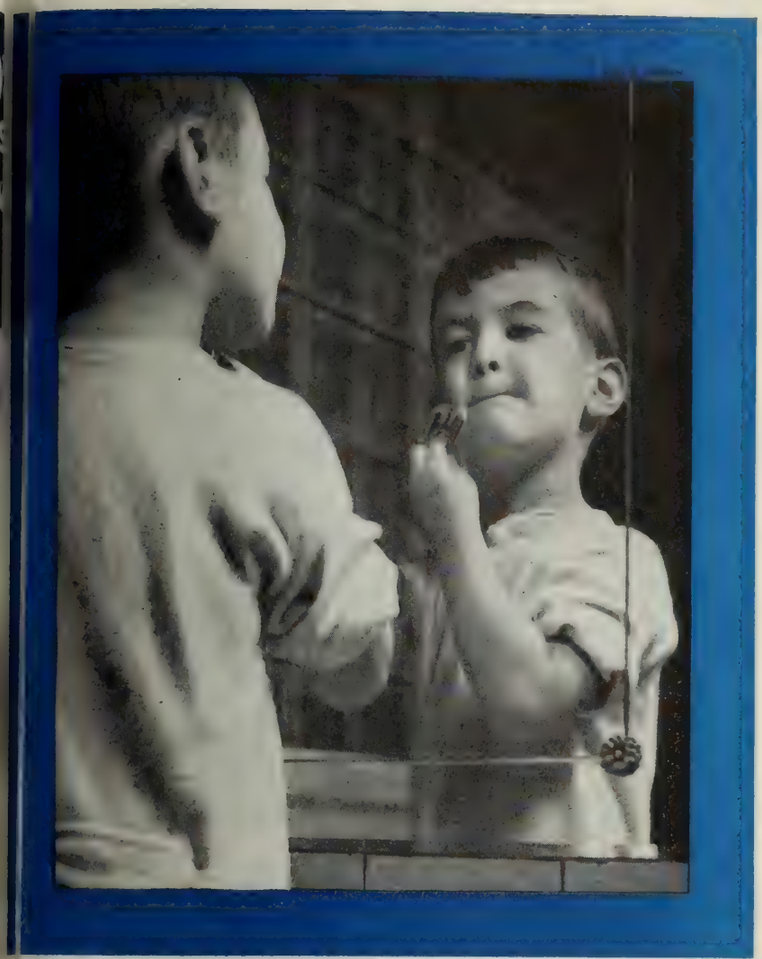
Curity is the world's largest sel gauze diaper . . . and to be first it to be finest! You can buy then your favorite infants or departn store. The nation's leading di laundries use them, too. And do to see the new Curity Diapers in der tints of pink, blue, maize or green . . . charming for Sunday- . . . grand for gifting!



NURSE PA BIE FLU MAS PAT. 2,14

MAIL THE COUP

KENDALL MILLS — Division of
The Kendall Company, Walpole, Mass., Dept. J
Enclosed is 25c (coins only) for full-size Cur Diaper and literature on Curity Nursery Produc (Only one diaper to a family.)
Name
Address
City State
Good in Continental United States and Hawa



Small children learn by being curious. Sensible parents can help them to avoid danger.

Teach Safety, Not Timidity

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen
President, Chicago Board of Health

A VIGOROUS campaign is being launched to prevent accidents to children, since it has been found that accidents now head the list of physical hazards in the ild world. (The reason for this, incidenlly, is that various diseases which in their rn have ranked as Child Enemy No. 1 ve been brought under control. It does t necessarily mean that the accident rate s risen greatly.)

Naturally I approve of measures which feguard childhood. But I suggest we give me thought to the best way of protectg our children in this particular instance. r years and years before accidents moved first place in the child-enemy class, I ve known too many mothers who lived constant dread that their children might t hurt. The youngsters in these homes ere continually guarded and warned. emmed in by forbidding walls of "Don't!" Careful!" and "Watch Out!" they led rrow, cramped lives and were denied the rmal play that brings healthy growth d development. Worse yet, they were us cut off from the friendships young ildren need, and consequently they grew y and secretive instead of natural in their lations with others.

I know there are many hazards to life d limb in a child's life today—especially, rhaps, in our cities, where heavy traffic d lack of open space in which to play are dded risks. In our hospitals and clinics, e see every day the tragic results of acdents to children. I believe in taking every ssible precaution to avoid such tragedies, course, but let us not all of a sudden beme overcautious. The boy or girl who rows up in an overprotected environment may be harmed just as much as the one who is hurt in an accident.

Actually, I believe there is a happy medium—a way to guard against accidents without being too obtrusive about it, and a way to make safety education a natural part of the child's whole development. To accomplish this result, however, the parents' own attitude must be a wholesome one. The mother or father who has a morbid fear of accidents will have more difficulty being reasonable about the child's safety than one who realizes that not every bump

DOCTOR BUNDESEN'S booklets, used by many thousands of enthusiastic mothers, cover all phases of baby care. They are:

BEFORE THE BABY COMES (prenatal months), No. 2383, 50¢.

First series of booklets, covering first eight months, 50¢.

Second series of booklets, covering nine months to two years, 50¢.

A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER (breast-feeding helps), No. 1346, 6¢.

OUR BABIES (complete book and invaluable supplement to the monthly booklets), No. 1345, 50¢.

Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.



Everybody wants to hug me! I use new

Mennen Baby Magic

SKIN CARE!

...checks diaper odor...diaper rash



choice of nursery colors

Bury your nose in my warm little neck. Smell good, don't I? Smooth your hand over my chubby little body. Better than satin, isn't it? My mother treats me to Mennen Baby Magic Skin Care, after my bath and with each diaper change. Smells lovely! Feels wonderful—because it has something special in it. New, protective "Purateen"! I even caught Mom borrowing from my unbreakable Squeeze Bottle for *her* skin. Can you beat it!

I like silky-soft Mennen Baby Powder, too!

Finest, softest powder made, with that delicate rosebud scent everybody loves. Gay Mother Goose pictures on the can. Plus an exciting Built-in Rattle. Makes powder time play time. Wonderful toy, when empty.



MENNEN



And STRIDE RITES are very, very Easter, indeed! Gay young, new young Spring shoes . . . made so carefully, planned so lovingly to take such *good* care of little growing feet! You'll find the whole parade of styles and sizes and widths at your STRIDE RITE dealers . . . where skilled hands assure your child of correct fit . . . where foot protection is always the order of the day!

Green Shoe Mfg. Co., Boston, Mass.

is a disaster, nor every fall a fracture. The essence of a sane approach to safety, it has always seemed to me, is an understanding that *some* accidents are inevitable, that *most* accidents are not serious, and that the precautions that need to be taken are those which seek to prevent severe injuries.

It is well for mothers to remember, too, that children don't like to be hurt and will protect themselves whenever they can. Even the small baby learns quickly how to defend himself in a hazardous world. To me, one of the thrilling sights of babyhood is a toddler backing up to a stairway cautiously, on hands and knees, and lowering himself down the steps backward—safe from the headlong tumble that could easily follow if he tried to go down frontward!

Of course, a fall downstairs can be serious for a small tot, so mothers must see to it that there is a safety gate at the top of the stairs until the child has learned how to negotiate them by himself. But give the baby a chance to learn by permitting him to climb the stairs when you are there to watch. Once he has mastered the art, the gate represents unnecessary caution and need not be used.

Toiling up and down stairs will help develop sturdy arms and legs as well as a spirit of independence and self-reliance that is as important as strong muscles. It is wrong to deprive the child of these opportunities for normal development *after he is sufficiently advanced to make the risk of a bad fall remote.*

So it is with many other hazards. It is unfair to keep a toddler in his play pen for hours at a time when he could be exploring around the house—not without some falls and bumps, of course, but with great benefit to his emerging sense of place and relationship. At this stage, mother's duty is not to follow Junior around, warning him of each new risk and picking him up after every tumble. Instead, it is up to her to remove the things that could cause serious hurts. A careful inventory of the household is necessary to make certain this has been done. Some of the more common hazards that should be looked for in every home may be mentioned here:

1. Tables and chairs that tip easily are "booby traps" for the very young. To the creeper or toddler, every piece of furniture is as sturdy as a mountain until it is proved otherwise. Frail pieces should be anchored against tipping, or removed.

2. Loose lamp cords can trip the baby and pull lamps or fixtures over on top of him, and exposed wall sockets can shock probing fingers. A table or chair in front of every electric outlet is an effective barrier to guard against these perils.

3. Ash trays and bric-a-brac are going to be picked up and examined, and glass or china pieces can break and cause cuts. When her baby is young, the wise mother selects these articles with an eye for safety as well as beauty, or else keeps them out of reach.

4. Drawers within reach of curious hands should be locked or wedged shut, so they won't pull all the way out and crash to the floor. Especially, drawers containing scissors or knives must be sealed against any possible invasion.

5. A classic kitchen hazard is the saucepan or frying pan that is set on the burner with the handle protruding outward. So many children have been badly burned by reaching for these handles and upsetting pans of scalding liquid that it is hard to understand how this still happens—yet it does, with appalling frequency. This is something definitely to avoid. China and glassware on low, open shelves are also an invitation to disaster, and open cans with sharp, jagged edges must not be left about.

6. Especially when there is a curious three- or four-year-old in the family, the bathroom medicine cabinet *must* be locked! Drugs that are meant for adults can be lethal for youngsters—and I have seen some dreadful lacerations that resulted from Junior's experiments with father's razor. Accidents like these are preventable, and hence inexcusable.

7. The small child can hardly be taught the perils of the street, and to stay in his



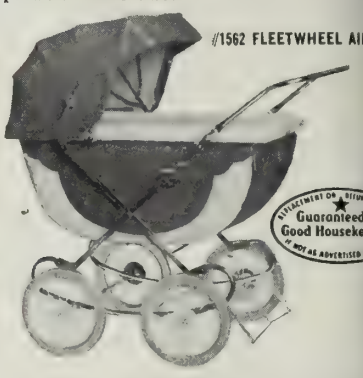
Budgeting for Baby

Motherhood is worth an price, to be sure, but careful planning is necessary if yo want to provide all the thing you want for your baby That's why more and mor mothers are deciding that i carriages —

The Sensible Choice

SIEBERT

Siebert Baby Carriages are comfortably roo their gentle spring action and smooth roll qualities promote the infant's feeling of secur and insure the complete relaxation so import in early development.
But what proud mother wants to be sensible she can't be smart-looking, too? Well, just the new Siebert models, and you'll proba decide that Siebert designers are married proud mothers also.



SMALL FRY AGREE THAT MOTHER KNOWS B

That's why Junior prefers a velocipede trainer bike and Sister a doll carriage made the makers of famous Siebert Carriages.

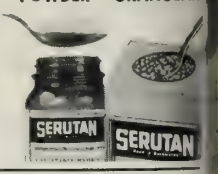
Write for name of your nearest Siebert deal Send for your free copy of "Strolling with Siebert". Write Dept. I

O.W. SIEBERT

GARDNER, MASS. 1898

CONSTIPATED TODAY
After 35, Do This—

Use all vegetable Serutan designed especial for folks over 35. *Serutan is different.* A with Nature to give you daily regulari Results are so pleasant, you'll be remind of your younger days. What a wonderful feeling to be regular again! Get Serutan at your drugstore today. Money-back guarantee.



CHAPPED HANDS?



Try this famous Canadian lotion. (1) Nothing soothes and softens a chapped, dry skin *more* quickly—(2) aids its healing *more rapidly*—(3) *protects* skin more *surely* against chapping, roughness and dryness!

At cosmetic counters—25c, 50c and $1 bottles



Campana Italian Balm



Electresteem
24 HOUR* VAPORIZER
MIDIFIER — DEODORIZER
Safest Vaporizer Ever Made!
second steam action helps give
st instant relief from stuffiness of
and chest colds . . . absolutely
! Water in "remote reservoir"
become boiling hot . . . Automati-
shuts off when water evaporates.
wall" cool base. Detachable Vapo-
for vaporizing medicaments. AC
nished with 48½-oz. jar for 10-hour
ization. Use 1-gallon Mason-type jar
4-hour continuous vaporization.
better druggists and
ic appliance dealers $5.95
xe Model: Ceramic, satin-finish
um, plastic base $6.95
your dealer doesn't have it, write direct to:
TRIC STEAM RADIATOR CORP.
Manufacturers of Electresteem
Portable Steam Radiators
Chef Jr. Bottle Warmers, Sterilizers
CTRIC AVENUE, PARIS, KENTUCKY

ORNS
luses. Quick, easy,
nomical. Just rub
s. 30¢, 50¢. At your
. Money refunded
atisfied. Moss Co.,
er, N. Y.
removed by
MOSCO

DE ESPECIALLY FOR BABY
Turknit
KNITTED FOR SOFTNESS



Turknit matched sets make ideal gifts for baby showers. At leading stores.

RKNIT BABY BATH BLANKETS—
ft, absorbent and long wearing. Gen-
us sized. A "must" for baby's bath.
RKNIT BABY TOWELS—Like all
knit products, they're especially made
baby. Easily laundered. Economical!
RKNIT BABY WASH CLOTHS—
match the blankets and towels. The
ne soft TURKNIT texture.
RKNIT BABY BIBS—Teething size up
large armhole size. Well designed.
RKNIT BABY BATH ROBES—Beauti-
ly styled and tailored. Cut to size.
AM KNITTING CO. Dept. L, Cohoes, N. Y.

TERNITY DRESSES WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG
Dresses & suits for morning, street, afternoon, or sports, $2.95 to $22.50. Also maternity corsets & lingerie. (Catalog mailed in plain envelope.)
CRAWFORD'S, Dept. A,729 Balt., Kansas City 6, Mo.

own yard. Under the age of three or so, he should therefore have a fenced play space outdoors, where he can play freely without the possibility of danger.

I would also like to stress that children should not be allowed to stand in moving automobiles, or to perch on the edge of the seat, as they are inclined to do. A sudden stop can propel them into the windshield or against the knobs and projections on the instrument panel, with serious results, and this is the way many injuries to youngsters come about. Hold the little fellow securely on your lap, or strap him in a car seat. Bigger ones should sit well back on the seat.

As the child grows older, safety can be taught—but not by an endless succession of *don'ts*. For the resourceful parent, a positive rather than a negative approach nearly always will suggest itself. "It is better to carry the scissors like this!" is invariably more effective than "Don't run with those scissors!" or, worse yet, "You're going to fall and cut yourself!"

He can be taught the proper use of matches, and allowed plenty of opportunities to strike them under safe conditions. (One family, for instance, allotted a bare space in the yard for building fires of leaves, and here the preschooler could light as many matches as he liked. He never burned himself, as do many children denied the use of matches, and hence impelled to strike them surreptitiously.)

Children of four and over can learn to cross the street only at guarded crossings, or to look both ways for automobiles and wait on the curb until it is safe to venture out.

Mothers and fathers who keep house safely, set a good safety example themselves and teach by suggestion instead of restriction are doing all that can be done to protect their children from accidental injury. Beyond that point, I believe most American parents would rather risk an occasional fracture than have a girl who doesn't roller-skate or ride a bike, or a boy who doesn't climb trees and play football!

NEWS ABOUT CHILDREN

By Irma Simonton Black

A STUDY of twenty-eight colicky babies, by Milton I. Levine and Anita H. Bell (Journal of Pediatrics, Vol. 37, No. 5), reports astonishingly good results from the use of an ordinary pacifier. The typical colicky infant is restless, irritable and likely to cry frequently for long periods. Doctors Levine and Bell figured that pain might be increased by tension, and that the well-established relaxing effect of sucking might reduce both—without resort to medication. It did in all but three cases.

The pacifier relieved both irritability and crying, and the symptoms of colic vanished. There was no evidence that the babies swallowed air, and only two of them became thumb-suckers (a lower than average incidence). The babies gave up the pacifier voluntarily at an average age of about thirteen months.

Are normally intelligent children sometimes diagnosed as mentally deficient? Yes, says Grace Arthur (American Journal of Mental Deficiency, Vol. 54, No. 4). She found that the following conditions may be the real causes of apparent slowness:

1. Physical handicaps such as nearsightedness, poor hearing, poor co-ordination.
2. Brain injury at birth or later that interferes with some types of intellectual activity but not with all.
3. Severe early illness that delays but does not prevent mental growth.
4. Speech delayed beyond normal limits, which lowers scores on verbal tests, though nonverbal abilities may be normal.
5. Special disabilities; *e.g.*, reading difficulties.

Doctor Arthur recommends caution and the use of several different types of tests before classifying any child as definitely retarded.

THE END

Easter Dress-Rehearsal



CLOTHES LOOK LIKE NEW!

Thanks to Sanitone, the Better Kind of Dry Cleaning . . . More Dirt Out . . . Spots Gone!

No wonder housewives everywhere cheer Sanitone, the modern dry cleaning miracle. Dirt vanishes . . . even ground-in grime that old-fashioned dry cleaning leaves behind. Colors, patterns recapture their original beauty! Soft, like-new texture returns! No trace of musty cleaning odors! Even perspiration gone! Spots disappear! Perfect press lasts longer! Minor mending free! Compare just once and you'll never go back to ordinary dry cleaning.



AND WHEN ACCIDENTS HAPPEN!
Hurry that "ruined" garment to the Sanitone Dry Cleaner for the service that really gets out spots! You'll find his name in the classified section of your phone book.



YOUR GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION
Only cleaners who meet the most rigid standards display the Sanitone Seal and offer genuine Sanitone Service. Emery Industries, Inc., Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

Poll Parrot

Pre-Testing

by Real Boys and Girls Assures Your Child Better Shoes!







REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



COMMENDED PARENTS' MAGAZINE

For 22 years, real boys and girls have pre-tested every pattern of Poll-Parrot Shoes in actual wear! So your child gets such benefits as: *extra reinforcements at strain points to prevent ripping—pear-shaped heels to hug and cradle young feet—soft, durable upper leathers!* See your Poll-Parrot dealer for better shoes for your child!

ALSO STAR ★ BRAND SHOES AT LOWER PRICES

For nearest Poll-Parrot dealer, see Classified Phone Directory or write us.

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND, *Division of International Shoe Company* • ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

The height of carriage luxury—

THE SUPERB "REGENT!"

Smart new features! From the plumply padded body to the white "Steer-Easy" tires, it has a *luxury* look! Handsome gray applique on army or navy blue, duchess or French gray.

Exclusive safety devices! Such as the "Non-Tip" double safety-stand, aluminum hood-rest that prevents drafts, the "Trigger-Touch" lock for opening and folding carriage—and many more exclusive features.



And such convenience! "Feather-Touch" back adjusts to 3 positions for baby's comfort . . . chrome-plated pusher adjusts to 3 positions for *yours!* "Single-Action" hood works with one hand—"Squeak-Proof" wheel bearings are self-oiling—chrome-plated tubular gear keeps its gleam. Other Thayer carriages $15.95 to $74.95 at your store.

Thayer
"TOPS FOR TOTS"

BUTTONS AND BEAUX

(Continued from Page 46)

must get the better of this horrid sense of anxiety and apprehension that he was beginning to arouse in her. Bill—her Bill!—it was ridiculous ——

"You see, it's to be a secret," she said, determinedly light. "Jane won't tell any of this army of beaux where she's going. Just mother will know, and mother will pretend she's forgotten."

Bill grinned. "And they'll believe her. Nobody but your sainted mother could forget the whereabouts of her younger daughter. I wonder how on earth she managed to have a child like Jane?"

Candy gulped her coffee, and with it the words on her lips: *Well, she had me. I'm efficient—aren't I?* . . . But of course there was the matter of the maple sirup, and the time she forgot to turn off the washing machine with all the baby's things in it, and all the other things in the last few weeks, small in themselves—perhaps very small. . . . *But then,* Candy thought ruefully, *so are the grains of sand that stop the machinery. And I seem to be ruining the machinery of our lives. Or at least something is.*

She ate a sausage. Bill used to be so good-tempered, so casual and easygoing about household details. . . . Or *had* he been? Had she perhaps pushed his good nature too far? Had she been getting a little lazy, ever so slightly shiftless? But she didn't feel lazy or shiftless. It was hard to tell. Now if she were as clearheaded as Jane, she'd know whether she was competent or incompetent; although, come to think of it, if she were Jane, the question would never have arisen in the first place.

David's round head appeared at her elbow. "Mummy. *Why* is Jane crazy?"

"Oh, she just hasn't got all her buttons," said Candy and put half a sausage into his mouth.

David inquired through the sausage, "Why hasn't she got all her buttons?"

"Because she thinks she has too many beaux," said Candy.

David chewed the sausage meditatively. Finally he said, "Not enough buttons and too many bows."

"Exactly," Candy agreed, and glanced across the table in a companionable parental exchange; but the Sunday paper remained motionless, a wall of newsprint that was oddly chilling. She hugged David, who fought her off automatically and observed:

"I'm glad Jane's coming, because I like her. She's my aunt. I'm droring a picture for her. It's under the ocean. Lookit."

"Oh, it's *good,* Davy!" Candy kicked Bill gently on the ankle. ("H'm?" said Bill.) "Why, I can recognize every kind of fish, and that's a shell and that's seaweed and that's—that's ——"

"—— an opera-puss," said David, gratified, and returned to his work.

"Bill," said Candy softly.

"M'm."

She sighed. It was just preoccupation, of course. Now that Bill had become an executive, there were weighty matters on his mind—weightier and far more important than crayon portraits of fish, or the varied love lives of his sister-in-law.

It must be very hard, Candy thought, *to be a man—especially an important man.* All that responsibility day after day, year after year: it made them miss so much fun. Watching their only sons grow into artists, for instance, or their infant daughters grow into beauties (like Sarah).

Candy decided to speak to Miss Derrick about David's artistic ability. Miss Derrick was David's kindergarten teacher. She was young and pretty (if you liked that whitish type) and very, very well informed. Miss Derrick, as the headmistress said, was *inspired* with children; it was also true that Miss Derrick received no inspiration whatever in connection with parents.

The following Friday, Candy called for David at noon. Friday was Art Work Day. She cried, "Oh, what a nice picture, Davy!"

Do the jo with a Q-Tips® Swa



There's nothing handier than a Q-Tips sterilized swab—the stick with softest, finest quality cotton anchored securely at both ends.

They have been used for baby care for over 25 years. Now, everyone finds these prepared swabs the handiest item on the dressing table.

Use to clean up smeared mascara, remove excess lipstick and powder, for manicures and pedicures, to color eyebrows and lashes, for bleaching hair.

Your Q to Safer Medical Application



Use Q-Tips for all medical and antiseptic applications . . . removing wax from ears . . . nose and eye hygiene. Once you have Q-Tips in the house, you'll find other convenient uses for them.

29¢, 49¢ *and* 98¢ pkg.

® STERILIZED Q-TIPS

. . . for baby care and general home use

Q-TIPS INC., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

to discourage

NAIL BITING and THUMB SUCKING

IN PROLONGED AND PERSISTENT CASES

USE THUM TRADE MARK

50¢

AT LEADING DRUG COUNTERS

Miss Derrick smiled, a very, very small
e that caused Candy to add at once,
n't *you* think so, Miss Derrick?"
iss Derrick detoured neatly. "Well,
like to see David show more *freedom.*
tle wider *sweep.*"
But this picture," Candy said gently,
s perspective. Look—all those little
es and streets ——"
That's Bugtown," said David. "It's
e the bugs live."
iss Derrick patted his shoulder. "Next
we paint, David will just *let go*—won't
Just *sweep* at it!"
avid eyed her with a total lack of expres-
In the car he observed, dispassionately,
Miss Derrick didn't like his pictures.
Well, I do," said Candy. "I keep them
Jane will be here in time for supper."
What's perspective?"
Making the far-off things little and the
things big."
Oh. They aren't really, are they? You
have to dror them that way."
Yes. Really, the far-off things are often
as big as the near ones. And just as im-
ant."
Yes. Like the Fourth of July."
Well—yes."
I mean the Fourth of July is far off so it
s little, and Thanksgiving is near so it
s big, but really they're both as big as
h other."
Exactly," said his mother.

ane arrived and a gala air pervaded the
se. Jane was neither nervous nor noisy;
moved quietly and her voice was charm-
But somehow you were intensely aware
er presence. At dinner, Candy longed to
a terse report of her conversation with
s Derrick; she wanted the warmth of
e's sympathy and Bill's amused scorn.
there was no moment when Miss Der-
seemed really appropriate: during the
part of dinner, Jane and Bill discussed
difficulties of personnel in a large or-
ganization; during the last part they took up Maximum Efficiency, its Use and Abuse.

"Now take, for instance, this garage out here at Mustard Hill," Bill said, and they took Mr. Cook's garage for ten minutes.

"But he always gets the car done when he says he will," Candy objected at last, in a rather small voice.

"The point is, he could cut the working time down by half," Bill said sharply. "Cook hasn't a notion of how to; and then this Corelli boy, who cuts the grass: if he had the most basic talent for organization ——"

"Oh, I *know!*" Jane cried. "And when you say talent, I think that is exactly the word. The ability to organize is a gift. I mean, you either have it or you haven't."

"Speaking of talent ——" Candy began.

"Speaking of organization," Bill interrupted, "tomorrow is Bonfire Day for the Stewarts. How about it, Jane? I've got a system ——"

"Nothing I love so much as raking leaves," Jane agreed. "We'll finish the whole thing by afternoon."

If I could just organize this conversation, Candy thought, *I could talk about David. But I guess I haven't got the talent.*

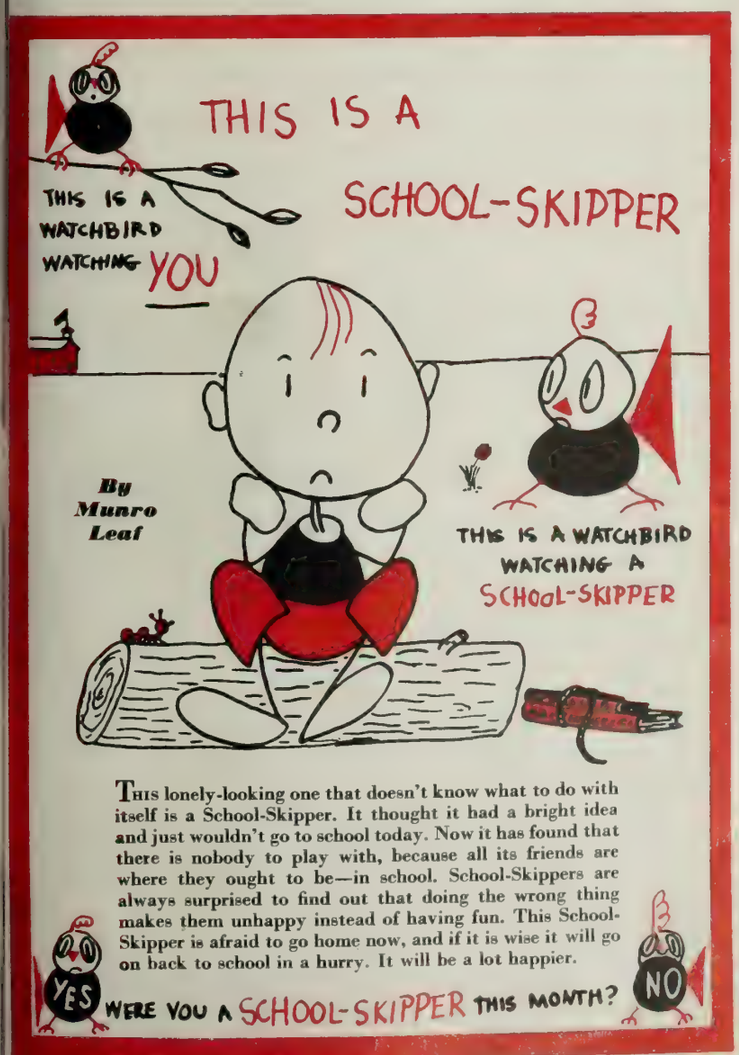
Saturday afternoon was perfect for leaf raking: a pale, clear November sky, thin, golden sunshine, no wind at all. Jane's hair was just the color of the fallen leaves, her yellow sweater repeated the little licking flames of the bonfire. They stood around it, Candy, Bill, Jane and David, hypnotized by the leaping tongues.

Bill said, "Natural association—tell us about your suitors, Jane."

Jane giggled. "Mighty fine body of men." She poked at the flames with her rake. "Well, there are four main ones. In the front line, as it were. First, there's George-and-Charley."

"Sounds like a night club. Are they twins?"

"No—just sort of interchangeable," Jane told him.





How to make bedtime in record time!

There's never a hitch when the sandman comes, if you tuck the younger set into snap pajamas. Dot Snappers work quick as a wink, they're easy for even tiny fingers to manipulate. Because they're fabric-flat, these fasteners make for smoother sleep. They help make your washdays go more smoothly, too. Ask for *snap* pajamas at your favorite store.



SMART SEW-AT-HOMES!
Put Dot Snappers on the clothes you make, with the Dot Snappers Kit. Complete with professional attaching tool. At notion counters, $1 a box.

DOT SNAPPERS ®



UNITED-CARR, *FIRST IN FASTENERS,* CAMBRIDGE 42, MASS.

Now! All ready to Serve

Choicest Mushrooms Broiled in Butter!

Save Time and Money
with B in B
Broiled in Butter Mushrooms.
Packed 3 ways
for every mushroom use!



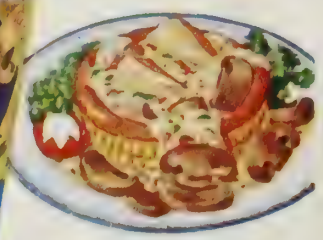
WHOLE CROWNS add zest to steaks, chops, meat patties.





Use CHOPPED for spaghetti sauce, meat loaf, soups.





SLICED mushrooms are wonderful in chicken à la King, with peas.

Enjoy all 3 styles—broiled in butter and ready to use

B in B Mushrooms are freshly-picked hothouse mushrooms, broiled in creamery butter to a natural brown color, then packed in mushroom broth.

Three ready-to-use styles
B in B Whole Mushroom Crowns
B in B Chopped Mushrooms
B in B Sliced Mushrooms

You'll save time by using B in B Mushrooms already prepared as called for in your favorite recipes.

ONE OF THE QUALITY FOODS OF GROCERY STORE PRODUCTS CO.

"What do they look like?" Candy asked interestedly.

"Each other. Brown hair, brown eyes, brown pipes, brown tweeds, always vote Republican, always can get taxis when it's raining, always answer the telephone promptly—you know the type. Lawyers, naturally. . . . And then there's Philip. He looks like a great blond viking, but he's really madly sensitive and creative. A Liberal too. Socialist, kind of."

"You said there were four," Bill pointed out.

"Oh. Yes. Well—of course there's Christopher."

"Oh. Of course. Christopher," said Bill. "Well, go on. What's Christopher, a Communist?"

"Heavens, no." Jane laughed rather too brightly. "Christopher is so far over to the Right that you can only see him on a very clear day. Christopher is ex-RAF. Very British. Inclined to be disciplinary. I think he came to America to marry a squaw. He seems sort of surprised all the time."

"If he thought *you* were going to turn out to be Old Nokomis ——" Bill began.

"But Philip is really the most difficult," Jane said very quickly. "You see, Philip is awfully artistic."

She paused, and Candy said, without much hope, "Er—speaking of being artistic ——"

JANE screamed. This was so uncharacteristic that even David stared at her. She stood with her mouth open, pointing to the road.

"Philip!" she said. "There he *is!*"

And there Philip was, tall, blond and artistic. And difficult. As a matter of fact, very difficult. For it was immediately apparent that Philip had followed Jane with the sole purpose of engaging in a really epoch-making quarrel. What Philip didn't know, of course, was that Jane never quarreled, with anyone about anything. Jane never lost her temper; she simply reasoned with her opponent, a tactic which had often driven strong men to incoherence and the verge of tears.

Jane recovered, and introduced Philip, who was civil but stern. Jane said, with an air of polite interest, "How on earth did you find me? I suppose mother told you?"

Philip put his hands in his pockets and sneered splendidly, "A fool could have figured it out. When your mother said she'd forgotten where you were, I knew you must be at your sister's. The rest was easy."

Jane said, "If you'll take Bill's rake ——"

"I'm not raking," said Philip. "I came out to talk to you."

Jane merely smiled.

Philip began to look less like a viking. "Would you mind putting that rake down?"

"I would, rather," said Jane sweetly.

"Is there a room"—Philip looked wildly at the house, as though he expected the walls to enclose a large naked hole in the ground—"where we can talk?"

"Any number," said Jane. "Only I don't want to talk. I told you that last week."

"All I want to know ——" Philip began, and met Jane's eye. There was a moment of really impressive pause.

"Would you care to rake?" said Jane. "Or would you like me to look up the next train to town?"

Candy, who had been rooted in a species of trance, woke up. "Bill and I have some things to—to see to indoors," she said. "Come, David."

"I have nothing to see to," David objected. He clearly looked upon his aunt and her friends as a source of absorbing, if mysterious, entertainment.

"*Come, David!*"

Philip stayed for supper. After supper, Candy and Bill went to the movies; it was either that or go and spend the evening with the Campbells or the Morgans.

"No house," said Candy, "is large enough for Philip *and* Jane."

"No house," said Bill, "is large enough for Philip. He ought to be living in a tree. Callow young fool. The idea of chasing a girl who's made it perfectly plain ——"

"I don't think Jane could have made it *perfectly* plain," Candy said gently.

It's Home-Safe...Non-Burning
It Speeds Ironing
It Assures Beautiful Wor



It's ASBESTON
FOR THE WORLD'S BEST IRONING BOARD COV

★ *Woven from rock asbestos fibers, th fabric does not burn!*
★ *It's smooth and slick for wrinkle-fr work!*
★ *Asbestos frees steam instantly so yo iron glides along much faster!*
★ *Now in use in over 4,000,000 homes!*

The asbestos fibers in this fabric are fireproof mineral mined from the eart Leading manufacturers use Asbesto patented textile of United States Ru ber Company, for the finest ironi board covers. At stores everywhere.

Look for this label ...and safety
Made by the Textile Division

ASBESTON® U.S. ROYAL Fabric UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMP



Check your choice of
WESTERN VACATIONS



☐ Pacific Northwest: Coulee Da —Mt. Rainier—Puget Sound Olympic Peninsula
☐ Yellowstone Park
☐ Pacific Northwest—Yellowsto Park via Gallatin Gateway
☐ Yellowstone—Salt Lake City Colorado Rockies
☐ Pacific Northwest—California
☐ Pacific Northwest — Victori Vancouver—Canadian Rocki

H. Sengstacken, Passenger Traffic Ma ager, 708 Union Station, Chicago 6,

Please send me free Milwaukee Ro vacation booklets as checked.

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *Zone*___ *State*___

THE MILWAUKEE RO



; tickling!
rifty

CURRY OF VEAL

nall onion, chopped, and 2 tbls. green pepper in 3 tbls. fat for 10 . Stir in 3 tbls. flour and 2 to 3 ry powder. Add 2 8-oz. cups Herb-illon . . . cook, stir constantly till d. Add diced cooked veal and cook es.

end for "The Herb-Ox Money-booklet . . . exciting recipes, 28 ical *menu plans!* Favorite dishes taste-tingling zing with flavorful x! Bouillon or Chicken cubes are or soup stocks, gravy, low-cost ishes. Write The Pure Food Co., amaroneck, N. Y. Dept. LHJ-3.

Herb-Ox

OUILLON CUBES

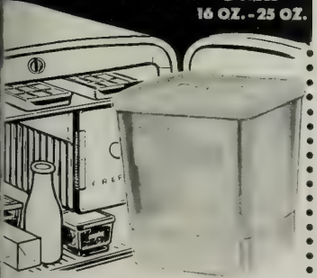
USING

Freez-tainers

IS ALMOST LIKE GETTING A NEW REFRIGERATOR

★ GIVES YOU MORE SPACE
★ MORE CONVENIENT
★ YOU SEE WHAT'S THERE

2 SIZES
16 OZ.-25 OZ.



TIGHT...NO ICEBOX ODORS

own refrigerator seems amazingly bigger ore efficient when you store frozen foods, rs, cheeses and perishable vegetables in CT SEALING, AIR-TIGHT, PLASTIC, -TAINERS. Keep foods fresher longer . . . easily. Use again and again in your home or frozen food locker too! Perfect air-tight ier for dry cereals.

See Your Dealer for
Z-TAINERS or write to the
n Cork Specialty Corporation
St. Louis 15, Missouri

Bill paid no attention. "And that yellow-haired comic-strip character is supposed to be sensitive and artistic!"

"Jane told me that when he wasn't being emotional he was rather a pet."

"Give me a water buffalo," said Bill.

Philip went back to the city on the 11:48.

On Sunday morning, Jane was serene and exquisite in a sea-green taffeta housecoat.

("Where do you *find* things like that?" Candy asked.

"Yvonne Joliette's," said Jane calmly.

"My goodness—are you sure you're Mr. Winchester's *secretary*, dear?"

"Don't be coarse," said Jane. "On the fifth of July, Joliette goes into a panic and marks everything down to minus two dollars. I buy all my clothes there for the next year."

"Oh," said Candy. "Organization."

"Exactly," said Jane.)

The fire purred, the newspaper crackled, everyone was relaxed. Now, Candy thought, now was the best time of the whole week, the time when they could talk peacefully, get things decided, problems solved.

"On Tuesday I found a moth in the guest-room closet," she announced happily. "So I took everything ——"

Bill's head jerked. His eyebrows wore the Look. "Was my dinner jacket in there?"

"No," said Candy quickly, "oh, no—your dinner jacket ——"

"Okay," said Bill. "Sorry this isn't real maple sirup, Jane. We've sent for some, but ——"

"Oh, I know a marvelous little shop on East Sixty-fourth Street where they sell it all the time," Jane said. "I'll bring you a quart next week end."

Behind every argument is somebody's ignorance. —JUSTICE BRANDEIS.

Candy ate her pancakes and looked at the fire. Bill's dinner jacket *had* been in the guest-room closet. It was incredible that she had told him a lie—and over such a little thing, such a *silly* thing. But whenever she saw the Look on Bill's face now, her stomach tied itself into a knot and the back of her neck stiffened.

What's the matter with you? she thought angrily. *Are you afraid of your own husband? Can't you stand up to him? Must you behave like—like Old Nokomis? And anyway, his old dinner jacket is all right. . . .* She turned back to the table.

"I've been meaning to tell you about David's teacher," she began. "A dreadful little creature who once read a book ——"

Jane smiled. "They're the worst kind, aren't they? And give them just a little authority to boot—why, there's a girl in the office ——"

She turned to Bill, and her voice went on, so pleasantly, so entertainingly; Jane knew what she was talking about. Candy ate pancakes.

The following week was an oddly trying one. On Monday a French accent called on the telephone for Jane, and refused to believe that she had gone back to town. On Tuesday, Miss Derrick showed Candy the Best Picture in the Class; something called The Farmyard, by a Miss Milly Everett, who obviously liked red. On Wednesday, Mr. George Stockton telephoned—the George of George-and-Charley. (Brown eyes, brown hair, brown tweeds, brown pipe. Even his voice was brown.) Mr. Stockton was openly skeptical of Jane's absence.

On Thursday, Miss Derrick asked Candy whether David was a very introverted child. "You probably know what I mean, Mrs. Stewart—shy, self-conscious—a bit *tied up* emotionally? You see, we always know that any trouble of that kind invariably originates in the home and then shows itself in school."

"In art work?" Candy asked, dovelike.

"Well—often, yes. Now David seems to us ——"

"David," said Candy, with a brilliant smile, "is absolutely perfect."

Gay as a Mexican hat dance!
Cling peaches and cottage cheese make this

Peach Sombrero Salad



recipe
Peach Sombrero Salad

8 canned cling peach halves
Salad greens
1 pint cottage cheese*
Pimiento
Green sweet pepper
Mayonnaise or French dressing

Drain peaches, arrange 2 halves cut side up on each garnished salad plate. Heap cottage cheese in cone shape between peach halves for crown of "sombrero". Circle base of cheese cone with bands cut from pimiento and green pepper. Serve with mayonnaise or French dressing, and Ry-Krisp. Serves 4.

*For moist, soft cottage cheese, stir 1½ to 2 teaspoons unflavored gelatin into 2 tablespoons cold milk or peach syrup in cup. Dissolve by setting cup in pan of hot water. Stir into 1 pint cottage cheese. Chill well.

Quick and easy dessert (below): Takes no time at all, tastes wonderful. Luscious California cling peaches spooned right from the can. They're your best canned fruit buy. Keep them handy.

Cling Peach Advisory Board

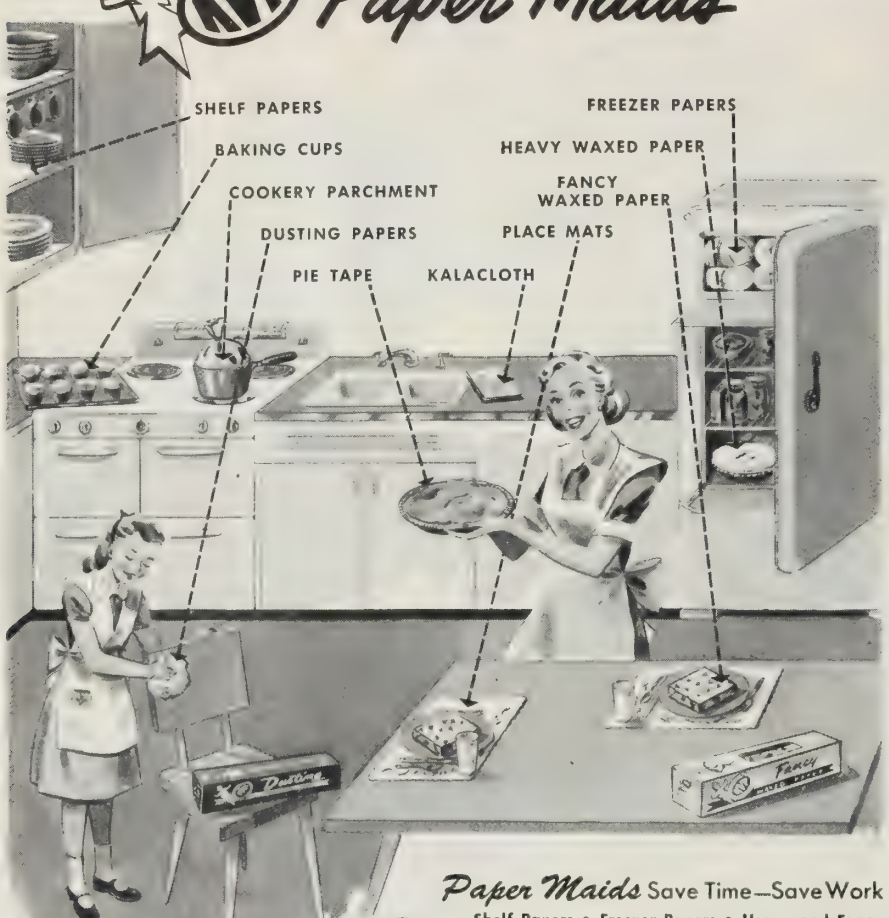


Canned Cling Peaches from California



FOR NEATER, EASIER LIVING

KVP Paper Maids



Paper Maids Save Time—Save Work

Shelf Papers • Freezer Papers • Heavy and Fancy Waxed • KVP and Mrs. Hayward's Dusting Papers • Pie Tape • Baking Cups • Place Mats • Cookery Parchment • Pressing Parchment • Kalacloths.

Your Assurance of Quality

Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Co. Parchment, Michigan

SODA *helps prevent tooth decay!*

CUTS DOWN DENTAL BILLS



Teach your child to brush teeth with soda after every meal. Soda fights the cause of tooth decay, keeps teeth shining clean.

● **Soda**—simple, inexpensive baking soda—**fights** destructive **acid bacteria** in the mouth . . . the very cause of tooth decay, many dentists believe. This mild antacid gently neutralizes enamel-eating acids and helps prevent the growth of acid bacteria.

When you use soda, you are sure of a **safe, effective** dentifrice . . . no harmful abrasives, no irritations. "A class 'A' product," reports the Council on Dental Therapeutics, American Dental Association. Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda is pure Bicarbonate of Soda, U.S.P. Only a few pennies a box.



Ripe Olives *Elegant in Sandwiches*

Try "FIESTA SANDWICHES" *Elegant!*





Elegant in so *many* ways. And so easy to serve and to use for that subtle touch to your cooking. Don't be without ripe olives. Write for free booklet of Elegant Ripe Olive Recipes: Olive Advisory Board, Dept. D-3, 16 Beale Street, San Francisco 5, California.

Fiesta Sandwich Filling: Cut ½ cup ripe olives from pits, or use canned chopped ripe olives. Blend with ½ cup chopped sweet pickle, 4 chopped hard cooked eggs, 2 tablespoons chili sauce, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ cup mayonnaise. Spread on your favorite bread. Makes 2 cups of sandwich filling.

RIPE OLIVES from CALIFORNIA

CUT OUT AND PASTE ON CARD FOR YOUR RECIPE FILE

Miss Derrick laughed a little shocked laugh. "Well, of course ——"

"Everyone says so," Candy told her blandly. "Everyone remarks on how *free* he is, how unself-conscious and uninhibited—and yet how *stable*. Now of course, if he should change at any time . . . we parents know that any trouble that originates in the school invariably shows itself first at home."

Miss Derrick had to leave to see about the other children. Her pale cheeks were quite pink. Candy went home feeling uninhibited, unself-conscious and, in fact, *free*.

But the following week end brought Mr. Charles Lattimer, the Charley of George-and-Charley.

Jane had washed her hair; and it was never Jane's way simply to wash her hair and do nothing else. While it dried, she typed a few letters and afterward manicured her nails. *(It's just a matter of organization,* Candy thought. *I always lie around and read magazines while my hair is drying, but of course I don't really have to ——)*

Jane waved wet fingernails. "You'll have to talk to him, darling. I can't possibly."

"But what shall I *tell* him?"

"Tell him to go home."

"But Jane, I can't! I can't just put a guest out of the house that way!"

"Why not?"

"Why, because—I *can't*."

"Well, then, he'll just sit there—for days probably. I know Charles. Of course you'll get used to him. After a while, probably, you won't even notice him."

"Oh, probably not," Candy said tartly. "And I suppose, eventually, I can make him a slip cover. Or put him in the attic."

"He wouldn't go," said Jane.

"But I want to *clean* the living room!" Candy's voice rose in despair.

Jane looked up from her right hand, surprised. "On Saturday? I should have thought you'd clean the living room on Thursday or Friday. Haven't you a regular schedule?"

"Yes, and I do it on Friday."

"Then what were you doing yesterday?" Jane inquired with inexorable logic.

"Yesterday," said Candy, "I made a cat costume out of gray outing flannel, including the ears, which are lined with a pair of pink satin panties, and stand up."

Jane simply looked at her, stunned.

"David is going to the school party as Puss in Boots. In his red galoshes. But I have a schedule, don't worry. On the nineteenth of this month, I am putting ground glass in the sugar bowls. And on the twentieth, I am running away from home at nine-fifteen in time for the nine-thirty bus."

"DARLING," said Jane wonderingly, "what's got into you?"

Candy went downstairs to inform Mr. Charles Lattimer that Jane was not available. Mr. Lattimer was very pleasant: he said he would wait. He sat down in Bill's chair and crossed his neat brown legs. His brown brogues were very highly polished. His brown hair was very well brushed. Candy looked at him, and contemplated hitting him smartly over the head with the antique brass candlestick. She also considered vacuuming the rug around Mr. Lattimer. She gave up both ideas. The living room would have to wait—with Mr. Lattimer.

Mr. Lattimer waited until five in the afternoon. Ellen took a tray up to Jane at lunchtime, muttering ominously under her breath. Mr. Lattimer said he never ate lunch on Saturdays unless he was able to exercise, which—clearly—today he was not. A[fter] he departed and Candy vacuumed the room. Bill, who wanted to read ther[e] not helpful.

THANKSGIVING was now only a week[s] David brought home pumpkins made [of] low cardboard, Candy ordered a t[ur]k Ellen washed Sarah's best pink piqué [dr]Jane came out early on Wednesday [af]noon, bearing French chocolates and [a] kind of cranberry jelly.

And on Thanksgiving Day, Mr. and Goodwin drove out from town. If Dav[id] devoted to his Aunt Jane, he was blin[d] fatuated with his grandmother. He pre[s]her at once with five large views of Bu[n] and all his cardboard pumpkins.

"Hang them up where I can see *all*," demanded Mrs. Goodwin greedil[y] was in the nursery, where Sarah cou[ld] more conveniently spoiled; she was en[j] in squeezing her granddaughter gen[tly] though she were an enormous s[qu] "Candy, you look a little tired, dear. being told that myself. Are you all righ[t]

Candy said that of course she was all[right]

"Jane," said Mrs. Goodwin, "is wearing, although I would kill anyo[ne] who said it. the most be[au] creature I eve[r] you little ang[el] course she'll ge[t] it, I mean being ing. At least so. You have daddy's black Have you m[et] one named C[ol] pher Robin or thing?"

Candy said far.

"Well, he mi[ght] he just *might*," Mrs. Goodwin nodded at C[hr] with the satisfi[ed] of a woman wh[o] clarified a co[m] situation with a terly analysis. if he doesn't—[well] we can only h[ope]

When Candy with her mothe[r] frequently foun[d] self speaking [in] of shorthand.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Irresistible Charm

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

I'm sure my legal lord and honey
Did not wed me for my sunny
Nature, which he groups together
With the California weather.
Neither was it brains or beauty
Made my hero press his suit. He
Must have seen that while I've some,
They're nearer min than maximum.
No, I believe what won my mate's
Regard was that I found these traits
In large amounts in him. And I
Was not too delicate and shy,
While yet our romance was
inchoate,
Frequently to let him know it!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

him specially?" she now asked, aband[oning] grammar.

"I never saw *anything* so intelligent," Goodwin cooed besottedly, obviously r[e]porting on Christopher. "Why, becau[se] British are so practical. dear. All that mon sense. And I do think her hair curl if it were encouraged. Her mumm[y] too busy to encourage her hair, s[o] granny will encourage it, so she will, she?"

"Mother, you're revolting. Listen dying to tell you about David's school It was delicious to talk about Miss D[ow] at last, heavenly to hear Mrs. Goo[d] little jeers and scornful snorts. Cand[y] happier than she had in weeks. "But ma—don't you think it's unusual for a of his age to understand perspective? asked.

Mrs. Goodwin smiled enchantingl[y]. Sarah tore the pearls from her neck. "I it's unusual for *anyone* to understand spective. Don't swallow them, darli[ng] don't mean pictures, of course—that's mechanical device, in one's eye, isn't mean, sort of built-in. I always thou[ght] was such a pity we couldn't have the device built into our emotions."

"How do you mean?"

"Darling, pearls are poisonous if internally. I mean if we could see tha[t] things that look so big just because th[ey] on top of us are really smaller than other things that look far away . . . I can explain things, dear. It always n[ear]s your father frantic."

(Continued on Page 220)

Hotpoint All-Electric Kitchen

Saves You At Least 8 Hours' Work Every Week!





● **Work-Saving, FOOD-STORAGE CENTER** is planned around the Hotpoint "Super-Stor" Refrigerator with new Circulaire Cooling Action. Shown in large illustration is the "Super-Stor" Combination—a real food freezer and refrigerator in one—world's most convenient home refrigerator.

Expertly Planned Work-Saving Centers—Arranged To Suit Your Family's Needs—Save Steps, Work And Time

THERE'S time-saving convenience beyond your greatest expectations in a beautiful Hotpoint All-Electric Kitchen. With the magic of electricity doing all the difficult jobs, your kitchen duties are much simpler and easier. And because a planned Hotpoint Kitchen really saves you at least eight hours a week—you have more time for yourself, more for your family, more for those extra duties expected of America's women these critical days!

● **You'll discover** new pleasure in cooking the Hotpoint Pushbutton way. You'll quickly forget how tiresome it was to do dishes when the Hotpoint Dishwasher washes and dries them at the touch of a dial. You'll be delighted with the convenience of the Hotpoint "Super-Stor" Refrigerator. And you'll like the way Hotpoint Automatic Laundry Appliances do your washes better, save time and work.

● **Let your Hotpoint dealer** show you how you can build your all-electric kitchen—step by step, if you choose. Hotpoint Inc. (*A General Electric Affiliate*), 5600 West Taylor Street, Chicago 44, Illinois.

Hotpoint dealers are easy to find—just look in your classified phone book.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Everybody's Pointing To

Hotpoint

Quality Appliances

Look To Hotpoint For The Finest . . . First!

RANGES • REFRIGERATORS • DISHWASHERS • DISPOSALS® • WATER HEATERS • FOOD FREEZERS • AUTOMATIC WASHERS • CLOTHES DRYERS • ROTARY IRONERS • CABINETS

Most make-ups shout: "Made-up!"— Magic Touch whispers: "Natural beauty"



Replace that heavy "made-up" look with natural-looking loveliness by using Magic Touch. No puff, no sponge.

Magic Touch is NEW . . . a *tinted cream* make-up so sheer your skin glows through! . . . yet it hides each tiny blemish while it smooths and softens and adds glorious color. . . . Apply with fingertips (with or without powder)—so quick, so easy, so *naturally lovely!*

43c and 1.00—6 magic shades
. . . a CAMPANA product

Lovely DRESS GIVEN TO YOU!



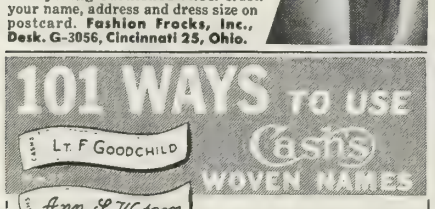
Imagine! You can take your pick of dozens of gorgeous Spring dresses—**without a penny of cost.** And you earn up to $23 weekly in cash besides! That's what we offer you for representing us in your spare time. Show our popular frocks to your friends, then send us their orders. Collect handsome cash commissions **in advance.** No canvassing or experience necessary. Pleasant, dignified business. Get free details of this unusual offer and Portfolio of new styles. Send no money. Everything furnished **FREE.** Rush your name, address and dress size on postcard. **Fashion Frocks, Inc., Desk. G-3056, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.**

EARN up to $23 WEEKLY!

DO FALSE TEETH Rock, Slide or Slip?

FASTEETH, an improved powder to be sprinkled on upper or lower plates, holds false teeth more firmly in place. Do not slide, slip or rock. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. FASTEETH is alkaline (non-acid). Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug store. **When mouth tissues change—see your dentist.**

101 WAYS TO USE Cash's WOVEN NAMES



Send for your free copy of this new folder and learn how marking with Cash's Names will identify, personalize, *protect* your belongings. Genuine Cash's Woven Names are sold by most good stores, or write us.

CASH'S, South Norwalk 4, Conn.

PRICES 3 Doz. $2.25 6 Doz. $3.75 9 Doz. $3.25 12 Doz. $3.75 NO-SO CEMENT 25c a Tube

Suffer From STOMACH UPSETS?

If you have "hunger pains", heartburn, frequent stomach upsets or indigestion due to excess stomach acid by all means see your doctor — *and start taking SEDAGEL.* For excess stomach acid is believed to be a cause of more serious troubles. Users say Sedagel *acts faster—lasts longer* than anything else they've ever tried. Sedagel "sponges up" burning acid — spreads a coating over stomach and intestinal walls that *soothes* and *protects.* Get Sedagel today!

FREE BOOK ON HAIR REMOVAL

Read what thousands of women and girls do about superfluous hair. Free book explains wonderful method, proves actual success. No one need know about it. Book sent in plain envelope—confidential. Also TRIAL OFFER. No obligation. Write ANNETTE LANZETTE, Dept. A-77, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Chicago 54, Illinois.

FEET HURT? IT MAY BE WEAK ARCHES!

Tired, aching feet, rheumatic-like foot and leg pains, fatigue, sore heels and callouses often are traceable to weak arches. Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports and exercise help relieve pain caused by strain of the muscles and ligaments. Give firm, gentle uplift. Feel as if *molded* to your feet. Adjustable as condition of arches improves. Expertly fitted at Shoe and Department Stores. For FREE foot booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. ASK, Chicago 10, Ill.

Dr. Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

There is a Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Appliance or Remedy for Every Common Foot Trouble

(Continued from Page 218)

"Mother, when father—when father first was made a partner in his firm ——"

"Twenty years ago," said Mrs. Goodwin softly. "Don't bite me, darling."

"Was he—did he—I mean was he difficult?"

Mrs. Goodwin laughed suddenly. "*Difficult?* No, dear, he was impossible. And he stayed that way until I got elected president of the Garden Club. He said afterward that I acted like a mad cement mixer in a large hat. I don't know—something happens to people . . . but that's what I mean about perspective, dear."

"Hey!" shouted Bill from the foot of the stairs. "Come on down!"

At every dinner party there occurs a moment when the hostess knows that—barring an Act of God—she has achieved success. Candy looked down the table: The cider repeated the amber and gold of the chrysanthemums. The silver shone, the cranberry jelly glowed. Bill, at the opposite end, had carved the turkey magnificently. Ellen had outdone herself with her oyster soup, creamed chestnuts, hot rolls. Sarah was sleeping soundly upstairs. Candy was conscious of a warm, matriarchal glow. Her husband, her son, her mother and father. And—of course—her sister Jane.

Jane looked perfectly enchanting, in a dull yellow velveteen dress; and she had never stopped talking since they had sat down.

"—— so Mr. Winchester flew out to the Coast, and got the contracts renewed ——"

"Well, the time that Mr. Denstone had the trouble with Sweden ——" said Bill.

"More cranberry jelly, daddy?" Candy asked. "Jane brought this new kind ——"

"Thank you, I'll have a little of the old kind," said Mr. Goodwin firmly. "No, Bill, we never did much business with the Scandinavian countries."

David leaned across his father, his round blue eyes alight. "Granny!" he said loudly. "Did you know that a million years ago the dinosaurs ate the tops off the trees?"

"No!" said his grandmother. "Just like asparagus!"

David gave an appreciative roar and a piece of roll shot out of his mouth. His father paused long enough to fix him with a disciplinary eye. David subsided. Bill went on.

"Well, Mr. Winchester told me himself," said Jane, "the supertax alone would have—not to mention portal-to-portal pay——"

The woman lion tamer had the animals under perfect control. At her summons the fiercest lion came meekly to her and took a lump of sugar from her mouth. The circus crowd marveled—all except one man. "Anybody could do that," he called repeatedly until the ringmaster scornfully asked:

"Would you dare do it?"

"Certainly," said the cocky customer, coming into the ring. "I can do it as well as the lion can."

Her green eyes sparkled, her cheeks were a lovely rose. Candy, looking at her, thought, *How can she look like that when she's only talking about motors and machines?*

"Well, International held a conference on that whole problem ——" said Bill.

"Granny! Did you know that frogs can live a hundred years without eating a thing? Not even a bite!"

"Heavens!" Mrs. Goodwin hissed. "How economical!"

"David, dear, don't talk across your father," Candy murmured.

"Then how can I talk to granny?" David wanted to know.

"Wait till after dinner," Candy suggested.

David looked outraged and incredulous; and Candy was aware of a sudden little spurt of anger, unexpected and, for the moment, uncontrolled. After all, why should he wait till after dinner? *This is a family day, as much his day as ours. More, perhaps.*

"I suggested a solution to Mr. Denstone," Bill said modestly, "based on the profit-and-loss statement of ——"

A resounding crash from the kitchen drowned out the end of his sentence.

"And what," asked Bill in ominous and measured tones, "was that?"

Candy felt herself blushing hotly. "I—I'm afraid Ellen dropped something. It isn't—it won't—it doesn't matter, Bill ——"

"Of course it matters." Bill's tone could only be described as testy. "The breakage in this house is appalling." The swinging door behind them opened slowly and Candy threw him a desperate glance of warning which he failed to receive. "There's hardly a plate in the place that isn't chipped. I can't see why you don't speak to Ellen and see to it—"

"The way I'd do," said Jane in her clear voice, "would be to fine her for every thing she breaks—half fare for chipped. That would teach her in no ——"

"Mother, this pumpkin pie is from Aunt Louisa's cookbook," Candy said loudly, but too late. Ellen's face was crimson, her blue eyes fire-blue. She pounded around the table, breathing heavily; and, to do him justice, Bill's face was a study in apologetic distress.

Mrs. Goodwin smiled up into Ellen's thundery eyes with ineffable sweetness. "If Ellen made it, Aunt Louisa's cookbook doesn't matter," she said. But although Ellen bridled slightly, she did not unbend. The damage was done.

Candy's heart sank. Her lovely Thanksgiving dinner, that had been going so well, and now the whole day was ruined—probably the whole week end would be ruined.

"Well, anyway," said Jane, "as I was telling you, they sent Harrison from the Western District ——"

"Granny," said David in a whisper as effective as a buzz saw, "did you know that all the spiders in the world spin webs altogether on one certain day of the year?"

"No ——"

"David!" said Mrs. Goodwin sharply.

Candy met his glance with a bland lack of expression, and turned to her father.

Dinner wore on and was at last finished. Bill leaned back in his chair. "Well—I talked too much," he said. "But sometime, Jane, I must tell you—you too, father—about the situation that came up last week with the ——"

"Granny!" David exploded, free of the constriction of silence at last. "Did you know that a million years ago horses were eleven inches high?"

Bill's black eyes suddenly blazed. "David, be quiet!" he barked. "I've had enough of your interruptions!"

"And," said Mr. Goodwin, as quietly as though no one had spoken, "that little bird a horse was called Eohippus."

But David's small face was as scarlet as Ellen's had been, and his round eyes swam in tears which he refused to let fall.

Candy pushed back her chair. "Let's have our coffee in the living room," she said easily. *(Bill, I think I hate you. For the first time in ten years I'm not proud of being your wife.)*

"David," said Mrs. Goodwin, "would you mind getting my pocketbook, dear? It's upstairs on the guest-room bed."

David escaped. *But I can't escape,* Candy thought, pouring coffee. *I am caught. Forever.*

Dimly, her father's voice made a background to her emotions. ("That Thanksgiving, it began to snow at four in the afternoon, and by six a blizzard ——") She realized that to dislike a person one loves is a sickening experience; in her own case, quite literally sickening, for her digestion appeared to have come to a grinding halt. *The Greeks were right: the seat of the emotions is definitely in the stomach. . . .* Suddenly her mother's words shocked her into attention.

"It's dear of you not to mind, Bill. I do want them with me for just this week end, but I'm afraid I couldn't take care of both of them—and so Candy offered to come, too, if you didn't mind."

Why, I never offered anything of the sort, Candy thought, staring at her mother's tranquil blue eyes. *What on earth is she up to?* And then she saw: escape. Only three days, perhaps, but better than nothing. A breath

(Continued on Page 222)

S MORE THAN JUST CHANCE

THAT THERE WAS A

Doctor in the House

OICES on the sound-track faded down
died. While the people on the screen
heir lips in silence, a man's deep voice
nd asked, "Is there a doctor in the
If there is, will he please come to the
's office right away?"

ll young man arose in the semi-darkness
eatre and began edging his way toward
.

t Fisher watched him go up the aisle
g, swift strides. His wife leaned toward
whispered, "Wasn't that young Alfred
"

t nodded. "Probably his first movie in
" The voices came back to the screen,
audience rustled for a moment and then
ack to listen.

vas a good movie, but now Bart's mind
dering far from the screen. He was think-
Alfred Barnes, and wondering—as no
thers in the audience were—what emer-
ad called him to the back of the theatre.
attack . . . a fainting spell . . . an acci-
. these things happen. It was fortunate
ng Barnes was there . . .

d yet it was something more than "for-
at had let the boy realize his ambitions
physician in the first place. Bart smiled
lf as he recalled how seriously the lad
ken of his "career in medicine" the first
stopped at the Barnes home to talk
surance. The boy was only about four-
n, and his father was partly amused at
usness—and partly proud, too. And he
foresight to back up the boy's plans
New York Life policy, just in case . . .

the half-darkness of the theatre, Bart
thoughtfully. Yes, he decided, it was a
ul example of life insurance at work . . .
er helping his son attain his ambitions
e generation helping the next go a little
do a little better in life . . .

e picture was over, and the theatre lights
ight. As Bart reached over to help his
t on her coat she said, "How did you
story?"

shook his head and smiled. "I really
paying too much attention. I've been
g another one." Then he chuckled and
ven had a small part in it myself!"

ORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.



Sunday Dinner Magic

with a low-cost roast

pot roasted with— **Hunt's TOMATO SAUCE**

POT ROAST—*Hunt Style*

You'll thank your lucky stars for the way Hunt's Tomato Sauce makes low-cost cuts of meat *extra* delicious!

It's Hunt's *Kettle-simmered* flavor that does the trick. All-tomato goodness—no starchy fillers! Costs just a few cents a can!

Choose the best buy in beef, according to your budget.

Get: *4 to 5 lbs. round, rump, chuck, or heel of round*

Use a deep, heavy pan. Brown meat on all sides in:

¼ cup drippings or shortening

Add: *2 medium onions, sliced*
2 cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce
2 cups water 1 tsp. salt 8 cloves
¼ tsp. pepper ¼ tsp. ginger

Cover tightly. Simmer over low heat 3 to 3½ hours or till tender. The liquid will be rich and savory, thanks to Hunt's Tomato Sauce.

Add: *6 to 8 potatoes, pared and halved*
6 to 8 carrots, halved 1 tsp. salt

Cook 30 minutes longer till tender. Then—

Get ready for joy! Your delicious roast will serve 6 to 8 hungry people. And you'll decide to *always* keep Hunt's Tomato Sauce on hand—for stews, meat loaf, casseroles, spaghetti, leftovers.

Get Hunt's right away. Your grocer sells it *for a few cents a can!*

The Kettle-Simmered cooking sauce

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Hunt-for the best

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Calif.



for breakfast or dessert . . .
HUNT'S HEAVENLY PEACHES

(Continued from Page 220)

ing spell, a chance to think, to be alone. Three days in which to get a perspective ——

"After Sarah's nap," she said quickly, "I'll pack their suitcases."

"Hadn't you better tell Ellen what to feed us before you go?" Bill suggested.

Candy smiled gently into her coffee cup. "Ellen will be here to chaperon you and Jane," she said. "But she won't do any cooking. I have given her this week end off."

Bill looked up, started to speak and stopped. Then he asked in an uncertain voice, "Well—but ——"

"Don't worry, Bill," Mrs. Goodwin assured him comfortably. "Jane is a marvelous cook."

"Well, I ——" Jane began.

"Jane," said her mother firmly, "is the most efficient girl I ever knew. Jane will manage. Don't worry."

To Candy, it was extraordinary to be back in her own room in her father's house, without Bill. It was extraordinary because it was so confusing: she should have been missing Bill at every turn—and she wasn't. The sense of release, of freedom, was intoxicating, and the intoxication gave her a sharp sense of guilt. It was all very mixed up, and she knew that, before Sunday night, she must unmix her emotions. She must do some thinking as clear as any Jane had ever achieved. . . . But not right now.

On Friday morning she had breakfast in bed, and while Cobb, the butler, and old Eliza spoiled Sarah happily, Mrs. Goodwin took David to the Natural History Museum. On Friday afternoon, Mrs. Goodwin took both children to the park, and it was hard to say who had the best time. On Saturday, the whole program was repeated. Meanwhile, Candy shopped and had lunch with old school friends and went to the movies in the middle of the afternoon, which made her feel deliciously depraved.

It wasn't until Saturday afternoon, late, that the Feeling came. She had not yet unmixed her emotions; she had done no clear thinking—indeed, she had done no thinking at all, except just after she had gone to bed at night, or at odd moments during the day, especially when she was hungry. And then she had thought, *Oh dear, Bill. There's something the matter between us.* And the thoughts had mushroomed upward into a great black cloud of resentful depression, with no solution in sight.

On Saturday afternoon, she and Mrs. Goodwin were having tea by the library fire. "Mother," she began, and stopped. She knew very well that her mother intensely disliked discussing any member of her family with any other member; especially would this be true of her son-in-law. So it wasn't really fair. But—"Mother," she said.

MRS. GOODWIN put down her cup. "He'll get over it," she said crisply. "But, Candace dear, even if Bill finally sees that he's shirking one set of responsibilities for another set that looks—at the moment—bigger and better, don't think it's going to be as easy as it used to be. After a man and a woman have balanced their own importances against each other—well, that's always a danger spot, from then on in every marriage. At least, that's what I ——"

Old Eliza came to the library door. "Miss Candy, you're wanted on the telephone."

"Darling," said Bill. "Er. How are you?"

"Oh, fine," Candy chirped. "How are you?"

"Well, I'm fine too," said Bill. "Er. Ah. When did you think you'd come home?"

"Oh, I don't know. Tomorrow afternoon, maybe. Why?"

Once upon a time there was a poor young fellow who loved a woman who loved him not. She said to him, "Fetch me tomorrow the heart of your mother, as I want it to give to my dog." He went to his mother's house, killed her, took the heart from her body and began to run back with it. And as he ran, he stumbled and fell; and the heart rolled out of his hand on the pavement. And he heard the heart speaking; and the heart spoke to him while weeping and said, "Did you hurt yourself, my dear son?"

Summary in English by Dr. William Lyon Phelps of poem by Jean Richepin, "The Mother's Anthology" (Doubleday, Doran & Co.).

"Well, er. I just thought you might come sooner. I think Jane is dying to to town."

"She is? Why?"

"Well, this Christopher fellow ca here yesterday."

"He did? Is he nice?"

"Seems okay," said Bill cautiousl just left. After quite a scene."

"Oh, no! You mean Jane tossed hi like a—like a worn-out glove?"

"I mean," said Bill, "that he toss aside like a worn-out —— I never" ence crept into his voice—"heard custom-built, double-revolving, t fight in my life. She told him he wa and he told her she was a donkey. man!"

"HE told *Jane* ——"

"'A conceited little donkey with n of proportion' were his exact word

"*Oh!* Goodness."

"Yes. And as a matter of fact," s suddenly speaking quite loudly, "so I am sick and tired of hearing abo Harley Winchester. Who the—who Harley Winchester?"

"President of American Mo——"

"I know, but who *is* he? Jove or cius, or somebody? Just because a has a good job ——"

"Yes, dear," said Candy. "Yes. *quite* right."

There was pause.

"Look," sa "how would you came back went in and to place?"

"You mea Jane to look a children? I think ——"

"At this n Jane will obey n est whim," sa "This Christop low has quite mand of words, of being Briti this talk abou being *reserved*

Candy su giggled. "I wish I'd heard it. W have to ask mother if she think be all right."

"Let me speak to her," Bill said. convince her it'll be all right."

"That won't be necessary, dear."

"Listen, let me *speak* to ——" Th a sudden break, a humming silence, a Bill said, "Okay. Do it your way. Or back if you can. It's been a long tin

"We-e-ell ——" said Candy.

"I'll do all the cooking. Ellen o stay, but I told her to go along and sister a real visit."

"But Bill! Then you and Jane are Oh, dear—that's very unconvention

Bill said, with a certain wearine voice, "Listen, sweet, with all due to your family, Jane and I could sp rest of our lives on an eight-foot ro Pacific Ocean and the only uncon incident would be the moment when her off. I want a woman who—who know a thing about big business."

"Or moths? Or maple sirup?"

"Shut up," said Bill tenderly, "a on home."

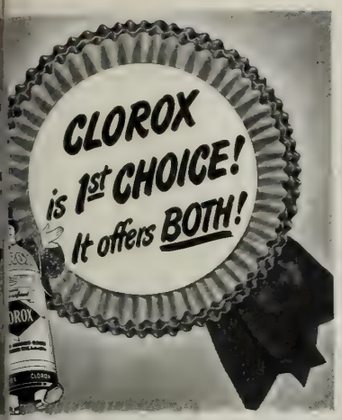
"All right, darling. Good-by. Wait a minute. David has a mes you!" She listened to David's di issued through the banisters, and th "He's drawn you a picture. He w to take it to you when I come."

"Oh, fine."

"It's a picture of Bugtown. He the best picture he's ever done an you because he misses you."

"Fine," Bill said. "You come h bring Bugtown with you, and tel we'll hang it in the living room, b miss him."

"I'll be there on the six o'cloc Candy.





1

ntler *bleaching action.....*

l protection for linens! At today's s, linens are well worth protecting. s one reason Clorox ranks first with housewives. For Clorox *conserves* linens, assures maximum wear . . . ee from caustic, *extra gentle.* Join illions who keep their white and -fast cottons and linens lovely and lasting with Clorox!



2

eater *disinfecting efficiency...*

d protection for health! Making efrigerator sparkling bright, fresh- ing *and sanitary, too,* is just one of any ways Clorox helps to protect y health. Because Clorox is one of orld's safest, most efficient house- disinfectants, more efficient than any product of its kind, it has dozens me health uses. Directions on label.

Copr. 1951, Clorox Chemical Co.

CLOROX AMERICA'S FAVORITE BLEACH AND HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT

THE WORLD THROUGH THREE SENSES

(Continued from Page 54)

for the voice and the eye from which other children learn language. She encouraged me to observe all objects I could reach with my three senses, so that I could relate them bit by bit with the things which surrounded me and gain from them analogies with sight and hearing. She helped me to enrich my vocabulary through the flow of words from her fingers, through association and books to build a world in which color and sound took their place, even though I could not perceive them. That is how it happens that I am aware of sympathies with the seeing, hearing race.

Ideas constitute the world each of us lives in, and impressions are a wellspring of ideas. My outer world, wrought out of the sensations of touch, smell and taste, breathes and throbs because I have a thinking mind and a feeling soul. While others look and listen, I use my tactile faculty to secure information, entertainment and activity in which I have a share. In all I do and think I am conscious of a hand. People dependent upon their eyes and ears seldom realize how many things are tangible. Objects that can be touched are round or flat, broken or symmetrical, flexible or stiff, solid or liquid, and these qualities are modified ad infinitum.

Also I perceive the flow of straight and curved lines and their endless variety on all surfaces—regular or uneven, swelling, rough or smooth. In rocks full of grooves, jagged edges and lichens, in the queenliness of the rose and the velvet of a well-groomed horse's neck, the manifold shapes of young trees, bushes and grasses I find eloquent witness to the glory that once trickled into the seeing hand of the Greek, the Japanese and the South Sea Islander.

Again, with the skin of my face and nose I notice different atmospherical conditions according to the season, even at various hours of the same day and in different regions. For instance, in wintertime I recognize a cold sun, and the rain is chill and odorless. The rain of spring is warm, vital and fragrant. The air of midsummer is heavy and damp or dry and burning, and so the changes of weather go on.

Besides objects, surfaces and the weather, I perceive countless vibrations from which I learn much about everyday happenings. In the house I feel footsteps, noises of the broom, the hammer and the saw, the dishes as they are removed from the table, the excited bark of big Et Tu, my Alsatian, when somebody comes to the door. Footsteps vary tactually according to the age, the sex and the manners of the walker. The child's patter is unlike the tread of a grown person. The springy step of youth differs from the sedate walk of the middle-aged and from the gait of the old man whose feet drag along the floor. In persons whom I know well I detect many moods and traits in their walk—energy or laziness, firmness or hesitation, weariness, impatience or distress. Thus I am aware to some extent of the actions of those about me.

Perhaps I am working at the desk. A sportive breeze blows some papers off, and I jump up to recapture them, guided by the direction from which their flutter on the rug reaches me. A flat thud warns me that a book has fallen. The ring of an electric bell on the desk informs me that I am wanted downstairs. Other vibrations past enumerating speak to my fingers: the wind or rain rattling against the windows as I open or close them; the ring of the telephone when I am close to it; the tic-tac of a clock I touch; the swallowed gurgle of the playing hose; the pop of a champagne bottle opened quite near to me.

There are other vibrations which do not reach me through skin-touch. They enter my nerves and bones loudly or softly. The beat and roll of drums pass through me from the chest to the shoulder blades. The rhythmic vibration of a well-made train over a smooth road is pleasing to my body. There is fascination for me in the echoing thunder and the tremendous booming of the ocean upon the

(Continued on Page 225)

America's most versatile cooking appliance

Arvin Lectric Cook

GRILLS, FRIES, BAKES, TOASTS! Grills 16 hamburgers, fries bacon and eggs, toasts four sandwiches, bakes four big waffles. Cooking area equals 3 ten-inch skillets. Can be converted in seconds to a fully automatic waffle-baker. Heat control; signal light; insulated base and handle. Listed by Underwriters' Laboratories. **$29.95**

Prices subject to change without notice.





Electric Housewares Division
Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Ind.
(Formerly Noblitt-Sparks)

Also manufacturers of Arvin Toasters, Automatic Irons, Fan-Forced Heaters, Hot-R-Cool Heater-Fan.

HOW TO BRING

Enchantment to Your Table

AT EVERY MEAL YOU SERVE with...**VERNONWARE**

Your Vernon table setting gives every meal you serve a party air! Beautiful, durable Vernonware gives you years of colorful service at low cost . . . see the many lovely Vernon open stock patterns at your favorite store, today.



CALIFORNIA HERITAGE... *fascinating "drip" texture in rich, modern colors to mix or match . . . Almond Gold, Redwood Brown, Vineyard Green, Raisin Purple.*

PICK A PRETTY PLAID... *enchanting any time, any season* ORGANDIE . . . *bright yellow and warm brown.* GINGHAM . . . *deep green, chartreuse, and gay yellow...* HOMESPUN . . . *warm yellow, rust, and deep green*

YOU SAVE MONEY!
ASK FOR VERNON'S STARTER SETS
Start your table enchantment with a specially priced 16 piece Vernon set. Let relatives, friends complete your Vernonware table on birthdays, anniversaries!



Write Today!

You'll be thrilled with this Vernon book...
"24 WAYS TO SET A PARTY TABLE"
Complete photo instructions on how to do it!

VERNON KILNS
2310 E. 52ND ST., LOS ANGELES 58, CALIFORNIA
Please send me "24 Ways to Set A Party Table" I enclose 25¢ to cover mailing and handling

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE ____

ROOMS THAT SING OF AN EARLY SPRING!



Coloramic dining set. Table opens to 58 inches. Bronze, silver-gray or avocado green legs. Daystromite top in green, gra chartreuse, and limed oak wood grain. Chairs in green, cocoa, wine, and chartreuse, Goodall Nomad or faille patter

Hurry Springtime Along with Daystrom's new Coloramic dining set in ligh hearted daffodil colors. Sleek-lined steel legs are sheathed in petal-smooth plastic tha resists scratching, cracking, peeling. The hospitable table has Daystrom's own Wonde Top, made for hard wear and easy care. Mannerly modern chairs are curved for comfor richly upholstered in patterned plastic that wipes clean with a damp cloth. Yes, Colorami fits into formal décor—but it's right at home in the most modest budgets!

Tulip-Bright Chairs lend springtime cheer to this versatile little table that's perfect for breakfast, brunch or lunch—opens out to seat 6 for dinner—and moves into the living room for cards when company comes. Wonderful space-saver for small apartments and little rooms. Like all Daystrom tables, it's tidily topped with Daystromite. And every inch is washable—chromed surfaces, Wonder Top, even the blossom-bright upholstery.

• *Daystrom sets $79.95 and up at furniture and department stores everywhere.*



Chromed dinette set, 4 chairs. Table top 30 by 30 inches closed, with 12-inch center extension. Chromed steel legs. Daystrom top in gray, green, red, blue, or yellow pearl design. Table also available in wood grain colors. Chairs to match or contra



For the second consecutive year,
Daystrom has received the
Fashion Academy Gold Medal Award.

-it's DAYSTROM furniture !

The Tables with the Wonder Top

Daystrom Corporation, Olean, N. Y.,
Friendship, N. Y., Fullerton, Calif.



Daystromite Resists Heat!



Daystromite Resists Scars!



Daystromite Resists Stains!

(Continued from Page 223)

And the organ, whose harmony resem-
he onrush and retreat of sea waves,
my act of feeling to rapture. What I
n The World I Live In is still true: "If
could be seen, I could point where the
notes go, as they rise and fall, climb up
p, rock and sway, now loud and deep,
igh and stormy, anon soft and solemn."
the other hand, I am annoyed by dis-
like scraping, the creaking of old floors,
oghorns. I have had contacts with
s which were being built, and I felt the
of giant hammers, the rattle of masses
ne and other materials, the rumble of
s and the dumping of dirt cars. I have
d factories and war plants and sensed
angor and uproar of machines horrible
rutal. I have been shaken by the crash
nt trees as they were felled to earth, the
ssion of huge logs sawed at lumber mills,
sions that follow blasting rocks in mines,
normous clamor of switching freight
and the roar of the airplane starting on
ght. At sea I have been pitched to and
a storm on a ship as it plowed foaming
vs through the water, and liquid moun-
lashed its sides and tossed it aloft like a
s toy, it seemed to me, with devilish ex-
on. From all these vibrations I have
d my conception of war, earthquakes,
waves and raging forest fires.

rough touch, also, I know the gigantic
of New York, the grating of electric
nd busses, the tramping and pushing of
ls, the never-ceasing turmoil of the ele-
railways and the subways. As I walk
, I am conscious, too,
halations from var-
shops—leather, new
cs, hardware and
—from automobiles,
and vegetable stands,
e and restaurants. By
dors of fresh lumber,
and metal, I perceive
a new building is go-
. For a while the city
of interest and excitement for me, but
its enveloping noise and restlessness it
hysical relief to get back to the tactual
ness and peace of my country home.

hen I work in my garden early mornings
ring and summer, my sensations are
open to the "brightness, the spark and
of the quick forge" of Nature's won-
It is easy to trim by touch the grass
the driveway and around the trees, to
ve stones that press upon the roots and
t away vines that threaten to strangle
plants. I do not have to worry for fear
nears will murder the lusty pachysandra
er, it is so unlike the slender blades of
I cut. Having felt vines sprawling
the ground or seizing hold of any sup-
with their tendrils, I do not mistake one
em for the foliage of a shrub. The tall,
e-stemmed, coarse-leafed, rank weeds I
up are not to be confused with ferns or
ate, feathery grasses through which the
pipes tenderly. The malodorous iron-
is an enemy to which I give no quarter.
there are friendly messengers from the
I love—black-eyed Susans, Queen Anne's
and the clean, pungent tansy. It is to my
w that I have to clear them away from
wer bed or a border of mint. The clover
orable and a welcome visitor on the lawn,
eft too long in one spot, it builds exqui-
yet formidable layers of root and stem,
reluctantly I sever it from the young
es which must be given a chance.

T
seasons always charm me as a succes-
of surprises. No matter how attentively
tch for their signs, they are never the
in odor or temperature. One day when I
it to clip grass it is frosty, and buds on
and bush are still small and hard. A few
later I am at my outdoor work again,
lo, the maples are in leaf, the evergreens
peginning to put out soft new tips, the
palpitates with promises of clover and
elion. Soon the rosebushes and lilac
are aflutter with fragrant little leaves
seem to my fingers cool distillations of
and air. The time that passes varies be-
I discover one bush in flower, and, like
wildfire, the blossoming spreads until the entire garden is a vast bouquet of indescribable loveliness. I cannot hear the orchestra of bird voices that those who have ears observe, but the trees and flowers amaze me with their endless changes. The pines and spruces from which I pluck away dead herbage drop pitch upon my hand, and I take that as tidings that summer is near. These palpable phenomena awaken in me a train of happy memories, so that the seasons of each year mean more to me than those of the year before. I can remember moments when I feel young azaleas atremble under my palm or sniff hyacinths, but it takes an evocative touch or scent for me to recover the emotion fully. Truly, as the carefree morning hours slip by, it is a heavenly privilege for me to exercise the faculties of meditation and understanding that empower one to live in the universe.

During the day I am absorbed by intense concentration on work at the desk and the sameness that ever-recurring demands for similar services create. It is to preserve my individuality and keep my three senses alert that I escape into the garden at dawn or soon afterward. Just to have the sweet soil, the grass and dew between my fingers refreshes and clears my mind.

On my walk by the cedar railing at home I have noticed that the pine emits different scents—one wet with rain, one dry in midsummer. Mosses have a distinct olfactory character hard to define.

"But how can you take such pleasure in walking?" I hear someone who has all his faculties say. "We have all the colors of the landscape, the songs of birds, the ripple of streams, but you have only motion—placing one leg before the other, putting your feet on the ground in turn, lifting them again and stepping forward until intelligence revolts, and the motion ceases, as Rose Macaulay has written."

Without women, the beginning of our life would be helpless, the middle without pleasure, and the end void of consolation.

—VICTOR DE JOUY.

"Far from it!" I reply, amused.

The chief advantage of walking is the freedom of my mind to go on long excursions into philosophy. This is not a misfortune, I think, as several friends have said to me. It is as natural to man, even in a primitive state, to philosophize as it is to speak. I happen to be among those who can think most effectively on their legs. Happy solutions of my perplexities have sprung up spontaneously on a stroll, after vain attempts to disentangle them indoors. Braille is none other than a brave blind man's philosophy put into practice of overcoming obstacles.

My brain and three senses, certainly, are needed to note every detail of interest in a ramble—whether the path is hilly or flat, grass or gravel, rocks or sand or soft soil. By the shade on my face I can tell when I come to a wood or a thicket. A rush of warm air indicates that I am in an open, sunny glade. Where the road is familiar to me, I hold out my hand to examine the bark and foliage of trees, or gather wild flowers or pick berries.

There is for me a wind-sweet, high resonance in the thin, narrow leaves of willows, agitation in the fussy motions of birches and poplars and a rich, musical depth in the foliage of oaks. Firs and spruces impart to me serenity in the thought that, though the winds from every direction bend them this way and that, yet the straining roots do not loose their hold upon the rock, and I lean against them sustained by their might, drawn from victorious combat.

In walking I also read the weather—and by the weather I mean the outdoors. I have a reasonably tough skin that welcomes most kinds of weather, and I am determined not to succumb to the allurements of a shielded old age. Often I fight a rough wind foot by foot as I struggle down the road, then it veers and pushes me forward like a leaf. Once I was caught in the terrifying clutches of a cyclone, and only by bending very low I managed to follow my companion as we ran to a building nearby for shelter. Again a gentle breeze wavers on my cheek, quivers and shambles

(Continued on Page 227)



In a very definite sense your choice of Sterling sets the pattern of a lifetime. You'll be wise, then, to examine the exquisite handiwork of Lunt craftsmen . . . patterns as varied as the variations of good taste, yet with this in common . . . they're all richly rewarding to live with. You'll find a pattern to treasure...for your guests to admire...in Lunt Sterling. Write for your free copy of "Lunt *Sterling of Superior Craftsmanship*," addressing Department L-5.

LUNT *Silversmiths*
GREENFIELD · MASSACHUSETTS



One last bit of advice to girls who really know men!

You know how careless and thoughtless men sometimes are . . . the little fellows, especially.

So the furniture you buy must be able to look well after many a hard battle with jelly and jam, grit and gravy, dirt and dust. Scotch and soda, and even muddy shoes.

Not only look well, but clean easily and be reasonable in price. *Very reasonable.*

So, ask your furniture dealer to show you furniture covered with that amazing all-plastic material, Boltaflex. For newlyweds whose hard-earned pennies are as scarce as their housekeeping problems are many, it is the most joyful and exciting home furnishing news in many years.

Boltaflex combines rich appearance and "feel" with long-wearing and easy-cleaning features.

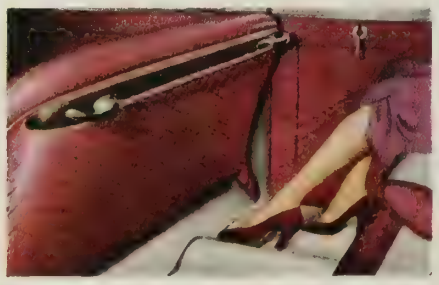
It comes in a fabulous range of decorator co and patterns . . . won't chip or peel . . . resists s fing, staining and fading. The finest furniture st and upholstering shops everywhere carry beaut Boltaflex and Boltaflex-covered furniture. For ther information and descriptive literature, writ Dept. J-3, Bolta Products Sales, Inc., Lawren Massachusetts.



Now! You can do your own home decorating with lightweight Boltaflex. Cover chair seats and tired furniture, shelves, headboards, bookcases simply and beautifully with rich, luxurious, washable Boltaflex.



Children and adults alike go for inflatables with the high glossy finish that won't wear off. Life rafts, beach balls, teddy bears, play pools, rocking horses, and many other items in bright, lively Boltaflex.



Seat covers trimmed with rich, electronically quilted Boltaflex add new decorative beauty to car interiors. When buying seat covers be sure you ask for long-wearing, washable, colorful Boltaflex.



Boltaflex* means Covered with lasting Beauty

*ALL-PLASTIC MATERIAL

(Continued from Page 225)

a and drops into stillness like a bird
g to its nest.
t trouble I distinguish the hammer-
nd piercing wind from a still snow-
has a scent of purity unlike any
nent in the sky. Before a thunder-
fragrances from garden, field and
rm about me, then disappear as the
The climate of the mountains dif-
that of the ocean, which I identify
t dampness. In their turn these are
ssimilar to the breadth and sweep
in-scented, sunflower-flecked prai-
hich I have walked during my jour-
ut west. Always on my rambles it is
me to recognize a crowd of odors as
by. It is fugitive and dependent
condition of the air on which it is
ell is also subject to temperature.
nce, in cold
here are few
while heat
hem forth
tly. From
in a sense of
ubiquity
ited variety
ests analogi-
at people
colors and
des. I can
hat blue dif-
ed as widely
nge does in
n an apple.
n has a scent
, yet I can
h different
melons, and
erstand that
ile retaining
nistakable
smell, have
ried shades.
pleased me
y to learn
n regarding
a sort of
gel, an un-
monitor of
ble objects
r from fire
ng gas, so-
owly accept-
a priceless
nt of expe-
t only is my
joy in the
rowth com-
I so recapture whole epochs of my life.
ne I smell daisies I am a radiantly
tle girl in the dew-drenched fields,
with my teacher. A whiff from a
where hay has been cut transports
to the big New England barn where
friends and I used to play in a huge
The days brimful of adventure,
beauty I spent in California re-
ne whenever I catch the odor of a
ee, a eucalyptus or a citrus grove.

ave I had a group of smell mem-
e delectable than those of Portofino,
ere Polly Thomson and I found rest
ntaintop overlooking the Mediter-
st May. I reveled in the Italian
and fragrances, which thronged
from all directions. The salt air
in a warm current, side by side
boxwood hedges. The breath from
e and lemon groves was an ecstasy,
lingering lazily on a damp day or
and strong in dry weather. There
ious phenomenon which I observed
nch table: I could not easily dis-
the blossom of the orange from the
s eating, or the strawberrylike smell
neysuckle from the wild berries on
e! In and out, all around, delicate
nd leaves as unlike as the blossoms
mong the floral odors, and formed
ribable symphony of their own. The
ent of mind and body which has in-
me for my work I owe quite as
those many well-defined, yet har-
y blended fragrances as to the
ity of the weeks at San Sebastiano.

Last autumn I attended a gathering in Westport, Connecticut, where a professional perfumer talked most interestingly about the distillation of flower fragrances. He gave us all what he called the "blind test" to see how many floral perfumes we could identify. He presented to each of us eight fragrances on little blotters, or "whiff sachets"—rose, carnation, honeysuckle, lily of the valley, lilac, gardenia, jasmin and violet. Everyone complimented me on my ability to name correctly seven out of the eight flower fragrances. I found out that most women can identify only one or two. This is a sad comment indeed on their neglect of a faculty which would repay them a hundredfold for some patience in its development.

To my teacher's indefatigable vigilance that kept the fires of thought and observation burning in me I owe the wealth of experience I have gained through only three bodily faculties. This moves me to remind parents and teachers of their power to train children from the earliest years in the right use of their five senses. The surest hope of culture renewal is always the child. In order to attain his highest education he must be persistently encouraged to extract joy and constructive interest from sight, hearing, touch, smell and taste. Like all forms of education, the child's senses should be aroused by techniques suited to his individuality.

I am not a teacher or an educator, but I have always believed that infants should be taught as soon as possible, before they speak, to notice objects pretty or delightful or unusual. I have noticed the wholesome effect upon a baby of fixing his eyes upon a pleasing color or a delicately carved shell, listening to music that soothes or enchants him, touching a face he loves or smelling a flower at which he smiles. If the mother puts as much gentle art into this delicate fostering of all his physical powers as she does into the task of preserving his health, her reward will be past calculating. The child's five senses are the faithful fairies who, if cherished and heeded, will surrender to him their priceless tokens of royalty—the splendor at the rainbow's end, the seven-league boots of imagination, lovely dreams fulfilled. He will always be charmed or comforted by sky, earth and sea. Not only will he reach a well-ordered stewardship of his senses, he will also have the best chance of spiritual maturity. For there is, I am convinced, a correspondence between the powers of the body and those of the spirit, and when the five senses—or whatever of them there are—serve as entrances into an inner world, the individual attains his or her fullest capacity of pleasure as well as self-mastery. Every person, every group thus excellently equipped for living is the greatest possible contribution to humanity. That is why I like to celebrate the accomplishments of the handicapped whom necessity drives to use all the faculties that remain. They show what normal beings can and should do with a complete set of faculties. Once parents and teachers realize the tremendous potencies of good folded up in sense-life and set about developing them in children, they will confer upon the coming generation a blessing that will carry through untold ages its multiplying harvests of alertness, strength and beauty of life. THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

How to Win Arguments and Influence Wives

or I'm in the Front Room and Can't Hear You

By James Menzies Black

When a difference occurs in the
house that is mine
My attitude's basically noble.
My tactics concur with the Fabian
line
In that I'm excessively mobile.

The courage I lack for a frontal
attack
So depends upon time as a mender,
I hold that the knack, "giving way
toward the back"
Saves abject surrender to gender.

I've learned it is true what Napoleon
knew,
What no strategist ever denies:
That a lady is lost and her argument
too
Cut off from her source of replies.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Story & Clark

INSTRUMENTS OF QUALITY—
BY ONE FAMILY, SINCE 1857



Authentic Chippendale...

INSPIRED by a treasured Chippendale desk from the collection of His Grace, the Duke of Wellington, The Lord Carleton Spinet is one of the most superb pianos in Story & Clark history. Its authentic cabinet design is beautiful almost beyond words. It is available, of course, only in the choicest swirl Mahogany. . . .

Story & Clark pianos are built by the third generation of a family which has dedicated itself for ninety-four years to this honored craft. The gorgeous cabinet styles, the breath-taking tone qualities of their instruments, reflect a heritage unmatched in America.

Be sure to see the Lord Carleton and other* glorious Story & Clark instruments, at your leading music dealer's. They are "The Most Beautiful Pianos In The World!"

Story & Clark Piano Company, 64 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

* French Provincial, Early American, Georgian, Contemporary, Ranch Style, Modern, Etc.

This enchanting needlepoint rug, made by associates of the British Women's Home Industries, Ltd., was inspiration for all needlepoint pieces shown on these pages.

Flower Themes From English Needlepoint

By **HENRIETTA MURDOCK** *Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal*

ON a recent trip to England our editor brought back an enchanting needlepoint rug made by British women working at home, but marketing their handicrafts through an effective organization called the British Women's Home Industries, Ltd.

We were so charmed with the fresh beauty of these designs, the rich colorings and exquisite composition of the flowers, that we have obtained permission to have them copied for your own use. Separately, the designs have been adapted to patterns for side chairs, footstools, cushions and a pull-up armchair, two of which are illustrated on this page. In combination the squares can be joined to make a rug similar to the one shown above. *(Continued on Page 230)*



Try working an English garden-flower bouquet on a light ground for your antique side chairs.

HAROLD FOWLER



A flower-entwined wreath, over-scale, on a mist-blue background adapts itself perfectly to ottoman.

IT'S NEW! Now you can wax furniture without rubbing—with *Pride*. It's a free-flowing liquid that actually coats furniture with a smooth, glowing surface of tough, protective wax. Just spread it on . . . let it dry . . . wipe lightly. You get the richest, longest-lasting wax luster you've ever seen on wood. A hard, dry finish. No sticky oils to catch dust.

Pride embodies the same scientific discovery as Johnson's Car-Plate, the sensational new auto wax featured in last June's *Reader's Digest*. Pride is economical, too. This $1 bottle of Pride is more than enough for all the furniture in the average home.

Don't wait. Try Pride today. It's at your dealer's now!



by the makers of Johnson's Wax

TAKE THIS BOTTLE HOME AND GET HE RICHEST LONGEST-LASTING WAX USTER YOU'VE EVER SEEN ON WOOD...



NO RUBBING!

hn's," "Car-Plate" and "Pride" are trademarks of S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.



EATON'S CALAIS RIPPLE IN OPEN STOCK. To be bought together or separately, as you wish . . . characterful deckled single sheets, 80 to the box, 95c. Matching envelopes, interlined, 50c the package of 25. WHITE, BLUE, GREY.

HOW TO

choose fine letter paper in the most economical way



Imagine being able to *match your favorite letter paper* at all times, in fine stores anywhere in the country, whether you are at home or travelling! You can, by choosing an Eaton Open Stock Paper.

Think of the economy of replenishing your needs as *you* wish . . . for Eaton, thoughtfully, packages matching letter paper and envelopes separately, so that you need never waste either one.

Know the delight of *picking a paper* from the wide array of tints, textures and styles in Eaton's Open Stock . . . of making it *yours*, by using it *always*.

ALWAYS AVAILABLE ALWAYS CORRECT

Eaton's fine Letter Papers in Open Stock

We do not sell direct. PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

FLOWER THEMES FROM ENGLISH NEEDLEPOI

(Continued from Page 228)

Each square is bordered by two inches of solid green.

Since these needlepoint designs carry a variety of flower colors which go with any scheme, choose the background yarn to match your room.

If you do not find these needlepoi designs in the art-needlework depar ment of your local store, write to th LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for the nam of a store in your area where the are obtainable.

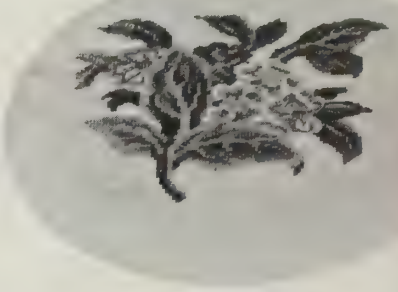
This lily design has the quality of a flower painting and is also suitable for an armchair.





Make pairs of these pillows for your sofa, or use the same design on occasional chairs.

For a round cushion or footstool, choose this perfectly balanced flower-and-leaf spray.



Here is one of the rug designs enlarged to twice its original size, in scale with a big chair.



Look only to Englander for the New Sleep!



Englander alone brings you the glorious comfort of a mattress cushioned with Airfoam*

The New Sleep is gentle, cradling restfulness with firm, healthful support. Relaxation for tired nerves and muscles. The refreshment that comes from sleeping on air. This Englander innerspring mattress is cushioned both top and bottom with Airfoam by Goodyear. Tiny air cells float you, caress you, yield to every move, as the innerspring unit buoys you and supports you. Nothing more soothing, comforting or refreshing can be had today. Make it yours—the New Sleep.





...able in wood rose stripe

Englander
SLEEP PRODUCTS

2 great companies join forces for your sleeping comfort

GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER



...st press down on Air-...am. Feel how it molds ...elf to your hand, re-...onds with a buoyant ...uplift." Tiny air cells ...adle you, allow the ...attress to breathe.

COOL SLEEPING
ALWAYS ODORLESS
HELPS PREVENT STRAINS, ACHES
SMOOTH SLEEPING SURFACE

*TM The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company ©1951 The Englander Company, Inc., Chicago, Ill.



READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



Use Colgate Dental Cream
To Clean Your Breath
While You Clean Your Teeth—
And Help Stop Tooth Decay!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the **only** toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

BRAZEN HALO

(Continued from Page 36)

"Let's," offered Charles, with decision, "let's go to Joe's."

Charles piloted her across the arterial road where the factory, packing sheds, countinghouse, offices and research laboratory of Simpson, Simpson and Botibol's stood, to the red-striped awning, the green-painted trellis fence, the faint music, the rosy, welcoming lights of Joe's.

At Joe's Café, Sophira knew, Simpson girls started dates, pursued love affairs, quarreled, made up, endured or enjoyed the switchback suspense between meeting and wedding ring, or hail and farewell.

She had never yet been inside.

Charles swung open the door. Red-checked tablecloths, black-handled knives, pink-shaded lamps conveyed Soho atmosphere; or, to the more romantic-minded, an echo of Paris, Latin Quarter. The tables along one wall stood between high-backed, dark-oak stalls—a cross between Ye Old Tea Shoppe, Charles remarked, and a good pull-up for carmen. He moved toward one of these.

Sophira said, "Only first I must phone."

Charles looked up. "Phone?" he said. "To whom?"

"To my family."

"Your *what?*"

Sophira repeated her words; moved toward the phone booth beyond the stalls; in a moment came back to find Charles still staring ahead in the same almost dazed surprise.

A waiter was hovering near. "Yes? Oh, yes!" said Charles. "What would you like to eat?"

"You order, please," said Sophira, sitting down.

Charles chose food, laid the menu aside, looked up and surveyed Sophira. "You have a family?"

"Yes. My mother. My brother, Anstruther—he's thirteen. My two sisters, Nina and Jane. They're a good deal younger."

"I have a brother," said Charles. "I don't like him much. My father is dead. My mother got married again at the end of the war. She's in Canada now. So I don't really know what having a family is like. Or perhaps I just can't remember. And most of my friends," pursued Charles, "seem sort of . . . detached."

This Sophira knew. Not one of the exquisite creatures who rang Charles up, whom Charles rang; not one of the bolder spirits who came to the lab, to prize Charles out, saying, "Busy? All right. I'll wait!" had about her even the dimmest family aura.

Charles considered Sophira.

"You're the man of the family, are you?"

Sophira blushed. She had not meant to give that away—had not guessed her unthinking words would convey so much. But then, Charles was like that, she knew. At one moment, completely blind; at the next, disconcertingly perceptive.

Charles continued to watch her. Before, there'd been two sorts of looks. An offhand if kindly glance for a very much younger sister; a grimly unseeing stare, as for office furniture. Now came a third—an eager though calm I-Wonder-Exactly-*What?* look that Charles sometimes wore in the lab. The look of research.

"How long have you worked for me?"

"Nearly six months." Sophira smiled; adding silently, *Five months, three weeks, four days.*

Charles watched her, raising an eyebrow; began to smile. "Tell me something about yourself!" demanded Charles.

Sophira looked down. Charles probably said this to every girl he took out for food, or at least every other girl. Yet this moment, she knew, was the moment when she could choose between loving Charles, safely and secretly, in a dream, without even hoping that Charles might love her back; between that, and suffering the longings, the painful bliss and the black despairs of *really* loving Charles. She could look away, make some easy, offhand remark, returning them both to suitable boss-employee-type conversation; or look up and meet Charles' eyes. Sophira looked up.

"I'll tell you!" offered Charles. "You like Beethoven, long hot baths, children, dogs—lame variety especially. Rain outside when you're safe in bed. Nice tangles of garden flowers as distinct from the florist's bunch. Winter tea by the fire. Honey better than jam, bitter marmalade, full of chunks, better than either. And wedges of walnut cake. And cinnamon toast——"

"Not cinnamon. Anchovy!"

Their first course had come and gone. Now their sweet was served.

"Your turn. What d'you know about me?" Charles asked at last.

Their coffee had arrived. *Suppose I say what I really think?* Sophira mused. "*You have such nice eyes. Your nose is too big, but I wouldn't have it changed. Your mouth is . . . obstinate. And I love you!*" Sophira tightened her hand on the coffeepot, fixed her gaze on her hand, took a hold on herself.

"You like coffee—very black, and very sweet——"

"H'm?" said Charles.

Sophira heard the thrum of the radio, and a clack of plates; the fizz of a lighted match, and a burr of voices. Not Charles' voice. . . .

Sophira slowly looked up. Not, now, into Charles' eyes. What she saw was no more than Charles' averted profile.

Down the aisle moved a girl: nyloned, flower-hatted, dressed to kill; *svelte, soignée, chic*—all those words; her shoulder-length hair a blaze of thistle-floss silver.

Then Sophira knew.

Of course! Every girl who had ever called for Charles, who had come to the lab to inquire for him, who had said, "Busy, is he? I'll wait!" had been flower-hatted, nyloned, *svelte, soignée, chic*—all those words. And blond. Every one of them had possessed some degree at least of real or acquired honey, sovereign or silver blondness.

"You take sugar?" Sophira said, biting down on the words as one bites on an aching tooth.

Charles looked back, and blinked. "I take sugar? Do I?" he sighed.

That was all. Charles walked her home. It was too late to work, he said. He'd not realized the time. They crossed the housing estate in the deep blue dusk. A scent of lilac and May blew together—a heady scent from the little gardens. Charles thanked her, and said good-by. He would see her tomorrow, of course? he said.

"Of course!" said Sophira. She managed to smile, she opened and shut the front door.

Good Fortune

By Elizabeth McFarland

When I die, the world will see
Beauty that was locked in me:
Autumnal hair like clouds on fire,
And the white throat of rich desire;
A tender breast, a manner proud
Are mine when I put off my shroud.

I'll dress like some old Irish queen
In moleskin cloak and hood of green,
A threaded berry for my locket,
And a hollow shell my natural pocket;
My steed, a newly mothered calf,
And a strong young man to be my staff.

Forth through this world I'll gaily ride,
My tall companion at my side—
Faith, though good fortune's not for most,
Who would not envy me my ghost?



NO FEAR OF SMEAR... Gone is th lipstick trail on glasses . . . cigar silverware and people. Here is the lipstick with color cling and color Alluring new shades. In sleek gold

STA-PUT LIPSTICK

$1.00 plus tax

Lentheric

PARIS LONDON NEW

f that night she lay awake. *You fool, Sophira Brown!* she addressed *o imagine that anyone, wonderful as ould so much as look at you!*

d morning, she slept. An uneasy l of dreams. In these dreams blond swept past the table where she and sat—swept or glided; sauntered; with the faintest hint of swagger.

ven o'clock, when Sophira's alarm ng, she sat straight up in bed; then ng her feet to the floor; pattered nward in her blue-striped boy's ; doused her head in the wash- nd poured over her head a whole f hydrogen peroxide.

ra stood, head bent down, and let her p. She heard stirrings in the house. s of the kitchen tap as her mother p the kettle for breakfast tea; the hump as Anstruther rolled out of bed; dlike twitterings of Nina and Jane. stood there, tranquilly rinsing her insed and rinsed; squeezed, dried; nterminably; tied her head in a white- turban; returned to her room, sat gladly before her mirror, unwound the and found herself—not silver blond. blond at all. But bright, brassy, -red. Straight as a die; the color of ngham brass, or alternatively of a Jaffa orange; dry as a bone—the texture, approximately, of hay intended for feeding cattle.

But what have I done to myself? Sophira cried.

In her trance, or waking dream, or whatever it was, she had, of course, seen herself the desired of Charles—like the girl last night, silver blond; like the long procession of girls Charles fell for.

Yet what on earth, Sophira asked herself now, was the use of blond hair without blond personality? How would blond hair have helped (supposing it *had* turned out blond!) one who could not look down, except to conceal her thoughts, nor look up except to reveal them? Who conceivably could desire a peroxide mouse?

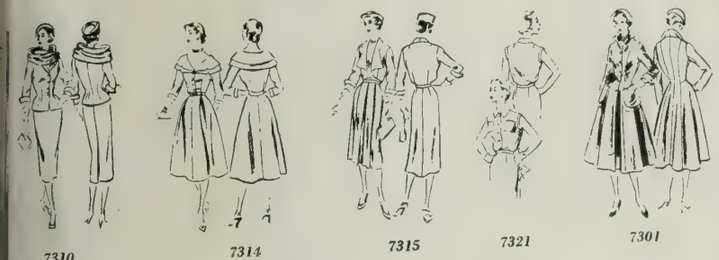
Sophira shut her eyes. What to do? Go sick? But Charles could not be left to the untender mercies of any Simpson, Simpson and Botibol pool typist. Just not go again—just resign? But the same reason held, and another: as Charles had said, she, Sophira, was the man of the family; as Sophira's mother had often sighed, Anstruther, Nina, Jane simply "ate" money. She would just have to face the music, that was all.

Sophira reached for the brilliantine bottle, and greased her palms; stroked from root to tip and from root to tip the once-silken hair that hung, taut and unyielding as any plastic

(Continued on Page 235)

Back views, sizes and prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 66 & 67

Vogue Design No. 7310. Suit; sizes 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 7314. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.
Vogue Design No. 7315. Suit; 12 to 20, 30 to 44. 60c.
Vogue Design No. 7321. "Easy-to-Make" blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 10c.
Vogue Design No. 7301. Coat; 12 to 20, 30 to 40. 75c.



7310 7314 7315 7321 7301

Vogue Design No. S-4177. One-piece dress and coat; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. $1.00.

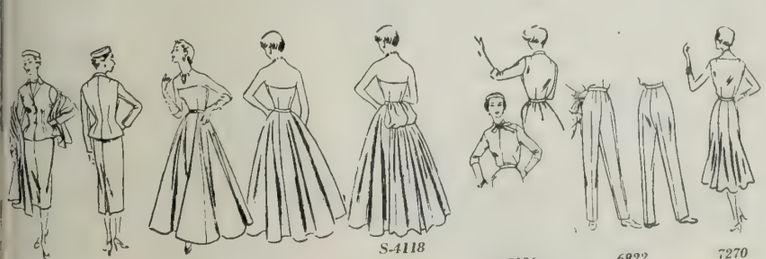
Vogue Design No. 7300. Two-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.



S-4177 S-417 7300

HOW AMERICA LIVES (Page 186)

Vogue Design No. 7267. "Easy-to-Make" suit and stole; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.
Vogue Design No. S-4118. Evening dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. $1.00.
Vogue Design No. 7283. Panels (train and veil also included in pattern). One size. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 7186. "Easy-to Make" blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6822. Slacks; 24 to 32 waist measure. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7270. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.



7267 S-4118 7283 7186 6822 7270

Are you in line for Back Trouble?



YES — if you have Lordosis backline! See how that S-curve throws the whole body off balance. It also strains muscles, puts pressure on delicate nerves, causes low back pain. Neglected, it can permanently damage spine and nervous system.

NO — if you wear a Spencer! Then your body will be properly balanced. No ugly, dangerous S-curve. Your individually designed Spencer Body and Breast Supports help guard against spinal nerve pressure and painful "back trouble"!

Actual photographs of doctor's patient before and after she got her Spencers.

Spencer protects your back... Improves your figure!

Get rid of those aches and bulges right now—in a light and comfortable Spencer Support *designed*, *cut* and *made* just for you!

You'll *feel better!* Back trouble caused by imperfect posture vanishes, and all vital organs function better.

You'll *look better!* Ugly back curve, bulging buttocks and sagging breasts give way to trim young lines.

You'll *save money!* Your Spencer Body and Breast Supports will last longer—and be *guaranteed* never to lose their shape.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR!

Doctors prescribe Spencer Supports to improve general health by improving posture; to aid treatment of back disorders, arthritis and other chronic diseases, displaced abdominal organs, breast problems, maternity, post-operative and other conditions.

Write or phone for FREE information

MAIL valuable coupon below for booklet showing how Spencer can help you, personally. Or PHONE your Spencer dealer. (look in yellow pages under "Corsets," white pages under "Spencer Corsetiere" or "Spencer Support Shop"). *Never* sold in department stores.

To SPENCER DESIGNERS, 141 Derby Ave., New Haven 7, Conn.
(Canadian Address: Rock Island, Quebec)

Please send your FREE booklet. I have marked my posture problem at left. (Print your name and address.)

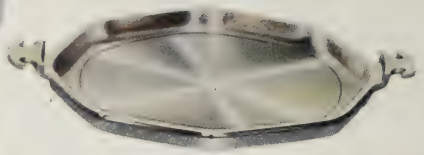
MISS .....
MRS. .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY & STATE .....

Lordosis ☐ Breast ☐ Ptosis ☐

Want to Make Money in a professional type of business? Experience not needed — we train you. Profitable, interesting. Check for information ☐

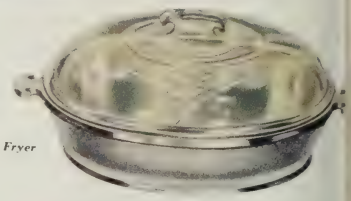
individually designed SPENCER SUPPORTS


Breakfast Fryer


Griddle Broiler


Economy Trio


Sizzling Server


Large Chicken Fryer



World's Finest

Combination Cooking and Table Service Equipment...


Guardian Roaster

GUARDIAN SERVICE

The Easier Way to Cook... The Beautiful Way to Serve!

GUARDIAN SERVICE equipment is not sold in retail stores. It is only available through specially authorized district offices in most major cities.

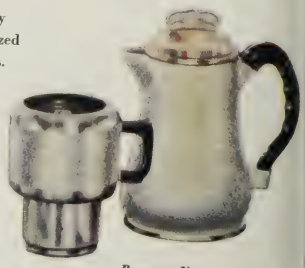
FREE: Send for beautifully illustrated brochure, "Better Family Health Through Better Food Preparation." Address: Century Metalcraft Corporation, Dept. L-8, 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois.

© 1951 C. M. C.


One, Two and Four Quart Dome Cookers

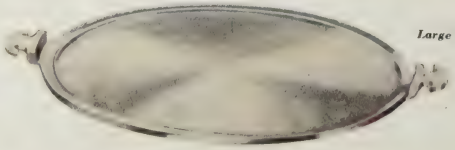
Recipe Book




Beverage Urn


Detachable Handles and Serving Lifters


Casserole Tureen


Large Serving Tray

(Continued from Page 233)

rtain. Looked into the mirror again, and w the result. Which was glittering, gleam- g—*polished* Birmingham brass.

There was no time to curl or pin, to tie or back that appalling hair; *and in any se*, thought Sophira, *leave well alone, since y action you take now leads, clearly, to saster.*

She dressed in her neatest, quietest navy- ue dress; tied over her hateful hair an veloping scarf, went into the kitchen and ank her breakfast tea standing.

"What's the hurry?" asked Anstruther.

"Just hurry."

"Why were you so *late* last night?" asked n-year-old Nina, looking severe.

"And why are you wearing that scarf?" ked Jane, who was nine.

"Oh, I . . . washed my hair."

"You washed it two days ago," Nina said.

"Well ——"

Sophira's mother looked up and met her es. "Get on with your breakfast," she vised. "If Sophira wants to wash her hair ery day—why not?"

"And I'll simply have to *fly* now!" Sophira ed.

So—safely outside the house. No one stared she walked by row after row of small, at, new houses, and crossed the arterial ad; not even the girls she met beyond the te, who gave her the usual "Hullo, phira's."

But in the front entrance hall, Sophira pped. She could hide herself under her rt for perhaps three minutes more—only w did that help? Better t this over with, absorb e first shock, try herself t first on somebody other an Charles. With stiff, d fingers, Sophira untied r scarf.

At this time—at pre- ely five to nine—a large rcentage of Simpson, mpson and Botibol em- oyees could be met, going or down the black marble stairs on their y to factory, packing sheds, offices.

Sophira, clutching the chromium baluster support, now started to climb.

Men and girls alike either stared and red again, or stared and then looked away, rt in horror, Sophira thought, part, per- ps, out of sympathy, or good manners. ne spoke, though Sophira heard more an one sharp-drawn breath.

It was, however, different with Mr. waites.

Mr. Thwaites, of Advertising, was known, re or less affectionately, as Simpson, mpson and Botibol's great expert on fem- ne charm. No new dress, no new hairdo r escaped Mr. Thwaites; and these formed rst base for discussion of personality—for rming praise, or for helpfully playful me.

Mr. Thwaites had thinning hair, care- ly brushed; a still-concave stomach, a stling RAF-type mustache, bright blue s, and a kindly, confidential smile.

"Good *morning!*" said Mr. Thwaites. He ked at Sophira, looked away, and promptly ked back. "Good morning, Miss—well, er, od gracious!" said Mr. Thwaites. "It's ss Brown?"

Sophira admitted that it was.

I WOULD never have *believed* it!" breathed r. Thwaites. Three steps above her, gazing o her eyes, Mr. Thwaites stood still. "But lways said you had . . . possibilities!" he rmured. "That dress—so very clever! at hair and that dress," enlarged Mr. waites—"together, that is. Contradiction. ntrast. Demureness highlighted! Very ver! Most ingenious! And with those s ——"

"What eyes?" Sophira looked down.

"Did you know," inquired Mr. Thwaites, at your eyes had orange flecks in them? nge flecks on brown velvet! Oh, very, y nice! But it took the hair to bring them . To make one see. Though of course *I'd* ays realized ——"

Sophira continued to look down.

Sooner or later, of course, she'd have to speak; or look up. Sophira looked up, since that was the easier of the two; and to her amazement, found herself looking up through her lashes.

"Very clever! And *ve*-ry subtle!" said Mr. Thwaites.

And—as easy as that. If you'd nothing to say, what you said was nothing at all. While you looked, *What wouldn't I say, if I chose to say* ——

Could it really—really be as simple as that?

On the landing, Sophira stopped. Since the walls were mirror glass, better look at herself, and see the truth. See what Mr. Thwaites, it seemed, saw, and try to believe.

SOPHIRA looked. Tawny hair—smooth and sleek. Velvet eyes with orange flecks. Pale, smooth skin, faintly pink, against which her thick, straight lashes showed long and dark. *(And most redheads,* Sophira complacently said to herself, *have pig's eyes—not to say porker lashes.)* And something was different, that she could not define. Something was changed in the way she stood; in the way that her eyes looked out from that wall of mirror.

What Mr. Thwaites had seen, surely Charles would see?

Sophira sped down the corridor to the lab, took a breath, and flung open the door to Charles' office. Charles looked up. He stared at her, speechless, and then he spoke.

"What on earth," he burst out, "what on *earth* have you done to your hair?"

Sophira stood, quiet and calm and unperturbed, while the storm broke over her head. What on earth had she *done* to herself? railed Charles. She must have been *mad!* What on earth had *possessed* her?

Sophira observed herself—exquisitely unmoved by the wrath, the rage, the mounting fury of Charles.

Then Charles stopped, recollecting himself. "It isn't my business, of course. I shouldn't have said —— If you choose to do this, it's your own affair."

Sophira looked up through dark lashes that flicked, just once. "Yes," she murmured, "I did sort of think it was!"

Charles sat down, and began to dictate. He dictated at speed. Every now and again he looked up in outraged disbelief at Sophira. "Dear sir ——" he'd begin again.

Mr. Thwaites arrived. "Oh—some other time!" he told Charles. "I wanted the Crossley files from Miss Brown."

Mr. Thwaites' assistant followed hard on his heels. "So sorry, you are engaged. Well, some other time!" muttered Mr. Porter.

Mr. Crump of Export put his head round the door, to inquire had Miss Brown seen the Blair report? Well, if not—no, it didn't matter.

Charles at last flung his letters down. "One might just as well," he fumed, "try and work in St. Pancras Station. I'll finish these later on." He strode out of the office and into the lab, banging both doors.

All that day Sophira worked in a happy whirl. Mr. Thwaites came back. Mr. Finchley (Accounts) arrived. Mr. Crump "looked in." Mr. Porter "just stopped by." Only Charles stayed invisible in the lab.

At five-fifteen, one of Charles' blondes arrived.

"He is busy," Sophira sighed.

"I'll wait."

"I'm afraid it may be a long time."

The blonde stood irresolute by Charles' desk, her baffled eyes bent on Sophira's head. "You look . . . different, today!"

"Yes. Snap!" purred Sophira.

The blonde swept toward the door. "I *won't* wait. Tell him not to phone. I shan't *be* there. I shall be *out!*"

"Yes, I'll tell him!" Sophira promised sweetly.

At last Charles appeared. "I shan't want you any more. Go home!"

"Nice to finish early for once!" Sophira smiled.

> **No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.** —MATTHEW 6:24.

masland Duran* all plastic upholstery covering



Dinette by Arvin Industries, Columbus, Ind.

Here's fresh new brightness for your breakfast nook or any room in your home... colorful, easy to clean Masland Duran all-plastic. Choose Duran on dinette pieces, on all styles of furniture... it's so lovely and practical everywhere.

SEE DURAN IN Scalloped DESIGNS

Only MASLAND makes DURAN. This tag is your protection.

Upholstered with Masland Duran all plastic

SEND FOR FREE DURAN FOLDER WITH SAMPLE

THE MASLAND DURALEATHER CO.
Dept. L, Philadelphia 34, Pa.

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

I almost lost my Happy Home



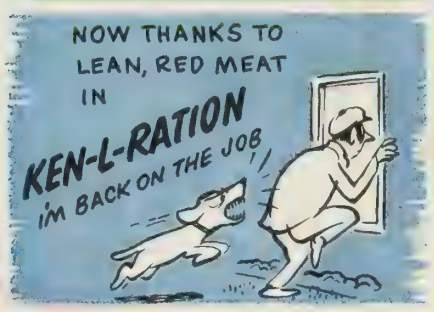
BUT KEN·L·RATION SAVED THE DAY

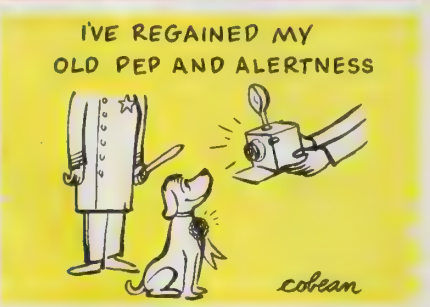












Feed The Dog Food You Can Be Sure Contains

LEAN, RED MEAT

STEAKS, ROASTS AND CHOPS OF U.S. GOVT. INSPECTED HORSE MEAT!

If you think all dog foods are alike, you've got a surprise coming! Open a can of Ken-L-Ration and see the chunks of meat! Yes, Ken-L-Ration is one dog food made with steaks, roasts and chops of U. S. Govt. Inspected horse meat! It gets the same strict Govt. Inspection as do the meats for your table!

Extra Benefits—Yet Costs Far Less Than Butcher Meat

Ken-L-Ration is complete nourishment for all dogs . . . it's supercharged with all known "dog-health" vitamins, and it's enriched with vital minerals. No wonder Ken-L-Ration outsells all other U. S. Inspected dog foods. Yet Ken-L-Ration costs no more than ordinary dog foods—far less than butcher meat! So start feeding it today! Get 4 or 5 cans from your grocer now! When you see how your dog loves Ken-L-Ration —save time and money, buy it by the case.



KEN·L·RATION

And even facing the family was child's play now. At the kitchen door, Sophira shook back her hair, held her head high, made an entrance.

"Peroxide. Dyed!" she said.

Anstruther stared, earnest, inquiring, professorial. "*Not* blond? Very odd!" he said. "In your hair, there must obviously have been some red pigment ——"

"It *did* have sort of chestnut glints, in the light," Nina allowed.

Jane got to the point. "Who exactly is *this* in aid of?"

"Who else but me?" Sophira retorted.

Sophira's mother watched, and said nothing at all.

For two weeks Mr. Thwaites, Mr. Finchley, Mr. Crump, Mr. Porter haunted Sophira's office. Flowers appeared on Sophira's desk. Her telephone rang. Invitations were given, and refused.

"But I don't go out."

"What d'you *do* at nights?"

"Well—nothing," Sophira said. "I just go home."

This appeared, to Messrs. Thwaites, Finchley, Porter, Crump, the height of wit, the last word in seductiveness. All one had to do, it seemed, was to tell the truth, or say nothing at all; to smile, to wait, to look up through one's eyelashes, to look down.

It fascinated everybody but Charles.

Charles dictated his letters at speed. Banged into the lab. Sent Sophira home. Occasionally stormed, "Can't you keep this office *quiet?*" When his blondes rang up, Charles was out, or was busy, or hadn't time to talk. "I am working!" said Charles. "Yes, *working*. You wouldn't know!"

Sophira stayed unperturbed. Still she rode the crest of that first bright wave of elation. One day Charles would look at her, see her, and be changed. One day, Charles would see with the eyes of a Thwaites, a Finchley, a Crump, a Porter.

The directors of Simpson, Simpson and Botibol, much concerned with Relations (Staff); with Incentives; the Social Side; with the Democratic Touch, gave a quarterly dance which everyone, from Mr. Simpson himself to the boy on the lifts, was obliged to attend. Pretending a headache, Sophira had missed the last. Now another drew close—the fourth Saturday in June. Messrs. Thwaites, Porter, Finchley, Crump all asked her to go. Sophira refused.

"You are *going?*" said Mr. Thwaites.

"Yes, but—by myself."

Mr. Thwaites metaphorically patted her head. "Lone wolf, eh? Lone *she*-wolf? Well, I get the idea!"

Sophira was pensive that night.

"What's the matter?" her mother said.

"I am thinking," Sophira murmured, "about clothes. About dresses to dance in, to be exact. And about our finances."

SOPHIRA'S mother continued to knit. "We've got our emergency fund," she said, "for measles, mumps, chicken pox—disasters like that. Under certain circumstances, a dance dress comes into the 'urgent' category."

Sophira's eyes shut. She allowed herself to dream. "Oh, mother! D'you think—gray chiffon?" Sophira breathed.

On the night before the dance, she tried it on—a dream of a dress materialized—and paraded before the family.

"It feels," she said, "like being wrapped in a cloud!"

"*Several* clouds," said Anstruther.

"In a sunset sky," Nina said.

"That would be the pink slip," Jane deduced. "I should call it distinctly fetching!"

Sophira's mother said nothing.

"Don't you approve?" Sophira a when the children had gone to bed.

"It's . . . quite perfect," her mother "Only . . . your hair ——"

"What *about* my hair?"

"Take a look in the mirror, my dear

Then Sophira looked. Half an inch— haps more—at the parting showed rich brown.

SOPHIRA sank down in the nearest "I can't go."

"Oh, I think you can. . . . D'you re ber, Sophira, when you were a little girl your grandmother tied your hair u night in rags—how you looked the morning?"

"*Wet* rags. And I couldn't sleep, all night. Only this time, it'll be worth Sophira cried.

The dress had a shaded pink-into-p stole. This Sophira wore draped roun head as she crossed the cleared floor of S son, Simpson and Botibol's canteen, pause when the band had stopped, an couples stood idly round the walls, wate

Mr. Thwaites appeared. "Why, h he said. "This dance is mine!"

Sophira let the stole fall to her bare shoulders. All over her head, secure painfully pinned, s fat orange-gold sa curls. Not an in revealing dark showed.

"You look . . . derful!" said Thwaites, as he s her expertly in a "You look twic wonderful as you Demureness is all well, but of course it palls. Variety's spice of life. Did know your eyes orange flecks in the

Sophira heard he giving a husky la Now, no demure s No shy looking d No innocent flutte of eyelashes. Boldly gaily she looked up at Mr. Thwaites.

"Well—you said so!"

"But then," Mr. Thwaites enlarged, were . . . just orange flecks. Now they something. Now . . . a slight touch of t Burning bright. Very bright, and all th said Mr. Thwaites. "With the forests o night, so to speak, ranged behind yo slight touch of tiger! I *like* it!"

Sophira laughed at him throatily.

Mr. Porter followed on. "You remin of someone I knew, a long time ago. No isn't a line—I swear it, Sophira. Just hair—nothing else! You look like a . . . ticelli angel. Or devil, perhaps. Did th man paint one of those?"

Sophira laughed once again. "I wou know."

Mr. Crump hardly spoke. "You're . . . ferent!" he said at last.

"How different?" Sophira invited.

Mr. Crump considered this gloom "More so!" he sighed.

"You dance like a dream!" was Finchley's approach. "D'you dance muc

"Very little," Sophira replied. "The time, I think, was ballroom classes, at sc I danced man."

Mr. Finchley guffawed. "Dance tomo with me! And dance woman!" he cried

Messrs. Thwaites, Porter, Crump, F ley; Mr. Simpson himself; Simpson, Ju old Mr. Botibol, and the boy from the all danced with Sophira. Only Charles st away till the clock hands drew nea twelve.

"Will you dance?" he said then.

"But why not?" said Sophira.

She had meant to look boldly and into his eyes. Charles, however, staring edly over her head, made this difficul achievement. Sophira moved into his a Charles said nothing at all. But no nee

COLLECTOR'S CHOICE

A hardware-supply house found one dealer particularly backward about settling his account. Letter after letter, first polite, then threatening, was dispatched, to no avail. At last a representative went to see him and asked, "Why haven't you sent us any money? Things going badly?" "Oh, no," was the cheerful reply. "Everything is fine. But those letters of yours were so good I copied them and sent them out to my delinquent customers, and they have brought in nearly everything that is owing me. I felt sure there must be another letter or two, so I was holding back until I had your entire series."

NEWS FLASH

As we go to press,

PABCO LINOLEUM has just been presented the FASHION ACADEMY GOLD MEDAL AWARD for 1951!



Acclaimed the loveliest linoleum in the land! See all these exquisite colors and designs at your nearest Pabco Dealer

NOW

words, when they danced like this! She felt light as air, and her bones were melting.

Charles trod on her. "You are . . . different!" Charles rapped out.

She had been here before. "How—different?" Sophira, smiling, invited.

But Charles didn't act to plan. "You've *changed!*" he accused.

"So I'm told. I'm a tiger. A Botticelli devil or angel ——"

Charles' arm tightened about her. He stared down into her eyes. "Who told you that fearful tripe?" he demanded with violence. "What you look like now, if you really want to know, is ——"

"Is what?" Sophira dreamily asked him.

Charles glowered, and swung her furiously in the dance. "Is," he said, "a very second-rate night-club queen!"

But Sophira continued to hope. Somehow—some way, she told herself, things would change. Charles would see her differently.

Charles continued to gloom and glower, to work furiously, to ignore his blondes. On the twenty-fifth of July, as Sophira knew, he expected a deputation of foreign scientists, to investigate his antihistaminic research. On the twenty-fourth, Charles spoke.

"Be here early tomorrow, will you?" Charles began, examining his hands. That was not what he'd meant to say, Sophira knew. She was always punctual. "I want everything shipshape, of course. You've got my notes typed?"

"Yes. A dozen copies," Sophira told him. And that, again, was not what Charles had on his mind; she did not forget things.

"Keep your boy friends out of here," Charles pursued, "if you can. And ——"

"And what?" said Sophira.

CHARLES at last looked up. "And for heaven's sake, *do* something about that hair!"

Sophira went home and wept. This was the end. What was said at a dance in a rage one could forget. What was said in an office in the coldest of blood could not be discounted. Sophira pulled the torturing grips from her hair, she brushed at the orange curls till they hung down straight, with two inches now—nearly three—of dark brown at the roots. Then, savagely, seized her dressmaking scissors and sheared. Sheared and sheared. All round her the orange tresses fell. She got into the bath and lay there, dousing her head, with what hair remained floating out behind her.

Grim with weariness, Sophira crawled out of the bath, dried her hair, at last sat, once again, before the now-hated mirror. And saw that each short, dark, sheared strand of hair had begun to curl. All over her head was a mass of soft, feathery, childlike ringlets. Which, tomorrow, Charles would see. When perhaps—perhaps—*Perhaps it'll happen, this time!* Sophira cried.

The deputation, she knew, was due at ten. At nine to the minute Sophira sat at her desk, ready, waiting, hands folded, quiet eyes downcast. No white collar lightened her high-necked plain navy dress. No touch of light, white relief showed anywhere, except at the very tips of her small, flat ears, where her mother's pearl earrings glimmered.

Charles had not, as yet, shown up. But Mr. Thwaites dropped in. "Hullo!" he said. "Why, Sophira! Well, well, well! How many *more* tricks do you happen to have up your sleeve? 'Age cannot wither her, nor can custom stale her infinite variety.'"

"Go away!" said Sophira. "And don't come back today."

"Ve-ry French!" observed Mr. Thwaites. "The *gamine* type."

"Go away! Please, please go away!"

"But there's something missing still. What we want, I think, is a ve-ry little more sparkle!"

Sophira aimed a dictionary at his head. "Get *out!*" she threatened. "Or else ——"

"That's it! And a touch more *élan*—fire. You know how it is? One likes a girl with spirit ——"

Sophira hurled the dictionary.

"*Tha-a-at's* it!" approved Mr. Thwaites.

Surely you want the loveliest linoleum!

California Originals by Pabco



Distinguished linoleum with real character and style for every room in your home. Choose from 27 exquisite colors and designs.

Pabco Soil-Sealed quality assures easy-cleaning* and superior wear.

*For perfect floor care — use Pabco Linoleum Cleaner and Pabco Self Polishing Wax

"Pabco Home Decorating Guide"—our full-color booklet—available to you for ten cents in coin. Write Pattern Section, nearest office.

Illustrated: Arrowhead Green

Material cost for [illegible]

Pabco Products Inc., New York 16, Chicago 54, San Francisco 19

Makers also of Pabco Paint, Shingles, Roofing, Building Materials, Insulation



Sophira sat very quietly when he had gone. She had meant to be meek. The perfect secretary, who hardly breathed, who faded anonymously into the wallpaper. It shouldn't have been hard. She was practiced enough. Yet all the time now, inside her, bubbled up some odd, unfamiliar, yet not disagreeable—in fact, some distinctly delectable feeling.

At five minutes past ten precisely, Charles appeared, at his heels the French, Dutch, Danish, Italian and Spanish scientists.

"My secretary, Miss Brown," Charles announced, and stared.

"*Bon jour!*"

"*Goeder morgen!*"

"*God morgen!*"

"*Buon giorno!*"

"*Buenos dias!*"

Sophira looked down, and looked up. "Good morning!" Sophira sparkled.

A quick rush of furious color suffused Charles' face. "The laboratory is *this* way!" Charles observed.

Monsieur Bidaux came back first. "My . . . brief case, I think you say? I left it here?"

Sophira's eyes danced. "Is it under your arm?" she murmured.

Signor Retti returned to phone. "You could get my hotel, perhaps, and inquire: a message for me?"

Sophira smiled. "Yes, and if there is?"

Signor Retti smiled. "You could come and tell me?"

Mynheer Fortuin put his head round the door. "They are here? Not? Not! I am lost, it appears. You could help me, yes?"

Sophira's lips twitched. "The laboratory is—*this* way," she said. "Remember?"

Charles didn't speak to her once until late afternoon; till the tour was done, lunch was served, speeches made, votes of thanks delivered. Till Simpson, Simpson and Botibol limousines drove the scientists back to their respective hotels.

Charles returned to the office at last and sat down at his desk. "I have something to say to you, Miss Brown."

"Yes?" Sophira inquired; and in spite of all effort, sparkled.

"We—er—haven't been working well. I don't know how it is," muttered Charles, flushing violently, for of course he did, "but we don't seem to . . . settle down. It occurs to me you'd be happier somewhere else. Where there's more going on. More—more interest, so to speak. And more company—on the spot. So I'm fixing a transfer for you—there's a vacancy, I am given to understand, in Advertising. Mr. Thwaites, as a matter of fact, approached me himself. Mr. Thwaites has a . . . high opinion of you, it seems."

"Oh, yes?" said Sophira.

"And so ——" faltered Charles.

"Yes? And so?"

"And so it seems obvious, from all points of view ——"

Sophira stood up. "If my work's been bad. If I haven't," Sophira said dangerously, "given satisfaction. If I've made mistakes, or been slack, or incompetent ——"

"That," said Charles, "is not in question."

"Very well, then," Sophira flashed, "I *won't* be transferred. I refuse absolutely. Completely! No, no, and *no!*" Sophira blazed. "Not on your *life!* Either sack me, this minute now, or I resign!"

So there it was. She had tried—tried hard—and failed. She'd tried everything, and nothing had succeeded. There was nothing that she could do to captivate Charles. There was no conceivable role in which Charles would like her. Some people had what it takes, and some had not.

Walking home that night in a sudden downpour of rain, Sophira retained no single trace of sparkle, fire, spirit, *élan*. All she wanted to do was to lie down, quietly, and die.

Mr. Thwaites caught her up as she crossed the arterial road. "What's all *this*," he inquired, "about not working for me? About not coming back?"

"They were very decent," Sophira said. "They gave me my pay. I don't have to work out my notice."

"Now, now, *now!*" said Mr. Thwaites. "Now—don't be absurd. There's a good job ready and waiting—a job with me. Why wear your shoe leather out looking for work when, I understand, you've a family? When, I also understand, your boss—or ex-boss—will be flying to Paris next week to investigate the research of that frog chap—what's his name?"

"Monsieur Bidaux."

"Very well. Old Man Simpson," continued Mr. Thwaites, with a wary glance at Sophira, "Old Man Simpson saw my angle at once when I pointed out . . . *entente cordiale*, and all that, exchange of bouquets, and return of compliments. Good for business. And Charles might pick up a hint or two. One never knows. Anyway, take tomorrow off, start with me next week, and you won't, for a while at least, you know, have to face him. And you know," said Mr. Thwaites, addressing the rain, "when you funk a thing, get it over with. Like driving a car when you've smashed one up. What d'you say, Sophira?"

Sophira stood and considered it, in the rain. "I should like to work for you," she began. "I have always been interested in advertising. I do need the job. And—and, as you say——" She broke off, blinking quickly, twice, to annihilate a vision of Charles in Paris. "But you see," Sophira confessed, "there is just one thing that I have to do."

"Things can be arranged."

"*Some* things."

"What's this? Come on, tell me, Sophira. Tell me the worst!"

Sophira had started to walk again, fiercely, at speed. "What I have to do," she announced, "is to—grow my hair!"

So, back to the grindstone—or typewriter. Mr. Thwaites was kind. He hid Sophira away—"pro tem" he said—in the darkest depths of his office. Growing hair, he agreed, was *not* the most pleasing thing in the world. "Yours *does* look, for the moment, well—chewed," he allowed, toward the end of the following week, when asked by Sophira. "But—*tout casse, tout lasse, tout passe*, as they say, and all that. Charles," he said, looking ceilingward, "so I understand, is staying in Paris. He's taking a holiday, while opportunity serves."

That made three weeks in all before Charles was expected back. Sophira was early at her desk. She left late, and not until sure that the coast was clear. This way, she assured herself, she might work for months and months without meeting Charles. . . . And long before that—any moment now, in fact—if she met Charles, she wouldn't care. Not in the least. Any moment now, she would be completely cured.

On Monday of the fifth week, Thwaites laid a black velvet ribbon o desk. "Tie it up," said Mr. Thwaites. on, try. You have not much hair—a But enough, I think you'll find, for o those horse's tails. Or to put it mor gantly, a Mozart coiffure."

Sophira moved to the mirror and d he asked.

"Ve-ry nice!" said Mr. Thwaites. " we're back where we started from, mo less. Do you know, I think this calls celebration? How about having dinner me? Say, tonight?"

"Why not tonight?" said Sophira. " go to Joe's."

They worked late, but at last they through. "Come along. Yes, your hair right. Now, don't *fuss!*" Mr. Thwaite vised. He took her arm, and led her to the entrance hall. There he stopped. forgotten my cigarettes," he said. "Wil wait?"

Sophira stood waiting.

Mr. Thwaites returned, looked round and stopped again. "There's a phone c ought to make ——"

"Let me ——"

"No, I'll go. You stay here."

Once again, Sophira waited; her downcast, and her smooth dark head d bent, her hair knotted neatly in the na her neck, just not touching her spruce collar. She waited a long, long time. she looked up.

Charles was racing, wild-eyed and haired, down the stairs.

"Sophira!" Charles stopped dead.

"Why—hullo!" Sophira was calm.

Charles looked at her dazedly. "W hullo," he returned. "But I didn't know were here."

"Oh. Didn't you?" said Sophira. "I How are things with you?"

"Fine. Just fine!" said Charles, still l ing dazed. "And—with you?"

"They couldn't be finer."

Mr. Thwaites at this moment appea "Hullo, Charles. We're going to Joe's."

Charles looked more dazed still. "So I!" he murmured.

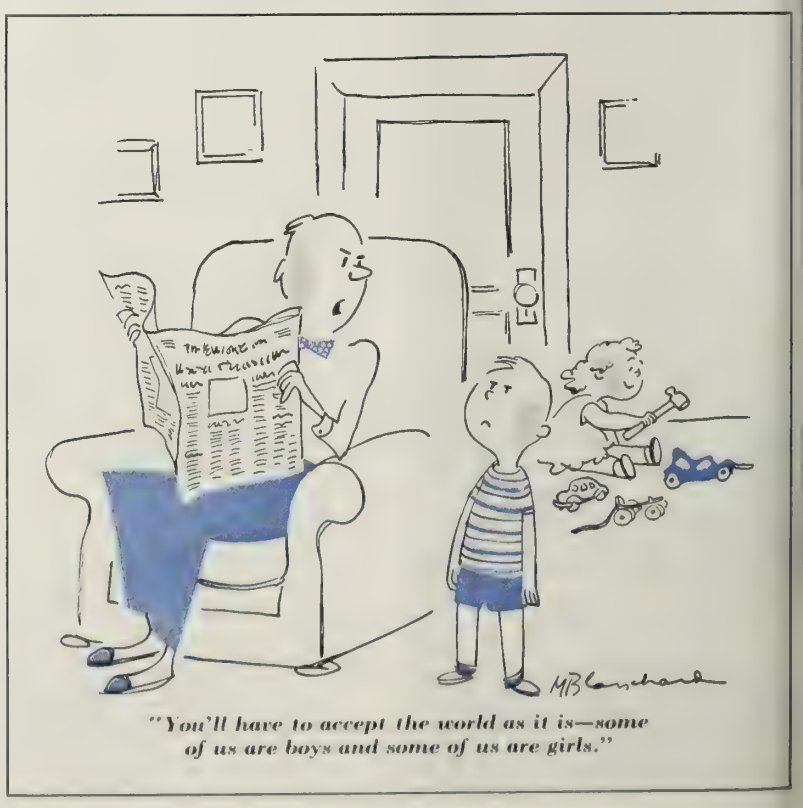
"You are? Well, come along with u you must."

"You're sure you don't mind?" mutt Charles, in bewilderment.

"Not at all. In any case, could we you?"

They crossed the arterial road. Thwaites took Sophira's arm. Charles lowed them with a staring, sleepwalk gait. At the pavement's edge a car, swer

(Continued on Page 240)



"You'll have to accept the world as it is—some of us are boys and some of us are girls."



"See what I discovered!"

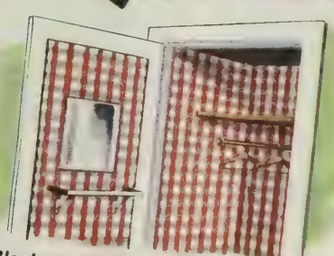
...smart, new Blenback oil cloth!

New colors, new designs in this time-tested material of many uses! Blenback is *fabric*, color-coated for beauty and wear. So decorative, yet so serviceable that nothing takes its place! *Flexible:* you can hang it, drape it, sew it, pink it. *Easy-to-clean:* wipes right off with a damp cloth. *Money-saving:* it wears and wears — a better buy than synthetic substitutes. Shop the new Blenback patterns at your department or variety store. They're alive with colorful new ideas for your home!

TRY THESE do-it-yourself decorating ideas



Blenback in the kitchen! On the table, chairs, shelves, at windows. Appetizing patterns, lush colors — and a surface that washes slick as glass. See those Mother-and-Daughter aprons? They're Blenback, too — home-made in a jiffy. **About 75c for both.**



Blenback greets your guests! Line coat closet doors, walls and shelves with colorful Blenback. It looks neat, stays neat — that smooth surface is no dust catcher! Takes only a few yards of your favorite Blenback Pattern. **About $3.25.**



Blenback keeps you collected! Shoe bags, garment bags, clothes pin bags, laundry bags, sewing bags — it's easy to fashion Blenback into colorful catch-alls for odds-and-ends that clutter closet shelves! **About 65c each.**



Blenback in the bedroom! For sweet dreams — a Hollywood headboard! Simply slip cover the old headboard with Blenback . . . and for real luxury, pad and quilt it. Wipes clean, stays neat. **About $1.25.**



Blenback on your vanity! Glamourize with a colorful skirt. Add a gay ruffle dge and thumb tack it on. With the left-ver goods run up a matching seat pad or your vanity stool. **About $1.25.**



Blenback keeps kiddies contented! Meet cuddly "Benny Bear," 27 inches tall. Takes a mauling, comes up smiling. Make him yourself from any Blenback pattern. Instructions in "Ideas" book. **About 65c.**

"Ready to use, too!"



Blenback Ensembles now at your favorite store!

Want a really smart kitchen? Take your cue from the top picture. Buy your favorite Blenback pattern *in Ensemble* . . . and use it throughout! Blenback Ensembles include matching items for every purpose: yard goods . . . table covers . . . shelving . . . edging . . . scarfs . . . chair pads . . . luxury cushions or ruffle cushions. Blenback is the only oil cloth with the solid color on the back. Look for it . . . ask for it at your department or variety store now!



free

"Do-it-yourself Decorating Ideas." Just off the press . . . illustrated in color. Contains complete cutting and sewing instructions for every Blenback idea on this page plus suggestions for many others easy to make at home. Also full-size pattern for "Benny Bear" doll. It's all yours for a postcard. Send name and address to Columbus Coated Fabrics, Dept. LJ-31, 7th and Grant, Columbus 16, Ohio.

Everyone admires your flexees

PROFILE*



Count on looking 3 to 7 years younger this Spring . . . choose *Flexees Profile* for your Girdle and Bra. Select the new *Profile-Hi* Girdle (sketched) . . . or the new *Profile Step-in*. Top your Profile Girdle with one of Flexees new *Profile Bras* — their clever lastique inserts and *stitched under-cups* give welcome uplift, defined contours.

Ask your favorite store now!

Profile Girdles–from $10.95, Profile Bras–from $2.95

flexees®

*t.m. app. for

(Continued from Page 238)

furiously, just escaped running him over. At the entrance to Joe's, he tripped.

"Steady, old boy!" advised Mr. Thwaites.

If Sophira cared, she gave no sign. "You're not hurt?" she inquired politely.

"Hurt? No. I don't think so. Am I?" faltered Charles.

"Come along then. Sit down," admonished Mr. Thwaites. "Here, Charles, you sit down and let me order."

Charles sat. Sophira sat facing him. Mr. Thwaites sat beside Sophira. Charles' glazed eyes were fixed on Sophira's smooth dark head; when she turned, on the neat tail of hair and the black bow tying it.

"Now, grapefruit or soup to start with?" said Mr. Thwaites. "And how about *wiener schnitzels?*"

"Vina who?" said Charles.

Mr. Thwaites said, "Never mind!"

"Sophira," said Charles, waking up but a small amount, and with difficulty, as from anesthetic. "Sophira," said Charles, "there is something I have to say. It can't wait. It has waited so long, and I didn't know. I love you, Sophira!"

Mr. Thwaites stood up. "Well, well, well," said Mr. Thwaites. "*I* can take a hint." He removed himself to another table.

Charles didn't appear to notice. His eyes were still riveted on Sophira's head. "Will you marry me?" said Charles. "Please—please, Sophira?" Sophira slowly looked up. The radio thrummed. She could hear the clacking of plates. A rosy light shone through the pink-shaded lamps on the little tables. And—down the aisle moved a girl. . . . That very same girl. A girl flower-hatted, nyloned, dressed to kill. *Svelte, soignée, chic,* all those words. Her hair a blaze of thistle-floss silver. This it, then.

Charles followed her gaze, still half in dream. "You're not even *listening*, Sophi He looked at the blonde. He looked "Please marry me. Will you, Sophira?"

Sophira looked down, and looked up Charles' eyes.

In bliss, in relief, Charles released a held breath, and returned his gaze to phira's hair.

They ate. The diners thinned out. waiters began to pile the chairs on tables. And still Charles gazed at Soph neat, smooth dark hair in tenderness, and in baffled fascination.

"Oh, Sophira. Oh, darling!" said Cha time after time.

Sophira at last leaned forward. She tou Charles' hand. "A proper bun," she "doesn't take long to grow!"

And sometimes, now, as Sophira hap waits for the coffee to jump in the perco top, for the radio to stop skurring b it plays, she and Charles ask thems questions:

If we hadn't worked late that night —

If you hadn't forgotten to eat ——

If I hadn't said, "Let's go to Joe's —

Then Charles shudders, and puts a on Sophira's neck. "Don't change," he "Don't ever change, will you, Sophira?"

Sophira shakes her head. There'll b need to change. For always, she knows, Charles looks at her, he will see what he that last night at Joe's; and never Charles realize quite what it is he behind her dark head, a brazen halo. shades of the girls she once was. And still be. THE

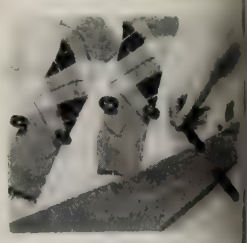
Spruce up the Knits

By VIRGINIA CARR

Never wash knitted woolens in a hurry. Take time to avoid stretching, shrinl and felting, and your woolens will be shapely and as soft as a kitten's ear.

- Before washing, trace an outline of the garment on clean paper or an absorl towel, or adjust a drying frame to the right proportions.
- Use "fine fabric" soap or detergent to preserve colors and protect soft text
- As you squeeze *lukewarm* suds through garment, *support* and *lift* it with both h
- Rinse tenderly, in water of the *same* temperature, changing the water until c
- After final rinse, place between Turkish towels, pat gently to remove excess moist

To speed drying, fit knitted wools on rustproof frames adjusted to correct size, or ease into outline traced on a towel spread over a clean window screen. A breezy place away from the direct heat of sunlight or radiators is best for drying woolens. To prevent colors from running, separate colored portions with a small towel or tissue paper. For perfect fit, draw in ribbed sections with loose basting. Quicker still, clamp the ribbed sections to the frame with clip clothespins. We find this prevents slipping on the form. Plastic pins save snags.





Sweaters have a finished and professional loo they are blocked while they are spread out for ing. Cover sweater with a dry press cloth, the dampened one. Barely touch a medium-hot iro top cloth until moisture steams through the swea If you prefer a steam iron, set it for medium st and use only a dry press cloth. Avoid sliding iron over the surface. Lift it and set it down u the whole sweater has been steam-pressed. Lift the press cloth, allow sweater to dry complet without handling. Brush soft knits to raise the n

Printed in U.



Modess .... because



JEWELS AND 18TH CENTURY GOLD "NECESSAIRE" FROM COLLECTION OF A LA VIEILLE RUSSIE. © 1951 REVLON PRODUCTS CORP.

The world's smartest women prefer Revlon to any other nail enamel and lipstick because

COLOR makes the fabulous difference

REVLON makes the fabulous colors

Nothing like Revlon true nail enamel® for all-but-endless wear!

Nothing like Revlon lipstick for lastingly color-luscious lips!

The great new fashion in fingertips is Revlon's "Frosted" Nail Enamel... in opalescent, star-dazzled colors...don't wait another day to wear them!

®Accepted by the Committee on Cosmetics of the American Medical Association.

Ladies' Home Journal

April 1951–25¢

The Magazine Women Believe In



BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

THE COMING COLLAPSE OF COMMUNISM — *By Harold E. Stassen*

THE WILL
Complete Novel by Nelia Gardner White

PROFILE OF YOUTH — OLD ENOUGH TO FIGHT
18-year-old coming up

Helen Markel [illegible]
Mona Williams, Joseph Laura[illegible]
Jack Finney

For every woman who leads a double life...



NERGETIC YOU! Cooking, baking, doing dishes, washing fine things every day. uch busy hands, yours! But they never need look rough or kitcheny—if you keep a ig bottle of creamy, fragrant Trushay right'by your sink, and smooth it on BEFORE ach washing chore! Then when evening comes, it's . . .



EMBRACEABLE YOU—with the soft, smooth hands men adore. Yes, unique Trushay —used BEFOREHAND—guards hands *even in hot, sudsy water!* But that's just the *start* of Trushay's magic. It's such a wondrous, quick softener to use any time, you'll want a bottle for your dressing table as well as for your kitchen!

TRUSHAY... *the "beforehand" lotion... guards your hands even in hot, sudsy water!*



arvelous, too, as a quick skin softener! ushay's special oil-richness makes dry skin feel soft—so quickly! Smooths elbows, heels, knees.



Such a flattering powder base. Trushay holds your powder with a lovely natural-beauty look! Never cakey, gummy or greasy!



So soothing when your skin is chapped. When weather or washing tasks chap and crack your skin, velvety Trushay soothes it back to comfort.



BUY TWO BOTTLES OF TRUSHAY—ONE FOR YOUR KITCHEN AND ONE FOR YOUR DRESSING TABLE

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



Sweet and Simple...

...FOR A PARTY LOOK AT A PENNY-HAPPY PRICE!

Scotch 'n Chocolate Pie

(Make it the easy, tempting way . with real Jell-O Butterscotch!)

1 package Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding
2 tablespoons brown sugar
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons butter
1 square Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, grated
1 baked 8-inch pie shell
½ cup cream, whipped

This fancy new half-and-half party pie has the wonderful buttery-rich flavor of Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding and Pie Filling all the way through! Saves pennies . . . time and trouble, too:

Combine Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding powder with brown sugar in saucepan. Add milk gradually, blending well. Cook as directed on the package. Remove from heat and add butter. To ½ of filling, add grated chocolate and blend. Turn into pie shell. Cool remaining filling slightly (about 5 minutes), stirring once or twice. Turn into pie shell over chocolate layer. Chill. Spread whipped cream on top. Garnish with grated orange rind and cut maraschino cherries for a pretty party touch.

Lemon Fluff Pudding

(For best results in the quickest time— start with Jell-O Vanilla Pudding!)

1 package Jell-O Vanilla Pudding
2 cups milk
¼ cup lemon juice
¾ teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 egg white
Minted Whipped Cream

Here's a party charmer that is light and refreshing as a spring breeze! The delightfully delicate flavor and smooth-as-cream texture of Jell-O Vanilla Pudding is just what you'll want to start with:

Cook Jell-O Vanilla Pudding with milk as directed on the package. Remove from heat; add lemon juice and rind.

Beat egg white until stiff enough to stand in moist peaks. Fold in pudding mixture. Turn into sherbet glasses. Chill. Top with Minted Whipped Cream (add 1 tablespoon of softened green mint jelly to ⅓ cup cream before you whip it). Garnish with mint jelly. Makes 5 servings.

Hint: This pudding makes a heavenly filling, too, for a pie or tarts!





Chocolate Pudding Frou-Frou

(Under the fancy frill—the good, rich taste of Jell-O Chocolate!)

You can't miss with the knee-pants set (or with their elders, either) when you serve that richer-than-any Jell-O Chocolate Pudding! So many ways to enjoy it in puddings and pies! This way is gay as a Maypole!

Prepare Jell-O Chocolate Pudding as directed on the package. Turn into individual serving dishes. Chill. Garnish with banana slices and Baker's Coconut, tinted pink. Makes 4 servings.

JELL-O PUDDINGS AND PIE FILLINGS FOR Red Letter DESSERTS

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

Journal

Contents

April 1951

Vol. LXVIII No. 4

Journalities

Helen Markel Herrmann was born and brought up in the middle of New York City, a good place to be born and brought up in, she thinks. After college, newspaper and magazine experience, she started free-lancing. (She free-lanced a husband first.) There's a fish you can pet in her story, *I Gave My Love a Summer* (page 50)—also a couple of lovely kids and some unlovely adults. We have seen them all in real life, except the fish, and no doubt would see *him* if we got about underwater a bit more. • Mothers and other deep thinkers will be interested to know that Albert Einstein was a fine baby-sitter and could go on with his work impervious to baby's squawls. ***Bela Kornitzer*** tells about an almost unknown father-son relationship in "*Einstein is My Father*" (page 47). • ***Jack Finney,*** who wrote *Husband at Home* (page 72) didn't send us his picture because, he says, any levelheaded reader would rather look at his daughter. "It can safely be predicted," Mr. Finney says, "that here is a writer who will grow." • ***Phyllis McGinley,*** who writes the lyrics for our *Make-Believe Twins* (page 142), tries them out first on her two daughters. She can tell by their eyes when the words are right, but one look at ***Roberta MacDonald's*** drawings and we believe anything. • Since the picture of Literary Cat, described as "neuter," appeared in this column month before last, cats all over the country have been writing in (well, one cat did) to find out what a neuter cat is named. Newt, of course.



Helen Herrmann



Miss Finney



Phyllis McGinley and Inspirations.

Novel Complete in This Issue

The Will . . . . . *Nelia Gardner White* 33

Fiction

The Reckless Heart (Second part of three) . . *Catherine Severn* 10
The Man With Three Faces . . . . . *Mona Williams* 14
Only Money . . . . . *Joseph Laurance Marx* 48
I Gave My Love a Summer . . . . . *Helen Markel Herrmann* 50
Husband at Home . . . . . *Jack Finney* 72

Special Features

National Defense Cannot be Intermittent . . *Dorothy Thompson* 11
What Makes an Educated Woman? 11
Tell Me Doctor—No. 15 . . . . . *Henry B. Safford, M. D.* 34
The Coming Collapse of Communism . . . . *Harold E. Stassen* 42
What are People Really Like? . . . . . *The Daly Sisters* 46
"Einstein is My Father" . . . . . *Bela Kornitzer* 47
Our Own Young Marrieds . . . . . *Dawn Crowell Norman* 62
Profile of Youth: Old Enough to Fight . . . . . *G. M. White* 66
Nobody Wants to Fight 68
There's a Man in the House . . . . . *Harlan Miller* 69
The Make-Believe Twins—No. 4
Phyllis McGinley and Roberta MacDonald 142
How America Lives: "Our Children are Going to College"
Charles Samuels 199
Never Correct Your Child's English . . . . . *Norman Lewis* 250

General Features

Our Readers Write Us 5
Under-Cover Stuff . . . . . *Bernardine Kielty* 16
Better Living for Older People . . . in Millville, New Jersey . . . 25
Preparing for Our Added Years . . . . . *Margaret Hickey* 25
Reference Library 26
Making Marriage Work . . . . . *Clifford R. Adams* 28
Who—Me? (The Sub-Deb) . . . . . *Edited by Jan Weyl* 30
Fifty Years Ago in the Journal • Journal About Town 37
Ask Any Woman . . . . . *Marcelene Cox* 230
This is a Soap-Soaker . . . . . *Munro Leaf* 232
Don't Let Bad Language Upset You . *Dr. Herman N. Bundesen* 237
Diary of Domesticity . . . . . *Gladys Taber* 253

Fashion and Beauty

Hats to Charm . . . . . *Ruth Mary Packard* 52
April Bride . . . . . *Isabel Phelps* 54
There's Something About Her . . . . . *Wilhela Cushman* 56
Fabulous Cottons . . . . . *Nora O'Leary* 64
Starlet's Five-Piece Wardrobe—$111.85 . . . . . *Anne Lincoln* 219

Food and Homemaking

Forecast for April . . . . . *Ann Batchelder* 70
Line a Day . . . . . *Ann Batchelder* 74
Friendship Kitchen . . . . . *Gladys Taber* 100
Beds and Bed Sheets 104
Quick and Easys for Two . . . . . *Louella G. Shouer* 108
Conversation Piece . . . . . *Ruth Mills Teague* 116
Pictures on the Level 216
Casserole Collection . . . . . *Louella G. Shouer* 226

Architecture, Interior Decoration and Garden

Connecticut River Houses . . . . . *Richard Pratt* 58
Invitation to Family Fun . . . . . *H. T. Williams* 132
Three-Way Garden . . . . . *Richard Pratt* 212
"$200 to Make My Living Room Over" . . . *Henrietta Murdock* 246

Poetry

Ernestine Cobern Beyer 79 • Eleanor Halbrook Zimmerman 88 • Mark Van Doren 94 • Ruth Mary DuBois 107 • Jesse Stuart 123 • Eleanor Alletta Chaffee 128 • Joan Aucourt 136 • Polly Toland 146 • William Stafford 155 • Dan G. Hoffman 168 • Jessamyn West 183 • Elizabeth McFarland 191 • Sara King Carleton 224 • Robert P. Tristram Coffin 242 • Marjorie Lederer Lee 251 • Helen Moye Williams 256

Cover Photograph by Arthur Siegel

•

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address: LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The post office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Ladies' Home Journal, copyright 1951 by The Curtis Publishing Company in U. S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published on last Friday of month preceding date by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second Class Matter May 6, 1911, at the Post Office at Philadelphia under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters in all stories are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U. S. and Possessions, Canada, Costa Rica, Cuba, Nicaragua, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Panama, Philippine Islands, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America except the Guianas: 1 yr., $3; 2 yrs., $5; 3 yrs., $7; 4 yrs., $9. Other countries, 1 yr., $6. Remit by money order or draft on a bank in the U. S. payable in U. S. funds. All prices subject to change without notice. All subscriptions must be paid for in advance.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publication not previously mailed.

The Curtis Publishing Company. Walter D. Fuller, Chairman of the Board; Robert E. MacNeal, President; Arthur W. Kohler, Vice President and Advertising Director; Mary Curtis Zuhlsdorf, Vice President, Gary W. Bok, Vice President, Lewis W. Tray'er, Vice President and Director of Manufacturing, Benjamin Allen, Vice President and Director of Circulation; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Richard Ziesing, Jr., Manager of Ladies' Home Journal. The Company also publishes The Saturday Evening Post, Country Gentleman, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

most
hables



VORY FLAKES
Radiant Action
clothes lovely far longer

day-best *any*
anks to new
d wash even
ints and pas-

has "Radiant
nd of beauty
! Now, when
n pure, mild
heir radiant,
an you ever

So why, ever, take chances with your nice washables? You *know* they're safe in Ivory Flakes! It's the soap millions of mothers use to keep baby's clothes soft. It's the only flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory Soap! So kind to hands in the dishpan, too! Get a box today!

If it's lovely to wear...
it's worth Ivory Flakes care

Longer wear for nylons!
Change from wrong handling and strong soap to gentle, nightly care with Ivory Flakes. Keep stocking colors fresh up to twice as long!

99 44/100% Pure!





Sweet an

...FOR A PARTY LOOK A

Lemon Fluff Pudding

(For best results in the quickest time—start with Jell-O Vanilla Pudding!)

1 package Jell-O Vanilla Pudding
2 cups milk
¼ cup lemon juice
¾ teaspoon grated lem rind
1 egg white
Minted Whipped C

Here's a party charmer that is light and refreshing spring breeze! The delightfully delicate flavor and sm as-cream texture of Jell-O Vanilla Pudding is just you'll want to start with:

Cook Jell-O Vanilla Pudding with milk as directe the package. Remove from heat; add lemon juice and

Beat egg white until stiff enough to stand in peaks. Fold in pudding mixture. Turn into sherbet gl Chill. Top with Minted Whipped Cream (add 1 tablespoon of softened green mint jelly to ⅓ cup cream before you whip it). Garnish with mint jelly. Makes 5 servings.

Hint: This pudding makes a heavenly filling, too, for a pie or tarts!

JELL-O PUD

dreamed
toreador
in my maidenform bra*
Chansonette® in white satin...from 2.00
here is a Maidenform for every type of figure!

Our Readers Write us

No Way Out?

Zelienople, Pennsylvania

Dear Editors: I think making friends is far more important than military operations—even if they are successful. Americans go to Europe and ridicule the plumbing—go to South America and form exclusive clubs for North Americans—go into foreign restaurants and shout for food not on the menu. No wonder China has turned against us. The Chinese Exclusion Act insulted a whole nation. I am sure there are people in China who are saying don't go to war, don't fight United States—but does any government ever listen to peace-minded people?

When people of any nation get heated up for blood letting, any way out other than war is appeasement, and once they start there seems to be no stopping. My first interest lies in my country. I don't like to see her lose friends by our individual acts or by acts of our nation as a whole.

Yours truly,
VERNE G. REITH

So There!

Larder Lake, Ontario, Canada

Dear Editors: I don't imagine anyone ever actually liked washing diapers or dishes or floors or dirty fingerprints, but it's just another example of the story of the two bricklayers. When asked what they were doing, the first said he was laying bricks, but the second one said he was building a cathedral.

Why do some women feel that housework is the lowest form of slavery, while typing somebody's dry letters is a career? Anyway, what do these career girls do in their spare time? They look for a man. As for the children, all you really need to do is love them. You don't have to keep your mind on diapers—you can be thinking up answers to letters to editors, for example.

Sincerely,
ETHEL BROWN

It's a Wonder . . .

Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada

Dear Editors: I suppose the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL ceased to be just another "woman's magazine" for me about the time I discovered that novels of best-selling authors appeared first in its pages. After reveling in the wealth of well-written stories, I begin to turn to other parts of the magazine, and my reward is a gem concealed in every nook and cranny.

It is a never-ending wonder to me that you are able to maintain your surprisingly high standards month after month.

Yours truly,
RUTH TAYLOR

Worst Years of Her Life

Ardmore, Pennsylvania

Dear Editors: I attended one of the highest-rated Philadelphia suburban high schools, and I had one dickens of a time. I graduated in 1942 feeling that I was definitely a drip and always would be; that I was just plain inferior to the people who got along in the world. Well, the important thing was that I was wrong! I got a job with a large company and met people from all sorts of schools—public, private, parochial—college people *and* people who really were leaders. And guess what? They thought I was O.K.! In 1942 when the "man shortage," due to the war, had just hit us, *I started having dates*—me, who had averaged four or five a year during high school. I started going to dances, parties, movies, all sorts of social things that I had missed for years and had dreamed

Boy Blowing Bubbles

COPYRIGHT KEES POT



I can make good soapsuds.



This is the way to get bubbles.



I've got one started. . . .



This is going to be good.



It floated away and burst.



New IVORY FLAKES

with Radiant Action

keeps lovely clothes lovely far longer

Now you can look your Sunday-best *any* day in the week! For now, thanks to new Ivory Flakes, you can wear and wash even your most delicate dress-up prints and pastels as often as you like!

The reason? New Ivory Flakes has "Radiant Action"—an entirely *new* kind of beauty protection for fine washables! Now, when you wash nice things gently in pure, mild Ivory Flakes, they'll keep their radiant, brand-new beauty longer than you ever thought was *possible!*

So why, ever, take chances with your nice washables? You *know* they're safe in Ivory Flakes! It's the soap millions of mothers use to keep baby's clothes soft. It's the only flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory Soap! So kind to hands in the dishpan, too! Get a box today!

If it's lovely to wear...
it's worth Ivory Flakes care



Gala Pattern No. 4250—Pat. applied for



A precious look...
a practical personality!

You'll prize the charming beauty of a
Quaker Lace Cloth and delight in its absolute practicality!
No need to be upset by an occasional drop of gravy . ...
spots just sponge out. Come laundering time,
give it the soap and water treatment and your exquisite
Quaker Lace Cloth is back in fresh glory!

Quaker
LACE CLOTHS

Quaker Lace Company, Philadelphia 33, Pa.
Sales Office: 330 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.
Also makers of Quaker Net Curtains and Quaker Nylon Hosiery

about and thought were just above me. I know now, after seven years of meeting and working with many different sorts of people, that the standards we applied in high school were silly, worthless and meaningless. It makes me furious, though, that the teachers, who should have known better, always went along with the clique and counted them as the only ones worth bothering with (that's true, no matter how many teachers deny it!). Very sincerely,

(Name withheld by request)

Profile of Youth, a book containing the first year of JOURNAL profiles, is just off the press. We hope teachers like it, too. ED.

Wants Tips for Thin Women

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editors: It took a week of mumps, which I contracted from the four young ones, to get me down in bed, to give me time to really dig into the depths of the JOURNAL. I feel like a millionaire who has spent a year in bed reading up on everything. You people who edit it don't miss a trick, chick or politic.

I was especially interested in How America Lives. But when it comes to the glamour part of the wife—doggone it—editors always pick on a dieting woman to glamourize. I wish someday you would choose a skinny mother like me to write about so that we could get some idea on how to improve our bag of bones.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. A. BUCHANAN

Bridge Club Bridges Faiths

Culver City, California

Dear Editors: The bridge club is an integral part of our American social scheme. While it is a target for some belittling remarks and disapproval, it can and often does do a great deal of good.

Our club of eight members has been meeting once a month for more than ten years. We meet, primarily, for luncheon and bridge, but, as is typical of most clubs of this type, it serves as a sort of forum for ideas and ideals. We have a strict rule against malicious gossip. We do not gamble. High score and second high win small prizes.

Religions represented are: 1 Roman Catholic, 3 Baptists, 1 Methodist, 2 Mormons and 1 agnostic. Most of our fifteen children attend Sunday school. None of the parents have ever been divorced.

Every year we have a party for husbands, at which they enjoy themselves hugely singing such ballads as "Bridge Club dear we love you," and others of their own composition designed to express their mock disdain, but we all have fun.

Very truly yours,
RUTH DENT HUGHES

Remarriage Isn't Easy

Racine, Wisconsin

Dear Editors: Because I am a young widow with a daughter, I read with avid interest your article on How America Lives: Second Marriage (January). In all fairness to the widows who are not as fortunate financially as Mrs. Elaine Peterson Healey, I would like to express my opinion.

The Peterson-Healey marriage should be a success because the two major difficulties of remarrying with children were not present in her second marriage.

First: Before her marriage Mrs. Healey had an ample independent income which will continue to support her boys. With the high cost of rent, food, clothing, medical care and education, many men could not support a ready-made family. Secondly: Edward Healey did not have children from a previous marriage. If Edward Healey and Elaine Peterson both had children from previous marriages, the addition of children during their marriage would be impossible financially.

At twenty-eight I was a widow with many financial difficulties. Believe me, Elaine Healey's widowhood and remarriage were exceptionally easy.

Very truly yours,
MARY FIALA

Get-Well Gift

Cheshire, England

Dear Editors: After being ill in bed for six weeks, a wonderful thing happened to me. A friend brought me two copies of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. From that day I

(Continued on Page 8)

America's No. 1
POLISHER
and
SCRUBBER

REGINA

TWIN-BRUSH

Time, Money
and
Labor Saver

Best buy for
homes, offices,
stores

SCRUBS • WAXES
POLISHES
BUFFS



The Same Low Price
$64.50
From Coast to Coast
At Leading Stores Everywhere
Reconditioning Kit Extra—for sanding, dry cleaning, refinishing, etc.

THE REGINA CORPORATION, Rahway 16, N. J.
Please send me free descriptive material on the Regina Electric Floor Polisher.
NAME
ADDRESS
ZONE
CITY
STATE

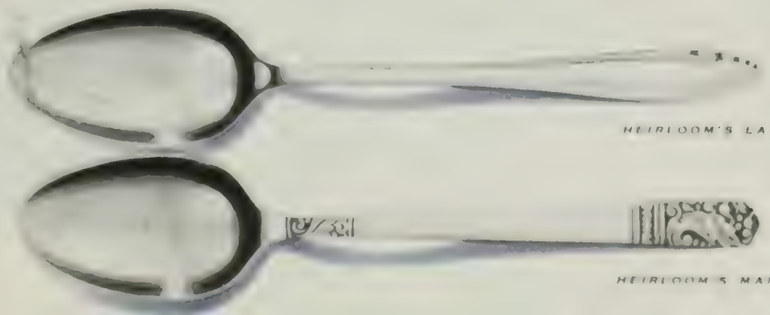
Also producers of
Industrial Twin-Brush Floor Machines



Evening of games supper: a victor's wreath of green leaves twined around card and chess symbols . . . complement to the gracious beauty of Heirloom Sterling's Damask Rose.*

"She entertains so Beautifully"

Nothing wins you such warm spontaneous praise from your guests as a charming, fresh table-setting. And *no* sterling has more unusual charm than beautiful Heirloom Sterling. The young-spirited patterns are famous for freshness, originality. And—because it's *solid silver*—your Heirloom* Sterling will be even lovelier on festive party occasions if you've enriched its soft patina by using it every day! Start your Heirloom Sterling with a single place-setting, if you like, and add to it later on easy payment terms.



HEIRLOOM'S LASTING SPRING*

HEIRLOOM'S MANSION HOUSE*

*Trade-Mark. © 1951, Oneida Ltd., Oneida, N.Y.



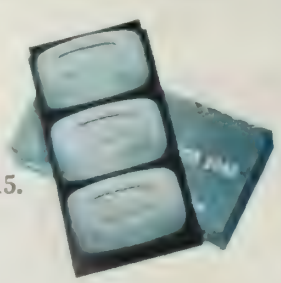
First *luxurious complexion treatment for hands and body...*

Revlon's *new Aquamarine Lotion*

A miraculous blend of balms scented with costly imported perfumes . . . smoothes you head to toe . . . wraps you in fragrance . . . keeps hands velvet smooth. *Never* before a rich, creamy-blue lotion with such a genius for fondling every blessed inch of you! 1.00 PLUS TAX

NOW! Aquamarine Lotion-Soap

A *soap* with a lotion's softening touch...the *only* soap made with Aquamarine *Lotion!* Same skin-smoothing ingredients, same jewel-color, and same fragrance. Box of 3, complexion-size, 1.15. Box of 3, bath-size, 1.65.



(Continued from Page 6)

started to get better. The fiction, special and general features, and especially fashions and beauty, all helped to keep my mind occupied and interested. Thank you for the way your magazine has helped me, and for the insight it has given me into the lives of people in America.

Yours very sincerely,
MISS E. R. GORING

Friends of Long Standing

Tuskegee Institute, Alabama

Dear Editors: Accept my profound appreciation for your splendid program of real education. For too many years the general tendency has been to portray the Negro by almost wholly misleading stereotypes contrary to the facts.

In spite of all handicaps, the truth is the Negro has contributed vastly to the upbuilding of America in practically every area.

For many years you have certainly indicated your recognition of the truth. The earliest evidence in my mind at present was a very fine article some years ago on Dr. Booker T. Washington, by E. V. Lucas. More recently I noted in August, 1942, Meet the Hinksons, as a part of the series, How America Lives. Later, another in Profile of Youth, and many others, including some mighty fine human-interest stories in fiction.

I remember, offhand, some very fine illustrations by Walter Biggs, which were particularly sympathetic and entirely free of stereotypes.

Dr. George Washington Carver had a number of hobbies—among them, lacemaking and embroidering. We have in the collection of his papers, in the museum of which I am curator, a page on knitting and crocheting, by Mary F. Knapp, from the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL dated March, 1891. Very gratefully yours,
CHARLES C. DAWSON

Here We Go Again

Rudgwick, Sussex, England

My Dear Bruce and Beatrice: It is difficult to realize it's eleven years since the last war swept down on us and here we go again. A letter from a woman over your way brought this home to me. She enclosed rather a charming little poem, inspired by a letter I wrote you at the beginning of the war.

It was about a girl who lost a very new husband, after just one spring together. So many tragedies came after that I had almost forgotten that one, and I looked around and made a few inquiries.

Well, she married again. Less than a year after she lost him. Why not? The spring returns and we can only be thankful it does. She is happy and has three children.

I can't myself believe those who went would have wished it otherwise. I have always held that, as long as there is something one can do to change things, then get on with it. Write to the papers, cry havoc and smash some furniture! But when not all your piety, energy, woe or wit is going to alter one word—accept it. I believe this to be a better faithfulness than drooping over an urn.

I think this every year as I cut down the lilies that have finished flowering. The moment I have removed the long brown stalks where flowers once were new green leaves come out, promising next year's lilies.

I am having the plumbers in. We have in this village a very enlightened one. He does not put the pipes on the outside to the north, for better freezing, a common British scheme. He boxes them in. But then he is an exceptional man, and very handsome. Time was, a rumor had it, housewives used to rend the washers from their taps, just to get a word with him.

With love to you all,
DOROTHY BLACK



P.S. Do look at Mary's children. Don't you just love Anthony's inspired expression? He looks as if he saw a sausage on a stick! D. B.

(Continued on Page 252)



Look-twice nylons with fashion's top honor twice to prove it—Holeproof nylons in new Singing Tones. And you'll appreciate this sheer hosiery's skin-fit, lasting wear from all these features found only in Holeproof:

- **LUX-SEAL FINISH** for less snagging, more wear
- **FORM-TOP** for comfortable "give" above the knee
- **PROPORTION**all for fit in leg as well as length
- **HEELS** styled and made to slim in looks, hug in fit

Holeproof

PROPORTIONED NYLONS

® Holeproof Hosiery Company, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin
In Canada: London, Ontario
World-Famous Men's Socks • Women's Proportioned Hosiery Luxite Lingerie

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould

Editors



CHINESE PAINTING, COLORS ON SILK, 1644–1912 A. D.
COURTESY PHILA. MUSEUM OF ART

What Makes an Educated Woman?

"A man needs *four* wives—one to cook, one to keep house and one to take care of the children." This famous wisecrack has a serious counterpart in a recent Indiana University bulletin issued as a guide for the girl of college age and her parents. The Faculty Committee on Women's Education states in the preface: "The modern world calls upon every woman to play four different roles. The happiness and success of any woman depend on whether or not she can meet the demands of all these roles."

As they see it, the college woman of today should educate herself to be:

1. A woman of culture and charm.
2. An intelligent leader in a democratic world.
3. An efficient earner in her chosen field.
4. The maker of a successful home.

There is no order of preference. They believe an educated woman should be equally able as an individual, a citizen, an earner and a homemaker.

The booklet goes on to present representative offerings of the various departments of Indiana University. Forty-four fields of special interest to women are described and analyzed for the undecided coed-to-be. The possible courses of study for each year of college are clearly charted and discussed in a down-to-earth manner. The Department of English, for example, frankly and sensibly cautions that "writing for a living is precarious and uncertain" and that it is wise to choose an additional way to make a living.

But one looks in vain for the precise course in any field which will produce "a woman of culture and charm" or "an intelligent leader in a democratic world." To accomplish that, one has apparently to begin earlier than college age and stay at it longer. The prime characteristic of an educated person, man or woman, is to be unsatisfied with what he knows.

National Defense Cannot be Intermittent

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

For the third time in thirty-five years, the United States has been caught in a grave international emergency, involving world-wide commitments, of a military nature, without a defense system *in being*. Again, as in 1916–17 and 1940–41, we are having to call up youth from 18 to 26, and, in case of war—to which our present policy might commit us, at any moment, anywhere on the globe—to send half-trained men into battle. The question of drafting 18-year-olds is again an occasion for public controversy.

Experience, it is said, is the best teacher. But our Government and, I fear, our people have refused to learn. Instead of having a constant, consistent defense policy, we demobilize almost totally in times of "peace," even when the "peace" is as obviously uncertain as it was in 1945. Then, after drifting along in a mounting political crisis, we suddenly start out grabbing men wherever they can be found. From having almost no army, we are told that we must mobilize over 3,000,000. We engage in a war in Korea, and are forced to send into battle troops who have been trained for occupation duties in Japan, not for combat—and none who have been trained for the type of combat waged by guerrillas.

From the type of defense traditionally suitable to an island nation, short in man power but long on technological and industrial efficiency, naval and air power, we switch to the concept of "balanced forces"—envisaging the world's greatest navy and air force, plus an immense land army; we expect, also, to continue being the arsenal, and to some extent the granary, of all the anticommunist nations of the world. We intend to impose all this on a national debt already in excess of the national income, and accomplish it while maintaining a fairly normal civilian life. *(Continued on Page 14)*

Executive Editor, Mary Bass • *Managing Editor*, Laura Lou Brookman
Associate Editors: Hugh MacNair Kahler, Bernardine Kielty, Ann Batchelder, Wilhela Cushman, William E. Fink, Alice Blinn, Richard Pratt, Henrietta Murdock, Louella G. Shouer, Mary Lea Page, Dawn Crowell Norman, John Godfrey Morris, Joan Younger, Margaret Davidson, Nora O'Leary, Jan Weyl
Contributing Editors: Gladys Taber, Louise Paine Benjamin, Gladys Denny Shultz, Barbara Benson, Margaret Hickey
Assistant Editors: John Werner, Charlotte Johnson, Donald Stuart, Ruth Mary Packard, Ruth Shapley Matthews, Alice Conkling, June Torrey, Lily Glendinning, Joseph Di Pietro, Anne Einselen, Glenn Matthew White, Betty Niles Gray, Elizabeth Goetsch, Robert N. Taylor, Elizabeth McFarland, Marthedith F. Stauffer, Charles Stryker Ingerman, Elizabeth Crawford
Editorial Assistants: Alice Kastberg, Iris Wilken, Betty Coe, Jeanne Lenton Tracey, Adrina Casparian, Virginia Price, Marion Wilson, Jeanne Stiles, Victoria Harris, Helen Schmidt Kennedy, Cornelia S. McCook, Rosemary Jones, Virginia Carr, Sallie Eager Kubly, Lee Stowell Cullen, Jeanmarie Dunn, Elizabeth W. Graham, Isabel G. Phelps, Pauline Stieglitz, Erma W. Kelley, Janice H. Bauder, Dolores Knapp

All the silver you'll ever need t



Serve 8...So Beautifully!



Look! Everything you need for splendid living at breakfast, lunch, dinner! Each of the 8 place settings includes:

dinner knife, dinner fork, 3 teaspoons, soup spoon, salad fork, butter spreader, fruit spoon, after-dinner coffee spoon, oyster or cocktail fork, iced drink spoon.



...the essential serving pieces you need...

3 table or serving spoons, butter knife, sugar spoon, cold meat fork, gravy ladle.

NOW you can have your dream! All your silverware all at once! Not just 2 or 3 place settings—then a long wait for the rest—but a *beautifully complete table service for 8!*

It's 1847 Rogers Bros. Complete Anniversary Service. 103 pieces, and every one exquisite!

For 1847 Rogers Bros. silverplate brings with it a heritage of mother-to-daughter recommendations for its splendid craftsmanship. A richness of ornamentation, perfect balance and detail found only in finest silver.

Yet, it's easy to own this *complete* service in your own favorite 1847 Rogers Bros. pattern. See it, in all its shining beauty, at your silverware retailer's.

Also complete service for 12, 139 pieces, $177.75. Find out about terms that will make your budget smile.

Five enchanting patterns to choose from, each created for years of loveliness...

Daffodil, new and joyous, for the young in heart. *Remembrance,* for those who have a strong romantic side. *Eternally Yours,* beautiful openwork design. *First Love,* delicate flower pattern, rich in detail. *Adoration,* simple yet elegant, minutely carved.

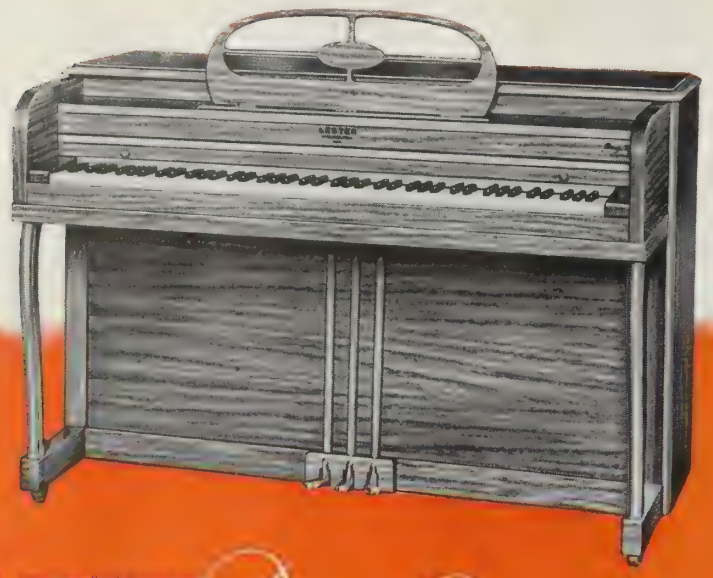
1847 ROGERS BROS.

America's Finest Silverplate

COPYRIGHT 1951, THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.



THE LESTER GRAND PIANO
is the Official Piano of the Philadelphia Orchestra



LESTER *Betsy Ross Spinet*

you'll always be glad

if you choose the genuine Betsy Ross Spinet now. Nothing else that you buy for your home will mean as much to your entire family; nothing else will contribute as much to the development of your children or give them as much true pleasure all through life.

Three generations of the same family have built Lester Pianos in the tradition of quality since 1888. Today's models are more beautiful than ever in a wide choice of fine woods.

Look for these distinctive features in every Betsy Ross Spinet:

- **full 88 note keyboard**
- **three working pedals**
- **ten year guarantee**
- **glorious tone and responsive touch**

Dampp-Chaser equipped; only Lester offers this amazing moisture control feature.

Priced from $687.00; model pictured $756.00 f.o.b. Lester, Pa. Your own dealer will arrange terms.

Made ONLY by the Lester Piano Manufacturing Company, Inc., builders of world renowned Lester Grand Pianos.

ONE { name / quality / price } *a beautiful piano with magnificent tone sold by America's foremost piano dealers*

mail this coupon for illustrated booklet

LESTER PIANO MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC., LESTER 13, PA.
Send me your 24-page illustrated book showing piano arrangement in the home. (Enclose 10c for postage)

Name

Address

City Zone No. State LHJ 4F

Foreign Sales Representatives: H. A. ASTLETT & CO., 39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 11)

None of this is a normal way of defending one's own country and contributing to the defense of others. A nation properly defended is *always* prepared for war. It does not have to train men at the last conceivable moment in a frantic race against time.

I have always believed in universal military training—not in emergencies occurring every decade or so, but as a steady, uninterrupted policy. The duty of every man to prepare himself to serve and defend his country ought to be established once and for all. The notion that such universal service is "militarism" or "incompatible with democracy" has no justification whatsoever. One need only take the example of Switzerland. That little country is committed by its constitution to permanent neutrality. It may make no military alliances with other states that might commit it to fight other peoples' wars. It is constitutionally restrained from attacking others. It is constitutionally permitted only to defend itself in case of attack. No one, therefore, could bring against it the charge of "militarism." But Swiss neutrality has never been used as an excuse for defenselessness, nor do the Swiss trust to treaties—those perennial "scraps of paper"—for defense. The Swiss are *always* prepared to defend themselves, and in case of attack they could mobilize every man between 19 and 50 in three hours and *all* of them would have been trained!

Assuming a continuing policy, the proper age to give young men military training is 18, for that is the time when the great majority have finished high school, are not married or immediately contemplating marriage, and have not begun to train themselves for their lifework by higher education, or settled into working life.

The smallest good deed is better than the grandest good intention. —DUQUET.

A year, or eighteen months, of military training in the appropriate armed forces can be given at that age with the least disruption of the individual's training and life. He is not pulled out of a profession or trade he has already begun to practice, or separated from his wife and perhaps young children. Before he begins his adult life, as a worker, a university student or a father, he has performed his national duty. He then enters the national reserve, with refresher courses. Under such a system the entire male population is at all times a militarily trained citizenship.

It is very different when a nation neglects its defenses until an acute emergency arises. Then the objection to the drafting of 18-year-olds is that they may be hurled into battle at any moment, even before their training is properly completed.

But there is always a political problem—by which I mean a problem of basic policy—involved in the planning of national defense.

No nation can plan a reasonable defense system, except for reasonable and limited objectives. The United States could, for instance, plan for the defense of this country or of the Western Hemisphere, or of the Western Hemisphere and Western Europe. But no one can plan a defense system for a policy which commits us to fight anywhere on the globe, where any state may commit, or be deemed by a majority vote of the U.N. Assembly to have committed, an aggression, and to intervene in any and every civil war. Such a policy requires that we prepare for totally unpredictable situations, and leaves the initiative to our opponents. It forces us to maintain an immense land army, navy and air force in a state of mobilization, *in perpetuum*—that is to say, until the millennium, when all the world will be organized under just, enforceable law.

The price we shall have to pay for this hope of achieving the millennium by virtue of superior forces is to turn our country into a garrison state, in which almost all of the nation's energies and its man power are channeled into the production of weapons and the maintenance of armies. No matter what the financial experts say, and no matter what "control" measures they may devise, the result of this policy will be an ever-increasing inflation and eventual bankruptcy. For there is nothing esoteric about inflation. Its causes are simple enough for any housewife to grasp.

Our policy makers are assuming that we can maintain indefinitely a Federal budget of $70,000,000,000 to $100,000,000,000, of which $50,000,000,000 to $80,000,000,000 is to go for war and foreign aid. This $50,000,000,000–$80,000,000,000 will be spent for goods and services which do not come on the market. What *does* reach the market will therefore encounter a demand far in excess of the supply. For the industries, whether they produce war goods or civilian goods, will operate for profit, and all the people producing war goods will be paid. Under the pressure of organized labor (with the right to strike) which no representative government will dare to flout, and because of the shortage of labor caused by the diversion of over 3,000,000 workers into the armed forces, they will be paid high wages. The profits of the industries and the money in workers' pockets will shy away from long-term investments for fixed returns, such as public or private bonds or mortgages, for these are good only on the assumption that money retains its purchasing power. For investors and spenders, the flight will be into the purchase of *things*—goods and services, or the tokens of goods and services, which are common industrial stocks. That is why the stock market goes steadily up during a war boom, as it has been doing for months. It is simply a response to demand. And the same demand drives up the prices of the insufficient goods which reach the market. The Government may and will decree that prices be fixed, but the demand will create a black market requiring policing by hordes of officials, which means more people taken out of the productive system.

Now, when a war effort is made for a definite objective, such as national defense or defeating a specific enemy or enemies; it is made for a limited purpose; and even in war, for a purpose realizable within limited time. But when it is made for an unlimited objective, such as establishing the permanent rule of law (as we understand law) all over the globe, there is no predictable or foreseeable end to it. One can never demobilize, or even partly demobilize, or depend upon a steady flow of trainees, class by class, until the millennium has been achieved! Either one must insist on a great showdown, a general war—provoke it by every means possible—or one must establish a *permanent* war economy. And no permanent war economy can be maintained without, eventually, an open or veiled dictatorship, under which every citizen will be told what he must do, at what wages, and in what places; where he must invest his money, and for what he may spend it. Since such a program cannot, for unforeseeable time, be maintained against an opposition bound to explode among people with a deep tradition of freedom, the program will eventually have to be abandoned or opposition suppressed, along with free speech and free assembly. In short, what "policing the world for peace" must, I think, eventually mean, is a permanent form of what might be called "military socialism."

It is impossible for this writer—perhaps out of obtuseness—to understand how it will ever be possible for approximately one half of the world's population peaceably to impose a law against aggression on the other half, this law, apparently, to include decisions sought by force within countries, in the form of civil wars, as well as between them. Nor can I see how any nation can plan a defense system for a policy which may require intervention anywhere on

(Continued on Page 229)

Before you can say "Soup's ON" Samson's UP!



folding chairs, only $6.95 each
tables, only $6.95 each
complete set of
4 chairs and table, only $34.75
Deluxe set (not shown)
5 pieces, $49.75

Samson *folding furniture*

makes a "bite" or a banquet easier!

The famous furniture that's vital for "vittels!" Sets up faster than you can toast bread. Easier to open than a tin of tuna. So good to LOOK at, you'll want to show off the stunning new decorator "Wright Tones" (below).

Junior can spill milk, Dad can spill ashes, guests can spill anything ... and you won't care. Because the upholstery is washable and stain-resistant; wipes clean with a damp cloth.

- Legs of electrically-welded tubular steel, open with one-hand motion; lock securely in place.
- Chair seats are padded and covered with Vinyl Samsontex. Posture-curved backs for extra comfort.

Strong enough to stand on!



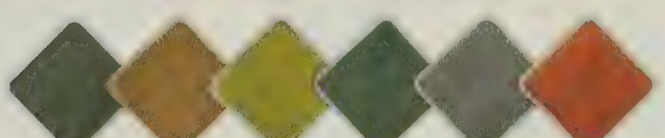
Always ready for family meals and snacks. "Spills" wipe right off!



Always ready for company "spreads!" New "Wright Tones" get ohs and ahs.



There's a Samson Institutional chair for every public seating need. For special quantity prices, ask your local authorized Samson contract dealer or write Shwayder Bros. for the name of the one nearest you.



MOSS COCOA LIME PEACOCK MIST CORAL

SHWAYDER BROS., INC. • FURNITURE DIVISION, DETROIT 29, MICHIGAN • ALSO MAKERS OF SAMSONITE LUGGAGE • LUGGAGE DIVISION, DENVER 9, COLORADO

Luscious Lemon Pie

SO QUICK, SO EASY



WITH A GLORIOUS FILLING THAT NEEDS NO COOKING — SAVES 20 MINUTES!



LEMON PIE made like magic with BORDEN'S

EAGLE BRAND

SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK

1 8-inch crumb crust or baked pastry shell — ½ cup lemon juice
1⅓ cups (15-oz. can) Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind (or ¼ teaspoon lemon extract) — 2 eggs, separated
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar, if desired — 4 tablespoons sugar

1. Put Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, lemon rind (or lemon extract) and egg yolks into mixing bowl; stir until mixture thickens.

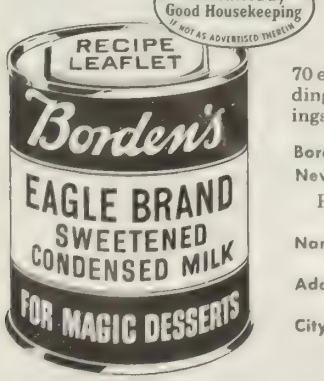
That's all you do to get a perfect lemon pie filling. No cooking! No sugar! No tedious blending! Eagle Brand does all this for you. Just like magic, its sweet creaminess blends with the other ingredients to give you the smoothest, most luscious lemon pie filling of your life.

2. Pour filling into chilled crumb crust or cooled pastry shell.

3. Add cream of tartar to egg whites; beat until almost stiff enough to hold a peak. Add sugar gradually, beating until stiff and glossy, but not dry. Pile lightly on pie filling.

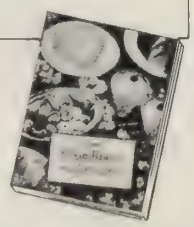
4. Bake in slow oven (325°F.) until lightly browned (about 15 minutes). Cool.

(*This recipe checked in Good Housekeeping kitchen*)



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

FREE! "BOOK OF 70 MAGIC RECIPES"



70 exciting recipes for delicious pies, puddings, candies, cookies, ice creams, frostings made like magic with Eagle Brand.

Borden's, Dept. L-41, Box 175
New York 46, New York

Please send me, free, your "Book of 70 Magic Recipes."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

©The Borden Company

PHILIP GENDREAU



Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

You know how it is with an April day:
When the sun is out and the wind is still,
You're one month on in the middle of May.
But if you so much as dare to speak,
A cloud comes over the sunlit arch,
A wind comes off a frozen peak,
And you're two months back in the middle of March.

That's ***Robert Frost*** in *New Hampshire.*

Now grimy April comes again,
Maketh bloom the fire-escapes,
Maketh silvers in the rain,
Maketh winter coats and capes
Suddenly all worn and shabby
Like the fur of winter bears.

And that's ***Stephen Vincent Benét*** in *For City Spring.*

But wherever you are, if you want to attract more birds to your yard, plant a thicket of barberry, we're told. That will bring catbirds, cardinals, robins, song sparrows, wood thrushes in abundance. Mulberries, elderberries, serviceberries and other shrubs with soft fruits ripening in June and July are also good because they provide food for adults and their young. Dogwood, viburnums and wild cherries attract migrating flocks in late summer and early fall; birches and other seed-bearing trees offer sustenance during shortages in late winter and early spring; and Virginia creeper, Japanese honeysuckle, grapes and other vines give birds both food and cover.

For definite information look up the Farmers' Bulletins (U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.):

No. 844. How to Attract Birds in the Middle Atlantic States.

No. 912. How to Attract Birds in the East Central States.

No. 760. How to Attract Birds in the Northwestern U. S.

No. 621. How to Attract Birds in the Northeastern U. S.

(Continued on Page 18)

BY PERMISSION, COPYRIGHT, 1942, THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE INC.



"It has to be large enough for two birds who are in love with each other."

"Lookie! WAFFLE CREAMS!"



When you buy cookies in cellophane – you can't see flavor!
But you know it's there when you see the
red NABISCO seal

What a cookie! Fondant-filled wafers you'll adore! And NABISCO WAFFLE CREAMS are only *one* of the sweet winners from Cookie Headquarters – NABISCO! All America grew up loving NABISCO cookies – the world's *"bestest!"* Just pick your favorites – but be sure the cellophane or regular pack bears the red NABISCO seal – your guide to cookie flavor unlimited!



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

HOW TO GET QUICK RELIEF FROM Painful Feet

GET Dr. Scholl's !



Pain-lined faces . . . ruined dispositions . . . worn nerves . . . tired, aching feeling — these are only a few of the ill-effects caused by foot troubles. Don't pay so dearly for something so needless when quick relief can be yours at very small cost with Dr. Scholl's! Remember—no matter what common foot trouble you may have, there is a Dr. Scholl's relief for it. Get it today at your Drug, Dept., Shoe or 5-10¢ Store.



CORNS
CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, SORE TOES, TENDER SPOTS, SOFT CORNS Between Toes

Fastest Relief Ever!

SUPER-SOFT DR. SCHOLL'S ZINO-PADS

Soft, soothing, cushioning, protective *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop painful shoe friction, lift pressure on the sensitive spot. The separate *Medications* included with Zino-pads give you fastest corn and callous loosening and removing action known to medical science. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between toes.

TENDER, HOT, TIRED FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves tender, hot, tired, chafed, "sticky" feet. Soothes minor skin irritations; eases new or tight shoes; helps prevent Athlete's Foot. Cultivate this fine foot health habit.

ACHING, BURNING FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves feverish, tender, tired, sensitive feet caused by exertion and fatigue. Soothes, refreshes, rests feet. You feel its good effects for hours.

PROTECTS TENDER FEET
Dr. Scholl's Kurotex—soft, soothing, cushioning, protective foot plaster. Relieves shoe friction and pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots. Cuts to any size, shape.

CUSHIONS THE FEET
Dr. Scholl's Air-Pillo Insoles of soft, cushioning Latex Foam give you delightful walking ease. Like walking on pillows. Cushion soreness, tenderness, pain and callouses on bottom of feet. Make all shoes air-cushioned. Sizes for men and women.

TIRED, ACHING FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Lacer and exercise relieves tired, aching feet, rheumatic-like foot and leg pains due to weak or fallen arches. Light, flexible, adjustable.

Over 100 Dr. Scholl Aids for the Feet

There are over 100 Dr. Scholl Foot Aids. Made under medical and orthopedic supervision—world's largest selling foot reliefs.



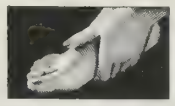
CORNS
Dr. Scholl's Liquid Corn Remedy.
Dr. Scholl's Corn File.
Dr. Scholl's Corn Salve.
Dr. Scholl's Felt Pads. Round, Oval.
Dr. Scholl's Waterproof Corn Pads.
Dr. Scholl's Moleskin.
Dr. Scholl's Fixo Corn Plasters.
Dr. Scholl's Foam-Ease Corn Pads.
Dr. Scholl's Foam-Ease Corn Shield.



BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl's Felt Pads. Round, Oval.
Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer. (Rubber).
Dr. Scholl's Bunion Protector. (Leather).
Dr. Scholl's Halluxol.
Dr. Scholl's Foam-Ease Bunion Pads.
Dr. Scholl's Foam-Ease Bunion Shield.



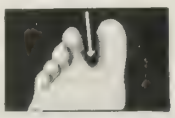
CALLOUSES
Dr. Scholl's Callous Salve.
Dr. Scholl's Moleskin.
Dr. Scholl's Waterproof Pads.
Dr. Scholl's Lastik Metatarsal Pads.
Dr. Scholl's Callous File.
Dr. Scholl's Foam-Ease Callous Cushions.



TIRED, ACHING FEET, WEAK ARCHES
Dr. Scholl's Arch Binder. Relieves foot strain.
Dr. Scholl's Ankle Supporters.
Dr. Scholl's Heel Cushions for sore heels.
Dr. Scholl's Metatarsal Arch Supports.



INGROWN NAIL
Dr. Scholl's Onixol gives quick relief.



ATHLETE'S FOOT — ITCHING FEET, TOES
Dr. Scholl's Solvex.



CROOKED TOES
Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex for helping straighten crooked toes.

Dr. Scholl's FOOT COMFORT® REMEDIES APPLIANCES, ARCH SUPPORTS AND SHOES

(Continued from Page 16)

You know how forcefully some people remind you of certain animals. One time a sportswoman we know (the *one* of our entire acquaintance) was up in Alaska to shoot sea lions. She is an exceptional marksman, and the guide had rowed her out toward some big rocks where she might get a chance at a big bull. It was bad going because the water was filled with lolloping young seals that rocked the boat dangerously.

"There's one!" whispered the guide,

SEIDENSTÜCKER



Does this sea lion, safe in a zoo, look like someone you know?

pointing out an exceptionally heavy animal as they neared the rocks.

Our friend put up her gun, sighted the animal, held steady, but didn't shoot.

"What's the matter?" whispered the guide when she slowly put down the gun.

She raised it again, sighted the big bull, but didn't shoot. The boat was heaving up and down and the guide didn't think he was going to keep it afloat much longer. She tried a third time, then laid her gun down.

"I just *can't* shoot Mr. McWilliams!" she said.

•

It may have been the approaching death of that archleprechaun, James Stephens, beloved Irish poet and storyteller, that brought out the poltergeists. But we find mention of them in two recent English novels, and they keep coming up in conversation.

THE GREEN LEAVES OF SUMMER, by ***Oriel Malet,*** is one of these novels in which a noisy little spirit flits in and out—an odd, catchy, endearing story, slightly suggestive of both THE CONSTANT NYMPH and THE GOOD COMPANIONS. It concerns a queer assortment of characters met in a boarding-house, a park, a professional children's ballet class in London.

The other is TO LOVE AND BE WISE, *by* ***Josephine Tey,*** *author of* THE FRANCHISE AFFAIR, MISS PYM DISPOSES *and* CROOKED PENNY—*which, you'll remember, came out in the* JOURNAL. *This new one is also a suspense story, as beguiling as* REBECCA, *but gay and lighthearted. A gem of its kind, and not to be missed. (Here the poltergeist is only hinted at.)*

And if you don't know what a poltergeist is, neither do we—except that it is naughty, invisible, and makes a lot of noise. (*Ivan Sanderson*, author of those delectable nature books, ANIMAL TREASURE, CARIBBEAN TREASURE, LIVING TREASURE and ANIMAL TALES, tells us that in Java he was pelted with small marble pebbles by a poltergeist.)

In THE STANDARD DICTIONARY OF FOLKLORE (an excellent reference book, by the way, which we read for pleasure as well as for reference) poltergeist does not appear. But pixy is there, which is almost as good. Pixies pinch untidy maidservants, blow out

(Continued on Page 70)

Be safe, Mom! Use these safety swabs for me!



Depend on Q-Tips— the original sterilized swabs. They're the safety swabs—made by machines—untouched by human hands, *sterilized right in the package* by the best hospital method. Mothers have relied on Q-Tips for over 25 years.

Made of softest, finest quality cotton, anchored securely at both ends of the applicator, correctly shaped for gentle baby care.



Do the job with a Q-TIPS swab!



Women are finding Q-Tips the handiest item on the dressing table. See how efficient they are to clean up smeared mascara, remove powder from eyebrows, excess lipstick, for manicures and pedicures, to color eyebrows and lashes, tinting hair. *Safe for medical and antiseptic applications . . .* nose, ear and eye hygiene. **29¢, 49¢,** *and* **98¢ pkg.**

The original cotton swab

Q-TIPS *. . . in the famous blue box*



Q-TIPS INC., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

A week's wash—clean and fresh—without soaking your hands!

New! General Electric brings you a "DRY-HANDS" wash!



WITH THIS new General Electric Automatic, your clothes are washed as gently as a fine hand laundress would do them—yet you don't even wet your hands.



Clothes feel fluffy-dry, so thoroughly does this new G-E spin water from your wash. It removes up to a quart more water from an 8-lb wash than most wringer washers. There's not enough water left in clothes to wet your hands! And that's important!

When rinse water isn't removed thoroughly, some dirt stays. The drier clothes are spun, the cleaner they are.



G-E Activator washing action does your wash as you'd do it by hand—but *automatically*. Each piece is dipped, flexed, and gently cleansed; passed again and again through 3 zones of washing action—vigorous, medium, and light.

How proud you'll be of the sparkling clean, fresh-smelling wash you get simply by setting a dial!

• • •

See the General Electric Automatic Washer at your General Electric dealer's. You'll find his name under "Washing Machines" in your Classified Telephone Directory. *General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.*

See these wonderful clean-washing, worksaving features!

Timed G-E Activator® Washing Action—The proved washing principle developed by General Electric to get your clothes really clean!

"Spin-out" Drying Action—Water is spun OUT of clothes and UP over edge of washbasket. Doesn't pass through clothes to re-soil them.

"Wash-as-you-wish" Control—Water Temperature Selector mixes hot and cold water to suit your wash. Completely automatic, but you can re-set dial to shorten or repeat any cycle.

Complete Rinsing—A spray rinse kills the suds. Then, a deep-rinse (activated) leaves clothes spanking clean.

1-year warranty on entire washer...Sealed Transmission Never Needs Oiling... Portable... No Bolting ... Porcelain Top, Baked-enamel Front and Sides ... AND BEST OF ALL, IT'S BUILT FOR LONG LIFE, BY *GENERAL ELECTRIC!*

AUTOMATIC WASHER

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC



(Continued from Page 18)

candles, and tap on walls to startle people. They dance by moonlight to the music of crickets and frogs.

Incidentally, James Stephens' best-known book, THE CROCK OF GOLD, *came out thirty-nine years ago! It is still available in an illustrated edition at $1.98.*

•

THE GREAT AUDIENCE, by *Gilbert Seldes,* is a devastating book. The big audience is all of us—who go to the movies, listen to the radio, watch television and read comic books (newsstand receipts of which total $72,000,000 a year). What is happening to our thinking processes

REPRINTED COURTESY OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Next question: Give the first three letters of the alphabet—they don't have to be in their proper order."

as a nation as a consequence of our mass entertainment is what Mr. Seldes proposes to show up. He is a man of experience and judgment, and he doesn't hold back. We recommend his book as a significant analysis of dangerous trends.

•

The following informative items are to be found in Sara Delano Roosevelt's Household Book, which appears complete in THE HOUSE AT HYDE PARK, by *Clara* and *Hardy Steeholm.*

REMEDY FOR SEASICKNESS

½ a little flat bottle of liquid mercury—worn over the "solar plexus."

RECEIPT FOR A COUGH

½ lb rock candy
1 pint whisky or Jamaica rum.

GARGLE FOR SORE THROAT

A teaspoonful of chlorate of potash, 2 teaspoonfuls of common salt, 20 drops of carbolic acid to one pint of water.

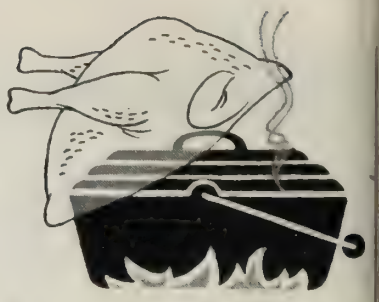
EXCELLENT HAIR WASH

⅖ pure alcohol
⅖ pure olive oil
⅕ best perfume, violet or jasmine—
Put in bottle, shake well, rub in a little with fingers and brush well.

This is caviar as books go—nostalgic entertainment for the few with a taste for the Victorian past.

But FDR—A PICTORIAL BIOGRAPHY, by *Stefan Lorant,* should have very wide appeal—pictures from the day he was born, January 30, 1882, to the day he was buried, April 15, 1945. In the light of later events, the years between 1906 and 1910 are particularly touching—just the young Franklin and wife, Eleanor, and the children, before the day of politics, when all was normal and serene, and life still lay before them.

(Continued on Page 24)



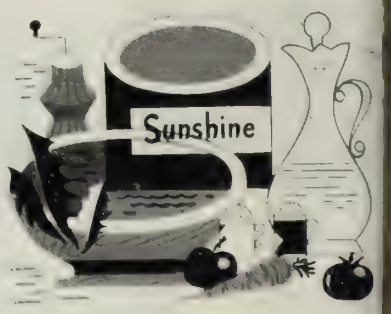
A cooking secret every woman should know

A TOUCH OF AC'CENT in tonight's meal—and you'll discover a flavor secret that can make your cooking the envy of everyone! For Ac'cent, like nothing you've ever known, almost unbelievably *intensifies* food flavors, brings out more naturally good flavors already in meats, poultry, vegetables, gravies, salads—even restores, remarkably, that just-cooked taste to leftovers! Yet this wholesome vegetable substance adds no flavor of its own.

FRIED CHICKEN is tastier, more chickeny than ever when seasoned with Ac'cent. Test it by frying a portion *with* Ac'cent and another *without,* in separate pans. Season as usual. Then taste the amazing difference this "third shaker" makes! If your grocer doesn't yet have Ac'cent in the handy shaker package, send us his name and address. Amino Products, 20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Ill. *Also in Canada.*

Ac'cent®*
PURE MONOSODIUM GLUTAMATE
...makes good cooking taste better!

*T. M. property of International Minerals & Chemical Corp.



DRESS UP your menus!

Whole Sunshine Pimientos put imagination into cooking. Their beautiful red color and mild, spicy flavor lend zest to casseroles, salads, meats, egg dishes. The more generously you use them, the more tempting and tasty the recipe. Keep several jars or cans on the pantry shelf.



POMONA PRODUCTS COMPANY
Griffin, Georgia



..waxed all the way through

Onions, cheese, radishes, avocado . . . won't taint other foods . . . won't lose their crispness or dry out if you wrap them in extra-heavy Cut-Rite. You can wrap, twist and fold it safely without any tearing or splitting. You save space, too. Small things in a Cut-Rite wrap fit into icebox corners.

. . . folds, twists without splitting

Cut-Rite is not just surface-waxed, it's *waxed through and through!* Flavor-robbing air can't steal the goodness from Sunday's roast and vegetables if you wrap what's left in Cut-Rite. It's the thrifty way, the *sure* way, to protect their fine, fresh flavor for other delectable meals.

. . . cutting edge – tears easily

Tears clean across, exactly where you want it! There's not a bit of waste to Cut-Rite. For better food protection and for making neat, stay-fresh sandwiches be sure you have Cut-Rite always handy in the kitchen. Today—most women choose it . . . love to use it. A Scott Paper Product.

f you want to be sure-wrap it in Cut-Rite



The past and the future were guests at...

Lunch for Miss Larkin

THE silver tea set that the girls at the bank had chipped in to buy Dora Larkin served a double purpose. It was her birthday, and Dora was retiring.

She had been with the bank for over thirty years, and for most of those years had managed the flow of office work with a calm efficiency that made her prized by her employers and loved by all the girls who worked with her.

But she was well on in years, now, and felt that she deserved a long-earned rest and a chance to spend more time at her hobbies. There was a little place in the country where she would go to live her years peacefully and quietly among old friends. Dora had never married, and her remaining family ties were few . . .

The long table in the restaurant was decorated gaily, and the girls from the bank were laughing and chatting gaily, too. Dora Larkin, their guest at this farewell luncheon, sat at the head of the table looking fondly at the tea set the girls had given her—happy over their kindness, sad at the thought of leaving them.

She glanced around the table—and thought how much like these young women she herself was thirty years before. Some would marry. Some would change to other jobs. Some would stay on at the bank as she had done.

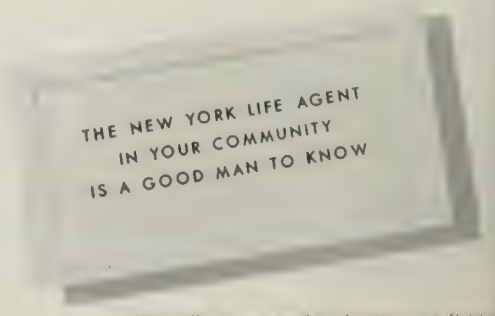
She remembered how, in those days, she had no idea which of the three courses she would follow. But Fred Waite, a friend of her family who was then just starting as New York Life agent, had pointed out to her that in *any* event she would do well to start her life insurance program early. "If you get married later on, Dora," he had said, "it will help you with your trousseau. If you keep on working, it'll build up into a nice nest egg as the years go on."

The "nest egg" had grown, and she had helped build it up with more retirement policies as the years passed. Now, with her insurance and pension, she would be financially secure for the rest of her life.

The girl at her left was saying something about how wonderful it must feel to be able to go up to the country this time of year, and so on. Dora Larkin smiled and said yes, it certainly was . . .

She felt, for a moment, like telling the girl *why* it seemed so wonderful to her. But then she decided that it would be better to call Fred Waite before she left and tell *him* how happy she was that she had been able to work out her own future and her own security in her own way. Yes, she would call him after lunch and tell him that things had worked out as planned, exactly to the day . . .

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

This sure modern way-

LARVEX MOTHPROOFS woolens for a WHOLE YEAR!



Penetrates each tiny fibre and makes the loth itself MOTHPROOF

O ODOR—NO WRAPPING NO STORING AWAY

You can be *absolutely sure* moths will never again damage your woolens. And the method is so easy and convenient! Just spray the garments with LARVEX and *you can be sure* moths won't eat holes in them whether you wear them or hang them away in the closet.

This magic LARVEX spray penetrates each tiny fibre and treats the cloth so that moths are positively *stopped* from eating holes in your woolens. And this positive LARVEX protection lasts a WHOLE YEAR. Washing removes LARVEX's protection — DRY CLEANING DOES NOT. Completely odorless. Stainless. Non-inflammable. No cumbersome wrapping or storing away. Spray your rugs and sofas, too!





So Inexpensive!

It costs no more to mothproof a suit with LARVEX than it does to get it dry cleaned. Only 79¢ a pint. $1.19 a quart.

LARVEX

The Largest Selling Mothproofer

(Continued from Page 20)

We've all been brought up on Lafayette—little man in blue coat and tricorn, Revolutionary War. We visualize him from our schoolbooks. But once we get launched on this new biography of him, THE PEOPLE'S GENERAL: A PERSONAL HISTORY OF LAFAYETTE, by ***David Roth***, we find that we know practically nothing about one of the most picturesque figures in our history

CULVER SERVICE



The first meeting of Washington and Lafayette.

and in France's history. (At least this reader found herself abysmally ignorant.)

He was only nineteen when he became a general in the American Army. George Washington loved him like a son, and—somewhat more surprising—this aristocratic Frenchman learned the art of gentle living from the Virginian, and modeled his days of retirement on Washington's. But between Lafayette's nineteenth year and old age, what events upset the world! And what a part he took in them! This may not be great biography, but it is good reading and most informative—to those like ourselves, who have slid too easily through history.

•

GREAT SAILOR, by ***John W. Vandercook***, is another biography of an even less known hero, Capt. James Cook, who was at home on the widest oceans (in the eighteenth century), who surveyed the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, New Zealand and Australia, who discovered more about the Pacific than any other single navigator of any century, and sailed from the Antarctic icefields to Tahiti to the Bering Strait.

More than most early explorers, Cook treated the primitive people he met with understanding and kindness, and it is ironic that he should have lost his life in a scuffle with a native over a stolen boat, in Hawaii.

•

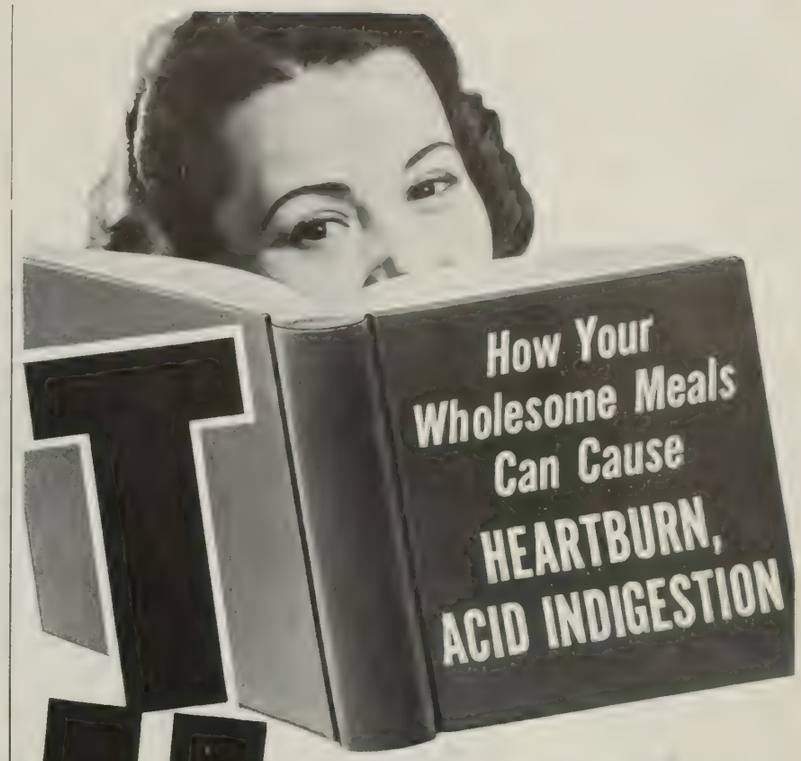
The best historical novel right now is JENKINS' EAR, by ***Odell*** and ***Willard Shepard***, replete with accurate information, fast action, sea adventure, kings, Jacobites, Indians and diplomats. This is the book to give your husband, brother, uncle, son. The men will eat it up. ..

•

JOURNAL *readers who liked* ***Hallie Southgate Burnett's*** *story, Birth: a Love Story, in the July issue, will want to read her novel,* A WOMAN IN POSSESSION—*a woman's story primarily, about one woman's passion and another woman's cruelty, set in the too close proximity of a summer camp.*

•

The deeply touching story of a military misfit is told in OPERATION HEARTBREAK, by ***Sir Duff Cooper***—a beautiful short novel which builds up to one of the most magnificent climaxes we can remember.



TUMS

Hubby worried? You nervous? Daughter's beau disappoint her? Then even the simplest foods may bring on acid indigestion.

TUMS RELIEVE FAST!

At the first sign of acid indigestion—heartburn, gas, sour stomach—take Tums. What sweet relief! That's because Tums instantly neutralize excess acid, calm jittery stomach, relieve gas.

DEPENDABLE! SAFE!

Your doctor will tell you Tums are safe. They're guaranteed to contain no soda or other water-soluble alkalies. Cannot overalkalize or irritate the delicate stomach or intestinal lining.

FAMILY INSURANCE!

Remember everyone—children included—get acid indigestion at times. So keep the big box of Tums in your medicine chest.



Expectant Mothers!

Tums are wonderful for relief of heartburn, gas—so common in pregnancy. Your doctor will confirm "Tums are safe for children". Give Tums dissolved in warm water to relieve small children's gas and hiccups.

✓ SOMEONE IN YOUR FAMILY MAY NEED TUMS TODAY...TONIGHT!

ECONOMY BOX $1.00
Contains twelve 10-cent rolls

FOR THE TUMMY
GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO SODA



✓ TRY 1 OR 2 TUMS AFTER BREAKFAST, SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER

Be Happy— Go Lucky!

When fishing I just trust to luck;
It seems to work for me,
Perhaps because I also trust
To L.S./M.F.T.!

ENJOY YOUR CIGARETTE!..

If you're not happy with your present bran
(and a 38-city survey shows that millions are not), smoke Luckies! You'll get the happy blending of perfect mildness and rich tast that fine tobacco—and only fine tobacco—ca give you. Remember, Lucky Strike means fi tobacco. So get complete smoking enjoyme Be Happy—Go Lucky today!



All sailors are a fickle lot,
On girls they can't agree,
But here at Norfolk Naval Base
It's L.S./M.F.T.!

I've roamed around the whole wide world
From New York to Tibet—
And I can tell you Lucky Strike's
The finest cigarette!

L.S./M.F.T.
Lucky Strike
Means
Fine Tobacco

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Better living for older people...

In Millville, New Jersey

Preparing for Our Added Years

By MARGARET HICKEY

COMPANIONSHIP, recognition and security are three "musts" for living the years past retirement comfortably and happily. The old idea of caring for the aged in crowded institutions and county homes seldom included these essentials. Too often the aged were entirely cut off from normal companionship and useful occupation.

The Social Security Act of 1935 made it possible for many who might have had to turn to county care to live out their lives in their own or other homes of their choice. In Warren County, North Carolina, the county commissioners and the State Board of Public Welfare have abandoned the county home entirely and placed each resident in a satisfactory boarding home.

Jobs for Oldsters

Development of sound programs for older people in many parts of the country is encouraging. In Cleveland, Ohio, the Welfare Federation has a full-time staff which devotes all its time to projects for people over 65. Hobby classes and ideas for leisure time are a part of the program. But the Federation's greatest contribution is its vocational-counseling service. After carefully evaluating individual skills and interests, the Federation assists older men and women to re-establish themselves. Many Cleveland employers are discovering that the diverse abilities of older workers supply a real need in industry and the professions.

Religious and Civic Groups Maintain Homes

Many religious and civic organizations are adapting their traditional services for older members to changing conditions. Several years ago, the Loyal Order of Moose set up a community at Orange Park, Florida, exclusively for men and women past 65. "Moosehaven" is operated entirely by its 331 residents, who work at gardening, simple electrical or plumbing repairs, light household tasks. "Wages" range from $6.50 to $14.95 monthly. Those too infirm to work are called "Sunshiners" and receive $1.50 a month as "pin money." The Masons and the International Order of Odd Fellows also maintain homes for older members and their wives or their widows.

Realizing that the loneliness of old age can be as disturbing as poverty, the PEO Sisterhood has homes designed primarily for older women who need companionship. Residents may furnish their own rooms and, when space is available, build small homes on the PEO property.

There are today approximately 11,193,000 of our citizens over 65. We must be sure they have the opportunity to work as productively, live as comfortably as their health and temperament permit. We must plan now to make our own added years secure and useful ones. THE END



THE Roosevelt Park Colony for the Aged, at Millville, New Jersey, has been called many things. One visitor described it as "a semisocialistic scheme for communal living"; another, as "not quite heaven."

It is neither. It is theory-proved-fact: that elderly people are happiest when they can live their own lives in their own homes, on their own money—no matter how little.

Take the Barkers, of Tulip Cottage on Buttercup Avenue.

Jim and Marian Barker had had a good life together. They had raised their family in their own home, had seen two sons and a daughter establish homes of their own. Jim had always earned enough—just—to feed and clothe his family, to pay off the house. He reached the "unemployable" years with no visible assets except his house, which was too big for Marian to take care of, and too costly to maintain. He had no pension checks to look forward to; Social Security was too new a thing to mean anything to the Barkers—and Jim's work for the most part had been in "not covered" occupations.

Jim and Marian talked about the future far into many a night. The children, of course, wanted to help—their homes were always open to their parents. But Jim and Marian belonged to the one-generation-to-a-home school of thought. Financial assistance from the children they classified as charity. And the Barkers don't believe in charity—for themselves, that is. When Jim was working they tithed regularly for religious and charitable contributions. Old Age Assistance, for which they were eligible, was not even discussed.

The first step was obvious: the old home must be sold. But after that, what? How could they continue their way of life—even on a diminished scale—on the proceeds?

Roosevelt Park Colony provided the answer. Here, in Tulip Cottage on Buttercup Avenue, the Barkers are as happily at home as ever they were on Landis Avenue, in Vineland. Their living room-bedroom-kitchen-bath cottage is adequate for them, and keeping *(Continued on Page 214)*

WERNER



This detached cottage, complete with kitchen and bath, utilities included, rents for $8 a month. It is typical of other homes of retired people in Roosevelt Park Colony at Millville, New Jersey.

Truly a Miracle of Mildness!

New, Improved VEL*

now brings you the safest way of all to wash fine fabrics!

New Vel bursts into suds in **cooler,** safer water than even the finest soap flakes... and every woman knows the **cooler** the water, the safer it is! Yes, even delicate washable colors stay **lovely** up to **10 times as long.**

New Vel is mild enough for heirloom laces... the softest skin. Even after washing **dishes,** your **hands** will prove how unbelievably **mild** **new Vel** is.



Stockings stay sheerer looking, lovelier **longer** - no soap scum... no soap fading... no alkali.



*VEL is the trade mark of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

New **VEL** is unbelievably Mild!

Reference Library

A new spring bonnet—so very smart, so inexpensive



● 2653
WREATH OF LEAVES. Simple to make and easy to wear. 15c.



2670 ●
STITCHED HAT AND BAG. So smart in denim or linen. 15c.



● 2646
CROCHETED CAP. Perfect for spring—use cotton in white or color. 15c.



2665 ●
CAPE STOLE AND HAT. Add a touch of color to your wardrobe. Match stole lining and hat. 15c.



● 2669
COWL AND HAT. Something new for a basic dress. Trim with ball fringe. 15c.



2666 ●
BAG AND FRINGED BERET. Use plain piqué, plaid gingham—even polka dots. 15c.



● 2658
HOOD AND MATCHING BAG. A perfect pattern for rayon shantung. 15c.

FREE BOOKLET AND PATTERN LISTS

2008. LIST OF DEPARTMENTAL BOOKLETS. For your home, garden, beauty, entertaining and child care.
1695. SUB-DEB BOOKLET LIBRARY.
1660. LIST OF JOURNAL HAT AND BAG PATTERNS.
2333 CHILDREN'S PATTERNS LIST.
2076 THINGS-TO-WEAR PATTERNS. Aprons, blouses, accessories.
1571. REFERENCE LIST OF KNITTED AND CROCHETED PATTERNS.
1752. HANDICRAFT PATTERN LIST.

We will gladly send any of these patterns and lists if you'll order by number. They will be mailed anywhere in the United States and Canada upon receipt of cash, check or money order. Do not send stamped, addressed envelopes. Allow two to three weeks for delivery. Readers in all foreign countries should send International Reply Coupons, purchased at their post office. Please address all requests to Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

ORDER BLANK

PATTERN NUMBERS	

Name _____
(Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____

State _____



Heavenly smooth foundation and powder *in one*—
now in a slim, handsome new case for your handbag.

Now see your Angel Face in this lovely new

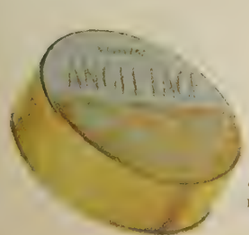
POND'S

MIRROR CASE

Never before such a sweet, easy way to pretty-up anytime . . . anywhere!

Slim . . . ivory-smooth . . . daintily etched with golden tracery—Pond's Angel Face "Mirror Case" is the most *useful* bit of glamour you ever tucked in your handbag!

When you flip up the cover, you have the *complete* makings of a new complexion. A mirror. A puff. And—Angel Face!



Angel Face in the sweet blue and gold box
now comes in *two* sizes - 89¢, 59¢ plus tax

Soft-tinted, velvety make-up that is *foundation and powder in one!*

Angel Face smooths on with its own puff, stays on *much* longer than powder, *can't spill!*

Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr. says, *"And now—in this lovely new Mirror Case, we're all going to love Angel Face more than ever."* Choose from 6 flattering skin tones. Pond's Angel Face "Mirror Case" is **only $1** PLUS TAX

Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

"I'm willing to do anything to give us another chance for real marriage," she said. Can a wife actually do anything to improve an apathetic, unresponsive husband?

Helping a Husband Find Himself

AFTER fifteen years, Sylvia and Bob had no acute problem, and no wish for a divorce. But their marriage had grown steadily more drab and monotonous, till now it amounted to little more than sharing meals and a roof. They had no children, and few friends or interests in common.

Sylvia's responsible job (which largely supported them both) gave her a sense of purpose and fulfillment, but Bob's life was aimless and futile. Never having adjusted to the present, he lived almost wholly in the past, and his conversation was a boring recital of past grievances. He was apathetic, unresponsive, and despite superior education and native intelligence (a Phi Beta Kappa from a famous university), he had never been able to hold a responsible position.

On the surface, there seemed little prospect of improving the situation, and not even much incentive for Sylvia to try. But her motive in seeking counsel was a deep conviction that a wife should do her best to make her marriage work, and that in failing to do so she had violated the spirit (though never the letter) of her marriage contract.

"I'm willing to do anything I can to give us another chance for a real marriage," she said.

Her guiding principle was to help Bob find meaning in the present. The plan we worked out was designed to fill his time with activities, and to make him realize the value of his participation.

- *She initiated a social program.* She cultivated other couples, inviting them in, and directing the conversation to subjects Bob could discuss. She encouraged him to try a new card game, then played poorly herself so his score would look good. Soon he applied his new-found card sense to bridge. As Bob's social skills developed, their circle widened; eventually they joined a church and a golf club.
- *She gave him responsibilities.* Wishing to encourage him to share the household management, she pretended ineptitude at certain tasks. When he then took over the household accounts, or balanced the bank statement, she praised his competence. Occasionally she even invented troubles for him to cope with (replacing a good fuse with a dud, fraying a lamp cord to produce a short) so he would feel needed.
- *She centered her attention on him.* Instead of just accepting him (as many wives do), she made him feel important to her, by complimenting him, by affectionate gestures, by little services for his personal comfort. This helped him to overcome the feeling of being unwanted which had dogged him all his life.
- *She encouraged him to discuss his job.* Her questions stimulated his thinking, and together they evolved two suggestions which his boss approved. Recognition increased his confidence and improved his attitude; in time, he won a promotion.
- *She helped him win community approval.* She suggested him as a worker on several community projects, then persuaded him to accept the forthcoming invitations. At first she helped with the work and gave him the credit, but as his interest and confidence grew, he became a respected worker in his own right.

Though Bob was indifferent and skeptical when Sylvia undertook her project, now, after two years, Bob is on the way to realizing his potentialities. Though no miracle has happened, he is an effective citizen and a worth-while husband. For that, Sylvia deserves great credit.

This is the record of a wife who was not content, even after fifteen years, to accept mediocrity as good enough. Instead, she resolved to do her best. In helping her husband forget the past, she has found present satisfaction and future hope. That is her reward.

The Crucial Years

ALMOST every bride begins her marriage with high hopes for its success. Though she may have moments of doubt, in general she is confident that she can solve problems as they arrive. Heartened by the attentions of her friends, inspired by the dignity of the ceremony, she takes happiness for granted. The rising divorce rate seems to have nothing to do with her, and the possibility of her marriage's failing seems remote. Yet the statistics show that, of all divorces granted, more than one in four take place within three years of marriage. Within so short a time, what unexpected—or underestimated—tensions and difficulties have developed? What happened to these marriages so confidently begun? The "legal grounds" cited to obtain the decrees do little to explain the basic problems.

- *The first year* is the most important in determining the success or failure of marriage. It is the year of trial, when the romantic illusions of courtship are replaced by the realities of a working partnership. If the income is inadequate, the strain is quickly felt; if the marriage was hasty and ill-advised, it becomes apparent. This is the year when the couple find out if they love each other enough to work for success in marriage. Many marriages which are dissolved within a year would never have taken place if the courtship had been longer.
- *The second year* increases the tension between couples who are sexually maladjusted. Until this time they have expected improvement, but now they begin to blame each other and the husband especially is likely to be resentful. And other difficulties not resolved in the first year continue to increase friction until they are faced and resolved.
- *The third year* brings more divorces than any other single year. Many of them result from accumulated tensions and unresolved conflicts, but "triangle" situations developing toward the end of the second year, and often growing out of resentment of sexual maladjustment, are another common cause. Religious differences, especially if there are children, create more friction than in earlier years. By this time, wise couples have recognized danger signals, if they exist, and are seeking qualified counsel.

The ideal time for identifying possible sources of future trouble is not after the marriage, but during the engagement. Couples now contemplating marriage can and should examine their qualifications for marriage. Are your aims and purposes similar? Do your plans concern the future, as well as the present? Are you both ready for marriage, from the standpoint of practical circumstances as well as emotional maturity? Is your feeling for each other enduring love, rather than temporary attraction?

Nothing replaces time as a test of compatibility. The prospect of being drafted is not sufficient reason for a hasty marriage. Unless you two have known each other long enough to be confident of your qualifications, divorce may be in the making before you return from the honeymoon.

Is He Considerate?

A basic quality of unselfish love is considerateness. Some men have it, others develop it after marriage, and a few never acquire it. Wives can answer all fourteen questions, single girls only the first ten. Be sure your *yes* or *no* is honest.

Does your sweetheart (or husband)

1. **Compliment you in front of friends?**
2. **Buy you an occasional little gift?**
3. **Ask your wishes about fun and recreation?**
4. **Confide in you in most big things?**
5. **Remember your birthday (and other special days)?**
6. **Comment on your new clothes?**
7. **Usually thank you for any little favor?**
8. **Call you when he will be detained?**
9. **Treat your friends (and relatives) courteously?**
10. **Show you courtesy when you two are alone?**

Does your husband

11. **Gladly lend you a hand when you are tired?**
12. **Try to keep his belongings tidy?**
13. **Co-operate when you need the car?**
14. **Avoid criticizing your relatives?**

Count your "Yes" answers. Really considerate men score at least eight on the first ten questions and three on the remainder. A score of six or less on the first part, or eight or less on both parts, indicates lack of consideration. With a low score, more consideration from *you*, plus a frank talk, may lead to improvement.

Do You Agree?

Do most famous women marry?

Many do. About 60 per cent of all women listed in Who's Who in America have been married at least once; but of these, only 59 per cent reported having children.



FORECAST FOR APRIL:

Wedding Showers of *Gorham Strasbourg* Sterling

Her wedding shower can be an event she'll remember fondly for a lifetime. Particularly if she lets it be known that she has already selected *her* Gorham Sterling pattern. Gorham "Strasbourg"* perhaps. Or any one of the 16 popular Gorham patterns.

If a bride wishes, she can begin with just two or three place-settings. You know, a single place-setting is a six-piece service for one person (knife, fork, salad or pastry fork, teaspoon, soup spoon, and butter spreader). It's a gift that her family and friends can give her for years to come. Available in sixteen timeless, fashion-right Gorham Sterling patterns. Priced from $29.75 to $39.25 (Fed. Tax incl.) and most Gorham dealers have budget plans available.

P. S. Only Gorham makes *one-piece* sterling knife handles. This exclusive process permits finer pattern detail, prevents denting and rattling, even after repeated washing in boiling water.

No wonder Gorham* is America's leading sterling! You can see the finer design and craftsmanship—feel the better balance in Gorham Sterling.



ALSO MAKERS OF GORHAM SILVERPLATE, GORHAM SILVER POLISH, GORHAM BRONZE, GORHAM ECCLESIASTIC WARES

*TRADE MARKS COPYRIGHT 1957 BY THE GORHAM COMPANY

the sub-deb

edited by JAN WEYL



who—me?

"I never seem to have much of anything to talk to people about, especially when I first meet them, and if I don't go out with a crowd, I just sit around the house and mope."

EVER feel this way? You don't have to—not for a minute. Because there are many things you can do to help yourself become a more interesting, resourceful person—and one of the easiest is to find a good hobby. If you're Mary Jones who can play the piano and has a collection of old-time song favorites for the gang to sing when they come over, you'll be lots more popular than if you're just Mary Jones who sits and twiddles her thumbs and has never got around to doing much of *anything!* With the right hobby you become more interesting to other people because you are *doing* something—and because you can do that something *well*, you just naturally feel more poised and self-confident. You're not sitting around wondering what to do any more. You're too busy!

Before you rush off to the nearest hobby available, check the following questions:

Will I have more fun?

PICK something *you* want to do—even if your best friend does ask you to come to ballet with her (when you can't even march in time to Stars and Stripes Forever), or the girls down the street are going in for long hikes in the country when you've always been the *indoor* type. One girl decided she was most interested in reading and traveling, so she combined them, and read about the countries she'd like to visit. Another girl enjoyed sports most of all, took up fencing. Hobbies are for fun—and fun is doing something you *like*.

Can I find the time?

FIGURE out how many hours a week you can spend on your hobby before you get all involved in a leathercraft class three nights a week, or practicing every day and week ends for the Dramatic Club's spring play. Hobbies are something to do *whenever you feel like relaxing*—but unfortunately they'll never replace homework!

How good am I?

FIND a hobby you can be reasonably good at, because the things we *can* do are usually the things we *like* to do. If you're all thumbs, needlepoint or ceramics are *not* for you, but refinishing furniture or a nice active sport like skiing might be. If you've never been the athletic type, why not try cooking—like the girl who does the cleaning and dusting at home in exchange for a cooking lesson with her mother every Saturday morning? Her specialties are *pizza* pie and three-layer chocolate cake, and she's getting to be *very* popular with her crowd—especially the boys.

Can I afford it?

CHECK with someone who has the same hobby to see just how much money you will need. One girl discovered she couldn't afford all the equipment for a photography course, but she could give herself an art course instead. She borrows books from the library, visits the museum Sunday afternoons—and hopes to find a job in a museum next summer.

Will I be more popular?

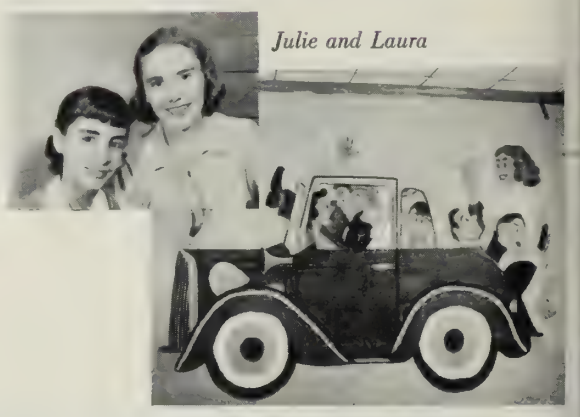
IF you're a real social butterfly and your parents complain that "you never spend any time at home with us," you might like a record collection, or fishing in the summer with your dad. But if you have trouble making new friends, or if you feel shy and self-conscious with people you've just met, you'll do much better joining a class or group of people working *together* on a hobby. One girl who said she "never could think of what to say to people" joined a glee club, discovered that she enjoyed discussing selections with other members of the club, and that as soon as she got to know everyone better, she had less trouble talking about other things too. Another girl said, "I just never knew there were so many interesting kids in my town until I joined a jewelry-making class downtown and got to know kids from other high schools. Now we're going to try to have a dance someplace with kids from all the schools."

You have lots of opportunities to be interesting—to do new things, meet new people—*if you really want to.* Let's see what *you* can do about it!

What is your hobby?

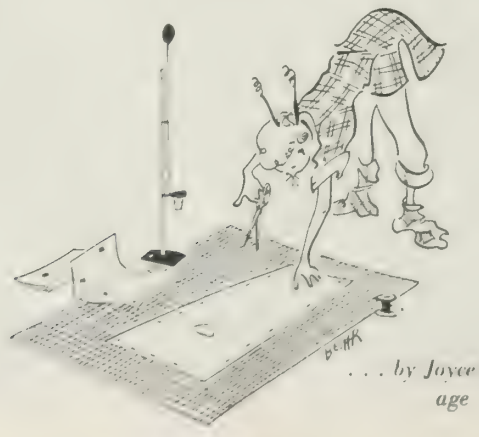
VICTORIA SMITH, of Imboden, Arkansas, shapes the hedge trees on her family's lawn to look like flower baskets, round tables, armchairs and lawn tables with benches. . . . Peggy Pogan, of Tucson, Arizona, paints Mexican figures on clothing. . . . Anne Murphy and Linnea Kenny, of Edgewood, Rhode Island, learned so much about records that they're both disk jockeys for a local radio station, report school news between tunes. . . . Helen Maute, of Jackson, Mississippi, paints figurines. . . . Ruth Seiler, of Salt Lake City, Utah, makes animals out of pipe cleaners, is especially proud of her lions with curly manes, baby chicks with monstrous feet, dogs that resemble wieners. . . . Marlene Joseph, of Denver, Colorado, likes to draw, has had poster assignments from an advertising agency. . . . Pat Runyan, of Little Rock, Arkansas, and Lorraine Forgette, of Philipsburg, Montana, make and sell shell jewelry. . . . Jane Felbinger, of Erie, Pennsylvania, and Jean Hackett, of Little Rock, Arkansas, raise orchids. . . . Nancy Hatfield, of Reno, Nevada, learned physiotherapy when her mother became a victim of Parkinson's disease, now helps other invalids. . . . Reta and Donna Edwards, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, learned to dance for fun, now make professional appearances as a marimba team. . . . Nancy McClure, of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, saves newspaper clippings about her favorite football team. . . . Charlotte Robinson, of Buffalo, New York, raises white rats for her own nutritional experiments. . . . But the majority of girls who sent us their hobbies like to collect things; among them: dolls, demitasse cups, stamps, perfume bottles, spoons, glass figures, recipes, odd-shaped stones, autographs of baseball players—and empty lipstick tubes!

Hobbies—and Money



Julie and Laura

LAURA LAMBERT and Julie Korninsky were talented young high-school art students who felt they needed more spending money—a set of circumstances which led them last year into what is now a thriving interior-decoration business. "We're cellar rats," the two sixteen-year-olds explain cheerfully. "We do murals on basement walls for anyone who will take a chance." Their first: a jalopy overflowing with teen-age characters. Their most ambitious: a 280-square-foot pastoral scene involving a springhouse, great elm trees, typical wildlife. Julie does the designs on paper, sketches them on the wall in charcoal, and both she and Laura fill in with gay-colored paints. They decorated three basement recreation rooms and a nursery last summer, usually spend from 28 to 40 hours on each cellar, made $60 in one week. Now they're turning away customers—"until next summer, and then we're going to work every day!"



. . . by Joyce Behr, age 19

There's a job for YOU!

Not right around the corner, maybe, but in the pages of the Sub-Deb High-School Career Booklets. Get the list of career booklets by asking for No. 2403 from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Penna.



The case of the Designing Bride

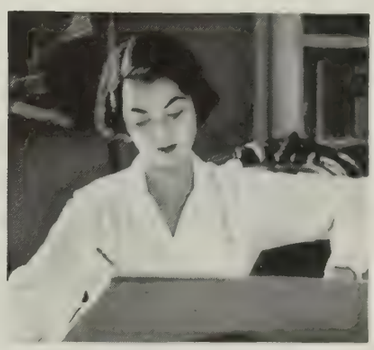
How a Woodbury Deb made an important decision!

Debutante Nina Spencer of New York had worn a hundred wedding gowns! It was all part of her job as a fashion model.

Then James Locke asked, "Will you marry me?"... and Nina prepared to wear the most important wedding dress of her life.

She wanted a gown as radiant as her Woodbury-beautiful complexion. You'd think she would have an easy choice, having already "tried on" the exquisite creations of the world's foremost designers!

But not Nina! Instead of choosing one of the exclusive gowns she had modeled, Nina designed her wedding gown herself!



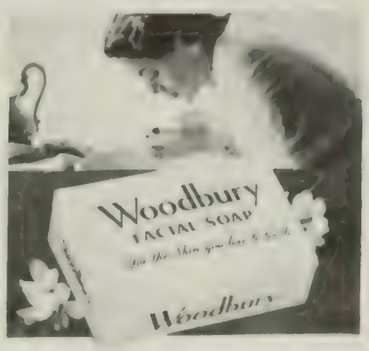
SHE DESIGNED a gown of ivory satin, with a rosepoint Venise collar and Juliet cap to frame her face. But her delicate complexion she entrusted to Woodbury Facial Soap, with its rich beauty-cream ingredient.



THE RESULT was breathtaking! Her satiny complexion matched her satin gown, thanks to Woodbury care. Most soaps would dry Nina's sensitive skin. But Woodbury's beauty ingredient is a wonderful softener!



HER GOWN is packed away: her Woodbury complexion stays! Skin specialists put the beauty-cream ingredient in Woodbury especially for delicate skin. It's intended to help replace the natural oils you wash away.



THE PRECIOUS softening ingredient in Woodbury Facial Soap is the same used in fine face creams. Woodbury's mild lather leaves your complexion softer, younger-looking! Get big Bath Size for *all-over* beauty.

Woodbury Facial Soap... *with the Beauty-Cream Ingredient*

for the skin you love to touch



Plenty to crow about this year!

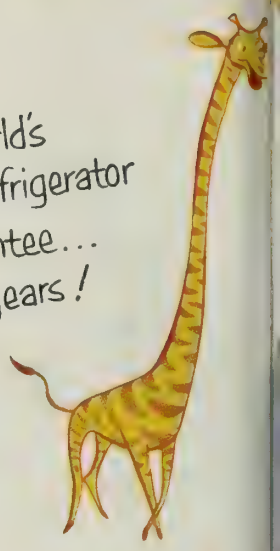
ANNOUNCING THE NEW

-as far ahead of other refrigerators

Has world's longest refrigerator Guarantee... 10 full Years!



Stays silent- Never makes a peep!



It's marvelous!

It's motorless!



Imagine! No moving parts to monkey with!

It's modern through and through!

Eight beautiful models to choose from!



You'll see a new convenience story in al eleven and a half cubic feet of this won derful new Servel! . . . Open the gian Frozen Food Locker—with its own separate door You can stow away up to seventy pounds—quick freeze a steak. Ice cubes—plenty of 'em—poj out of the new Free-Cube Trays. Choose two o a trayful, as you like. . . . Open the feather-touch, self-closing Bulldog Latch to the roomy Fresh Food Compartment! Flip up the new Quick-Change Shelves that make room for extra tall bottles—a turkey or a watermelon. Swing out the special clutter-saving "Odds and Ends" Basket. Slide out the Dew-Action Vegetable Fresheners . . . You'll see every new convenience in the new Servel

. . . The marvelous, motorless Servel operates on Gas, Electricity, or Kerosene. Servel, Inc., Evansville 20, Indiana.

GAS CAN COOL YOUR HOME AS WELL AS WARM IT — WITH ONE SIMPLE COMPACT UNIT. ENJOY PERFECT YEAR-ROUND INDOOR CLIMATE WITH THE AMAZING SERVEL ALL-YEAR AIR CONDITIONER

HOT WATER...FASTER...WITH DEPENDABLE, ECONOMICAL SERVEL WATER HEATERS. ADVANCED DESIGN PLUS SPECIAL FEATURES. THERE'S A MODEL TO FIT EVERY NEED AND PURSE

SERVEL



You've gotta see it
'cause you cant hear it!

as they are ahead of the old icebox!

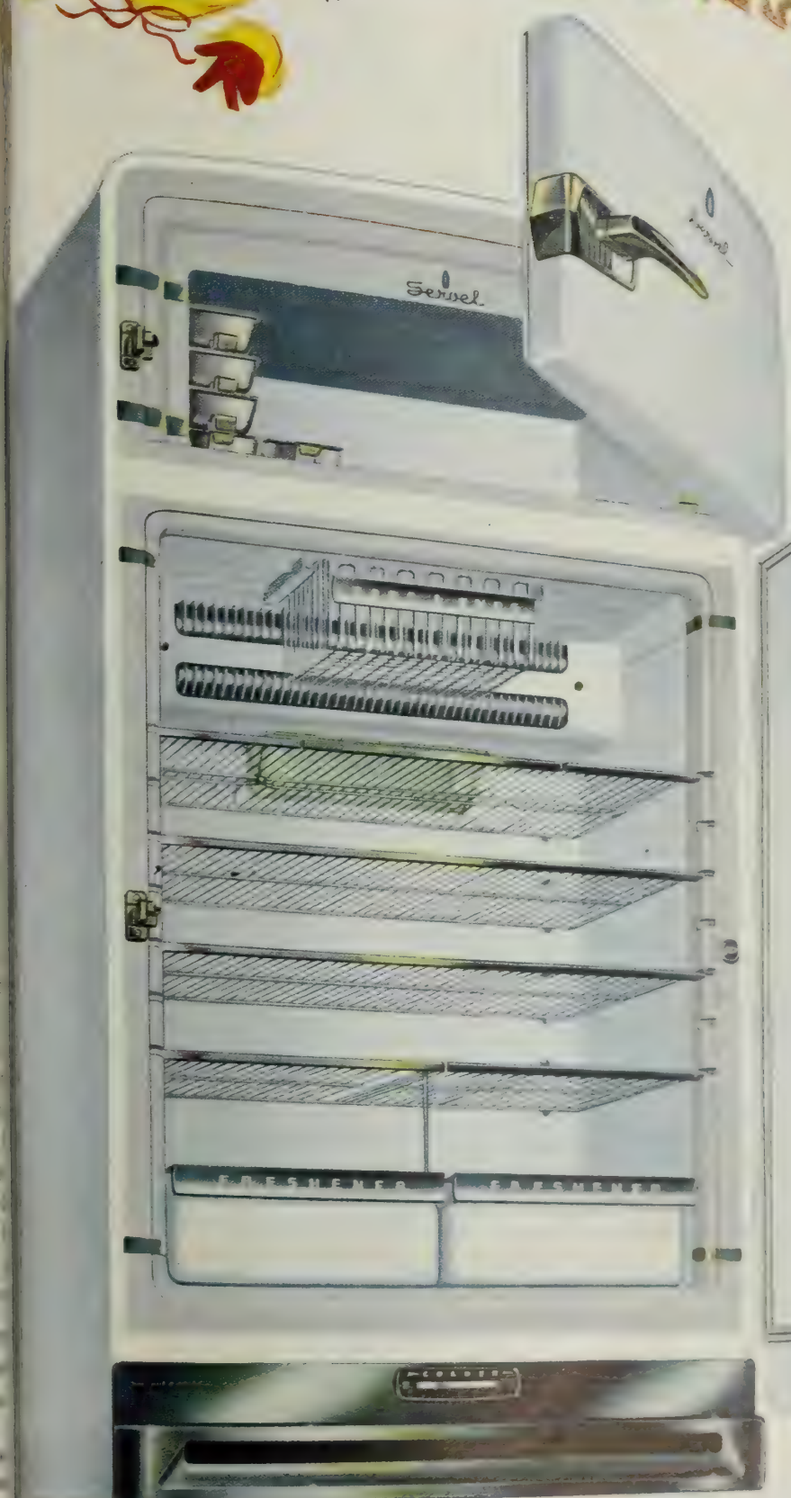


Lookee! A huge
frozen food locker!



A size to fit every family
and every kitchen!

Like magic—
Bigger inside!
Smaller outside!





STAYS SILENT — LASTS LONGER

Servel

The Motorless Refrigerator

GAS OR ELECTRIC OR KEROSENE



Come in and see
the miracle of
ice from heat!



Running costs
stay low!

From Dorothy Gray...

NOSEGAY

For Bride's-Day

and every Gift-Day

her whole life through!



Frankly sentimental

and forever young,

Nosegay is the one fragrance

to mark every memorable day

in a woman's life.

Nosegay Scent-mates in the new Trousseau Series:

Perfume.....$7.50
Cologne.....2 oz....$1.50
Cologne.....4 oz....$2.50
Dusting Powder.....$2.50

(Not illustrated)

Bubbling Bath Salts..$2.00
Soap.....3 cakes $2.00

All prices plus tax

Debra Paget, starring in "Bird of Paradise," a 20th Century-Fox Production. Color by Technicolor. Wedding gown by Joel of Murray Hamburger . . .



Tell me Doctor —PART 15

"What can I expect after my baby is born, Doctor? Will there be more pain? How soon should I get up?"

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

"THERE was one point I didn't get entirely straight the last time I was here, Doctor," announced Mrs. Doe. "It is about getting out of bed so early. As I understand it, once my baby has been born I don't immediately become quite normal again, just as I was before I became pregnant. Why not allow me to lie in bed and recuperate and . . . heal up, you might say, just as a patient has to do after an operation?"

The doctor smiled. "You have your premises mixed. You are entirely correct when you say that you will not be your normal self immediately after your delivery. But you're wrong when you think that a patient has to lie in bed and 'heal up,' as you put it, after an operation."

"But supposing I had some kind of an abdominal operation instead of a pregnancy. Do you mean that I would be urged out of bed immediately after I awoke?"

"No, I don't mean to say anything quite so radical as that. What I *do* mean to say is that you'd likely be sitting in a chair even after an operation within forty-eight hours."

"It sounds incredible."

"Well. I'll admit that it sounded a bit startling when it was first put to me," agreed the doctor. "However, that's been the trend these last few years—since the war, as a matter of fact. It all happened because of a mistake someone made when a man who had undergone quite a serious operation was left alone temporarily and proceeded to get himself out of bed and to a toilet in an adjoining room. Everyone threw up their hands in horror, expecting that the patient's abdomen would burst open, or that he'd have a hemorrhage, or any one of a number of complications. The strange part of it was that nothing happened, or at least the only thing that happened was that this man appeared to convalesce much more rapidly than any of the others who had been operated upon on the same day. That started some of the doctors thinking, with the upshot that they tried it out on other patients, with the same beneficial results in general. So a new era of postoperative treatment began, which spread to women after delivery as well. Only in the case of deliveries, the German Clinic at Freiberg had done all this thirty years before, and the singular aspect of it was that it took another war to bring it out—which shows how conservative the medical profession sometimes may be, if you want to look at it that way."

"And it doesn't do the patient any harm?"

"Quite the contrary. I'll admit that at first I couldn't agree with the practice. There seemed too many conditions that ought to be regarded as contra-indications to early rising. Most women have stitches with their first baby, for instance, and it seemed that common sense called for the stitched areas to be thoroughly healed before being subjected to any stress. Then the uterus was bound to be large and it seemed as though it should go through the major part of its involution before being allowed to drag upon the ligaments which supported it. Then there was the bugbear of embolism. Only—increasing experience showed that it didn't work out that way. Women encouraged to get out of bed within a day or two after delivery quite obviously did better than their lazier sisters. Their stitches held and healing was just as prompt and stable; nor did they develop embolism. Furthermore, uterine involution proceeded even faster. And the women liked the idea—it gave them quite a lift, psychologically, to feel that they were well and approaching normal again, to say nothing of the fact that they could pass their urine and move their bowels earlier and more readily upon a toilet seat than upon a bedpan."

"You are talking about some things I don't understand, Doctor—*involution* and *embolism*, for instance."

"I should have explained those terms. Suppose I go a little further, and try to give you some idea of the conditions pertaining to women right after their delivery."

"I would appreciate that immensely."

"Very well, then. Let's say that the baby has been born and the patient is back in her bed and awake after her anesthesia. The first thing she will likely notice is that someone—a nurse—is sitting by her bedside with a hand upon the firm, hard mass in her lower abdomen that is the uterus only recently emptied of its contents. Doubtless the nurse will from time to time firmly massage this mass which may reach up to the navel."

"What is the reason for that manipulation?"

"To keep the uterine muscle well contracted so that the sinuses which have been bringing blood to the placenta remain closed and the patient does not bleed from them. This 'holding of the fundus' is usually kept

(Continued on Page 102)

Copyright, 1951, by Henry B. Safford, M.D. This is the fifteenth of a series of articles taken from the book recently published by Rinehart House, Publishers, Inc., New York, N. Y.



1+1=4

Buy 2 suits—get 4 changes!

1 Your first choice is America's choice—a Sacony *tailored* suit in famous Palm Beach cloth.



2 You're twice blessed with a second suit—in any of the new "Good-Mixer" hues—good and clear, good together.





3 Joys multiply as jackets switch. Sacony coordinates styles, colors. The Sacony-Ciella shirt mix-or-matches. 3.95

4 Switch skirts—presto—four suit changes for the price of two! It's a wonderful way to buy!

Sacony suits of Palm Beach*

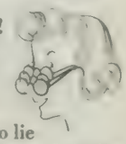
THE ONLY WOMEN'S SUITS OF PALM BEACH

it's a wonderful buy $24.50

How to spot a wonderful suit buy!



Touch will tell you—the difference in fabrics! Palm Beach feels crisp and firm—it's a real suiting, not a dress rayon. Blended of costly wool and rayon, to stay shapely longer, shed wrinkles faster. Cooler too — thousands of air-circulating windows per square inch of cloth.



Do some snooping! Turn a Sacony inside out—it's tailored like a suit, not like a two-piece dress. Collars are hand-set to lie flat. Facing in lapels and bodice prevents curling. Seams are neatly taped. The suit hangs right because it's cut right. That's real suit tailoring—the best there is!



Don't pay extra for costly alterations. Get *perfect* fit from the very start in a Sacony suit, scaled to your figure in misses', petite, half sizes, some juniors too. Nine times out of ten, you can wear a Sacony right out of the store!

Let your good taste be your guide. Note the understated simplicity that makes Sacony suits right—anytime, anywhere. See how smartly they interpret 1951's softer, more feminine feeling. And enjoy more Sacony colors than ever—two new patterns as well as sparkling white, pastels, darks.

Sacony. Palm Beach

In fabric, in tailoring, in styling, in good long wear, there's no better fashion investment than a Sacony suit at $24.50. It's a wonderful buy! No mail orders, please. Watch your newspaper for local advertisements.

*PALM BEACH T. M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Free Write for lavishly illustrated "Plan for Fashion, 1951" showing what's new for spring and summer. Clip coupon below, paste on penny postcard and mail to Sacony, Dept. P-9, College Point, N. Y.

NAME_____

_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____

STATE_____

Best-tasting SLICES you've ever had

... AND EVERY ONE IS PERFECT







They're made...cut...wrapped by Kraft a wholly new way!

Eight *perfect* slices—every one extra delicious—in the neatest, handiest cheese package you've ever had!

Slices that separate so easily—keep so beautifully—you can always have several varieties of this wonderful process cheese on hand for quick treats.

They're Kraft De Luxe Slices—made a wholly new way! A marvelous new Kraft invention actually forms the fine process cheese into slices as it comes from the pasteurizer—capturing extra good flavor in every slice. And they're *perfect* slices—no slivers, no dried edges!

Once you discover these delicious, handy Kraft De Luxe Slices you'll always have some in the refrigerator for quick cheese treats.

5 VARIETIES! Keep several on hand; they're time-savers, space-savers

Laugh with
"THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE"
every Wednesday evening,
NBC stations.

KRAFT De Luxe SLICES

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY KRAF

Journal about Town

50 Years ago in the Journal

WITH the coming of spring in April, 1901, the Philippine War ended, and most Americans changed their red fleece-lined woolen underwear to the white variety. The great oil boom was on in Texas. A snowslide buried a train in Boulder, Colorado. You could buy one of the newfangled automobiles for $650, but they were still considered a rich man's toy.

In a picture story entitled How Miss Griscom Plays Golf, the April, 1901, JOURNAL *shows the American women's champion swinging a golf club in high-top boots, black skirt dragging the ground, a black satin long-sleeved weskit, and a huge hat with feathers.*

Complains a reader before the day of ready-to-wear clothes, "A woman's clothes must engage fully half of her time if she is to appear well dressed on a moderate income."

New fashions: "Shirtwaists are very simple and skirts elaborate beyond words with tucks, insertions, plaitings, ruffles, and striped bands."

In this issue the International Sunshine Society, with a regular monthly page in the Journal, announced the opening of a branch in Japan. The purpose of the society was contained in this verse:

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'T was not given for you alone,
Pass it on.

Beauty note: "Superfluous hair cannot be removed by lemon juice. It will not have the slightest effect."

"To avoid colds of all kinds, keep your head cool and your feet warm," advises the JOURNAL health expert. "Above all, do not coddle yourself by wearing a nightcap, no matter how cold the sleeping room."

"The rage for dangling ornaments seems to be upon us," writes fashion expert Emma Hooper. "Belts of velvet and silk have from two to eight ends, from fifteen to twenty-five inches long, finished up with gilt pendants."



Gossip about people you know editors you like and what goes on in New York



Moving stairways speed 60,000 commuters daily at the bus terminal.

ALONG with the 60,000 commuters and the 10,000 long-distance travelers who arrive here and leave here every twenty-four hours by bus, we came in ourself the same way the other day, to let you know what the mammoth new Port Authority Bus Terminal is like. We shot out of the Lincoln Tunnel from New Jersey into Manhattan, and began climbing like an airplane taking off, up a long sweeping ramp high above the midtown traffic, and into the enormous mouth of the terminal which the Port Authority man who met us called the "Big Maw." It was at the height of the arrival rush hour, but the way the terminal swallowed the crowds was a mystery until we saw its digestive tracts: thirty-one speedy moving stairways—more than in any other building in the world. . . . Well, it takes sixteen miles of lumbering busses off the streets, and the people here in the Workshop who use it say they can now wake up twenty minutes later in the morning, and still get here on time.

A big furrier down on 35th Street has just sent word to **Nora O'Leary** *of a free glove-mating service he's inaugurated on the side. Anybody who's left with a lonely glove, or who finds one, is invited to send or bring it. Told Nora he was able to mate 35 pairs the first week. All of them women's.*

...here and there narcissuses and roses sprang up accidentally. Thorne bought the ...ohn Dreed some twenty years or ... story opens and had lived there ... He had no wife, though a good ...d applied for the position. Old ...tered around the yard when he ...t Thorne either cooked for him... n at the inn. Tom's wife came in ...ıt at no stated time, and cleaned ...

...mber afternoon Zachary Thorne ...l from Trigo. It was damp and cold. All the color had faded from the hills and the world was uniformly brown and drab. Tom Bridges was raking up leaves from beneath the lilacs, but he did not pause when he saw Thorne leave his car and walk toward him. Tom was a hunchbacked oddity himself, sour and unobliging.

"The wall needs shoring up," Thorne said.

"I know it," Tom Bridges answered. "I'll get to it." He went on raking without looking at Thorne.

"Ike and the rest coming for you?"

"They mostly do," Tom answered.

"Bring them in before you leave, will you?"

(Continued on Page 145)

...Zachary Thorne, an ...where characters still ...

...s known as "the Par... Hill, where no meeting... ...een there on the very ...long time the bell had ...lself had burned down. ...aken away, donated to ...urch. Across the road ...rch was the Parsonage, ...well for the position of ...ago. It had been added

THE JOURNAL'S *COMPLETE IN ONE ISSUE NOVEL*

always believed . . .



Slices that separat
—you can always ha
derful process cheese
They're Kraft De
new way! A marvelou
forms the fine proces
from the pasteurizer
in every slice. And th
no dried edges!
Once you discover
De Luxe Slices you
refrigerator for quick

"THE C
eve

5 VARIETIES! Keep several on hand; they're time-savers, space-savers

KRAFT De Luxe

on't believe it!

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MA

The Hill



doesn't know, they thought.
doesn't know even yet.
could not possibly
ist the same if she knew.

By Nelia Gardner White

THE town of Trigo lies in the valley. All about it the hills fold away, one after the other, gentle hills covered with second growth of birch and maple and pine. These hills are not dignified by the name of Mountain, but bear such quiet, unassuming names as Town Hill, Meetinghouse Hill, Stony Lonesome Hill, Carp's Rise. Trigo is a small town that boasts but one main industry, a powder plant. The plant is a prosperous one, built along the River Combe, and there is some wealth in the town because of it. There are no signs anywhere along the rather pleasant red brick walls of the plant to say that death resides within, only small, discreet, faded plaques forbidding entrance. The town looks sleepy and beautiful.

The owner of the powder plant, at the time this story starts, was a man named Zachary Thorne. The story has little to do with industry, but it does have to do with Zachary Thorne, an odd man in a community where characters still sprouted like mushrooms.

Thorne lived in what was known as "the Parsonage" on Meetinghouse Hill, where no meetinghouse survived. One had been there on the very crest of the hill and for a long time the bell had remained after the church itself had burned down. Finally the bell, too, was taken away, donated to another small country church. Across the road from the old site of the church was the Parsonage, a fine old house that spoke well for the position of parsons two hundred years ago. It had been added onto from generation to generation, but even originally it must have been a good house. A stone wall separated the deep yard from the road, and over this wall bittersweet climbed. The yard had no formality, but great trees rose here and there and daffodils and narcissuses and roses sprang up everywhere as if accidentally. Thorne bought the place from old John Dreed some twenty years or more before this story opens and had lived there alone ever since. He had no wife, though a good many women had applied for the position. Old Tom Bridges pottered around the yard when he had the time, but Thorne either cooked for himself or ate in town at the inn. Tom's wife came in now and then, but at no stated time, and cleaned up the house.

On a late November afternoon Zachary Thorne drove up the hill from Trigo. It was damp and cold. All the color had faded from the hills and the world was uniformly brown and drab. Tom Bridges was raking up leaves from beneath the lilacs, but he did not pause when he saw Thorne leave his car and walk toward him. Tom was a hunchbacked oddity himself, sour and unobliging.

"The wall needs shoring up," Thorne said.

"I know it," Tom Bridges answered. "I'll get to it." He went on raking without looking at Thorne.

"Ike and the rest coming for you?"

"They mostly do," Tom answered.

"Bring them in before you leave, will you?"

(Continued on Page 145)

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE IN-ONE-ISSUE NOVEL

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

But scandal is always believed . . .

By CATHERINE SEVERN

"The most eligible man in town and the most ineligible girl!" she said gaily. Lisbee had her mother's fragile golden beauty—she was radiant with it that afternoon when she first met Nelson Etheridge, a sophisticate with two college degrees, the Woman Hater every girl wanted and none could have. Here was the Man! Lisbee could not talk about love with mother, so she turned to me, her gangling fourteen-year-old little sister. I was Lisbee's inner life. We lived on shabby Bretton Road; our neighbors were Polish steelworkers who were father's tenants. Lisbee was "shut out," too, from fashionable Bellemont society because people knew about father's friend, Mrs. Shand. We never understood father—a quiet, tragic man, member of one of the old families, but a failure in his own eyes. Our world was our mother—exquisitely lovely, with the Southerner's gentle charm—but she, who was never lonely, did not understand Lisbee's isolation. Lisbee had dreamed of someone like Nelson Etheridge all her life. The shock of meeting him made her bold. I went with her to meet Neil by "their tree," and even I could see that he worshiped her, that she was the love he had never dared think he might find. But Lisbee was not satisfied. "I've got to make him say it!" she said desperately. She was remembering Bretton Road.

II

LISBEE blew back and forth in her moods about Neil. At one moment he was the miracle that had transformed the world into her most extravagant dream. Five minutes later he was almost an enemy, and Lisbee plotted how to win concessions from him while he was too enchanted to know what he was doing.

One would have thought the very all-ness with which Neil gave himself would have shamed her out of her cautiousness. Having found love, Neil went seriously about the matter of fitting it and himself into life. And he was a complicated person. While Lisbee followed the single thread of romantic love.

What never failed to affect Neil strongly was any spontaneous gesture of tenderness from Lisbee. Outbursts like Lisbee's wild trip to the park in the middle of the night, betraying her need of him, made him glow with happiness.

Neil had grown up alone, as far as contemporaries were concerned. In loving Lisbee, there was not only wonder that such an ecstatic state should exist, but she made up for the day-by-day intimacies he had missed in being an only child. He had not known anything like the "one for you . . . one for me" dividing of candy; our bursts of laughter; the shy, secret family partisanship the boys and I felt at school—thousands of signs that build up in a person a feeling of worth, add weight to the texture of his being.

Lisbee was a long time finding out these things about Neil, but at no time was she in doubt that she had "a perfect love affair," as she never tired of telling me.

At first, Neil and I were both embarrassed whenever, overwhelmed *(Continued on Page 78)*

Lisbee was a long time finding out the important things about Neil. I did not understand until years later much of what he did for her then.

The Reckless


Heart
ILLUSTRATED BY
Coby Whitmore

The Coming Collapse

For the liberation and upward climb of mankind, here are the goals of the counter-revolutionary movement which the people of America must stimulate.

BY HAROLD E. STASSEN
President, University of Pennsylvania

N. Y. DAILY MIRROR PHOTO, BRUCE HOPE



After world tour of political inquiry, Stassen is cheerful.

THE gaunt, brown-skinned young Moslem stood there on the rocky hillside in Central Asia, south of the Russian border. Looking north toward the Turkomen Republic of the USSR, he said with burning intensity, "There is only one reason why I will ever return to the Soviet Union from which I escaped."

"And what is that reason?" he was asked.

His eyes flashed, he stood erect in his ragged, dusty clothing. "If war comes," he replied, "I will parachute in to help my people resist their Communist oppressors."

"But that will mean sure death," he was told.

"It will mean death for many," he replied. "But in the end our people will win their freedom. That is what counts, not my life."

Less than a year before he had been one of the 25,000,000 Moslems inside the Soviet Union who are largely concentrated in the Central Asiatic Soviet Republics north of the Iran and Afghanistan borders. He had observed the harsh measures used by the secret police against his people and he had felt the rigid restrictions enforced by the political commissars imported from Moscow. Mosques had been desecrated. Relatives and friends had been spirited off by secret police, never to return. And soon after they had disappeared, stories would seep back of cruelty and forced labor and death. The endlessly repeated promises of better living conditions through five-year plans became hollow and meaningless. Terror of torture and fear of death lost their force in the tragedy of continued life.

Resolved at last to escape, he and two friends, traveling by night with forged papers, managed to reach the southern-border area. He found the border, which followed a river, stripped of trees and bushes and foliage of all kinds, doubly guarded with machine guns that pointed inward. It was crisscrossed with barbed wire and watched by trained dogs. To get through seemed hopeless, but he and his two companions spent weeks listening and looking and studying. During the long waiting period, they were picked up on suspicion in the local market place by two of the secret police. But as they were being led from the market place, they suddenly overpowered their captors and escaped through the crowd, not one of whom tried to detain them.

Then came the thrilling rumor that all the frontier dogs in one section were ill, had probably been poisoned, and had not yet been replaced. That night, under cover of a diversionary clamor nearby, they made their break. The one young Moslem got through the network of barbed wire to the river and swam across. But neither of his two friends reached the agreed rendezvous on the other side, and he never saw them again. He made his way through the mountains until at last, half dead from hunger, with a leg infected where the wire had torn it, he was taken in by a goat herdsman. With him he remained, tending the goats, worshiping Allah, and brooding over the wrongs done his people.

He is just one of the 100 who escape every day from the prison that is the Soviet Union to the freedom of nations over the border. His two companions were just two of the 200 who, every day, fail in their attempts to escape.

These estimates of 100 who escape every day and at least twice that number who fall and fail at the border are based on the information I received as I traveled along the outside of the Communist empire all the way around the world. Many of the stories are epic in themselves. They include a thirty-two-hour trek through a raging blizzard in a mountain pass by two sturdy sisters in their teens. A long icy swim cost eleven Red Army soldiers their lives, but brought freedom to three others. A commandeered airplane riddled with bullet holes brought out four more.

The estimated 100 who escape every day is a very small number set against the 205,000,000 inside and the 18,900 miles of border! Yet I believe these escapees have an importance out of all proportion to their numbers, for they are the messengers of the coming collapse of Communism. Of course the story of no one of them can be accepted unquestioningly as a true picture of

of Communism



conditions in the USSR, or be made the basis for confident conclusions. Some may invent stories which they believe will improve their chances of being accepted on the outside. Some may, in fact, have fled from one point outside the Soviet empire to another point on the outside, and use this means of shedding an undesirable identity. Some may even be Communist spies deliberately permitted to feign escape.

But it is my judgment, founded on a careful fitting together of reports and bits of information from public and private sources in a dozen countries on my recent trip, that there is serious trouble inside the Soviet Union, that it affects the Red Army itself, that, if aided from the outside, it would burst forth in counterrevolution if the rulers in the Kremlin should begin a third world war. And I believe that this trouble inside and the knowledge of it on the outside will ultimately lead to the collapse of Communism. It may take ten years. It may take twenty years. It may take more, but I do not think it will. It may result, just before the collapse, in a reckless rush into aggressive world war, but I do not think it will.

The rest of the world has been so busy thinking about the Communist Kremlin's threats of external action, and our own American policy of mere defensive containment has been so narrow, that we have not given proper attention to the conditions within the Soviet Union and have not evaluated the facts that no Iron Curtain can conceal.

The first important fact to keep in mind is that the 205,000,000 people who now live within the Soviet Union itself are not all one people. Far from it. There are, in fact, over 175 different ethnic nationality groups, with 17 nationalities having populations of over 1,000,000 each. In addition there are several strong religious groups cutting across nationalities. There are 40,000,000 Ukrainians, 2,000,000 Lithuanians, 1,500,000 Latvians, 1,000,000 Estonians, 25,000,000 Moslems, 10,000,000 White Russians, 2,000,000 Armenians, and 2,000,000 Jews.

Every one of these groups other than the Russians themselves burns with intense resentment over their domination by the Kremlin rulers in Moscow, and all the people, including the Russians themselves, are filled with uneasiness, a deep unrest. For there is hatred of the secret-police methods, opposition to the completely dominated economy, with its collective farms from which the farmers themselves get very little, with its banning of all private merchants and private business, with its high standard of living for Communist officials and its very low standard for everyone else, with its interference with religious worship, its concentration camps, its savage cruelty and repression.

In recent years this rising resentment and harassing opposition have caused a steady increase in the intensity of the border patrol. Over vast stretches searchlights have been installed, and everywhere the guards, the trained dogs, the barbed wire have been increased.

And still they escape. In fact, the border guards themselves have been escaping over the line. And so a double network of guards has been established under separate commands, each to guard against the escape of the other and to provide a double vigilance against the people. The Iron Curtain has become a murdering network of barbed wire and machine guns around an enormous prison of nations.

Naturally the same sort of prison atmosphere has deepened in the interior. There the secret police have stepped up their activities; tortures unthought of by even the Nazis have become the normal punishment; concentration camps have grown in size and number. But notwithstanding all this, resistance inside the Soviet Union is increasing. Terror has reached its ultimate and is losing its power to restrain. Young men conclude that if they and their families are to be wiped out without cause by the savagery of the secret police, they might as well take up active resistance in the mountains and the forests regardless of the consequences.

Thus, in the outer provinces, the point has been reached where the secret police and the imported Communist administrators are themselves captured, tortured and killed by the resisters. Trains leaving for Siberian concentration camps are dynamited, guards killed, and exiles released and recruited into the outlaw forces. The life of the resisters is usually a short and rugged one. But new recruits are ever moving to the mountains and the forests. Basing my opinion on what I learned on my journey and on a study of all available reports, I believe that at this time more than 1,000,000 armed resisters are scattered through the wide expanse of the Soviet Union. I believe that their ranks would swell rapidly if the Soviet Union started a third world war. I believe that Marshal Stalin and his Politburo in the Kremlin know this, and that this knowledge and their knowledge of the great power of the American Air Force and its atomic weapons are the two key deterrents to direct Soviet aggression. And that is why I believe that the long odds are that the Communist dictators in the Kremlin will not start a third world war.

I hasten to add that no one can guarantee that they will not. It is always possible that they may make a mad move toward all-out war this year, or next year, or soon. Sometimes interior trouble itself has led dictators toward the rash experiment of external war. But this usually has occurred when the dictator believed that the war itself, or the alleged principles for which it was fought, would unite his country. Hitler's slogan of "*Lebensraum*" and the theory of a superior race with which the Germans were indoctrinated were typical of such a situation. But the Communist leaders of Russia have not been able to give their people any convincing reason why they should wage aggressive war against the rest of the world. Neither the Red Army nor the people have any fervor for extending Communism—the social system which they now know fetters them in permanent poverty. Stalin remembers the mass surrenders of the Red Army to the Germans in the early part of World War II, running into the millions in the first year, and he recalls his soldiers' willingness to form armies to turn and march against the Soviet.

As we know, the tide turned. Hitler's vicious orders for atrocities and devastation against the Ukrainian and the Russian peasant, and Stalin's crafty shifting of the line from Communism to the defense of Mother Russia, halted the mass defections and led to the ultimate stalwart stands at Stalingrad and at Moscow. And so, in my judgment, the very poor showing of the Russian armies

(Continued on Page 110)

the man with 3 faces

ending of this story is torn out.

FRANCIE ducked into the new restaurant and looked about her. She had never been here before. Usually she lunched in the Shirley Hotel Coffee Shop, but today a convention of salesmen had taken it over. Some girls would have liked that—Lil Beecham, for instance: the loud music of male voices, the good-natured kidding, the admiring attention tossed in the direction of anything young and feminine. But not Francie. It made her feel as if she had been handed something big and gorgeous, like a prize on a quiz show, and couldn't find a place to set it down.

This new place was crowded, too, but with family parties, housewives on a spree, teen-agers, all intent on themselves. Francie edged into a booth, picked up the menu, and decided on the 75c Shopper's Special. Frowning into the mirrored wall of the booth, she straightened her hat. She always frowned into mirrors, because she was small and wide-eyed, and looked as if she could be pushed around, and she admired smart, greyhound women with bored, chic profiles.

On the wall was a boxlike contraption listing twenty popular songs, with numbered buttons attached. By depositing a nickel and pressing the button, she could hear the selection of her choice.

Francie's eyes moved over the listed music and stopped at No. 17. No. 17 was different, a dreamy, poignant thing, the recorded theme of a movie she had adored. She had the record at home. She found a nickel, inserted it, and pressed the button. Nothing happened.

The waitress brought her Shopper's Special.

"I can't make this thing work. Is it out of order?"

The waitress tried the button. "It's stuck. Nobody's played that number for a long time. Too quietlike. Why don't you try something else?"

"But I don't want anything else," Francie said. She gave No. 17 another poke, and this time there was a faint click, and presently the first haunting strains of the piece issued from a hidden source.

Francie picked up her fork and began to eat. She was only half through when the music whispered to a close, and instantly was replaced by the noisy staccato of the Beer Barrel Polka. After that she sat through a hit-parade number and decided to skip dessert. She asked the waitress for her check.

"Better change your mind and have the pudding. You're gonna get your piece again."

"What do you mean?"

"The fella sitting across from you. He just put a nickel in Number Seventeen. This one, starting now, is a novelty number. Then seventeen."

"I thought you said it wasn't popular."

"It's not. Nobody played it in a month, and now twice in twenty minutes."

"Well, just some coffee, please. No dessert."

When the waitress had gone, Francie glanced across the close-set tables to the booth opposite. She wasn't prepared for the *(Continued on Page 221)*

Could there possibly be such a thing as a lamb in wolf's clothing?

By MONA WILLIAMS



He *was* attractive, honest, too—
no pretending they'd met before,
no pretenses at all.

What are people Really like?

Revealing anecdotes about interesting human beings

"MY HUSBAND, fortunately, approves of career women, because he is convinced that a high-powered woman concentrates far too much on her children if she does not have a strong interest outside the home. But that does not necessarily mean a paid job. In our work, we have *both* seen what can happen to children subjected to domineering parents."

Millicent Carey McIntosh, a vital-looking woman with flyaway iron-gray hair, is herself a three-way careerist—mother of five children, wife of a pediatrician and dean of Barnard College. Married for eighteen years, she is definite in her ideas about the importance of all three jobs.

JORGENSEN



Dean McIntosh: For career and children? "Health and a co-operative husband."

"For a career wife, I feel three things are essential—good health, a fairly calm disposition and an intelligent, co-operative husband. On second thought," she laughed, "I think I'd place the right husband at the head of the list!"

For Millicent McIntosh the "right husband" is Dr. Rustin McIntosh, whom she met when he was a teaching fellow in pediatrics at Johns Hopkins. "My brother asked us both to dinner one evening, thinking we'd get along well together. Then the doctor went abroad for a year of study and called me just as soon as he got back—asked me to go to a concert with him. I was never really interested in music, but I was certainly interested in hearing the orchestra *that* night!" Now the McIntoshes live in an old brownstone house on East 87th Street in New York City and spend most of their evenings at home, working in the living room with laps filled with research papers and professional journals.

The McIntosh children range in age from ten to sixteen, with the two oldest twin boys, then a girl and two younger brothers. "As long as a mother has full charge of the children at least part time," their mother explained, "she and they can experience the parental relationship. When I took care of the children when they were little, I took over completely without a nurse around—baths, supper and everything—so I didn't feel I had them on lend-lease. And my husband and I don't accept social invitations over the week end or during the school holidays.

"It's important, too, that parents share their amusements with their children, instead of taking off for Bermuda for solo week ends. Last summer Doctor McIntosh had to attend a pediatrics convention in Switzerland, so we went to Europe for three months with all five children and a station wagon. And when the twins were just six and the baby five months old, we took a station-wagon trip to California. Four of the five children came down with chicken pox in a tourist camp, but we didn't worry too much because, after all, there was a doctor in the house!"

The twin McIntosh boys have always been sent to different schools "so they could develop as individuals." When they were younger, their mother worked out an ingenious plan for celebrating the double birthday. "Each twin invited his friends from his school," she explained. "Then I took all the boys over to a school gym to play against each other in basketball. Then back to our house for food and comic books. When the parents came to pick up their boys, they marveled at the peace and quiet!"

• • •

Big, affable cartoonist AL CAPP, the man who gave Sadie Hawkins Day to teen-agers and established Daisy Mae as the all-American blonde, took his wife and two daughters to Europe last summer. "Cathie, who

ORKIN



Cathie Capp (left): Walter Pidgeon made her forget her braces.

is thirteen, wears braces on her teeth," he told us. "She was frantic about dashing around foreign capitals with braces—but the dentist was adamant. Fortunately, we happened to meet Walter Pidgeon on the ship, and he and Cathie somehow attached themselves to each other, in a sort of unspoken pact. She had him all to herself at table tennis, absolutely owned him at dinner, and was the envy of every female aboard. It was sort of mutual protection—she was a fine shield for W. P., since assorted and sundry women admirers couldn't get next to him with her around. Cathie seemed suddenly to grow up. All of a sudden she didn't look chubby any more, and the braces complex, of course, went overboard. I think every young girl should have a Walter Pidgeon on hand to help her grow up!"

• • •

A housewife, shopping in a new neighborhood, stopped in a grocery store to ask the price of fresh peas per pound and turned them down when the price was too high for her budget. "Why do you ask prices," snapped the clerk, "if you aren't going to buy?" At the next store, run by an old Italian, the woman asked again the price of fresh peas and again remarked that she thought them too high. "Ah, yes," said the old man, breaking open a pod gently with his finger, "but see how many in each one!"

• • •

A couple of years ago HARRY S. TRUMAN and his wife paid a visit to famous old Independence Hall. It

EBERT



Harry Truman: optimist with sense of humor and a "temporary address."

was just one month before election day, and only the political optimists believed Truman could be re-elected. But the President is an optimist and a humorist. He signed the Independence Hall guest book with a flourish—"Harry S. Truman, 1600 Penna. Ave., Washington, D. C." Then, with a broad grin at the rest of his party, he scrawled underneath, "Temporary address."

• • •

MAID MARION MONTGOMERY (who got her name because "my mother was all hepped up over the Robin Hood operetta") learned how to lose weight in the public library. As a young wife, a serious illness sent her weight up to a sturdy Size 44. "I didn't want to go through life fat, so I began digging through library files to find everything I could about diets, calories and reducing. I made a little booklet for myself and pretty soon friends began asking for copies. I found out what *I* had to know—and then discovered that a lot of other women were worrying about the same thing. They couldn't spend their time digging in the library, but they *did* want a little book they could take out in restaurants without being stared at."

Maid Marion's pocket-sized calorie guide has sold over three and a half million—and she still carries her copy neatly tucked in her purse each day.

• • •

About thirty years ago, RICHARDSON DILWORTH, handsome Pennsylvania politician, faced his first election—against ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS, for President of the Student Union at Yale. Hutchins was a working student, living on a budget of thirty-five cents a day. Dilworth, from Philadelphia's Main Line, already had the poise, appearance and personality of a movie star. But Hutchins, shrewd on campus politics, won the undergraduate vote with just one question: "Tell me, are you the kind of student body who wants to be governed by a man in a Brooks Brothers suit?"

• • •

"I DON'T KNOW WHY, but I always wanted to be different from other people. We didn't have much money in my youth, but when I was ten my mother bought me two black shirts and I sewed white buttons on them. Well, that made me different even then," says Gorgeous George, the golden-haired muscleman whose elegant wardrobe and wrestling-ring antics have made his name an American byword.

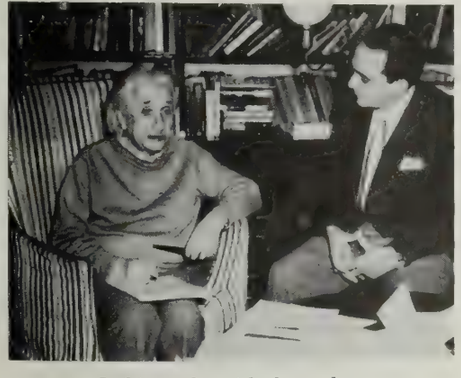
GORGEOUS GEORGE ("Please call me by my full name, not Mr. George") is married and the father of two children. As part of his "professional-glamour-boy" act, the wrestler sets his hair with $6 solid-gold bobby pins and recently bought a twenty-suit wardrobe in pastel gabardines, from light yellow to pea green. "I don't care if some people laugh at me," he explained with quiet dignity. "Even the President of the United States has some people who don't like him—and I make more money than he does. Besides, eighteen of our Presidents wore long hair and four were wrestlers. Abraham Lincoln even wrestled professionally!"

BY *Maureen Sheila John Kathleen Marguerite* DALY

"Einstein is my father"

An intimate glimpse of the world's greatest living genius as seen through the eyes of his son, and related here for the first time.

By BELA KORNITZER

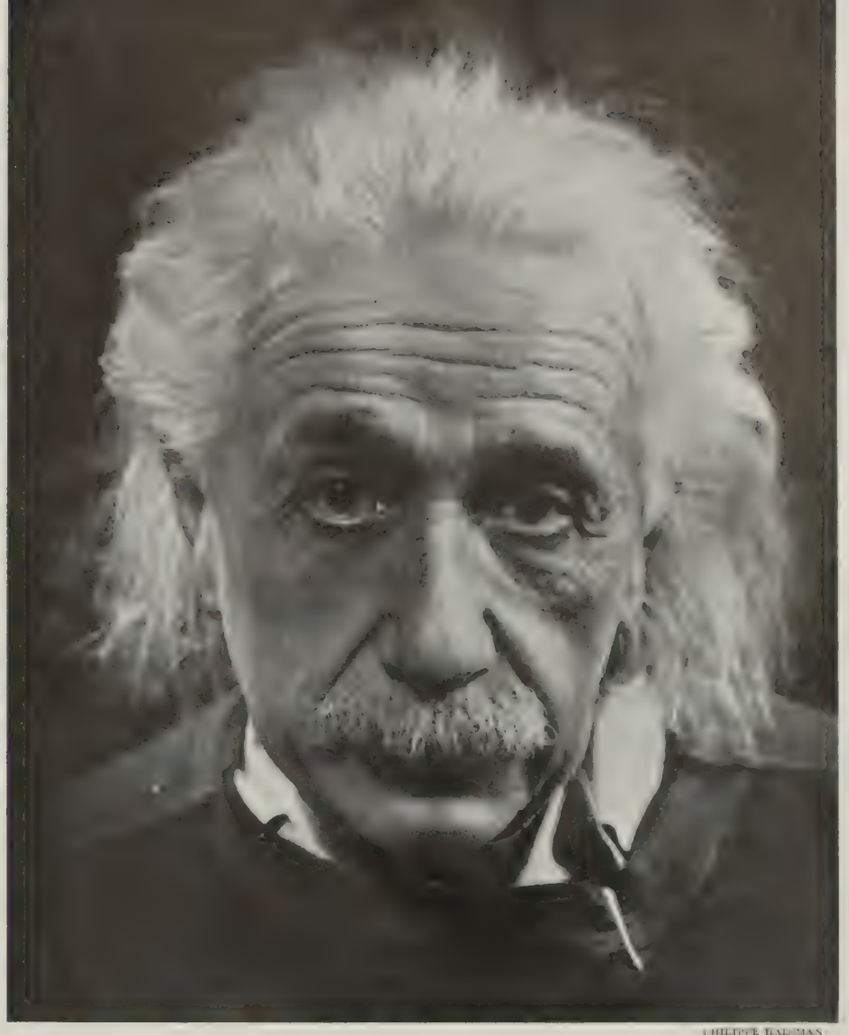


In his study, with the author.

Einstein — a biographical sketch:

Albert Einstein, 71 years old in March, is one of the least known though most widely acclaimed men of our time. Fellow scientists hail him as having started a "greater revolution of thought" than Copernicus, Galileo or Newton, but few claim to understand his recent theory of how the universe works, or even his much older theory of relativity. His name is a household word, a synonym for genius, but so rare are his public appearances that he is more often thought of as something in a schoolbook than as a living, breathing person—a man who has been married, had children, worried about money and likes gumdrops.

He was only 26 when he first expounded his theories on the close *(Continued on Page 255)*



PHILIPPE HALSMAN

"I live in that solitude which is painful in youth but delicious in maturity."

BY some curious magic which is rare in this period of high-powered publicity, one of the best-kept secrets seems to be the fact that Dr. Albert Einstein—*the* Doctor Einstein—has a son living in this country. A scientist in his own right, he is Dr. Hans Albert Einstein, forty-six, Associate Professor of Civil Engineering, of the University of California. And though he has been teaching here nearly ten years, I doubt if ten out of a hundred students know that *their* retiring, pipe-smoking Doctor Einstein is the son of the world's retiring, pipe-smoking Doctor Einstein.

Not that Berkeley's Doctor Einstein does not have troubles as the son of a man who is immortal in his own lifetime. He has had embarrassing experiences with telephone operators, post-office clerks and traffic officers. He has received a parking ticket from an irate policeman who, suspicious of his name, refused to believe him and wrote out the ticket as a lesson to a "wise guy." He has had people look him squarely in the eye and say bluntly, "Impossible. Einstein has no son." In addition, several times a week he has occasion to walk through the university library, where a bust of Dr. Albert Einstein stands between those of Dante and Copernicus. And when I asked him to pose for a photograph beside it, he agreed reluctantly, but asked, "Do you know what it is to have your father a statue?"

I had come to Dr. Hans Albert Einstein to get, if possible, an intimate picture of one of the greatest—and most remote—figures of all time, as seen through the eyes of his son. He granted me the first interview he has ever given about his widely publicized but little-known father. But only because his father said he might.

I had written first, telling him that I was working on a book dealing with notable fathers and sons, and should like to have an interview with him. He replied promptly, "Since you would obviously want me to speak about my father, I could not possibly give such an interview without his written permission."

I immediately wrote to Doctor Einstein at Princeton. I explained that I was an exiled Hungarian journalist, a political refugee, and that interviews with him and his son would be of inestimable benefit to me, because in Hungary I had written a book of fathers and sons and hoped to do a similar book in this country.

In a few days I received a cordial note inviting me to visit him at the modest, wood-frame house on Mercer Street, Princeton, New Jersey, where he lives with his housekeeper, and his secretary, Miss Helen Dukas, guardian of his appointment book and zealous barrier against the outside world.

When I presented myself for the interview I was let in by Miss Dukas to a dark, shaded room *(Continued on Page 151)*

Only Money

The Nicholsons are the luckiest people in the world—and they have the unpaid bills to prove it.

By Joseph Laurance Mair

"ANOTHER cup of coffee?" Madge always made it sound as though he would be doing her a personal favor if he took it, so he often said yes whether or not he wanted one. "Dora, bring Mr. Nicholson another cup," Madge said, without waiting.

"I'm sorry," he said. "My mind was on something else."

Madge laughed. "Sometimes it's the paper, sometimes you're thinking when you don't answer. But you know—you always want that other cup."

He smiled at her, and at his thoughts about the extra cup. He looked at the cream, and wondered if they could cut it out. They took heavy cream only for him, for his coffee. Madge was a true coffee drinker and took hers black; Margaret and Helen preferred milk on their cereal—they could pour it out of their glasses so they would have to drink that much less. Dora? He wondered if she used cream. Well, she could do without cream, they could do without Dora.

"What's the matter?" Madge asked. "What is it your mind is on?"

He stirred his coffee. *We may have to give up Dora*, he was thinking. *I don't know how I'm going to pay the dentist bill . . . and there's a big bill at Fenton's for the kids' clothes.* "Got to call a man first thing I get to the office," he explained. "Trying to figure what to tell him."

"You know, you're home now," Madge said, and there was a little piece of a smile on her face, just a trace of a smile that could be. "You won't be starting for the office for another"—she glanced at the clock—"another three minutes. Think about that on the way downtown. Don't spend all your time at home thinking about business; think about me a little."

"I think about you all the time, darling," he told her.

"I know." Madge smiled this time all the way, the corners of her blue eyes crinkling up. "I'm not complaining. I think you do."

I'll talk to her some other time about Dora, he thought. *Maybe tonight, after Dora's gone home and the kids are asleep, not while she is standing right there in the kitchen, coming in and out of the dining room every few minutes. Couples with children seem to be able to talk only at night*, he thought, *and by that time they forget half the things they meant to say.*

I don't want to tell her to cut down, he thought, as he leaned down to kiss her good-by. *Maybe I can think of some other way . . . certainly she isn't extravagant, doesn't spend money on herself.* He watched her standing against the door, the small brownish-red curls tight against her pretty head, the slim figure, the way she stood with one foot a little behind the other, making her look more like a bobby-soxer than what the paper called one of the leading younger matrons in the community. She looked more like a schoolgirl than the mother of two school children, even though one was in kindergarten.

If we can cut down a bit, he thought, *we can make it. In another four months I should be getting another raise, and that will just about take up the slack. I* should *be getting that raise*, he thought, *although nothing has been said about it. But that will make my fourth year with Brown's, and every year I've had one . . . certainly my work has been as good, maybe better . . . and business has been pretty good. I could ask for it now—but the Old Man doesn't like that, he told Cartwright he treated his people fairly, and didn't like*

(Continued on Page 238)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

"This isn't just a sore throat," Madge said, and he knew she was frighten



I gave my Love a Summer



ILLUSTRATED BY

manet



She needed someone... to explain about growing up. Jeremy always knew...

By HELEN MARKEL HERRMANN

THE beach chairs looked like grandpa when they laid him out at the funeral parlor, Susan thought, all limp and neat and crumpled in the knees. I hate them. And the umbrellas with their clown mouths open, waiting, waiting for the ladies to brown a bit more before they eat them.

She shivered and reached for her mother, although the noon sun splintered the plastic canasta board.

"That's *it*," Mrs. Follinsbee said sharply, and brushed off Susan's hand. Her full mouth was pulled out straight and thin as a rubber band; her daughter recognized it as her pack mouth. "What *is* the matter with you, Susan? Go find Priscilla or somebody, stop glooming about so."

She watched her mother's ringless fingers make a meld, long and slim as the beautiful jellyfish that stung her yesterday when she tried to pet him. Mrs. Hession's were short and fat and they kept massaging her large diamond ring; whenever the sun hit it hundreds of trapped diamonds struggled helplessly to escape. Mrs. Hession seemed very mad at the other lady, who was picking off her nail polish in neat orange strips.

Only Mr. Saunders seemed to be enjoying himself. He just sat there, fingering his gold-ribbed lighter and smiling at her mother across the table.

I do hope he isn't going to be another pest, Susan thought suddenly, like that Mr. Harbison down in Florida last Christmas, who simply hung around us all vacation. . . . (*"Poor thing, he's trying so hard we can't insult him, Susie-pooh. But no mere man will ever come between the likes of us, idiot child."*) . . . And sure enough, Mr. Harbison had been gone by Easter, just as Mr. Saunders would vanish by Labor Day, poor seasonal thing.

She sighed and looked over at the jetty, stretched out in the sun like an old hound dog, its collar a ruff of pleated white water. "May I walk out on the jetty, mother?" she said without much hope.

Mrs. Follinsbee nodded to her abstractedly.

Maybe I should have waited until the next time she got the pack, Susan thought idly, heading down the beach, and then asked if we couldn't have daddy over at Christmas and get another puppy and whether I really have to go back to Miss Dinsmore's.

She climbed out on the jetty and sat down, feeling the sun bite through her thin T-shirt. Priscilla Hession had a two-piece bathing suit—satin—that Mrs. Hession had ordered in Hawaii last year just like her own. It was revolting.

Above her a herring gull made lazy circles, copper-plated against the sky. From out here the shore seemed very bright and flat, like the cutouts you made as a child: first you pasted the canasta game against the pool and then the pool against the precise green lawns of the hotel, and you ended up with the cover of the embossed catalogue mother had shown her the night Susan came home for summer vacation: Leisure Manor, where the smartest Americans play from Decoration to Labor Day. . . . (*"You'll love it.*

(Continued on Page [illegible])

WILHELA CUSHMAN

Pink mirage — shantung straw sailor with flower circlet under veiling, by John Frederics.

HATS TO CHARM

. . . and to make you lovely. The pink hat comes into fashion. Tricornes, bicornes, sailors large and small are enchantingly veiled. Clusters of flowers cover the chignon.

By Ruth Mary Packard



Sweet-pea snood on yellow milan.



Small sailor with draped veil.



Deep mesh brim, rosebud crown.



Pink bonnet with poppy snood.



Pillbox with silk and mesh veil.



Tricorne fashion in pink toyo.



Large scoop hat with windowpane chiffon veil, by Lilly Dache.

ALL HATS IN SMALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN FREDERICS

APRIL BRIDE

SMALL WEDDING. . SMALL TROUSSEAU

The bride in the small chapel or country church will wear her dream dress instep length, with a touch of pink or blue. She plans her clothes "to please him," to go together, to play double roles—a coat for rain or shine, a dress for day or night, a color scheme in spring green, pink and beige. Four costumes—silk, linen and wool—take her on her honeymoon and through the summer. • By ISABEL PHELPS

SHARLAND



Instep-length organdy over pink or blue taffeta with a matching sash, by Phil Cole. A short veil is caught with spring flowers. She wears short white kid gloves, carries a bouquet of pink and white hyacinths.



Her braid-trimmed linen bolero dress can be beige or pink, by Barry Burr. She wears it with a big white straw hat by Mr. Alf, white cotton gloves.



The bare-top linen dress under the bolero is a midsummer darling, takes many changes.

SHARLAND



Green linen coat, waterproofed, goes over silk, linen or wool, spring or summer. Good traveler by land or sea. By Adele Lawrence.

ARTHUR SIEGEL



Her printed silk dress is green and beige, by Ann Fogarty.

Navy bolero suit by Emily Wilkens, has a polka-dot blouse. Her hat, made to match.



There's something about her



Mrs. Lodge wears a printed shantung dress and jacket for luncheons and local meetings. Natural straw hat and beige gloves.

First Lady of Connecticut Mrs. John Davis Lodge, gifted wife of the governor, works along with her husband, as she has done for twenty-two years, in every job he has had. She has natural vitality and gaiety, and she plays a hard-working part in whatever she does.

If Mrs. Lodge could be described with a single word, that word would be "colorful." She feels happiest in a yellow dress with flowers in her hair. ("I love yellow because it means sunshine, and I always wear it on rainy days.") She does her long blond hair a dozen ways. ("I change it the way men change their ties.") She wore stoles and shawls long before they became a fashion. She likes ankle-length skirts and pretty tops for evenings at home. She adapts her love of color to the demands of her wardrobe by wearing blond tones and beiges as basics—a shantung for daytime worn with natural or dark accessories, a honey-beige satin for evening. She finds many uses for jacket dresses, likes them in small blue or amber-color prints. If her coat is black, it has a bright lining. If her dress is black, she wears a pale straw hat.

Shortly after the inauguration, Mrs. Lodge took over the strenuous task of working with the women of the state for civilian defense. She has two daughters, Beatrice, twelve, at home with her parents, and Lily, a senior at Wellesley College. • By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Natural silk-linen dress for spring and summer.



Silk-faille coat with red taffeta lining.



Printed taffeta two-piece dress, navy-blue straw hat. Mrs. Lodge likes a veil trimmed with pearls or small flower petals.

FONSSAGRIVES



Paper work before dinner — Mrs. Lodge in green shantung skirt.



Dinner at the Governor's Residence in Hartford. Mrs. Lodge wears a long slim beige satin, draped in the back. Topaz jewelry blends with honey-beige tones.

COSTUMES BY: BEN REIG, ANDRÉ D'AULAN, LO BALBO, BEN BARRACK, CLARE POTTER, BERNICE HOLLOWAY. HATS BY MR. JOHN



Connecticut River Houses

By the time the Connecticut has divided New Hampshire and Vermont from top to bottom, cut across the middle of Massachusetts, and almost met the tides sweeping in from Long Island Sound, it has finally come to the rolling region of lower Connecticut where the three houses stand which occupy these four pages—all three typical in one way or another of the hundreds that lie back from the river's banks throughout its whole lovely length from the Sound to the source. All three are beautifully preserved examples of the region's early architecture; "The Mowings," here, a late seventeenth-century farmhouse in a once-prosperous sawmill community known as Millington Society, far away in a woods filled with pheasant and deer.

By RICHARD PRATT
Architectural Editor of the Journal

Three houses along the lower reaches of a stream that is strung with fine old homes from Canada to the Sound

"The Mowings"



The mellow pine-paneled walls in th dining room of "The Mowings" hav their counterpart in the huge tab that came from an ancient chee factory in Vermont, in keeping wi the primitive wrought-iron candl sticks; the trencher table from an o New England tavern, the old count cupboard, and the remarkably fi rush-bottom ladder-back chairs. Th lazy Susan in the center is potter



The cast living room glows with the golden and silvery hues of woodwork almost three centuries old, recently cleaned and rubbed to bring out the richness of its age. The carved chest is German, and the rocking chair, the most recent piece of furniture in the room, was one in which an ancestor of the owner's wife sat in 1799 while watching George Washington's funeral cortege file by at the nation's capital.

INTERIOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD ROWLER • EXTERIOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROSSER JOHNSON



The texture and finish which have been restored to the woodwork of this bedroom, as with all the woodwork in the house, are in large part due to the professional touch of "The Mowings'" present owner, Heinz Warneke, the well-known sculptor, for whom the work on the old house has been a long labor of love. The great central chimney provides, as here, a fireplace for every room in the house.



The history of this old Connecticut farmhouse, several miles from "The Mowings," began when it was built in 1738 by John Warner, a blacksmith from Massachusetts, who came to East Haddam and married a land-rich widow named Mehitable Chapman Richardson. Remodeled in 1790, it remained in the Warner family until 1880; then fifty-odd years of neglect, out of which it has been handsomely restored by its present owner.

Dunstaffnage

The house is older than it looks as you come up to it from the lawn, having to the expert at least a more 1790 appearance than one of its real age. But the color is truly characteristic of its original earliness.



Here in the living room, which was originally the kitchen, the wide pine boards of the walls and ceiling have been undisturbed since the day the house was built. Beyond the fireplace, an 18th-century highboy and Chippendale wing chair.

In contrast is the dining room, done in the simplified Georgian style of its 1790 remodeling, with its woodwork carved and fluted. Among its many rare accessories is the unique Parthenon mirror on the mantel.



The simple elegance of the Lord house has been caught to perfection in the little dining room, with the delicate carvings of its corner cupboard and mantel, and the becoming deep-colored background of its figured paper to set off the sparkle of the silver, the early-American glass and Empire girandole notable for its fine scale. The chairs are Rhode Island Chippendale.

Lord House

Fifteen miles down the Connecticut from the East Haddam houses is the charmingly well-kept old river town of Essex, which was settled in 1690 and reached its peak of shipbuilding prosperity about 1840; by which time Main Street here was lined with captains' houses like the Lord house in the foreground, built toward the end of the eighteenth century, all indicating by their dentilled cornices and their fine feeling for architectural fashion the wealth and worldliness of their seafaring owners.





LILLIAN BASSMAN

our own

stay young and beautiful

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

The maintenance diet can be fun for the woman who prizes her health as well as her figure and can't afford to risk a five-pound gain or loss. Helen O'Donnell, by nature a girl who gains weight easily, looks to the new thinking in diet as a way of sparking up familiar reducing routines. Here are some of her low-calorie, high-vitality extras: an eye-opener consisting of the juice of a lemon, one tablespoon of blackstrap molasses in a glass of hot skim milk . . . a sprinkling of wheat germ on toast or cereal . . . yoghurt on fresh fruit . . . and, occasionally, a tonic drink of fruit juice fortified with powdered brewers' yeast. These added to the following list of minimum daily food requirements will keep her from gaining weight: *fresh fruit or fruit juice, one egg, one glass of skim milk, whole-grain bread and one pat of butter, green vegetables, lean meat, fish or fowl.* She can allow herself one moderate serving of a yellow vegetable, potatoes or starch each day, and a dessert treat twice a week. It's the double helpings . . . the between-meal snacks . . . that make the scales go up!



The secret of surviving an eighty-four-hour work week (a conservative count for women who combine a career with housework and motherhood) is learning how and when, during the day, to take time out to relax. Better still, also to learn tricks that relax you while you are working. Nora O'Leary Smith, the JOURNAL's pretty Pattern Editor, ideally and consistently proves our point. Nora has the happy capacity for looking serene and unruffled despite the double life she leads running her house and a dressmaking workroom at the same time. With little time for planned relaxation, Nora counts on the following capsule energy-conservers to step up her physical (and social!) circulation:

Begin each day by stretching for a full minute in bed before getting up . . . *Bend* from your hips (not your neck) when doing any close work . . . *Close* your eyes for a few seconds regularly to relieve muscle strain . . . *Rock* your head slowly back, feeling the stretch in your neck muscles; then . . . *Roll* it forward, feeling the muscles pull between your shoulder blades . . . *Slip* out of your shoes and wiggle your toes and feet to stir up circulation . . . *Hold* your tummy in by making a conscious effort to contract abdominal muscles . . . *Clench* and unclench your fingers and rotate your wrists to relieve tension . . . *Sink* into an unpretty slumped position; then straighten up s-l-o-w-l-y . . . *Immerse* yourself in a five-minute bath of hot water to renew vitality for an evening of fun . . . *Stop* work before exhaustion.

young marrieds



Lucky is the girl who possesses long hair, for in 1951 it combines glamour with fashion. This spring and summer you will find "hats" of veiling, ribbons, flowers, all shaped to show off your chignon, buns or knots. Jewels, once designed exclusively to decorate your clothes, now perch prettily at the side of a page-boy, or bring new life to your braids. Polly Toland Cooke's pictures show you how this young Journalite can manipulate her waist-length hair to create two appearances—and personalities. In the top picture she wears Lilly Dache's veiling and roses attached to a bicycle clip to flatter the line of her figure-eight chignon. In the large picture, Polly's hair is wound around a ribbon and turned under and up to a chic, center-part page-boy. For directions on how to achieve these, and other long hairdos, turn to Page 258.



High lights in hair make the difference in whether yours is pretty or not. Even a beautiful color, such as Betty Gray's natural reddish gold, requires everyday attention. Betty's oily scalp condition, her special problem, will improve if she: removes the day's dust by pulling part of a discarded nylon stocking over the bristles of her brush, then gives her hair one hundred sturdy strokes . . . shampoos her hair every five days and follows with a lemon or vinegar rinse . . . dries her hair completely, then dampens it before setting . . . uses a dry shampoo on the day *before* it begins to look oily . . . uses cologne instead of water once or twice a week to set her curls . . . keeps her combs and brushes hospital clean.



The brittle, breakable fingernail problem, which Jeanne Tracey shares with thousands of other women, may have its newsiest solution based on the dessert you eat! Recent medical tests reveal that ten out of twelve patients with problem nails found that after taking a tablespoon of gelatin dissolved in fruit juice or water once a day for three months their nails assumed a completely normal appearance. Other finger tips to help prevent splitting: Once a week cut the tips of your nails straight across before filing, to help strengthen the edges . . . use only *oily* polish removers . . . shape your nails with an emery board, filing in one direction only . . . use one of the new creamy preparations containing white iodine to discourage breakage.

Fabulous Cottons

Fabulous because they are unbelievably pretty . . . unbelievabl
inexpensive. If you are budget-minded, you will be surprise
to know that the fabrics for five of these dresses each cost around fiv
dollars or less. The designs are fresh, the colors exciting. Eac
dress has a special detail that gives it an "extra special" look . .
ball fringes, white pipings, eyelet borders or sawtooth edging (which ma
be bought by the yard). The fabrics themselves are tissue gingham
fine plain piqué, another delicately printed in a lace desig
cotton satin in heavenly shades, exquisitely embroidere
chambray, and denim in stripes and plain shade
dyed to match. All with crease-resistan
finishes, guaranteed washability. Cotton is a fabric f
beginners because it is very easy to sew, but
is not overlooked by great designers as a
exciting summer fashion. • By NORA O'LEAR

MARGARET SOMMERFELD

© VOGUE

One of the prettiest ways to look this summer. Pa
turquoise piqué, bordered and collared and cuffed i
chalk-white piqué. We have added the eyelet-piqu
border as a special accent to join the two color
"Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 7351, 12 to 2



Crisp tissue gingham in shades of blue with whi
organdy accents. The sawtooth edging can be boug
by the yard. A becoming young fashion . . . an eas
to-make one. Vogue Design No. 7357, 12 to 20. Wou
also be pretty in a polka-dot voile or a striped she



The beloved "sack" dress in candy-pink denim to be worn with or without its striped apron in co-ordinated colors. The apron is made of two widths of fabric, has large patch pockets. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 7275, 12 to 20.



Half-inch white piping accents the side-button design of this navy-blue dress of thin, crisp, sheer piqué. Ten white pearl buttons and a bunch of red carnations will make this dress a summer favorite. Buy piping by the yard. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 7358, 12 to 40.



Pearl-gray cotton satin . . . a new summer favorite (95c a yard). Stitched pleats fall from yoke to which we have added a novelty white ball fringe. Six-gored skirt. Vogue Design No. 7345, 12 to 20.



Delightful black lace design printed on fine white pin-wale piqué. The slim dress has an off-shoulder neckline, two-piece skirt. The matching fitted jacket has three-quarter sleeves, velvet or piqué collar and cuffs. Vogue Design No. 7360, 12 to 20.

Back views and prices are on Page 248

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ontario. (*Connecticut residents please add sales tax.*)



Imported mauve chambray exquisitely embroidered in pink. For evening wear the skirt with a halter top. The blouse, "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 6724, 12 to 40; the skirt, No. 6769, 12 to 18.

Profile of Youth

Old enough to fight

By G. M. WHITE



To boys who will soon answer their country's call to colors, the daily pledge of allegiance to the flag has an intensely personal meaning.



Boys and girls are happy together on the sidewalks of El Reno. Jim says, "We have it so good, we don't know what it is to fight for it."

A BUGLE call to colors has opened classes every morning of Chuck Norman's four years in the El Reno (Oklahoma) High School, and it's no surprise to him. With his classmates he automatically rises to pledge allegiance to the flag; he listens to a reading from the Bible and recites the Lord's Prayer. Chuck is intensely serious during his school's opening ceremony. There is no horseplay while the cadence of 630 young voices throbs through the building. Latecomers stand at attention in the halls and try to slip into their classrooms inconspicuously when prayer has ended.



Chuck in 1941—too young to fight.

Miss Rose Witcher, Chuck's first-period teacher, glances about the room and says, "Where's Bob Foster? Has he joined the Navy already?" Several boys give her conflicting information. While she fills out the attendance slip, the students relax from the formal poses for pledge and prayer. Girls dig into their purses and drop combs and lipsticks on the floor. Boys stretch out long legs and try to find the place on the hard seat where the spine will fit comfortably. There isn't any. They scoot up again; heavy shoes scrape the floor. A hubbub arises. "Now be at ease, but don't act too natural," Miss Witcher cautions.

When a boy is absent from high school these days, he is likely to be answering his country's call to colors. "Joe joined the Air Force," a friend reports. "Pete is going to," someone says. "My cousin left last night." Miss Witcher notes the absence and remarks he might have come around to say good-by. She passes out cards for students to record outside reading and number of lines from Shakespeare memorized for English IV; then she begins routine drill—"spell and define." Tall boys hunch over to write as she dictates:

"*Imbued.* Most people think we shall have to be *imbued* with a great feeling of responsibility and patriotism."

Except for pencils moving against paper, the room is quiet. Chuck Norman writes, then looks over to see how Jim Weed is doing. Jim is



The Norman family circle includes mom, dad, Grandma Stevenson and Chuck—it's usually Chuck who gets waited on. He is a "depression baby" and an only son; at home he is treated as an adult among adults—loved but not pampered much.

Jim Weed (center) lives in a comfortable home on the grounds of the El Reno Federal Reformatory, where his father is employed. He doesn't expect military service to be like home.

staring out the window. Chuck follows his gaze. Although it is a pleasant classroom, with pastel-green walls, dark green "blackboards" and modern lighting fixtures, the view through Venetian blinds over second-story windows is as blank as usual. But schoolboys must see a lot out there—they spend so much time staring at it.

This is the way it is: Your name is Chuck Norman (or Jim Weed or Bob Standifer or Bill Somebody) and in a few months you will be eighteen. You are six feet tall, you are strong, your health *(Continued on Page 208)*



There are no locks on any of the student lockers in El Reno High School. Couples—and sometimes three—keep house in one locker. At the right, Bob Standifer smirks as Chuck primps his cockscomb crew cut; girl admires it.

Bob, Chuck and Jim seek information at a recruiting office—sometimes the door is open, sometimes it is closed. They are afraid that quotas will be filled before they can get in.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SOL LIBSOHN

Profile of Youth



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO, CLYDE HARE, HERB KRATOVIL

"Nobody wants to fight . . . it's just something you've got to do"

HERE are teen-age boys talking, most of them under eighteen and so approaching military age. In half-a-dozen widely separated cities and towns, JOURNAL editors talked to high-school seniors to find out what it feels like to be young and soon to be eligible for the draft. And if their views aren't representative in the precise statistical sense, they are nevertheless highly indicative of the state of mind of the high-school youth of the nation.

Almost to a seventeen-year-old man, they regard military service as inevitable but "something nobody wants." More than half think war is inevitable for the United States but that war, too, is something almost nobody wants: "I don't think any ordinary people want war. Nobody gets anything out of a war, except a few leaders and politicians. I can't understand why we keep having war when the people who have to do the fighting don't want it." Two boys out of three say the Chinese and Russian *leaders* want war, but only a small minority—about one in six—think the Chinese and Russian *people* want war.

The boys don't want war, their parents don't want war, even their enemies don't want war, as they see it. Will they then seek deferment from military service? The answer, from six boys in ten, is no. One boy expressed the attitude of many when he said, "Nobody wants to fight. It's just something you've got to do."

The feeling that they've a job to do sooner or later, and that they may as well go in now and get it over with, is one reason for not seeking deferment. The other is a basic disinclination to shirk. Here again, the words of one boy express the feeling of many: "I don't want to let somebody else do my fighting for me. If I'm called, I'll go. It don't seem like I'm any better than anybody else."

Among the four boys in ten who would accept deferment, the most common reason was a desire to postpone (but not to evade) military service in order to get started on a college education, for many of them feel that what they don't do now, they may never do. But the idea of deferment for other purposes, such as doing war work or farming, was less attractive: "That would be draft dodging. Leave those jobs to the 4-F's and older men." One boy, with disarming candor, admitted what others may feel in their hearts: "I'm scared to fight. I just don't want to go." But scared or not, he would not seek deferment "dishonestly"—that is, by means that sounded to him like draft dodging.

But the practical question facing them now is to decide between enlisting and waiting for the draft. Eight or nine of every ten say they will enlist, in order to choose their branch of the service. In considering the various services, they're inclined to think primarily in terms of the physical comfort they can expect in each ("Most of us don't want to be in the infantry. At least in the Air Corps you stay out of foxholes and mud."), the amount of interest in the daily routine, and the possibility of acquiring training useful later in life. To many boys, these considerations outweigh relative casualty rates: "The statistics show that survival chances are higher in the infantry than in the Air Corps—but I don't like to march." And type of casualty is at least as important a factor as casualty rate: "In the Navy you either come back or you're dead—you're not crippled."

These remarks suggest that boys are in a mood to face facts about their situation. It would be hard to persuade them that war is romantic or glamorous. For they've heard too many firsthand accounts of World War II from fathers, older brothers, friends. They've read too much about the "rough deal" in Korea; a few even recall classmates who are Korean casualties, having lied about their age in order to enlist. "They thought it would be easy money and now they're all gone. It sure made me grow up overnight." Or, in the words of another, "Here in the Middle West we feel as if the war is right over here with us because our neighbors, relatives and classmates are over there fighting for us. I'll try to get what further education I can and then accept my responsibility as an American as graciously as I can."

That going into the service is their responsibility as Americans, all these boys seem to take for granted. But acknowledgment of their duty does not imply unquestioning acceptance of the present state of affairs as unavoidable, let alone desirable. On the contrary, they're in a mood to face facts about their Government as well as about themselves. Often they wish they had more facts to face: "Government seems to be getting to be more of a secret. People can't tell what's going on."

This is just one of many criticisms of the way "they" run things. About one boy in six thinks our biggest mistake since the war has been in "being too soft with Russia," and a similar number think our worst blunder was "in letting our armed forces go down after the last war."

Others—about one in three—think our biggest mistakes center around the Korean situation. "We tried to drive the Communists clear out of Korea. The original plan was to stop at the thirty-eighth parallel, and we should have stuck to it." . . . "We should have sent more men and supplies to give the boys half a chance to get out alive." . . . "It was a mistake to go in there in the first place. In a way, we should have let them fight it out themselves."

But—now that we are there? At the time of the American withdrawal behind the thirty-eighth parallel, about half these boys thought we should evacuate: "The Communists will always have more troops and we'll never win a land war with them. It's better to admit defeat now than to have a lot of lives lost and then admit it."

"I don't want to let somebody else do my fighting. It don't seem like I'm any better than anybody else."

"Honestly, I'm scared—but I wouldn't take deferment dishonestly."

"Our neighbors and classmates are over there fighting for us. I'll try to accept my responsibilities as an American graciously."

"Government seems to be getting more and more of a secret."

Should eighteen-year-olds vote? One answer: "I'd like a hand in picking the guy who maybe sends me out to get killed."

"Every time I listen to a news broadcast in the morning I get so jittery I can't eat my breakfast."

"Survival chances are higher in the infantry than in the Air Corps—but I don't like to march."

On the other hand, half thought we should stay: "We went over there to get the Communists out of Korea, and if we pull out now, we'll never get back in."

Perhaps basically this is a question to which the boys feel there is no right answer. "If we quit now, Communism will be that much closer to the U.S.; and besides that, we'd lose the respect and friendship of South Korea. I don't think we have much choice, but actually, China should get out, America should get out, and we should leave Asia alone. The whole thing is kind of rough, boy!"

Though the great majority say they know why we are fighting in Korea, most of them had difficulty defining our purposes in terms that satisfy them. Those who believe (as most of them do, in one way or another) that we are fighting for a principle, still find it hard to explain the principle. Perhaps one boy's simple statement sums it up best: "I guess we're trying to stand up for what is right."

Clearly these boys don't feel that they know all the answers. When asked whether they thought the voting age should be lowered to eighteen, four in ten (fewer than half, to be sure, but still an impressive proportion) said no, largely because of the belief that at eighteen you don't know enough to vote. "They can push a gun in your hands and march you onto a field and tell you you're old enough to fight, but that doesn't mean you know enough to vote. A kid at that age is too mentally young and not up on the situation."

On the other hand, six in ten lined up with the boy who thinks eighteen-year-olds should be allowed to vote: "I'd like a hand in picking the guy who maybe sends me out to get killed."

These, then, are the views of some of America's teen-agers—and since they are high-school seniors, they represent the better educated and more mentally fit half of the nation's youth. It is apparent that these boys expect to go into the service; they accept their obligation, if not gladly, at least as their obligation. But they are disturbed, and admit it: "Every time I listen to a news broadcast in the morning I get so jittery I can't eat. It's silly to listen, but I can't help that either."

To the extent that their state of mind can be described in a sentence, this does it: "Brother, war sure disrupts a fellow's life." THE END

there's a man in the house

By HARLAN MILLER

Our town's cleverest matron now uses a new strategy against the younger cuties who catch her husband's admiring eye: she promptly begins to tell 'em imaginatively about his blood pressure and his heart (both really in excellent shape), and that in less than ten years he may be a grandfather. (It neutralizes some.)

A few of us zoophiles are needling our town's rich to organize a zoological society and ante up some $$$ for a zoo to amuse our young. . . . Some of 'em are more'n half willing, if only to get even with the highbrows who financed our town's triumphant art gallery.

When my tomatoes ripen I'd like to aim one at my indulgent neighbor who (so my son tells me) lets his high-school boy use the car every night. The boy's still too young for a driver's license, and reminds one of an accident about to happen.

Our eleven-year-old's spelling and arithmetic sagged a bit on his last report card, and I gather it's up to me to take valiant and drastic steps. (That used to be the teacher's job.) Perhaps I undermined his arithmetic psychologically with a safety pin, as I diapered him in the long ago.

Maybe the subtlest April-fool joke some of the wives in our town could play on their husbands would be to treat 'em for one day as the head of the household. . . . Their men would detect something was screwy, but I'd bet they couldn't put their fingers on it till the family yelled "April fool!"

We had quite a time digging up a birth certificate for Junior when he decided to enroll in naval ROTC at college next year. It involved eleven telephone calls and a trip through the state historical building, where they hide the historic proof that seventeen years ago he was born.

Like most men, my moment of greatest conceit about my personal appearance comes when I've put lotion on my face after my shave. . . . By the time I've put on my necktie my ego begins to diminish.

We've always resorted to signals in our family to terminate a long-drawn argument, what husbands and wives with less equanimity might call a quarrel. From year to year we've tried different signals, but my favorite is still to hold up a sheet of music or a phonograph record entitled I'm Just a Vagabond Lover.

At our "great books" club recently we discussed Aristophanes' Lysistrata, and some of the husbands were skeptical of the notion that women can stop war by locking their boudoir doors. . . . "Could I stop my wife's extravagance," asks my neighbor with the three-car garage, "by locking my den door?"

"Some of the girls take parties more seriously than others," reports Betty Comfort, tossing an 80-cent bone to the neighbor's dog. "At a high-toned buffet for somebody from 'out of town' their little fingers curve out a mile."

Our red-haired daughter, who's cut her wavy tresses off short a third time, probably expects me to offer her another $25 to let 'em grow out. She's probably right; the more there is of it, the better red hair looks on a girl.

Evolution of a husband's status: The first five years I often found leftover white meat in the icebox on my midnight prowl. The second five years it was usually a gizzard or a back. By the third five years I was lucky to find a piece of the neck.



Our neighborhood sportsman dotes on the tennis court in his back yard. But he says nothing throws him off his game worse than to see his wife and kids wrestling with hoe, spade and wheelbarrow in their little flower garden.

We've adopted a new scheme for uncluttering our living room: each member of the family, once a week, is empowered to remove five objects, from ash trays to droopy plants. Cheapest way I've yet discovered to redecorate.

As an attentive listener at spirited family "quarrels" among our friends, I notice one fallacy: an attempt to fix the "blame" for certain misadventures. To avoid such silly debate it's better (a) for a husband always to accept the blame or (b) for both to assume that Nature's little gremlins are at fault.

I challenge the assumption that British men are better dressed than Americans. Their pants are too tight, sleeves too short, coats skimpy, and their dress in colors too dark and gloomy. No gaiety. Anyhow, this colonial worship of British men's attire is stimulated by only a few thousand Britons who patronize the expensive London tailors.

When we were newlyweds I urged my Dream Girl to put a plate of a different color at each place for dinner, instead of using a monotonous "set" of dishes. She merely gave me that pitying "wife to husband" look. . . . But I notice some of our town's more adventurous hostesses now set no two dinner places in the same color.

Apparently we didn't really know Junior in his true colors till he took an aptitude test and revealed traits he'd never shown around the house. . . . I'm afraid if I took such a test (as I'm tempted to) I'd turn out qualified to be only a conductor on a crosstown bus.

When I detect in our young a reluctance to eat their eggs, I'm tempted to tell how the Herbert Hoovers once compelled me to eat five eggs at breakfast with them. . . . Alas, it rarely inspires 'em to eat even one.

At last my ladylove and I have agreed on a formula for refurbishing the old homestead: for every $100 of new furnishings we buy, we must first throw away at least $200 worth of old clutter, or a minimum of five tons.

In a graduation speech at a rural high school I urged the boys and girls to read one good book a week, and almost got chased out of the township with pitchforks. (They're needed at chores.) Now I'm content to urge one good book a month.

I wish I could fathom Junior's sartorial policy. . . . I observe that he always puts on his best clothes to kick a football or shoot baskets with his cronies. But for arrival or departure on a train or a call on a new girl, he dresses with exquisite skill like a ragged stranger.

When you discover your daughter can broil a chicken and also knows more about Shakespeare than you do . . . or you encounter Junior trying on your Army uniform . . . and your eleven-year-old, absorbed in a magazine and apparently not listening, tosses over his shoulder a sagacious solution for a household problem . . . or your wife triumphantly serves you at dinner a dish you admired in a far-away restaurant months before . . . and your whole family spends more evenings together this spring vacation than since your oldest was twelve . . . then that impulse overcomes you to turn matchmaker for all the spinsters, widowers, bachelors, widows and bachelor girls in town.



FORECAST FOR APRIL

By ANN BATCHELDER

SINCE there are few things to do that are more fun than having folks in for dinner, my prediction for April is that sometime you will be having a dinner very like this one. Perhaps exactly like it. For there's one thing that means spring if ever anything does, and that is called on menus and by that good-natured fellow at the market "spring lamb." I've known, in my time, such a label pinned on an old sheep that tasted about as much like roast lamb as a horse blanket. But for our roast we have genuine spring lamb, which is quite another thing altogether. It's brown and crusty without, and juicy and tender within. And with such a leg of lamb I'll predict that you'll have a wonderful dinner, supported by good conversation and fun and laughter. What could be better than that?

The Thing to Do. Some Sunday would be a good day for this seasonable April-minded spring dinner, asking the minister and his wife and a friend or two for good measure, and starting off with, let us say, tomato juice for a light beginning to a substantial meal. With it for a change you might serve:

CELERY STRAWS

Cut narrow strips of celery, chill until crisp, and stick in glasses of tomato juice to nibble as you sip the well-seasoned, tangy tomato.

And here's the way to do your leg of lamb to have it perfect and get yourself some compliments too. They always sound pretty good. At least they do to me.

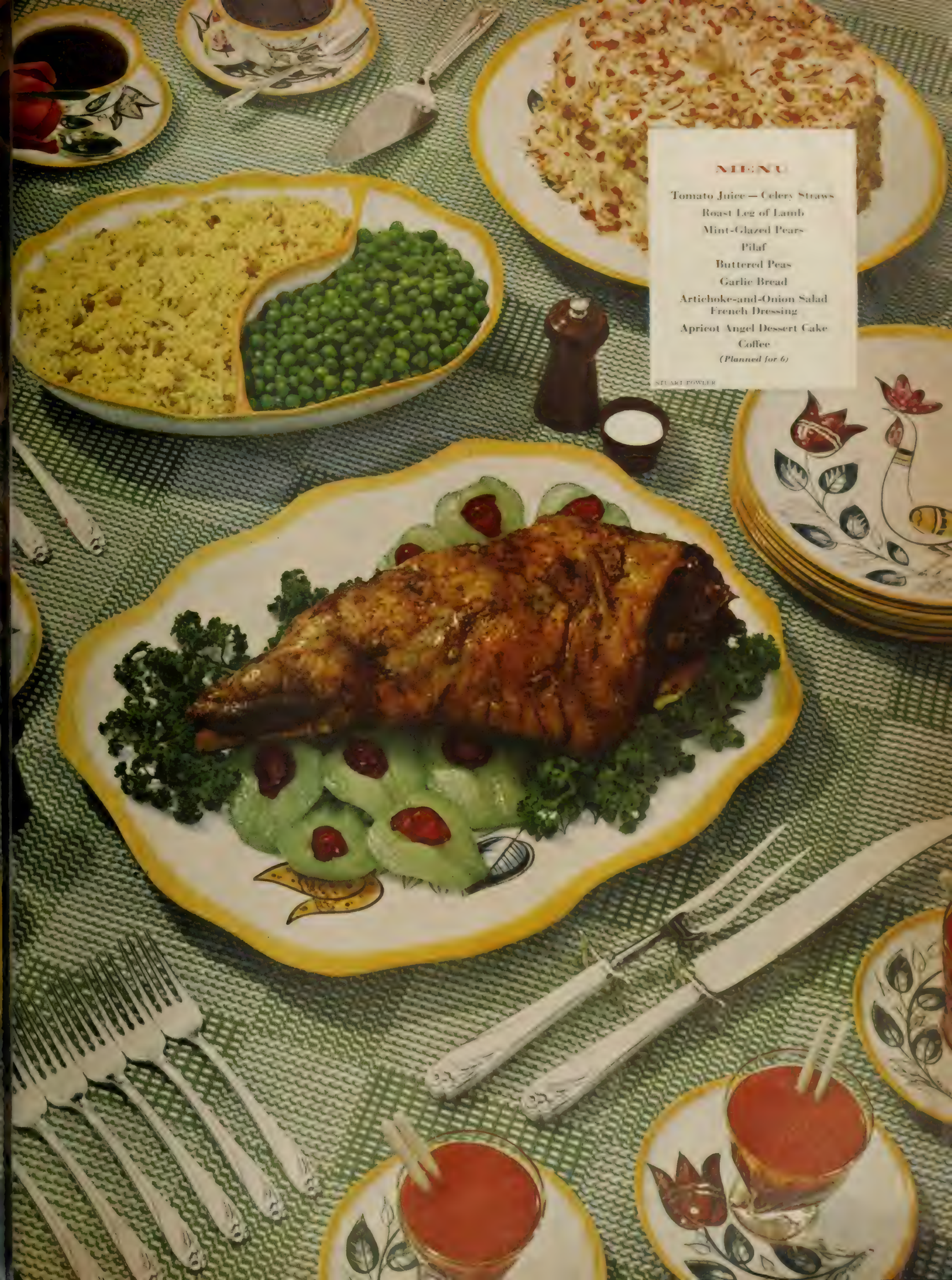
ROAST LEG OF LAMB

Wipe off the meat and rub well with salt and pepper and a cut clove of garlic. Place on a rack in an open roasting pan. Insert a meat thermometer, if you have one, so that the bulb reaches the center of the thick round of the leg, being sure the thermometer doesn't rest on bone. Roast in a slow oven, 300° F. Remove from the oven when thermometer registers 180° F.—or by timing. 30–35 minutes per pound. Lift out the lamb; pour off excess fat and make a gravy from the pan drippings.

There's Some Reason. There's a reason for most things, except unreasonable things. And come to think of it, there must be a reason for those. But I can't figure out why *mint*—of all other things under the sun and in the herb patch—is an absolute *must* with lamb. Do lambs eat mint? Do they gambol more like dancing dervishes if they smell its pungent fragrance by the old stone wall? But the fact remains that mint *is* the herb for lamb, and only an

(Continued on Page 256)




MENU
Tomato Juice — Celery Straws
Roast Leg of Lamb
Mint-Glazed Pears
Pilaf
Buttered Peas
Garlic Bread
Artichoke-and-Onion Salad
French Dressing
Apricot Angel Dessert Cake
Coffee
(Planned for 6)
STUART POWLER

Souds peadsfu

Husband at Home

By JACK FINNEY

IN a big easy chair pulled up to the living-room windows, Ben Bennell sat watching the street five stories below. He wore blue-striped pajamas, a maroon robe, and slippers. His lips formed in a soundless whistle, his face was relaxed, happy, at peace with the world. On a small table at his elbow, a half-finished glass of orange juice stood beside a blue-and-white box of paper tissues.

He began to grin, wickedly, mischievously, as he heard his wife's footsteps in the hall leading from the bedroom, but just before she appeared in the doorway, he altered his expression to a look of exaggerated suffering. As she entered the room, wearing a house dress and apron, Ben glanced up.

"Good-by," he murmured weakly. His black hair was mussed, his nostrils pink. "So long, Reagh. We've had some pretty happy years togeth——"

"The bed's made," she said calmly, "with fresh sheets. You can move into the bedroom again if you want." She was small, rather pretty, her hair very fine and blond in the morning light. Standing at his chair, she put a hand on his shoulder. "How's your cold?"

"I'm finished," he told her. "Done for." He began to grin. "Good-by."

"Good-by."

"I have one last request"—he coughed feebly—"my final wish."

Smiling, Reagh pulled his robe closed over his knees. "Now, you don't want to catch more cold; keep covered up."

"It's too late for that." Ben sighed exaggeratedly. "Reagh, I want you to know that I forgive you everything." He reached out and took her hand.

"That's nice."

"I have only this to ask. I hate the thought of the cold, damp ground; besides, I have claustrophobia. So I want you to have me stuffed."

"Okay."

"Just dress me in corduroy pants, a shirt and slippers, and keep me in my favorite place and position ——"

"I know; flat on your back on the davenport." She looked thoughtfully around the room. "I really should dust in here."

"I also suggest you have me waxed. It'll make dusting easier; especially the ears. They're hard to keep cl——"

"Now, stop that." She picked up his orange-juice glass. "You through with this?"

"Yes." He sat back and put his feet upon the window sill. "You could dust my clothes, I imagine, with one of the vacuum-cleaner attachments. There's a thing in the box of attachments I never could figure a use for, but now I know; it's made just for that purpose, dusting the clothes of your stuffed former husband. The 'perpetual-care brush,' I believe it's called."

"Ben, cut out that talk; it's morbid. Not to say silly."

He smiled sadly. "I suppose so. And it would get pretty boring, anyway; me lying around like that, never having much to say."

(Continued on Page 229)



He looked up at her, grinned. Then his smile faded. "I'm really a trial to you, aren't I?"

ILLUSTRATED BY Robert Patterson


:noubf, doesud id.....



Mrs. John A. Parma, of Santa Barbara, California, was inspired by her own home, Rancho Alamo, to make this prize-winning needlepoint tapestry.

LINE A DAY

1 "Cookery means the knowledge of Medea and of Circe and of Helen and of the Queen of Sheba. It means the economy of your grandmothers and the science of the modern chemist. And, in fine, it means that you are to be perfectly and always ladies—loaf givers." This was written long ago by a gentleman name of Ruskin. As true today as then. Let us be a proud clan. Let us be cooks in the old tradition.

2 Boiled and mashed, seasoned and buttered, turnips are good. Strong and well heeled. And now a surprise. Beat in a liberal handful of caraway seed. Don't forget—caraway. Makes them even better.

3 I've been looking into the subject of herb-flavored vinegars. Not just tarragon, though *that's* a big item for sure. But take such a beautiful thing as basil vinegar, that's class all the way. And what a *teaspoon* of it in a well-beaten batch of mashed potatoes will do is something you ought to investigate, at once.

4 As for tarragon-flavored vinegar, season the melted butter used on artichokes and mushrooms and all such exotic and rare foods with less than a teaspoon. Go easy on these vinegars. They have a hidden bite.

5 *Salad note:* Add 1 tablespoon sweet-pickle relish to ½ cup French dressing. Good with avocado salad.

6 A little grated orange or lemon rind goes well atop some cream soups.

7 Rolls, hot from the oven, have little competition in the kitchen-fragrance field. Tantalizing—like loaves of bread or mince pies and all the other perfume-dispensing items that waken memories and make dreams come true.

8 So let's make up a batch of real raised rolls, and before you bake them, having shaped them in knots or clover leaves, sprinkle them with grated cheese, and serve them as hot as the oven they came from.

9 *Another thing:* Mix finely chopped nuts with brown sugar, and apply liberally to the rolls. Dab on small pieces of butter before the baking, and you'll hear words that are sweet in any cook's ear.

10 Canapés whipped up quicker than scat are made with very thin-sliced rye or brown bread, buttered and spread with mustard sauce. Cut into small rounds or fancy shapes. These are as popular as a pretty summer boarder at a barn dance, and just as lively.

11 If you don't have time to knock out a frosting for a white cake, do this: as soon as the cake comes hot from the oven, sprinkle crushed peanut brittle over the top and the layers, and the frosting never will be missed.

12 *From an old cookbook:* "The most unpredictable fowl you can serve is goose. This bird has usually more experience than she who essays to prepare it. If it is old, it is the toughest of birds. If tough, it is difficult to carve. If difficult to carve, what must it be to eat? Better leave it to Old England!" So let's.

13 Soften a cream cheese slightly with cream. Season with *plenty* of chives salt. A spread for crackers.

14 Sturgeon from Russia's cold waters has its caviar, prince of delicacies, and shad has its roe, and both are simply "eggs"—fish eggs. Now here's how a magnificent dish is made. First select a beautiful specimen shad and get with it an extra roe, or use a canned one. These are fine.

15 Have your fishman split and bone your shad. This is important. Scald the raw roe—the canned ones are all prepared. Split them and scrape out all the eggs from the membranes. Add a tablespoon of chopped chives, a small onion chopped fine. Then add salt, pepper and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Mix in the juice of half a lemon. Mix well. Add softened bread crumbs to make a stuffing you can stuff with.

16 Stuff the shad and sew it up. Put into a shallow buttered glass dish and add ¾–1 cup of cold water. Cover the fish with little pieces of butter or margarine and bake about an hour in a moderate oven— 350° F.— or until done. Baste it often with the juices in the pan. Serve garnished with grapes and greens and ripe olives, hot.

17 As a dressing for your shad, have a bowl of creamed butter, adding to it chopped water cress, salt, pepper and the juice of a lemon. Pass this separately.

18 Here's a late-supper dish, and a quick one. Take cooked spaghetti, grated cheese and some minced onion, and add to it plenty of canned condensed tomato soup, *not* diluted. Simmer until everything is all happy together, then serve on a hot platter and cover with broiled frankfurters. Must be as hot as a kid caught drawing teacher's picture in his geography book.

19 To make baked apples more dessertish, give this a try. Make a lemon sauce, slightly thickened with cornstarch, and serve them hot with the sauce. Or a lemon-raisin sauce—how's that?

20 Lunching at a plush restaurant a spell back, I had a wonderful coffee ice cream simply peppered with sultana raisins. It was a perfect honey of a dessert.

By Ann Batchelder

21 Fruit-juice cocktails aren't the most colorful things that ever were. But this one has both color and flavor: Shake up together equal parts of cranberry cocktail (which comes all "cocktailized"), ginger ale and apple juice. Ice it. Serve with a twist of lemon rind.

22 I'll tell you what's what regarding a new spread, described as looking "sort of Spanish," for potato chips, whole-wheat crackers and other things too.

23 Drain a can of pimientos and mash thoroughly. Cream one fourth cup of butter or margarine, salt to taste. Beat the whole thing and there you are.

24 If you want your own way—and who doesn't, from baby in the cradle to grandpa in the only comfortable chair—do this with corn-meal-muffin mix:

25 Put a package of the mix in a bowl. Ought to be a yellow bowl or one with blue stripes. Add seven eighths of a cup of sour cream, no milk. Two tablespoons of bacon fat for that Southern touch, and one unbeaten egg. Mix (don't beat) all together. The directions for baking are on the package. Serve the muffins awful hot.

26 Here's a simple treat for those who are still serving afternoon tea instead of getting out in the sun and setting the stage for the flower show. Well, who am I to blame you? Making the petunia bed has me limp as a tired kitten and I could do with a cup of tea myself.

27 Cut the crusts from day-old bread and cut the bread into pencils—thickish ones. Brush these all over with plenty of melted butter. Roll the strips in cinnamon and sugar and bake at 375° F. on a greased cooky sheet, until brown and crusty. These are known as P. M. Cinnamon Sticks.

28 I'm always whipping up something for Sunday-night suppers, and my little group of serious thinkers go for this one. Sauté a cup of sliced mushrooms in two tablespoons of butter. Add a can of cream-of-mushroom soup and three fourths of a cup of cream.

29 *Chapter 2:* Now put in a tablespoon of grated onion, one teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, and salt and pepper to taste. Add a can of tuna fish, flaked. Cook a few minutes. Arrange thin slices of cooked ham on slices of buttered toast. Pour the sauce over them.

30 Retying flies and patching up the old reel—jobs like that are to me as house cleaning and curtain stretchers are to tidy housekeepers. Each to her taste. Each to what she is best fitted for. Mine is fishing.

Let SOUP *give a lift* to your problem meals



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

BY Anne Marshall

WE all have "problem" meals, I'm sure . . . Guests drop in and stay for supper . . . we're delayed in getting home from shopping . . . or perhaps we need some ideas for dressing up and extending leftovers. Here are suggestions for meeting these little mestic crises. The menus include a fine, hearty up . . . not only because soup is easy to prepare, it because a well-chosen soup can "lift" any meal to something special. It's tempting . . . nourish- g . . . easy to digest . . . easy on the pocketbook. d there's a kind for every menu and every taste. Many a homemaker has found soup a welcome l to meal-planning . . . on "busier than busy" ys, and all year 'round. Here are menus to try:

Quick Trick for a Late Start

ff comes your hat, on goes your apron, into the ucepan goes a can or two of Scotch broth. It's a le and hearty soup, you know—a nourishing utton stock crammed with barley and vegetables. a jiffy it's piping hot and ready to serve. Here's ur supper menu:

Scotch Broth
Fluffy Scrambled Eggs **Crisp Bacon**
Hot Buttered Bread **Strawberry Jam**

Pot Luck—and What Luck!

he family's in luck indeed, when you sit them own to the meal pictured below. Your soup, gain, is substantial and satisfying as you please—eef soup. It has a rich brown beef stock, generously lled with tender pieces of beef. With it you serve —but here's the full menu:

Beef Soup
Cheese Topped Potatoes **Green Beans**
Peach Halves **Ginger Cookies**





3 Here's a Budget Lunch—but Good!

Budgets—ugh! But we all have them these days! And they needn't get in the way of serving good meals—meals to tempt and nourish the family. This one features that grandly popular stand-by—vegetable soup. You'll relish the homey, well-simmered beef stock and the more than a dozen different vegetables. Here's your complete menu:

Vegetable Soup
Creamed Dried Beef **Potato Pancakes**
Chilled Apple Sauce



4 Leftovers Made Extra-tempting

Out of the refrigerator comes the rest of the meat loaf. You slice it, and over it pour a can of tomato soup (heated just *as is*). Rich, red, velvety-smooth, it makes an irresistible sauce. Let it give a lift to your entire meal, consisting of this menu (pictured above):

Meat Loaf Slices with Tomato Sauce
Buttered Carrots **Waldorf Salad**
Heated Cherry Cobbler

5 'Come a'running' Family Supper

You won't have to call them twice to *this* supper, lady! Your meal, as shown above, is built around bowls of cream of chicken soup: rich chicken stock made with extra-heavy whipping cream. Tender pieces of chicken all through it, too.

Cream of Chicken Soup
Corned Beef Hash Patties **Green Peas**
Beet and Onion Relish
Raspberry Fruit Gelatin

6 Supper—for Unexpected Guests

Friends stay on and you're really glad to invite them for supper—if only you can be sure they'll take "the luck o' the table." Well, you'll take the guesswork completely out of it with *this* menu. For you've canned tuna on the shelf. You simply open a can of cream of mushroom soup—made with cultivated mushrooms and extra-heavy whipping cream—and combine it with your tuna. Then pop it into the oven!

Chilled V-8 Vegetable Juices
Tuna-Mushroom Soup Casserole
Sliced Tomatoes
Heated Bakery Rolls
Chocolate Sundae



Mrs. David Anthony Drexel

her face shares with you the rare quality of her Inner Charm

You read so many lovely things in Mrs. Drexel's face it is no wonder you feel drawn to her—*on sight*. For her face is a fascinating portrait of her delightful Inner Self. It shares with you her intense originality, her aristocratic composure, so charmingly warmed by the quick magic of her friendliness.

Your face, too, is *the first impression of you* that other people receive. And—it is the picture of you they best remember. Keep it, then, a truly happy picture of your *real* Inner Self—one that will light a glow of pleasure in the hearts and minds of everyone you meet.



Mrs. Drexel—her beauty has an exquisite, cool look—the spun gold of her hair, the azure blue of her eyes, the ivory-white of her wonderful, smooth skin. Always her complexion reflects the lovely care she gives it. "I am a firm belie in using cream for skin cleansing—and I think Pond's Cold Cream just perfect," Mrs. Drexel says

Make a friend of that wonderful woman — your own Inner self

...she can introduce you to a charming new you

There are so many women who seem to be jangled and all out-of-tune with themselves!

Yet—no woman needs to stay a dissatisfied, discordant person. You can find and *show others* a lovely, harmonious You. A wonderful power within yourself can help you. A power that grows out of the close relationship between your Outer Self and your Inner Self—the way you *look*, the way you *feel*.

Haven't you noticed when you *look* your charming best you *feel* a reassuring belief in yourself? This sparkles you with extra charm, draws people to you—*on sight*. But—get the notion you are *not* attractive, and how quickly you deflate to feeling—and being—flat and insignificant.

Actually—the loveliness you show is like a magic key that can unlock friendship's doors for you wherever you may go.

Program for a New You

So, do begin *right now* to show the world a happy, charming new You. Plan a way of living based on the essential laws of health and beauty—daily exercise to stretch you and stir you up . . . relaxing sleep at night to keep nerves purring. Eat the *right* food. Drink *lots* of water. And—practice a *beautiful cleanliness!*

Know that your face is yours to command. And find out lovely ways to do it. First, *exquisite* skin care. Make *cream* cleansing your *nightly* habit—to give your skin a luminous, silken look and never dry it! Make this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream your cherished routine. It makes your blood rush, your skin glow—*you* look lovelier!

Mrs. Drexel says—"I am enthusiastic about this treatment. It is *wonderfully* stimulating."

Give your face a "Beauty's care"

this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Start now to care for *your* complexion as a beauty does—with *cream*. *Always* at bedtime (day cleansings, too) give your face *this* Pond's care:

Hot Stimulation—a quick splash of hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Yes—*this* is a beauty care your face will really love. *From the Outside*—light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream beautifully cleanses and softens your skin as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates circulation.

Does your face show dry skin?

After 25, the *natural* oil that keeps skin soft starts decreasing—skin begins to look older. Little dry lines show up by eyes, on forehead, around your mouth, on your throat. You can make up for this loss of natural oil with Pond's Dry Skin Cream. This cream is *rich* in softening *lanolin*—and *homogenized* to soak in better. It is exceptionally softening to dry, thirsty skin.

Does your skin hate heavy make-up?

If your skin feels self-conscious under a heavy foundation, smooth on a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base. *Greaseless*, it disappears at once—holds make-up beautifully.

A 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream is a "must" when you want to look party-perfect—*quick!* Cover face (except eyes) with cream. After 1 minute, tissue off. See your waked-up skin!

Pick yourself an Angel Face

Much-beloved Pond's Angel Face is the unique, sweet-tinted make-up flattery that is foundation and powder *all-in-one*.

And now—Angel Face comes in a slim and lovely NEW *mirror case* for your handbag (as well as in the sweet blue and gold boxes). Angel Face Mirror Case is sleek as polished ivory, etched with golden tracery. Inside—a mirror, a dainty puff—and *heavenly* Pond's Angel Face. Your choice of six soft-tinted complexion shades.

• • • • •

New glamour for lips emphasizes *rich reds!* So, use Pond's "Lips" wonderful shades—"Heartthrob" or "Dark Secret"! Six other lipstick shades, too, in the improved formula *that stays on even longer.*



To help you show others your loveliest self—Pond's world-famous aids to beauty

Remember —

It is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely, it puts a touch of magic on you—a *belief in yourself* that floods your face with charm. This confidence *you show* brings others closer to the Inner You.



THE RECKLESS HEART

(Continued from Page 40)

by the thought that he had actually found her, he would forget about my being there and make for Lisbee. I would try to slip away when I saw him bend to kiss the inside hollow of her elbow or suddenly clutch her arm. But I could not manage always to get away in time.

Finally he must have decided it was ridiculous to go on awkwardly feeling caught out. "Maybe I ought to take a few lessons from Francis X. Bushman—or Mary-Cullen'll get a poor notion of real love," he would laughingly say to Lisbee, by way of oblique apology to me. He did his best to put me at ease.

But Lisbee brushed aside my suggestions that I be left at home. When I was not with her, she often refused even to go to their secluded island with Neil. Lisbee's reasons usually came in capitals, like: Not Letting Men Take Liberties . . . Men Never Respected Women After. She kept Neil on a very short rein, or meant to: just enough affection to feed his hunger. Knowing How to Handle Men, that was called.

However, her own emotions evidently took over occasionally, in spite of her. She told me, one evening, how beautiful Neil thought her breasts. Something still blazed from her eyes when she told me. The way I guessed at the ecstasy was from the convulsive way she tightened her shoulders and arms just as she sat, letting out a sort of tragic, jerky laugh.

Neil had caught very quickly the close relationship there was between Lisbee and me, and warmly included me in their world. He would tell Lisbee and me, for instance, something of his astonishment that he had really found love. Pessimistically, he had not believed it was for him. How his face would light up as he tried to describe what it had done for him, not only heightening every moment of living, but adding mysterious new levels, whole new ways of seeing and feeling!

Even to his work. He no longer erred about, he said, progressing by sudden flashes in a fog; now he saw where he was going. He had decided to write, not just an article on Whitman, but a book. Because suddenly he *saw* Whitman—Whitman so close to life that, Neil exulted, he felt like shouting sometimes when he began to read because whole canyons of meaning opened up at each step. And he caught those meanings in words; he said they really lasted and came back to him later out of his own scribblings.

Then those two would look at each other, awed, and forget about me all over again.

SOMETIMES, in spite of Lisbee, I would leave them and wander back to the observatory building. Ordinarily of a Sunday afternoon in summer I would be going down to The Cove with Techa. However, I hadn't been down there for over a year and I missed my friends.

Why father, who had forbidden us to play with the children on Bretton Road, had never said anything about the even less-privileged ones down at The Cove, I do not know. He owned most of The Cove and perhaps that was the reason: because these people were *his*.

And how we loved them! Long before Lisbee and I had dared to defy the decree about going outside the high iron fence, Techa started taking us to The Cove with her, let us out into the world to hobnob with *real people*—and such a satisfying world! These people took us in and let us live their lives with them.

Take Nick—who had had his leg crushed between two coal cars at the mills, and whose mother everlastingly complained that he still took a bath every day even though he no longer did dirty work, but worked in a grocery. "That one, he'd take out his stomach and rinse it in soapsuds if he could!" The fifteen-year-old Nick had designed and carved out a wooden leg, all by himself, and Lisbee and I had filched a rubber tip from one of the dining-room chairs at home, to cushion the end of that stump.

And there was Marusia, the miser. She fed *us* jelly-bread. And Jasiek (mother's tea guest), who did tricks for us and made hard candies, shaped like little pillows, come out of our ears.

But it was a long time since Lisbee had been down at The Cove—not since she had started going to Miss Worthington's.

At Techa's cousin's, Karoleena—who'd been a long-legged mosquito-hopper of a child when we first started going down to The Cove—Karoleena was married now. I hadn't seen her since early last spring. I never went on the long trip down to The Cove in the winter; even Techa seldom went when it was cold. Yet that wasn't the whole reason why it was so long since I had seen Karoleena. Something was changed.

THE summer before last, whenever Karoleena and I had met the square, husky Nurk on the street, she would tell him, "Get out of my way, you dumb Lutvin!" But he would only laugh in a loud burst, trying to block off her way (and, incidentally, mine) with outstretched arms.

Nurk talked a funny kind of Polish that even the Polish people laughed at. I couldn't understand it, and he never made any attempt to talk English when I was present as the others did.

Though Karoleena called him "dumb Lutvin" when we met him on the street sometimes, when Techa and I arrived at Karoleena's house, we'd find her in the thick of the company, drinking tall glasses of beer with Nurk. She would jump up, laughing—Karoleena—who used to make Tom Thumb cradles out of bleeding-heart blossoms . . . who had looked out for her little brother Tomek, like a mother . . . who, at any instant, could be lost in loving wonder contemplating her shiny-toed button shoes. Real shoes, and to fit! Her mother, as a little girl, had spent the Polish winters indoors (mere girls were not shod) unless one of her brothers threw his clumsy village-made boots at her, to give her an ecstatic run in the snow. But Karoleena had *her own* shoes.

Last spring Karoleena had married Nurk and I had found it even harder to go down to The Cove. But maybe, if Lisbee didn't need me to go to the observatory with her next Sunday, I decided, I would go to The Cove with Techa.

"Lisbee," I burst out—we were both in our room when this idea struck me—"why don't you meet Neil down at The Cove next Sunday instead of going to the observatory? I haven't seen Karoleena for ——"

"The Cove!" Lisbee exploded. And I remembered. If she wouldn't even bring Neil to Bretton Road ——

"Anyway, Neil always likes the stories you tell him about the Polish people," I countered quickly. "Keeps asking for more."

"Yes, *stories*," Lisbee sniffed. "You can't smell their stuffy, airless cabbagey-smelling in stories."

"Oh, well ——" I closed the discussion by easing myself out of the room in a hurry, before she had a chance to get mad.

So the next Sunday I went wandering about alone in the observatory park. And in vain Neil asked again, with deceptive brightness, as we were leaving him, if *this* wasn't a good time to go on over to Bretton Road with us. The answer was still no.

Mother did not ask too many questions about where Lisbee went so often, because I was always with her (except for weekdays after school, which mother did not know about), but she saw a good deal. Who could help it?

Lisbee brought back with her from her lover not only joy and a burning beauty. I did not understand until years later much of what Neil did for her; not even Lisbee did then. But just being with him, evidently, reminded her of whole hopeful pieces of herself that had broken off. Now Lisbee felt crammed full of her life. Neil gave her back to herself in rich measure.

She grew humble in her love. At times, almost too happy.

Suddenly in terror, one night, she began not to believe in him. She woke me out of a sound sleep, telling me hurriedly to get dressed. We started out of the house so late even the streetcars had stopped running on High Street.

"He'll be there. I know he will! He says he walks in the park at night—often."

He wasn't.

Lisbee shivered as she stood against one of the dim tree trunks and let desolation beat on her. It did, in cruel masterful strokes, like walls of water.

And then he *was* there.

Lisbee fell into his arms in a wild abandon of sobbing. He held her close and did not ask questions. This storm must have been a mere breeze compared with some that shook him.

"Lisbee! *Darling,*" half reproachfully. "You can't go on like this. You're just making yourself feel worse." He held her tenderly in the crook of his arm, wiping away her tears with his handkerchief.

"But I couldn't find you! You weren't here!" she accused him, panic still harsh in her voice.

"It's the middle of the night. And I don't *really live* here in the woods," he laughed. "Besides, I *was* here. I *am* here."

"I couldn't find you," she sobbed. "There was nobody here . . . and I was afraid ——"

She was becoming overwrought all over again.

"Lisbee! . . . *Sweetheart,* listen!" He shook her, to force her attention. "You mustn't let yourself go like this. I'm *here*—I'll always be here." His voice softened, and he stooped to kiss her wet face. "I'll *always* be here, darling," he repeated.

"B-but I couldn't find you," she sighed.

"Because you didn't look in the right place. You just looked in the wrong place—you looked under *our tree* when I was walking along *on my street.* That's all," he explained gaily, as though pointing out to a child that she'd been playing hide-and-seek to the wrong rules.

Since she was quiet now, Neil leaned back and braced himself against "their tree," as he stood still holding her. Then he dropped his cheek to hers and they stood thus for a long time.

I GOT needles and pins, afraid to move. The *seef-seef* insect sounds and tree rustle of the night woods sounded lonely.

"I'm sorry," Lisbee finally sighed, "I didn't mean ——"

"*Don't* be sorry, Lisbee," he said quickly. "I'm *glad* . . . I'm sorry you were upset, but I'm glad you came looking for me! I'm glad you love me so much you need me *every minute.* You see?" He shook her gently to impress it on her. "And I'm always here for you—no matter where I am. Remember that! Because I love you," solemnly.

Lisbee clung to Neil's arm as he escorted us through the deserted observatory park. Contentedly she allowed herself to be led to Neil's street, through the garden to the made-over stables, where Neil got out a long, black automobile.

It was only to be expected that he'd take us home, since the streetcars had stopped running even before we'd left home. Uneasiness awoke in Lisbee only as we began to get close to home.

"Might as well let us off here—or at the *next* corner," she conceded as Neil drove by the first place she'd designated.

He did not stop at the next corner either. Nor at the next. We kept on racing down High Street. At the corner of Bretton Road and High, Neil coolly turned into our unpaved street and kept on, though he slowed to keep the automobile from riding too unevenly over the low dry ruts.

"Really!" Lisbee now spat out angrily. "Whose home *is* it! I'd wait to be *asked* before I thrust myself on—on people who didn't want me!"

Nothing she said seemed to reach him.

"You—you stupid clod! Can't you hear!" she finally wailed, losing control of herself as she saw that he had no intention of obeying her. In her fury Lisbee even hit out at him, which had not a whit more effect. Only when she tried to pull his hands off the steering wheel did Neil reach out a long, hard arm. He pinned her flat against the back of the seat while he went on driving with one hand.

HE stopped the automobile in front of the gate in our high iron fence, and killed the motor.

"H-how did you know where it was?" asked in an amazed voice.

Neil answered matter-of-factly, "Oh, I've been here before—walked by, lots of times.

Not stopping to consider how or why this should settle the matter, I said quickly "Well, then"—weakly offering that as comfort to Lisbee—"if he already knew ——"

But Lisbee was past such mild reasonableness; her bitter crying took all the adventure and beauty out of the night.

I sat bleakly there in the automobile while he comforted her as best he could, holding her close, making cherishing, caressing motions with his hand across her head and shoulders. He did not offer a word.

"Lisbee . . . is that you?" asked a voice out of the air. Mother's!

Lisbee's crying stopped dead. I even thought I could hear her holding her breath.

Somehow Neil scrambled out of the automobile and was at the tall gate when it swung open. "Good evening, Mrs. Vries," he said. "I'm Nelson Etheridge — Lisbee probably told you," he laughed ingratiatingly. "I brought Lisbee and Mary-Cullen home." He offered his hand to mother.

She took it, and I heard her murmur something vaguely polite, as Lisbee and I, too, scrambled out of the machine.

Mother was in her brown-and-white heavy robe, which Lisbee detested; the glossy coffee-colored hair hung in two plaits on either side of her face. Between them, the oval gleamed pale in the darkness of the night, and I wondered if Neil could see well enough to distinguish its beauty.

"Oh—uh. We're engaged," Lisbee brought out in an awkward rush. "Yes, Neil brought us home."

"Very good of you, Mr. Etheridge," mother said too evenly, as Lisbee and I sheepishly slipped around her into the yard.

"Oh—I'm *very* glad to meet you," Neil continued. "I've been wanting to meet you *ever since* I . . . for *a long time.*"

"Thank you." Mother's voice came out a little less coolly. There was a pause. "Then . . . maybe you'd like to come some time and meet the rest of the family."

"Oh, yes! Any time!"

"Well, let's see." Mother was talking in almost her usual voice. "Next Saturday, at four—would that do?"

"Oh, fine! Yes, thank you! At *four.*" He underlined it with grateful vehemence.

Lisbee started in first: before mother could say anything, even before we got into the house. About just who Nelson Etheridge was. Where she had met him. How he'd *pleaded* and *begged* and *implored* to be allowed to call on her at home. But obviously it made it more romantic—just like in a book!—to be having secret meetings. She ran on and on, giving all sorts of reasons for everything, neatly skirting the truth of why she'd kept on meeting Neil in the park.

As I look back now, I think Lisbee might have saved herself that flurry of agitation. I doubt whether mother would have said

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Lesson in Spring

By Ernestine Cobern Beyer

Who puts his credence in the tomb,
And bows too long to grief,
Must argue with the clover bloom,
And contradict the leaf!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★





Only one soap gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet's gentle lather has been proved outstandingly mild for all types of skin!

Whether your skin is oily, dry or normal—here's news you'll welcome! Tests show that Cashmere Bouquet Soap is *amazingly mild!* Used regularly, it will leave skin softer, smoother, flower-fresh and younger looking. And the *fragrance* of Cashmere Bouquet is the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love." Love is thrillingly close to the girl who is fragrant and sweet, so use Cashmere Bouquet Soap daily. Complexion Size for face and hands, the big Bath Size in your tub or shower!

Complexion and big Bath Sizes



Cashmere Bouquet Soap

—Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love!

much. I guess mother wasn't very good at half-truths, and what could she say in scolding Lisbee, finally: "Just never mind about your father's mistress. You go ahead being the proper young Miss"?

What mother *did* was busy herself with the next thing to be done. Right then, in the small hours of the night, she opened the little doors in the sideboard and got out the tea service. The silver was black with disuse.

"Oh, no!" Lisbee balked, suddenly taking in the significance of those silver tea things. "You didn't really *mean* Neil was to—to come to ——"

Mother said quietly, "Of course I did. Why not?"

Thus confronted, Lisbee could think up no more excuses for refusing to let Neil call at the house. There was no putting her fears into words; besides, face to face with mother, they seemed unreal.

"Well ——" she conceded. We went to bed on that.

Next day Lisbee was up early, stirring up a great deal of activity. She had begun by insisting that we give Neil tea in the upstairs drawing room.

"Mm," mother said doubtfully. 'You don't want him to think we're showing off for him?"

"'Course not!" Lisbee retorted. 'But he lives in a house as big as a bank."

"Then I should think he would be glad for a cup of tea in the sitting room."

"The sitting room! Mother! That . . . why, the rug—in some places—it's positively bald!"

I suppose the things in that sitting room were rather awful—all the unwanted odds and ends from the rest of the house. We lolled all over a huge ruin of a sofa in a heavy mahogany frame that stood between the two long windows; it was upholstered in green plush and had a tapestry thrown over the back to hide the worn places. A couple of lady chairs," small and handy, moved all over the room.

Mother often sat before the fire as she sewed; she seldom sat very long for any other reason. Characteristically, there was no chair that was "mother's." And certainly there was none for father here. This room was none of his. He would only stalk in and out on the way to his library, or down to the stables.

With the rest of us, however, the sitting room was held in high regard. It was especially loved during in-between seasons because you could have a fire. Nothing could breathe out more flavor of home than the grayish-pink bricks of the hearth, worn and warm under your arm or elbow, as you read.

Lisbee herself took charge of the preparations for Neil's tea.

Such a turnout as that sitting room got! The dining room, too, was shaken out of a long lethargy. The old blue china from the high plate rail, so dusty that you couldn't tell which plate bore a coat of arms of one of the states and which a '49er motif, was soaped and polished until it winked back blue light. Lisbee even took to sorting the things on the enormous sideboard.

We shone when she had finished. And a sort of holiday-eve mood took hold of us which brought on much giggling and nudging at the dinner table, drawing puzzled and sarcastic remarks from father.

NEXT MONTH

"You never know just when you are going to leave part of your life in return for something . . ."

SID SKELTON, the radio commentator, was not thinking of battlefields when he said this, though he was thinking of Maj. Gen. Melville Goodwin, and also of the two extraordinary women involved in the general's life—Dottie Peale, rich, blond, head of her own publishing firm, always with an aura of Chanel 5, and Muriel Goodwin, who believed that "If you want something enough, you get it.". . . The story of a great American general, a national hero during and after World War II, and his career continuing into the Korean War, is the new novel to be published in six installments:

Melville Goodwin, U.S.A.

By John P. Marquand

Beginning in the May JOURNAL

Lisbee had said nothing to father about Neil's coming to tea. But then, neither had she let herself feel him out to discover whether he were likely to be away from the house Saturday afternoon. She merely hoped he would be.

To mother, Friday night, Lisbee made one last frightened objection: "But father—if he's here—he'll say things!"

"Father always says things," mother said calmly. "What do you want to eat besides cakes and sandwiches?"

MOTHER sat at the slim-legged little Sheraton table, the shining Camier tea service before her. Dressed in pale green voile with a Val-lace collar, the twin lights of the candles on the tea table making mysterious pools of her gray eyes, mother smiled her readiness.

"Oh, mother!" Lisbee exclaimed tenderly. "You're so ——" Maybe she was going to say "beautiful." But something else caught her eye. "Your hands!" she moaned.

Mother looked down at her work-worn hands. "You sound just like Mammy Veeda. She always said I had the paws of a farm hand."

Mammy Veeda had been not mother's nurse but mother's mother's nurse. The most selfless love she had known when she was young had come to her from tiny, wizened Mammy Veeda.

At this point the doorbell rang.

Lisbee opened the door. Mr. Nelson Etheridge stepped in, looking breathtakingly tall and handsome and very much man-of-the-world in striped trousers and cutaway. As Lisbee held aside the portieres for him, Neil had to stoop to enter the sitting room.

"Lovely afternoon, Mr. Etheridge, isn't it?" mother said, her soft, friendly voice waiving the oddness of their first meeting. She held out her hand. Neil took it with a bow and a smile of pleasure.

Those two certainly took to each other. Neil brought his chair closer to the table, and somehow, before you knew it, he was handing around tea for mother. Even *throwing* my napkin to me.

"Lisbee tells me you read a lot of poetry to her," mother said as she cut a slice of coconut cake.

"I'm afraid that's one of my weaknesses," Neil smiled.

"Mr. Vries is a great reader. But he doesn't like to read things aloud," regretfully. "Only occasionally. And I declare, *I* don't seem to get a minute from one end of the week to the other," wistfully.

"But you sing a lot, Lisbee tells me," Neil said. "I hear you make a specialty of old English ballads."

"*I* do?" she looked surprised.

"I . . . think so." He looked over at Lisbee for confirmation. "Barbara Ellen—isn't that one of yours?"

"Oh, Barby Ellen! Yes, of course. Is *that* what it is—an old English ballad?"

"Yes—or it might be Scottish. They go way back—no known date. Let's see"—Neil wrinkled his forehead in an effort to remember—"There Lived an Old Lord by the Northern Sea—didn't Lisbee tell me that's another one of yours?"

Mother nodded, delighted to find herself endowed with literary standing because of some of her old tunes. "I learned those songs at a little school where I went—down South."

(Continued on Page 82)

There's something lovely about you—darling!

Warner's incredibly lovely bras, of course!

The accent's *on* you when a Warner's is *about* you.

You'll be *simply* wonderful in Warner's tailored, wash-in-a-wink nylon taffetas or cotton charmers. You'll be lovelier—*naturally*—in Warner's exclusive all-elastic A'Lures with stretch-around bands that keep you comfortably lovely. You'll have a beautiful lift in Warner's hug-you-light cotton, lace and A'Lure *strapless* bras.

For that smooth-fitting round-up that Spring sheers love to cling to, choose those you love in your very own 3-Way-Sizes. Priced from $1.50 to $10. Match yours with a lovely Warner's girdle. From $3.95 to $27.50 at the nicest stores.

Your cup size... no binding, no ripples. Warner's A to D cup-sizing fits you letter-perfect.

Your band... no bands, narrow or deep bands, or elastic A'Lure bands fit snugly, smoothly.

Your uplift... whether you like a little lift or a lot, have your *own* way in a Warner's.

WARNER'S*
3-Way-Sized
Foundations and Bras

WORLD FAMOUS FOR LE GANT* · A'LURE* · STA-UP-TOP* · FREE-LIFT* · WARNERETTE*
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., The Warner Brothers Company, New York 16, Chicago 6, San Francisco 8







Arvin

Master-styled Dinettes





Matchless values that make lovelier rooms



Cigarette proof!

The magic of Arvin styling sets a whole room aglow with fresh beauty—at best-for-budget prices!

Exciting originality, exquisite grace, combine in Miracle Leaf Set 3565/6, above. The durable Formica table top, in choice of colors, won't crack, warp, peel, ripple, fade or stain—can't be hurt by hot dishes, cigarettes or anything that spills! Fashionably tapered table legs adjust readily to uneven floors. Roomy table top is 35x65" extended; 35x53" closed.

Luxurious chairs, in harmonizing colors, are richly upholstered, with comfortable high, form-fitting backs. All Arvin dinettes are unexcelled in quality and value.



Look for the famous exclusive Arvin Miracle Leaf! A 12-inch extension leaf that disappears and stores automatically beneath table top—slips back into place at a finger-touch.



Send for illustrated booklet L-4

Perfect for any setting. Set 3060/4. A moderately priced set of outstanding grace and beauty, styled in keeping with finest modern home furnishings. Lovely, durable Arvin plastic table top in choice of colors that harmonize with any room setting. Handsomely designed chairs are built for solid comfort. Table is 30x60" extended; 30x48" closed.

Arvin Industries, Inc.
Columbus, Indiana
(Formerly Noblitt-Sparks Industries, Inc.)

(Continued from Page 80)

Mother even told Neil about the goal she'd set herself after she'd had to leave school—to read through every book in the library at home. And how she'd failed. (This was all news to Lisbee and me.) "Those sermons in the dingy ol' brown covers finished me."

Neil laughed delightedly. And Lisbee smiled in sympathy. For the most part she merely sat and sunned herself in the stream of chatter those two kept going.

She came to with a jolt, however, when Neil started up out of his chair with the hot-water jug in his hand. He was off to the kitchen to get more water from Techa. And nothing Lisbee could do—no matter how much she pleaded—she could not get that jug away from him.

Lisbee dragged me after her as they both made for the kitchen, in hopes that *I* could stop him. I followed limply, thinking only what a lucky thing it was that Lisbee had done the dining room, too, in her intensive bout of house cleaning.

As we trailed along through the hall into the dining room, we almost caught the boys, stealing away ahead of Neil. They hid in the-way-upstairs.

Hearing a snicker from behind that door, which the boys had not had time to close completely, Neil paused and smiled widely at the blank door. He looked around appreciatively.

The horrified Lisbee started to explain primly about the overloaded sideboard, but Neil just laughed. He was not going to be relegated to any genteel party corner of the family, he didn't want to miss a thing. That jumble of objects on the sideboard was not merely clutter to Neil, but pieces of the family living; he reveled in it. Only child that he was, brought up in a too formal home, these Vries bits that showed delighted him.

Grinning, Neil went gaily on to the kitchen to complete his errand. Here he greeted Techa by name, and wished her good day in Polish, "*Dzien dobry*," striking her dumb with shy pleasure.

There didn't seem to be a thing or a person in that old house that didn't attract Neil.

As he chattered away to mother, he could barely take his eyes off her, except, of course, to look at Lisbee. Whenever Neil caught sight of Lisbee suddenly, or the waving candlelight touched up her hair, he would say one of his polite phrases over again, or ask for more tea with his cup full.

"What are you peeking at?" Father gave the boys away, and came bursting through the bead portieres.

Father's riding boots, as he stood surveying the tea party, shone like polished mahogany, as usual. Bits of straw clung to the unscraped soles of those boots.

Hearing father's voice, Lisbee went pale and sat frozen where she was. Mother and Neil and I turned.

"Alfred, this is Mr. Etheridge—Nelson Etheridge—a friend of Lisbee's."

Father sent a bob of his head in Neil's direction.

NEIL rose. "How do you do, sir?"

"I used to know your father—how is he?" father threw out.

And something golden flooded Lisbee's face, mostly wonder. Strange! Unbelievable! This joining of her two worlds.

"Very well, sir. But I'm afraid he's not as lean as you are."

Neil's father, we learned later, was all but round.

"Humph." Father brushed his mustache—right, left—with a forefinger, but he did not seem displeased.

Then: "I hear you have quite an interesting library, sir," Neil tried again.

"Just a miscellaneous collection—things I haven't thrown out."

"I'm trying to build up a library of American literature," humbly, from Neil.

"Is there any?" dryly.

Neil laughed politely. Then, to fill another awkward pause, he forced himself to say, "After all, there's Emerson and Thoreau . . . and Whitman." He brought Whitman in because he couldn't keep him out of anything for very long.

If Neil had expected that father would chime in, he was mistaken. Father's closed face did not betray that he even remembered he had ever owned a copy of anything by anyone called Whitman.

Neil made a few more starts, these also ignored by father.

I was feeling painfully embarrassed for Neil until I realized something that amazed me: Neil was watching better what he was saying than father was. Neil was going in one direction: to please father, and father was being pleased. At least, he did not burst out at him the way he did whenever mother ventured a literary opinion.

FINALLY Neil did not seem to be able to think of another thing to say. Father did not come in. And Neil just stood.

"I don't suppose you'll drink a cup of tea?" mother suggested, trying to ease the strain.

"Humph," said father, and turned back to the dining room. He found a book which he had left there, sat down at the table and began to read. Then he went out the back way—to the stables, most likely.

A Wellesley graduate determined that none of her children would be nicknamed. Her first son was named William for his father. He might have ended as Will or Willie—but the four brothers who followed him were named Wilmont, Wilbur, Wilbert and Wilfred.

"Now," she said proudly, "they'll have to be called by their proper names."

So they were known as Bill, Chuck, Skinny, Tubby and Bud.

As far as Lisbee was concerned, that encounter had been success beyond her wildest dreams. She was a little confused, wondering what she had feared. Whatever it was, it had not intruded on that party in the sitting room.

A short time after father left, mother got up to go too. "You'll excuse me—I have to start dinner," she said, offering Neil her hand.

He rose and shook that hand warmly.

"I hope you'll feel free to come any time, Neil." She used Lisbee's name for him. "If I'm busy, Lisbee can always give you a cup of tea." That's the way she told him that, of course, the casual meetings outside were over now.

"Thank you very much." He gave her a wide, grateful smile. "I *shall* come any time. Beginning tomorrow, if I may."

Lisbee giggled self-consciously, but mother only nodded. Smiling with them, she went out to the kitchen.

I went to look for the boys.

Neil did come the next day, and the next and the next. . . . Soon Lisbee began wondering why no other Etheridge called or was heard from, though she did not mention this to anyone but me.

Neil was very good about avoiding father, and when he did encounter him, he was so terrifically respectful father always turned away with a sort of "humph" expression, but he did not say anything.

The first time Lisbee confronted the world at large with her conquest was at The Founder's Club Ball. To Lisbee—to all her cronies at Miss Worthington's—THE FOUNDER'S CLUB came in headlines. To think that Neil actually was a junior member! His family belonged.

Now suddenly, Lisbee was confronted with the problem of what to wear.

Stalking through the dining room one morning, father was stopped by the sight of Lisbee and mother, bent over mother's pink satin ball dress—of fond memory to all of us. The evening mother wore that pink satin dress—with a train!—was the only time I'd ever seen her "really dressed up" (in evening décolletage, I mean).

That dress went all the way back to the time when Dickie was a baby. As I remem-

(Continued on Page 84)

25% TO 50% MORE SPACE

General Electric Refrigerators give you much more storage space than most refrigerators now in use . . . yet they occupy no larger floor area!



The General Electric Refrigerator-Food Freezer Combination holds hundreds of pounds of food, as you can see. And, in addition to its many wonderful convenience features, a General Electric Refrigerator assures you of years of *dependable* service. Your nearest G-E dealer will be glad to show you this de luxe refrigerator. You'll find him listed in your classified telephone directory. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Look! A REAL food freezer!



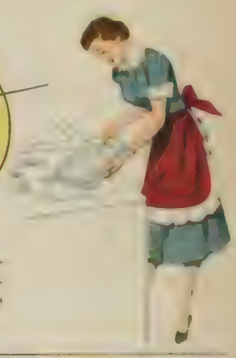
arate frozen food com- tment. Keeps frozen d at *zero* degree. Main- ns high quality of foods a year!

Pick ONE cube at a time!



Pick out crisp cubes singly. The others will *not* drop out of the dividers. No more half-melted cubes! It's G.E.'s exclusive Redi-Cube Ice Tray.

No more defrosting!



Frost just does *not* build up in the fresh-food section! Uncovered foods do not dry out! Foods remain crisp and fresh for days and days!

Years and Years of DEPENDABLE Service!



General Electric's dependable sealed-in refrigerating system is unsurpassed. More than 2,700,000 G-E Refrigerators have been in service ten years or longer.

Now! Vegetable drawers that R-O-L-L



New Rolla-Drawers, on rubber-tired wheels, roll *quietly!* So easy to keep clean. Each drawer holds 12½ qts.

No more HARD butter!



This special conditioner, built into the door, keeps a full pound of butter at best *spreading* temperature.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



We formed a perfect combination...

by uniting, in perfect harmony, two *crisp* chocolate cookies with a velvety cream filling in between. This delicious combination is known by millions today as Sunshine HYDROX... the *original* cream-filled chocolate cookie... the *Finest Ever Made!*



Sunshine
HYDROX
COOKIES
THE ORIGINAL CREAM-FILLED CHOCOLATE COOKIE

RIPE OLIVES
FROM CALIFORNIA



Elegance in food is the sum of a lot of little things. And one little thing that gives your table or a favorite dish that elegant touch... is adding ripe olives! So tempting to look on as they gleam from the olive bowl... and even better to taste. So subtle the flavor they add to your cooking. Don't be without ripe olives!

Elegant in Salads



Elegant!

More ideas for tasty dishes with ripe olives are yours for the asking. Write for free booklet of Elegant Ripe Olive Recipes: Olive Advisory Board, Dept. D-4, 16 Beale St., San Francisco 5, Calif.

CHEF SALAD MONTEREY

½ cup ripe olives
2 quarts salad greens
3 sliced green onions
⅓ cup olive oil
1½ tablespoons wine vinegar
Salt and pepper
Tomato wedges
Strips of ham and cheese

Cut olives from pits into large pieces. Break assorted greens into bite-sized pieces in large bowl. Sprinkle with olives and onions. Toss thoroughly with oil. Add vinegar, season with salt and pepper and toss again. Garnish with tomato wedges and strips of cheese and ham. Serves 4 or 5.

(CUT OUT AND PASTE ON CARD FOR YOUR RECIPE FILE)

(Continued from Page 82)

ber, the bodice was heavily embroidered with crystal beads. They were like a shining rain below the deep décolletage, while mother's diamond earrings shot white fire from above. Those frail bisque arms! And what a slim sheath she was in the gleaming satin, her head poised in that haunting oh, heart be still! grace.

Father was evidently as much affected as we were. It was with a kind of shy awe we observed how he hovered around that beauty, tense and quick with elation, adding an almost visible shimmer to it. Mother's luminous gray eyes in that pale olive oval swam with light.

Father came home from the ball in a rage at someone—perhaps at everyone. They did not go again. The pink satin dress was pinned into a clean white sheet and hung in the back of mother's closet. . . . Her beauty guttered beside him like a candle at which nobody read.

Mother had spread the pink satin ball dress across the dining-room table while she and Lisbee tried to decide how to make it over for Lisbee to wear to The Founder's Club Ball.

But father put a stop to this. Whether he was taking a roundabout method to preserve that pink dress, or whether he wanted to show the world he scorned how well worth dressing Alfred Vries' daughter was, I don't know.

At any rate, father took it upon himself to point out that that particular shade of pink, having a little yellow in it which made it just right for a brunette, would deaden a blonde. Why didn't they go downtown and get something at Soft's, instead of all this everlasting cutting and snipping!

That's how we acquired a charge account at the gray-carpeted, hushed Soft's Incorporated.

Lisbee came home with an ice-blue satin dress for the ball. She had also talked mother into the extravagance of a tiny black silk cape edged in ermine tails.

The ice-blue dress disappointed me at first sight; the off-blue seemed flat, as if something had been left out, though I loved the silvery sheen on the folds.

What had been left out, I decided, when the dress was tried on, was Lisbee. As a pearl-mother sets those jewels to glowing, the flat blue sprang into life on Lisbee, and I could only gasp at what it did to her. Her fairness shone out so vividly she seemed actually to light any corner of the room she stood in.

"Humph," was all father said when he saw Lisbee in the new dress. But later, when the bill came in, he said not a word about the shocking price.

When Neil beheld this vision in ice-blue (he himself, resplendent as an ambassador, in tails and white tie), he seemed to us, the boys and me, to lose all sense of direction—nay, all sense. His conversation was idiotically disjointed and he very formally shook hands with me when they left.

"Loony!" the boys choked with laughter as soon as the door was closed, and they went into a hilarious knockdown fight all over the sitting-room floor.

Which in a politer way was evidently what the grown-up boys did on sight of Lisbee at the ball.

"They even pushed," Lisbee told me, starry-eyed. And lots of them, even the "old men," Lisbee reported, tried to wheedle or bribe the tiny heart-shaped locket away from her.

At first, Lisbee had thought of wearing this lucky locket pinned to her camisole, or as a bracelet. Because, though the ice-blue dress had a modest young girl's neckline, it still was far too low to hide the baby locket on its thread of a chain. Finally, she decided to just wear it around her neck.

Was she glad she had! It made a wonderful conversation piece. One old fogy—he must have been at least forty! Lisbee sniffed—teasingly offered to swap her a pearl necklace for it.

Yes, The Founder's Club Ball was an ovation for Lisbee.

"And you should have seen how jealous Neil was!" Lisbee laughed.

When I exclaimed in horror, Lisbee assured me that this was only proper, it showed how much he loved her. I was silenced because I did not know how to say I found it odd that anything that hurt the loved one could be right.

Though Lisbee soon acquired a white chiffon evening dress and a yellow taffeta, too, she arrogantly took to wearing the ice-blue dress so often it became almost a uniform; there was not a little of father's highhandedness in Lisbee. "*One little girl in blue, lads,*" her dancing partners began indulgently singing to her. Lisbee was amused.

But only the men sang it.

The girls were nice, in general. Still—Lisbee, the toast wherever she appeared, never

(Continued on Page 86)



"I'm setting the alarm for 6:30. Call me at 7:00, again at 7:30 and make sure I'm out of bed by 8:00 o'clock."

No rice but pre-cooked Minute Rice can do these startling tricks!



LUNCHEON GLORY . . . IN 13 MINUTES!

Rice à la Maison. In a hurry? Try this lunchtime lovely. Combine in saucepan: ⅔ cup Minute Rice, 1½ cups milk, ¾ teaspoon salt, ½ cup diced celery. Bring to boil, cover, and simmer 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add ⅔ cup condensed cream of mushroom soup and 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped; mix lightly. Reheat. Add 2 tablespoons diced pimento. A *heavenly* dish! Minute Rice picks up the whole blend of flavors—a trick no other rice can do. Serves 2 or 3.

DINNER DIVINE . . . IN 27 MINUTES!

Veal Paprika. Here's a dish to mark you as a Very Special Hostess—yet it's so fast and *foolproof*, thanks to that magic of Minute Rice. Just prepare 1½ cups Minute Rice as directed on box. Cut ¾ pound thinly sliced veal cutlet into strips; roll in seasoned flour. Sauté ¾ cup thinly sliced onion in ¼ cup butter until golden. Add veal, paprika. Mix in 2 tablespoons paprika. Add 1¼ cups rich milk gradually, stirring constantly. Cook and stir over low heat until creamed. Simmer 2-3 minutes longer. Serve, with rice, to 4 grateful people!





Put it in water, bring to a boil. No more cooking's needed! With Minute Rice you get fluffy, snow-white, perfect rice *every single time!*



Fix it with tomato juice instead of water—see the rosy-red rice you get! Try Minute Rice with consommé, with fruit juices. It *absorbs* color—as no other rice can do.



GLAMOUR SURPRISE . . . IN 17 MINUTES!

Savory Mushroom Rice. Combine in saucepan: 1 package (1⅓ cups) Minute Rice, 1½ cups water, ¼ cup chopped celery leaves, 1 cup diced celery, 1½ teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Bring to full boil, cover, remove from heat, let stand 10 minutes. Sauté ½ pound chopped mushrooms and 2 tablespoons chopped onion in ¼ cup butter. Add rice and 3 tablespoons chopped parsley; mix lightly. Serve with smoked pork, asparagus—and applause! So *pretty*-looking, full of zest! Only Minute Rice absorbs the flavor of the foods it's fixed with, to make a *glorious* dish! Serves 4.



Fix Minute Rice with vegetables, meat or fish. And *taste* that heavenly rice—with the full flavor of the dish in every single grain. No other rice can *absorb* flavor this amazing way.



For festive company casserole dishes, for glorious new ways with leftovers—keep Minute Rice on hand! With this fancy, long-grained, *pre-cooked* rice, you can fix marvelous dishes in a wink.

★ NO WASHING! ★ NO RINSING! ★ NO DRAINING! ★ NO STEAMING!

For perfect rice without the work pre-cooked

MINUTE BRAND RICE



A Product of General Foods

BUY LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE'S NEW THRIFT-PAK...

SAVE $3.00 A YEAR!

...treat yourself to a home permanent with what you save!



EVERY TIME you buy a Thrift-Pak, you get enough Listerine Tooth Paste to last the average family for a whole month. You get *two* regular 45¢ tubes for 59¢, a saving of over 30¢. Within a year the average family's *bound* to save as much as $3 or more!

You're *sure* of Listerine Tooth Paste quality! As makers of Listerine Antiseptic, we would never put our name on a product that isn't top quality. There is no dentifrice you can buy that beats Listerine Tooth Paste for:

- **Reducing tooth decay**
- **Thorough polishing**
- **Sparkling flavor**
- **Cleaning teeth and breath**
  ("Listerine" means breath control!)

Only modern machinery, mass production, and more than sixty years of "know-how" make this low price Thrift-Pak possible.

Change to Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Thrift-Pak today, and that $3 saving is yours to do what you want with. Lambert Pharmacal Co.



...UP TO 60% LESS TOOTH DECAY!

Research at a famous university definitely showed that modern dentifrices like Listerine Tooth Paste, used regularly immediately after eating, can reduce cavities as much as 60%. When it comes to cleaning, no tooth paste...not a single one...beats Listerine Tooth Paste.

(Continued from Page 84)

seemed to be asked to luncheons at which there were just girls; and Evelyn James, her best friend, had cooled off almost into an enemy. This was the more surprising to Lisbee, since Evelyn was Neil's cousin.

Also, it grew more and more noticeable that Lisbee never met either Neil's mother or his father wherever they went. Evidently Neil did not think this queer; at least he never mentioned it.

By now, Neil was practically living at our house; Lisbee had even cleared a shelf in the sitting room for his books.

The weather being warm, Neil made his study under Bill's horse-chestnut tree. Strewn with pillows, the upland slope made a cozy retreat.

As he read, Neil sat propped against the trunk of the horse-chestnut tree. Books and papers, apples . . . candy . . . sewing materials lay about in the grass; laughter and argument and soft murmurings filled the air.

In fact, those two made such an enchanting place of Neil's outdoor study that we all came to visit—even the boys, masking their pleasure in being there by busily pasting together a kite or playing mumble-the-peg in the grass.

It always came as a pleasant shock to me to find how much at home mother was outdoors, we saw her there so seldom. She would find a tree stump and relax on it as gracefully and comfortably as a dryad.

One summer, we four children had spent a month on a farm with mother. I remember it as an unbroken stretch of sunned happiness. Even father, when he came week ends, seemed less tensely quick. It was a real farm, no other house in sight: our criterion for bona-fide country. And the greatest joy of that packed month, I remember, was picking wild strawberries—for a hundred reasons, but one crowning one: mother would eat these berries.

I have no proof of this, but sometimes I believe my mother starved for weeks at a time. She had something wrong with her which made it either difficult for her to eat, or at times eating was so painful that she avoided the agony of it. Out of a very young vagueness, I remember mother's taking a trip to Washington to see some specialist, and a diet she had. But she was not a person to spend much care on herself.

Either the tiny strawberries caused mother no distress, or they tempted her so much she ate them anyway. At any rate, I can still remember a kind of solemn elation that accompanied the joy of picking them. There you were in the thick sweet hay smell . . . the whole outdoors glistening with sun . . . the countryness . . . the echoing-back sense of the open . . . the delicious mouth-filling smell of the berries themselves, and the look-alive color of them. All the summer's sweetness dropping into a tin cup. And to think that these things just grew wild!

BEING a city child, I was not accustomed to the fruitfulness of the earth. And the fruit of the earth is so beautiful: a cherry tree laden, the mere look of cherry bark; the ravishing fruity yellow smell of bananas; the heady jewel look of a cluster of ripe currants. . . .

Mother would often come around the Bretton Road house to Neil's study, under Bill's horse-chestnut tree, carrying one of her roses. She had some beauties, and her absorption in them—little as she worked over them—made each one seem as individual as a relative. Drawing in one last deep breath of fragrance, mother would hand the rose, from which she had carefully pinched off the thorns, to one of us children.

If Neil had been reading aloud, mother would tell him to go on, and she would listen too. Once, when he was reading from Henry the Eighth, he came on the scene in which Catherine of Aragon makes her appeal to Henry.

"Why-y!" Dickie burst out. "Mother knows that!" It was one of her "twenty passages."

In addition to learning to sew at "Balmyfern," mother had been primed to go without pause into twenty passages from each of

NEVER GIVE A MOTH A CHANCE



KILL ALL 3



It's easy to be triply sure against moth damage. Di-chloricide kills all 3, moths, eggs, and mothworms.

← AT YOUR DRUGSTORE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Di-chloricide®

CRYSTALS and NUGGETS

IN 1-POUND AND 5-POUND SIZES.

akespeare's tragedies, twenty from the nedies and the same number from the his- ies. In a way, we resented Neil's reading at scene—it was mother's.

After a little coaxing, she consented to ite Catherine's lines while Neil read the ier parts. We all shone with pleasure when was over. Neil got up and made a deep w. It was an honor, he assured mother, and looked at Lisbee as though he could eat r up.

Anything that happened—if the rain came wn straight instead of aslant, if a passage the book he was reading struck him as very ie—he would turn to Lisbee as though now ; love *was* too much to bear.

On nice days Lisbee would carry out their ch and those two would eat together un- r the tree. Generally, there was at least e special dish Lisbee herself had cooked for il. Sometimes they invited me. It was a le like a rehearsal of their life together, I ught fondly; they laughed and talked re than they ate.

There was a new activity about Lisbee se days, she flung out more gestures; she d lost that hemmed-in way of keeping her ns close to her body. And she wasn't so at, oh, not nearly so neat; in fact, she was ry often flustered and downright untidy. For who could tell at what instant Neil ght break out—amazed again at the com- nation of books and Lisbee too? He would k up from a page, overjoyed to find her side him. "Lisbee, when we're together e this: working for our future—I feel as ough something wonderful is waiting to ppen. Something—as though an apple will te astonishingly differ- t somehow! . . . the air ll lift you, just by breath- . . . . *Lisbee! Lisbee!* n a thousand times more th you, than I am alone," would tell her, and he uld grab her, sewing and .

Young people are fools in their heads and old people are fools in their hearts, and they can only look at each other and pass by in wonder.

—JAMES STEPHENS: The Crock of Gold. (By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.)

Yet all this time there s no sign from the elder heridges.

Things came to a head one particularly hot ernoon in July. Lisbee came home from hool in a bad humor. Though she had now en graduated, she was taking a new course at was being tried out at Miss Worthing- n's that summer, Homemaking, one day a ek. Lisbee had bought a white-and-gold ipe book in which she was recording all his vorite dishes, she had informed the flattered il.

Ambling into the hushed sitting room— ich was kept forest cool during the heat of e day by closing the long green shutters— sbee demanded that Dickie turn over a ok of short stories to her, and tore it out of hand. True, the first person who started read a book had priority at our house. But re are ways of requesting. In the ensuing ffle, Lisbee came away with a bad scratch her lower left cheek.

Matters were not improved when two h-spirited young horsemen turned up to y a call. Since Lisbee made it plain that il was the only young man invited to visit , these sly young men had resorted to the terfuge of "just riding by," to evade the n.

HILE we were all drinking lemonade, and sbee was laughingly turning aside the flat- ing, insinuating questions about where e had got that scratch on her cheek, father e open his library door, crossed the hall in o long strides.

"What idiot left those nags to cook out ir brains in the blazing sun?" he roared. ne of them's tearing his mouth to pieces!"

After that there was a hurried exit, and sbee settled down again, with firm lips, to ding short stories. She didn't even go to door when Neil rang. Dickie let him in.

As Neil entered the sitting room, his eyes nt straight to that scratch on Lisbee's e. He had a way of worrying over the st cut or abrasion of hers, seemingly in ror lest this tiny blemish might secretly be reatening her life.

But Lisbee, now suddenly just a flirt, ignored his concern. She told him coyly, "That's just what Hay and Art wanted to know—where I got the scratch."

"What do those featherbrains think they're doing—coming here?"

"Why not?" Lisbee bridled. "After all, we aren't even engaged."

"Since when?" He gave her a sharp look.

"Well, not *officially*."

"If you mean a ring ——"

"I don't."

Two days later a note arrived for Lisbee on thick gray paper topped with a silver monogram. Mrs. Etheridge begged her to forgive the informality, but could Miss Vries give them the pleasure of her company at luncheon next Friday?

Lisbee was frankly frightened at the thought of meeting Mrs. Etheridge. She kept changing her mind from moment to moment about what would be the right thing to wear. Finally, she had mother make over a ruffled yellow organdy, and when no small hat could be found to suit her, Lisbee wantonly cut down her cream-colored leghorn straw and snipped off the black velvet streamers.

Mother, through all this flurry, seemed to me strangely free of advice, or even comment.

LISBEE walked up the wide stone steps, whose low risers for some reason struck her as insolent, and confronted the massive stone house. The front door really was like a bank, dark and heavy. Neil didn't actually *live* in a place like this? Neil who was hers, who kissed her so hungrily, who never was looking the other way whenever she held out a hand. All of a sudden Lisbee was afraid of him too.

That acme of elegance, the colored butler—in dark blue livery—would open the door. Lisbee stared. He was Floyd! Shasta's Mamie's Floyd, who had worked for us one winter. His grandmother, Shasta, had been the cook and general factotum at our house for years.

"Well, if it ain't our Lisbee!" Floyd greeted her joyously. "Prettiest girl in town—next to her maw," Floyd grinned. And Floyd's grin was something; it was a burst of glory, and hallelujah too. "Rest your hat?" he asked merrily.

"Shall I?"

"Nobody for lunch but the family," he told her.

Lisbee rested it.

Floyd led her into a room that was so big and so high that she had a feeling she was crawling along the floor, making no headway, especially since the thick Oriental rugs ate up all sound. The walls were a cheerful yellow, but the graystone fireplace, flanked by griffin heads pushed forward as though riding the prows of twin ships, was so big the mouth seemed to yawn emptily right above the head of the tall lady who rose to greet her. She wore a tea gown, something Lisbee had never seen outside of a fashion book, of pale blue velvet that trailed behind.

Mrs. Etheridge took her hand in such a young way, Lisbee felt pleased and somehow too taken aback to know what to say. She was drawn over to sit with her hostess on a long maroon sofa.

There wasn't a thing in the room that didn't look brand-new. All the grandeur and this woman so overwhelmed Lisbee for the first few seconds that she didn't even see Neil. He was standing beside a table backing the sofa, his hands in his pockets.

"Hello, Lisbee," he grinned and, coming around, dropped into a chair near them. He seemed more sprawly here than at Bretton Road, and looked, somehow, more like a boy than a man. He said very little; his mother did all the talking.

However, there were very few minutes before Floyd announced lunch.

"As usual, the doctor's not here yet!" Mrs. Etheridge said sharply. It surprised Lisbee because all the other things she had said had been so even.



More alertness . . . *less danger from* CANCER

Although cancer ranks second among the causes of death in our country, headway is being made against it. In fact, medical science is making such progress against this disease that there are now *four chances out of five* for curing some types of cancer—provided diagnosis is made early and proper treatment is carried out promptly.

One of the reasons why there is increasing hope of bringing cancer under control is that more and more people are facing the facts about this disease. They are learning its possible early "warning signs" and are seeing their doctor as soon as they notice any of them.

These Are Cancer's "Warning Signs"

1. Any lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip, or tongue.
2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.
3. Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.
4. Progressive change in the color or size of a mole, wart, or birthmark.
5. Loss of appetite or continued indigestion.
6. Any persistent hoarseness, sore throat or difficulty in swallowing.
7. Any persistent change in normal elimination.

Pain is not usually an early symptom of cancer.

These "warning signs" do not necessarily mean cancer. In fact, in the great majority of cases, they are due to other causes. They do, however, indicate that something is wrong—and that an immediate medical examination is advisable.

If the doctor finds cancer or conditions leading to it, he will recommend prompt treatment—usually complete removal by surgery, destruction by X-ray or radium, or by a combination of the two.

Surgical techniques are constantly being improved so that operations for cancer may be performed with a minimum of risk. Machines that emit X-rays of greater penetrating power are making this form of treatment more effective.

Medical science is continuing its search for other ways to attack cancer. For example, hormone therapy is of benefit in some types of cancer, even when the disease is advanced. In addition, the search is on to discover chemical compounds which will destroy cancer cells without harming normal cells. Studies are also continuing on tests to detect cancer early.

While the outlook for the conquest of cancer becomes more hopeful each year, alertness on the part of each individual is still necessary to curb it. That is why doctors urge prompt medical care at the first sign of trouble—for cancer can be cured in most cases if detected and treated early.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 41-J, "What You Should Know About Cancer."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____





Anytime—anywhere—for family or guests, PLANTERS PEANUTS are America's favorites. Here's a flavor, a crisp goodness you can't beat. Keep several cans handy always. Vacuum sealed—oven fresh!

In the leather-paneled dining room, Lisbee was put in the middle of the long table, opposite Neil. Mrs. Etheridge sat at one end.

"Have you ever eaten off a silver plate?" Lisbee asked me, as she was recounting the incident. It was of course meant only rhetorically. "Every little move you make with your knife and fork sounds like the Anvil Chorus and *scratches the plate!*"

That was a hazard I had never dreamed of. "Did you rattle?" I asked, in horror.

"A couple of times," Lisbee admitted, reddening, "but only at first."

Oddly, Neil was no help to her at all. She had never felt so far away from him, not since Evelyn's party when she had watched him from the edge of the group. But somebody who was more than up to helping took a hand. Floyd.

"I think this one just like you like it, Miss Lisbee," he said, putting the heavy tray almost on the table beside her.

One fillet, completely covered with mushrooms and set right on the serving fork, stood so far forward Lisbee couldn't have missed it.

"Why, Floyd, do you know Miss Vries?" Mrs. Etheridge asked, surprise in her voice.

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" Floyd grinned. "I used to work for her maw."

Wrapped in Floyd's mellifluous "Miss Lisbee's," she carefully explored the food on her plate to avoid any more squeaking. Under the tent of mushrooms, she discovered that Floyd had cut her meat into mouth-sized bites, practically all the way through, leaving only enough uncut to keep the fillet from collapsing.

Such a surge of gratitude went through her she almost choked. Looking across the table, she saw that Neil had seen, too, and she started to feel embarrassed (with Neil!) when she saw his eyes melt with tenderness. Suddenly Lisbee didn't care a snap what Mrs. Etheridge thought, or about making mistakes.

When lunch was over, Mrs. Etheridge stood graciously waiting at the entrance of the dining room for her guest to catch up with her, but Lisbee went around the other end of the long table. As she passed Neil, she childishly put out a hand to him. To her surprise he gripped that hand so hard it shot a thrill through her, and he turned his dark smile on her full force. The half-sullen boy look was gone.

Not for a long time did Lisbee know the origin of that convulsive grip of Neil's.

FOR days he had been living in a state of bewilderment. He could not believe it. His mother did not really care whether life were actively good for him or not.

He had told her that he was in love with Lisbee, that he could not now imagine life without her. His mother went blind and cold as stone. His mother, who had always been his best friend—at times, his only one—arbitrarily blaming Lisbee for her father's mistresses.

This only served to throw Neil into more passionate loyalty toward his love. Lisbee's extravagant reluctance to let him meet her family had annoyed him. Yet here was his own mother turning primly moral at the thought of his interest in Lisbee Vries, and his mother didn't even pretend to be a conventional woman; certainly she could be very highhanded with rules whenever it suited her own purpose.

Intelligent and fair-minded as he was, Neil was too absorbed in his own feelings to consider that, in a passionate attempt to head off giving up first place with the only pe in the world whom she loved, his mo might need time to get used to being so denly superseded.

Neil knew the gossip in town about mother. Agnes Nelson, jilted by Jesse Po had married Jimmy Etheridge on the bound. Jimmy had stood by worshipf since sandbox days. Lida Bloode, with half the looks of Agnes Nelson and with one tenth of her fortune, had got J Dumpy little Lida was now lording i Washington.

From Jimmy Etheridge, evidently, Agnes Nelson had asked was a child, and years it looked as though she wouldn't that. Year after year she went on ha miscarriages, until the miracle of Neil.

THE child grew tall and ambitious (Nelson," his mother gloated, overlook Etheridge's dark eyes and brunet colorin his son), and displayed a love for idea early that even Agnes Nelson Etheridge no need to push him, only to see that he his due.

With shame, Neil later told about the f bling way he had reached out for compan ship with some in his class at sch always bigger, n knowing than self. You couldn' course, frater with babies your age two grades lo

That early self- sciousness with temporaries see to dog Neil's s even after he home. But there always the unclo world of books, world.

Girls. . . . As a phisticate with degrees, Neil was cautiously hover around the edge that disturbing m tery, so awkwar that "Woman Hat was mistakenly tached to him.

Then came Lis The shock of beauty plus the fusion she felt in his presence—finally could not disguise this, with all her man vering—startled and delighted Neil. A she was as deep in books as he, but i way that made him alternately laugh at envy her, yet eager to join in.

How could Lisbee have guessed that own grief over the quick ending of that f flight into love which she had mourned those bitter days after Evelyn James' pa took the form in Neil of a bleak convic that he never would learn to get on with p ple? Neil had a fearful capacity for unha ness. But he also had a tremendous, un hunger for joy.

Lisbee was magic! Neil insisted. An i cent, unconscious haze of love surroun her, and followed her everywhere. All Vrieses had it, he insisted. That whole shab house on Bretton Road, for him, teemed w love.

Neil loved the boys, their fighting, th rowdiness, the recurring water line at chin, the dark, uncompromising level ga What he thought of our mother glowed fr him. And his "Yes, sirs" to father w snapped out with such terrific respect th was nowhere for father to take hold of h As far as possible, Neil kept out of fathe way.

Lisbee and the two Etheridges left dining room together. As they were cross the hall, Doctor Etheridge came in. He such a tubby little man Lisbee was astound she just could not imagine him as the h band of this elegant lady. He shook Lisb hand cordially, mumbled his pleasure o meeting her, and hurried into the din

(Continued on Page 90)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

All Day a Little Tune

By Eleanor Halbrook Zimmerman

All day a little tune ran on
Unchanging in my mind,
Like water rippling over stone,
Or music of the wind.

All day the casual things I did
Seemed wonderful and dear,
As though in each some magic hid
Which evening would make clear.

And now that twilight climbs the hill
Toward where the first stars shine,
The little tune is hushed and still
With your lips on mine.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Just one big helpful family of tropic flavor!



So rich and tart-sweet—selected from exclusive DEL MONTE strains of pineapple!









There's no denying any style of DEL MONTE Brand Pineapple brings you a bonus of eating pleasure.

DEL MONTE packs its own strains of tender, juicy tropic fruit only when tartness and sweetness balance perfectly. DEL MONTE puts *flavor first* in pineapple, too. Try it—it's *so* refreshing!

CHEESE SURPRISE SALAD

DEL MONTE Sliced Pineapple 1 cup grated American cheese
Parsley Paprika Salad greens

Blend 1 tbsp. syrup from pineapple with the cheese, a little at a time. Roll to shape 6 small "carrots," about 3" long. Chill. Push sprigs of parsley into ends of "carrots." Dust with paprika. Serve on greens with DEL MONTE Pineapple slices, and mayonnaise thinned with a little syrup from the pineapple.



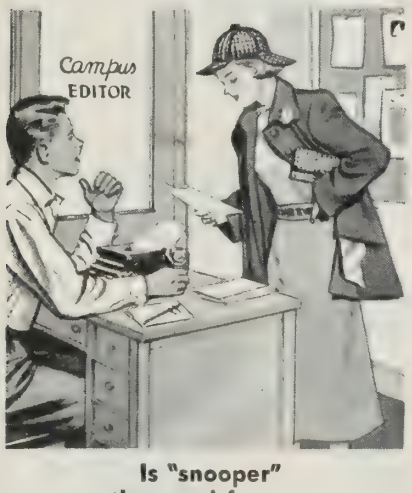
Are you in the know?



What's your reaction to last-minute bids?

☐ *Eager beaver* ☒ *Thumbs down* ☐ *Think it over*

Ee-magine—being asked to tomorrow night's dance on such short notice! Should you gals say nay? Think it over. If the boys have jobs, it may be hard for them to plan ahead; or could be they're low on loot. If there's no excuse, better squelch eleventh-hour bids. But just because it's calendar time, you've no excuse for date dodging. Learn to count on Kotex for confidence. See how poised you can be when you discover those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines! And that *this* softness *holds its shape*—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it!



Is "snooper" the word for a—

☐ *School paper columnist*
☐ *Chaperone*
☐ *Chapeau*

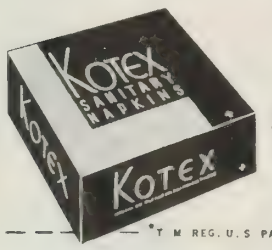
You could check all 3 answers and who'd argue? Main thing, though, is the chapeau. Sharp as Sherlock and twice as newsy, this "snooper" cap's a date-stalker! Comes in chintz, calico, tie silk, etc.—to suit your different spring togs. And just so you can choose the kind of *sanitary protection* to suit you—Kotex comes in *3 absorbencies* (different sizes, for different days). By trying all 3, you'll find the very one for you.



When leaving a vehicle, which is correct?

☐ *Ladies first*
☐ *Ladies last*
☐ *Look before you leap*

When you leave a bus, street car, taxi or jalopy—ladies *last* is the rule to remember. That's so your squire can assist you to a safe landing. Why tempt fate or thwart his gallantry by leaping to the street a'fore him? Why take risks at *any* time? You know, you can side-step problem-day "accidents" as surely as you can say "Kotex" . . . because, with that special *safety center* you get *extra* protection. Important . . . no?



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

*T M REG. U. S PAT. OFF.

How to prepare for certain days?

☐ *Circle your calendar* ☐ *Perk up your wardrobe* ☐ *Buy a new belt*



Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries* pronto! So don't wait till the last minute, buy a new Kotex belt *now*.

Kotex Sanitary Belt . . . *Buy two—for a change!*

P.S. **Have you tried Delsey*?** Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.) Won't you try Delsey, next time?

(Continued from Page 88)

room. The others went on into the huge yellow room, and by the time they had seated themselves it was as though Doctor Etheridge had not even appeared.

Now that she took a better look at Mrs. Etheridge, Lisbee saw that the pale blue tea gown hid a definite thickness about the middle. Reluctantly, she admitted to herself that Neil looked like his mother, but on her, his Greek nose and full mouth looked too heavy. She had reddish-yellow hair that was turning gray, beautifully dressed.

Neil seated himself on the sofa beside Lisbee, and Mrs. Etheridge took the chair facing them. Neil now did most of the talking.

"I must admit, Nelson," his mother interrupted him pleasantly, "you do have good taste. She's a beauty."

Lisbee flushed in annoyance. It seemed somehow a veiled insult to have Mrs. Etheridge come out with her compliment so bluntly.

"You missed your cue," Neil smiled at Lisbee.

"Cue?"

"Yes. 'Oh, *no*—my *mother* is!'" he reminded her of what she had said when he had first said that she was beautiful.

"Well, she is!" Lisbee brought out with a rush of tenderness.

"I used to run across your father quite often at one time," Mrs. Etheridge began.

"Yes—he said he knew you," politely, from Lisbee.

"But I have never had the pleasure of meeting your mother. She must be wonderful"—dryly—"to have stood all she ——"

Lisbee felt Neil tighten beside her, and a look of anger darkened his face. "Lisbee's mother is the most—one of the most wonderful people I have ever met," he put in quietly, as though paying his mother back for something.

Mrs. Etheridge looked up quickly, and gave them both a brilliant smile. "Do you think she'd mind, Lisbee, if the doctor and I dropped in next Sunday?"

"Oh, no. I'm sure she'd be *very glad* to see you."

"I've just been thinking," Mrs. Etheridge said to Neil, who was looking as though he was not sure whether he were pleased or not at the turn events had taken. "Grandma's cameos! Lisbee's just the person to wear them. She's so fair."

Neil looked surprised, but somehow guarded too.

"And let's get out of this mausoleum." Mrs. Etheridge shrugged her shoulders, and laughed. "We'll go up to my sitting room." She rose eagerly. "Go get the red box, dear," she told Neil. "And bring it upstairs."

As she started to take Lisbee's arm, Neil said casually, "I'll take Lisbee along . . . so if she ever wants to rob the safe she'll know where to look." He ended in a lighter tone, with a smile.

His mother laughed at this, and led the way out.

Neil took Lisbee into a small room almost entirely lined with books. After kissing her—in a curiously urgent way, it seemed to her—he opened the wall safe and got out a worn red-leather box.

They giggled together making slow progress upstairs. Lisbee suddenly felt irrepressibly gay.

"You know I'm gl-glad," she whispered, "that your mother decided to leave that e-*nor*-mous room. I kept sort of blowing myself out—like a frog—trying to fill it."

They burst into shouts of laughter. Finally grabbing her by one arm, the exhilarated Neil dragged her the rest of the way up the stairs. They found Mrs. Etheridge in a handsome white room with a chintz sofa a chairs and curtains to match, drawn ov the darkened windows. It was not so cool downstairs, but pleasant.

"Youth! Youth!" Mrs. Etheridge g maced in sympathy. "Running up the sta on such a scorcher!" She patted the so beside her for Lisbee, and took the red b from Neil. "I noticed your ears we pierced—happily."

Out of the red box Mrs. Etheridge chose small dark blue velvet one and opened it. white satin lay two oval cameos, surrounde by tiny pearls and framed in a wide border gold.

Neil took the earrings from his mother hand, and carefully fitted the cameos in Lisbee's ears. He drew back to note the e fect.

"You're right, mother," he said. "They just the thing for Lisbee."

"Just the thing!" his mother scorne that. "*Gorgeous!* You're . . . they actuall *glow* on you, my dear!" she said, as thoug deeply moved. "I'm very glad, Lisbee!"

Lisbee smiled happily. But Neil—h seemed suddenly ablaze with joy.

Alexandre Dumas, while working on the first draft of The Count of Monte Cristo, one evening decided to call on one of his numerous collaborators to talk over a point in question.

The assistant brought a glass of brandy, then excitedly began to tell his employer about the progress his first-born son was making. The great novelist politely inquired whether the baby was walking.

"Walking!" exclaimed the proud parent. "Why, he's been walking at least a month."

"Dear me," sighed Dumas. "What a long way he must have gone!"

—WEBB B. GARRISON.

For this tea, with all the Etheridges ex pected, mother herself suggested the u stairs drawing room. The boys were sent pick the moth balls off the long white Aubu son rug. Then, with the boxful of moth bal safe, they took a tri sit-down on the Ru sian sledge, whic rested in state on i lavish white bearsk rug.

Mother and Tech coming in laden wit brooms and duster shooed them off th sledge's tufted blu satin upholstery.

"Mar'-Cullen, yo go help the boys carr up the stepladder." Mother put us all t work. "And don't le them chip off any mor paint than they hav to."

With whoops of jo the boys ran ahead o me down the back stairs, because this mean that mother and Techa were going to unti the cotton bags from around the two crysta chandeliers.

Of course the chandeliers probabl wouldn't be lighted, since the Etheridge might not stay until dark. But those chande liers were dazzling to behold, especially whe the sun shot through them.

After the room had been thoroughl cleaned, mother and Techa closed the whit inside shutters; the floor-length windows an green shutters were left wide so the roor could air.

This rectangular room ran the full lengt of the front of the house. Its white panele walls had insets of blue satin damask with fleur-de-lis pattern, in silver; and the furni ture, except for a few unrelated pieces lik the Russian sledge, was all slim gilt legs an blue brocaded seats and backs.

One of the *bergères* in the room did no match the others; this chair remained mang and dirty-looking, no matter how much wa done to it. Grand had sent it from Virgini for mother to "take care of it"; some early Camier had brought it with him from France Grand said, and it was older than the re public.

Here, also, was a stiff painting of us chil dren, set on an easel of fluted white poles On this work of art father would not ever stoop to comment, though he was only too vocal about most of the things in that room the white Russian sledge seemed particu larly designed to set his teeth on edge.

"Elegant" was *our* word for the drawing room, in spite of father. That room remained to the end an exciting place for us children it gave us a sense of adventure right at home Probably the shut-awayness was chiefly

(Continued on Page 92)

Millers *Fashion Favorites!*

order them by mail!

. . . and send for Millers 32-page Summer Fashion Book

$10,000 worth of new fashion ideas for 10¢







C. ETCHED NYLON **$2.99**



A . . . SANFORIZED COTTON — collar, bib, sleeves of waffle pique. Rhinestone buds. Lilac, lime, sun yellow or navy with white. Sizes 32 to 38. **$2.99**

B . . . SHEER BATISTE blouse, ORGANDY collar, lattice panel, sleeves. By WAREL BLOUSE. Pink, blue, white. Sizes 32 to 38. **$1.99**

C . . . ETCHED NYLON* CREPE blouse, lovely demassee pattern. Washes, dries like a dream! White or pink. Sizes 32 to 38. **$2.99** *88% Nylon

D . . . COTTON BROADCLOTH, SANFORIZED, VAT-DYED blouse, fish-net detail, tucked front panel. White, navy, lilac, gold, lime. Sizes 32 to 38. **$2.99**

E . . . PICOLETTE WASHABLE weskit. Crisply tailored . . . tuck yoke. White, pink, aqua. Sizes 32 to 38. **$2.99**

F . . . SHEER BATISTE blouse, organdy yoke insert, appliqued lace daisies. By WHITE HOUSE. White only. Sizes 32 to 36. **$2.99**

G . . . BOLERO SUIT IN ANDERSON'S WOVEN CHECKED COTTON. Removable white Picolette collar, cuffs. Red, green, brown, navy.

G1 . . . Same, in PICOLETTE. White, pink, blue, maize, navy.

G2 . . . Same, in WASHABLE RAYON LINEN. White, pink, blue, maize, navy.

G3 . . . Same, in CREASE RESISTANT RAYON MENSWEAR CHECK. Navy, black, brown.

All in sizes 9 to 15; 10 to 16. **$8.99**



These lovely fashions, available immediately by mail, are typical of what you will find in Millers Fashion Book. Complete wardrobes . . . for Misses, Juniors and Women (See Coupon below)





G

Mi Date

Millers Dept. 320, 505 - 8th Ave., N. Y. 18, N. Y.

Please send me the following fashions (Add 21c for postage and handling on each item.)

Style	Size	Color	2nd Choice

☐ Fashion Book . . . Send 10c in coin or stamps.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

☐ Money Order ☐ Check ☐ C.O.D.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED



Sealed-in flavor for Taste-Perfect Lemon Pie every time



Quick and easy MY-T-FINE Lemon Flavor Pie Filling

SEALED-IN FLAVOR! In every package of My-T-Fine Lemon Flavor Pie Filling you'll find a tiny capsule containing flavor made from the purest oil of lemon. Because the lemon flavor is *sealed-in* this way, it always stays fresh . . . and gives you taste-perfect lemon pie every time.



LEMON REFRIGERATOR CAKE

1 pkg. My-T-Fine Lemon Flavor Pie Filling
1 cup cream
2 cups water
Ladyfingers or sponge cake

Cook as for lemon pie, according to directions on package, using 2 cups water. Cool slightly. Whip 1 cup cream, fold in. Fill mold with alternate layers of ladyfingers or sponge cake and the lemon mixture. Chill 4 hours or longer. Unmold just before serving. Serves 6.

COMMENDED PARENTS

© 1951 PENICK & FORD LTD., INC.

MY-T-FINE DESSERTS . . . 8 DELICIOUS FLAVORS

Made by the makers of Brer Rabbit Molasses and Vermont Maid Syrup

(Continued from Page 90)

what did it. At any rate, there was always a holiday tension in the air whenever the drawing room was thrown open.

The Etheridges arrived in a long black automobile driven by a uniformed chauffeur.

Doctor Etheridge said little at the tea, Neil not much more. But Mrs. Etheridge, in a violet silk suit, made up for both of them. She admired the red-and-yellow Lowestoft and the embroidered fans on parade behind the bulging glass of the curio cabinet. And if she thought mother's white silk waist with its enormous leg-o'-mutton sleeves surprising, none of us guessed from her manner.

She had to prod Neil to produce a ring with a noticeably large emerald; it had been newly reset in frail gold prongs, for Lisbee. Lisbee flushed with pleasure when Neil put it on her finger. Mrs. Etheridge kissed her. Yes, Mrs. Etheridge was equal to everything.

Father did not appear at the tea. Nobody knew whether he had forgotten, though Lisbee had mentioned twice that the Etheridges were coming, and it's hardly possible that even he could have missed all that flurry of preparation.

But even without father, the Etheridge tea was definitely a success. And it undoubtedly served its purpose.

As they were leaving, Mrs. Etheridge asked if mother minded if she did some entertaining for Lisbee. Mother said, "Of course not," and thanked her warmly.

Lisbee flushed with pleasure.

So now Lisbee had official recognition of her engagement. She hadn't long to wait before Mrs. Etheridge had her in a whirl of teas, luncheons and dinner parties.

And now Evelyn James was Lisbee's best friend again, though quite a few rungs lower than before, Lisbee let me know privately. *Everybody* from Miss Worthington's was suddenly making up to her.

A specialist is one who has his patients trained to become ill in his office hours. A general practitioner is likely to be called off the golf course at any time. —ANON.

As for Lisbee herself—as I think back, I see that she began to show her delight in her conquest too openly. Having lived that unworldly life on Bretton Road, I suppose she did not realize that she was expected to deprecate her glamorous position. Lisbee shamelessly rejoiced over being the center of every party; the men just didn't seem to be able to stay away from her! Delight radiated from her.

Mrs. Etheridge must have found this naïveté in Lisbee particularly trying. And I must say Lisbee made little allowance for what her prospective mother-in-law might be feeling, made no attempt to understand the difficult adjustment, though Lisbee was well aware that Neil was the center of the universe for this proud, strong-willed woman.

Soon a polite coolness was as far as Mrs. Etheridge could bring herself to when she was alone with Lisbee. Lisbee responded in kind, feeling this was generous of her because, after all, *she* was in command.

On every side Lisbee was made only too conscious of the power of her beauty; coming after those years of helplessness, I suppose it is not surprising that she was too often inspired to see just what fools men would make of themselves for the pleasure of sunning themselves in her smile.

Soon she was calling to Joe Bell—or Will Parks, or perhaps Carlie—to come sit beside her. Even Todd Nixon took this place of homage, when that heartbreaker suddenly began complimenting his scorned home town with surprisingly frequent visits. And soon it was *especially* Todd who sat at the imperious Lisbee's feet.

Mrs. Etheridge must have done a good deal of thinking, though her lavish entertaining did not flag.

One evening, at a club dance, Todd Nixon brought Louise Allen over to eat the buffet supper with Lisbee and Neil. Lisbee felt Neil stiffen. Ordinarily, he had seemed coolly disinterested in Lisbee's many conquests. This she kept mentioning to me, in surprise—after all, she bridled, shouldn't he act a lit tle vain, seeing how much everybody els wanted what he had?

"*Buona sera, bella fanciulla,*" Todd greetec Lisbee lyrically, as he put down the tw plates of food he carried.

The smooth Todd evidently took fo granted that the feminine admiration lav ished on him was only his due. A budding diplomat—at least he was "doing some thing in Washington that had to do wit studying languages"—he radiated charm and was so sure of himself that he even dare to kiss a lady's hand right out in public. I Trevore!

Tonight Lisbee, in white chiffon, her gol crown above, seemingly drew him like magnet. Drawing his chair over against her Todd dropped into a whispering intimac with her, coolly shutting out the other two This gesture struck Lisbee, uneasily, as tak ing too much for granted.

Handsome and rich, Todd was quite feather in Lisbee's cap. *Any one* of the girl she had known at Miss Worthington's woul have given her eyeteeth to get him, Lisbe often gloated to me.

But some jealous cat—Lisbee's nostril had flared as she'd repeated this to me—ha spitefully spread the notion that Todd' pursuit of Lisbee had nothing to do with Lis bee herself, that it was just another item i the rivalry between Todd and Neil that wen back to their Academy days.

Neil and Todd had seesawed for years b tween first and second place in their class with the added fact that Neil was two yea younger. But an instinctive antipathy pro ably had more than a litt to do with their lon standing dislike.

Whatever the reaso obvious to any eye wa the fact that, with a Washington, D.C., t choose from, not to men tion a good share of Tre vore, West Virginia, Tod obviously preferred th crumbs that fell from Lisbee's table.

And Lisbee? To put it in a nutshell: Tod was power and she could not resist wieldin it.

However, on this particular evening, i seemed to Lisbee that Todd really was tak ing too much for granted.

Leaning across the small table, she picke two green olives off Todd's plate an dropped them onto Neil's. "He just love olives," she explained airily.

"Well, he can't have those—they'r mine!" Todd reached over to take the back, but Lisbee thrust aside his hand.

"He can have anything he wants," she an nounced pertly.

"Just for that, I'm taking you off for th dance," Todd laughed, getting up.

Lisbee shook her head. "No, thanks."

"Oh, come *on*." Todd was already stan ing. As Lisbee continued to evade his han trying to pull her to her feet, he said jol ingly, "What's the matter, won't the ol pasha let you dance with other men?"

Lisbee shrugged. "Sometimes I just don like the idea of other men putting their arm around me." And she laughed lightly.

"Oh, come on—you aren't married yet! a little sharply.

Lisbee shook her head. "Sometimes I don even like to *shake hands* with other people, she said fastidiously, and taking a wafer fro her plate, she began idly nibbling it.

Todd took Louise off to dance.

But, after a while, Lisbee conveniently fo got that Neil might be "thinking things"— for instance, when Todd Nixon asked if she' like to be crowned Queen with him as Kin at the Water Festival. Todd's father wa commodore of the Boat Club.

The Water Festival was the *Grand Prix* Trevore's social plums. And the merchan prince into whose hands this jewel fell eac year, of course, outdid himself to outdo th whole line of merchant princes who ha preceded him as commodore. The Boa Club's terrace had been variously tran formed into a Venetian street scene . . . A



Tasty Loaf

WITH THRIFTY WAYS:

Salmon Loaf—Dissolve Herb-Ox Cube in ½ 8-oz. c. boiling water, cool, combine with 2 well beaten eggs. Add to 2 cups flaked salmon (cooked or canned), which has been mixed with ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper, tbls. chopped parsley, tbls. lemon juice, 2 8-oz. cups bread crumbs. Press into greased loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 min. Serve with tomato or creole sauce. Serves 6.

FREE! *Send for "The Herb-Ox Money-Saver" booklet* . . . 28 thrifty *menu plans,* plus exciting, easy recipes! For satisfying gravy and stock, delicious low cost meat cuts, flavor with Herb-Ox . . . Bouillon or Chicken. Write The Pure Food Co., Inc., Mamaroneck, N. Y. Dept. LHJ-4.

Herb-Ox

BOUILLON CUBES

FIRST CALL IN THE KITCHEN— **EXCELLO!** "Laundry Fresh"



- KITCHEN TOWELS
- HOUSEHOLD PLASTICS

Curtains, Tablecloths, Storage Bags at leading stores everywhere



Fresh tangy CRESS—grown from seed and ready to eat in 7 days! Spicy zest for salads, sandwiches, meats, soups, sauces, etc. **RICHER IN VITAMINS!** No sun needed. Plant in pure Sponge-Rok (included), cut, use, then re-seed. Grown year 'round. **SPECIAL OFFER**—Send only 25c for Jumbo Size Pkg. (4 plantings) and Sponge Rok. Send only $1 for 5 Pkgs. **SAVE 25c!** Money Back Guarantee. **GERMAIN'S, DEPT. M-3, LOS ANGELES 21, CALIFORNIA**

The Perfect Year 'Round

GIFT for MOTHER



Your GIFT membership will start with this lovely BLEEDING HEART plant; will bear clusters of lovely heart shaped flowers in short time.

A Membership in the

Plant of the Month Club

Every month she will receive (1) A selection of lovely, unusual plants or bulbs, chosen by experts; (2) complete planting instructions; (3) interesting history of flower. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

SURPRISE BONUS for first 1,000 new members. FULL YEAR—Special Bonus—32-page book, "How To Grow and Bloom House Plants."

SIX Months Membership *6 monthly selections plus bonus.* **$5.00** { FULL YEAR **$10.00**

PLANT OF THE MONTH CLUB

Dept. L-1, Des Moines 9, Iowa

lantic City . . . Mardi Gras. Huge sums were spent on fireworks, sometimes especially invented for the occasion.

That was all the Water Festival had been before it met Lisbee.

Mr. Nixon, *père,* at first impatiently traditional in his notions of a Water Festival, refused to see what Lisbee was suggesting: a pageant that acted out a dramatic story, to the accompaniment of music—and songs too. A sort of opera, really, Lisbee explained, instead of just another collection of amusement-park tricks.

That did it. Suddenly Nixon, *père,* saw himself astounding the elite of Trevore with a Water Festival that was to Water Festivals as grand opera is to vaudeville. He told her to go ahead and do her darnedest.

So Lisbee joyously let herself go. A real orchestra was hired, costumes were designed of silks and satins and velvets.

Lisbee gloated. Borrowing widely from Aïda and La Bohème and Idylls of the King, as well as from Cinderella, she undoubtedly did Mr. Nixon proud.

I was there myself and heard him, after the festival was over, receiving congratulations. Yes, I was there on the Boat Club terrace, beside the beautiful lake, and saw for myself how spectacular this Water Festival was. Neil took me.

To the end, the delightful illusion was kept. For the finale the lights went off on the float, and on the terrace, too, as the King and Queen, rowed by sixteen bargemen, rode off into the night. From the Queen's shoulders trailed back a fabulously long gold mantle, its fishnet mesh studded with tiny firefly lights. The sorrowing music died out just as the barge disappeared into an inlet several hundred yards farther down the shore.

WHAT I didn't know at the moment was that the barge kept going until it stopped at the Masons' dock, where automobiles were waiting. From here the bargeload of performers drove back to the Nixon house for the supper dance Commodore Nixon was giving to the cast and the members of the Boat Club.

Before she had left the barge, Lisbee had unhooked the fishnet train trailing from her shoulders, but of course she kept on her royal scarlet-velvet robes and her crown. Todd, too, wore his royal regalia all through the evening.

More and more people kept coming in, and it seemed to Lisbee that every one of them stopped to talk to her—exclaiming over her costume, complimenting her on producing such a successful show. They agreed that it was the best festival they had ever had. Lisbee's eyes burned brighter and brighter.

From time to time she looked around to see if Neil had got there yet. He would, of course, she kept reminding herself, take Mary-Cullen home first. Lisbee did not find out until several days later that Todd had forgotten to invite Neil to the supper dance.

Neil never mentioned the subject. So Lisbee didn't say anything to him about it either—not even about the coolness caused between her and Todd after she'd given him a piece of her mind for forgetting to invite Neil.

After the excitement of the Water Festival, things went back much as they'd been before, except, of course, that Todd and Lisbee rather pointedly avoided each other for a while.

Mrs. Etheridge went on giving parties for Lisbee. Occasionally mother went to one of these luncheons, or to a tea, at the Etheridges'. And mother began embroidering monograms on linens for Lisbee, by the dozen. We gave some parties too. Two teas and a luncheon.

The person who didn't seem to care much for any of the entertaining was Neil. "I'll be glad when we're married," he'd say dryly.

Father seemed hardly aware that anything was going on at all. Even when the parties were at our house.

Then one afternoon Alfred Vries brought his mistress home to call. Father brought her



FIRST THERE WERE 77! NOW THERE ARE 99!

SUCH praises as cooks have been singing for Swift'ning's great new "*Make-Your-Own*" Mix! A mix they could use for 77 different, delicious dishes . . . including

Cakes	Cookies	Main Dishes
Pies	Rolls	Shortcakes
Breads	Pancakes	Cream Puffs

Now—thanks to our friends who requested them—Martha Logan has 22 *new* recipes to make with her Swift'ning mix! They're in a new, free Folder—recipes for

Fritters	Doughnuts	Main Dishes
Scones	Hot Breads	New Desserts

Send right now for this Folder of 22 "Popular Request" Recipes! It includes an Order Blank for the first "77" recipe booklet, and both are FREE. Use Order Blank below.

Saves you time, work, money...gives you better results!

No wonder Martha Logan's mail is so full of praise for this great mix. It costs so little . . . has so many uses. Saves hours of time and bother. And the things you make with it taste better, too, because your mix is *fresh* and made with wonderful *Swift'ning!*



DIGESTIBILITY *plus* finer cakes, flakier pies, better-tasting fried foods, and more nutrition than you get with any other all-purpose shortening!

*Swift'ning is the trade-mark for Swift & Company's Shortening.

SIMPLE AS 1-2-3

YOU MAKE YOUR MIX in less than 10 minutes! (Recipe is in the new "Popular Request" Folder.) Store it in the pantry . . . one batch makes 13 cups.

YOU USE IT (adding other ingredients as needed) in any of the 99 recipes for the tempting treats listed at the left.

(Send for FREE RECIPES; see below.)

for instance,

CHOCOLATE CHIP BARS

1½ cups Swift'ning Make-Your-Own Mix (do not pack)	½ cup granulated sugar
	½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg	½ cup chopped nuts
1 tablespoon water	1 package (6 oz.) chocolate chips
1 teaspoon vanilla	½ cup moist coconut

In mixing bowl, beat egg, water and vanilla. Beat in sugars. Stir in the Mix, nuts, chocolate chips, and coconut. Spread in cake pan (7 x 11 inches or 9 inch square) (bottom rubbed with Swift'ning). Bake in a 350°F. oven about 25 minutes. Cool. Cut into bars.



Martha Logan says:

"This 'Make-Your-Own' Mix was developed especially for rich 'quick-mix' Swift'ning. We can't promise success with any other kind of shortening."

NEW RECIPES . . . Free!

Clip this order blank now!

Swift'ning, P. O. Box 5985, Chicago 77, Ill.

Please send me Martha Logan's new "Popular Request" Folder which includes 22 new recipes and an Order Blank for the original 77 recipes. (1)

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____

In Canada write: Swift Canadian Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



Use Colgate Dental Cream
To Clean Your Breath
While You Clean Your Teeth—
And Help Stop Tooth Decay!



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest

all the way into the dining room. I don't know why; it could have been thoughtlessly, out of a sudden awkwardness.

Mother, in a green cotton dress, and one of the blue-checked aprons she likes to wear in the kitchen, came in and took a chair at the bare oval table. Deep patches of red burned high on her cheekbones.

Mrs. Shand was a soft, white-fleshed woman with black satin hair, as beautiful as a ballet dancer, and she looked out of place in ordinary life. Interestingly enough, *she* was the one who grew angry and turned on father. Oh, just in the way her voice sharpened when she answered him and the way she ignored him.

She really gave herself to Lisbee—as if she seldom roused herself thus far, yet eagerly, her dusky voice slurring in its haste. Lisbee was enchanted; she did not see a peculiar haze on Mrs. Shand that we three younger ones had caught. Never had she seen anyone so beautifully dressed.

Mrs. Shand was in ruby-colored silk, with elbow sleeves, and a matching turban, the trimmings of ruby wings. How artfully that dress fitted her, not a pleat or a fluting out of place or crushed-looking.

Lisbee drank in this woman's sophistication and her admiring comments on Lisbee's own fair face. She blushed with pleasure when Mrs. Shand impulsively presented her with a garnet necklace, taken from around her own throat.

"Very pretty," Mrs. Shand admired the effect. "Helps that queen look your crown hair-comb gives you. Keep your head high. You know"—Mrs. Shand's voice dropped to a confidential level—"you ought to watch that—you don't stand up straight enough. Nothing ruins a woman's looks faster than trying to look as though she's slinking through life." This last came out in a suddenly defiant tone.

FLUSHING, Lisbee sent mother a conspirator's smile. "See, she's just like you," Lisbee's smile said, "trying to make me do things for my own good."

Mother's unresponsiveness surprised Lisbee, but did not tell her anything. Lisbee was drunk on Lisbee.

But we three younger ones saw. We were hostile to Mrs. Shand from the beginning, sensing something in mother.

Mother was polite to Mrs. Shand in a sleepwalker sort of way. The conversation did not go much beyond the beautiful treed hills about Trevore, the bracing climate. It was this, I think, that gave Lisbee the mistaken notion (she so bitterly regretted later) that Mrs. Shand did not live in Trevore, that she was merely a visitor.

That was father. He had always to be building himself props because nothing held up in life. A four-in-hand, no less, he had to drive because in Poland, or Lithuania, or somewhere, only the nobility were allowed to drive more than two horses for pleasure. And yet he had too much taste not to mock himself for such ostentation. That was one of the troubles with father: he didn't even like himself.

Why did he bring his mistress home? Maybe he got bored.

The kind of boredom that overtook father must have been one of those horror states: walls progressively shrinking in, and no door; panic terror that has to beat its way out. Then any gesture, however awkward or gross, is a triumph, proves you are still alive. That kind of boredom: the human spirit manifesting its terror at going back to nothingness. Poor father.

After taking Mrs. Shand home, father came right back.

The boys and I were working over a puzzle. Mother was there, too, at the dining-room table, putting the finishing touches to some blue-and-white-striped blouses she was making for the boys. We heard the short quick steps come up the stairs of the side porch. As father passed through the dining room, such a twisted leer (of shame, was it?) crossed his face that I could not look. It seemed to be asking for something—asking mother to comfort him for the ugly thing he had done?

He strode on into his library. Soon we heard it. The Prize Song, from Die Meistersinger, it was this time.

Mother got up and went into the sitting room. We followed. When Dickie, with his puzzle, and Bill and I entered the sitting room, we found mother staring through one of the long windows, seemingly through the ornate lace curtains, but the shutters were closed. She was just standing. Listening to father's voice subdue the air.

Father always gave you a shock when he really sang. Large chunks of what he had not lived out escaped in a passionate anger and fury. His eternal no to life—it sounded

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Civilization

By MARK VAN DOREN

Before the eaves stop dripping,
there they are,
Those martins. They come
out-of-doors and sit.
They shake off showery drops.
They almost hold
A hand out, testing the sun's
intention.
One of them, in shirt sleeves,
reconsiders
Darkness; but his neighbor treads
the porch,
Looks right and left for enemies,
looks up;
Looks down; and—what no man
could do—dives,
Dives, and comes back up with a
bent twig
That disappears with him as dead
grass does
A busy minute later; when more
birds,
On the north side, near where the
thunder was,
Issue and sit, reflective; then decide
And fly, and fill the air all afternoon
With comings and with goings;
and between,
The looking down. They say this
little city
On the high pole is theirs, and
that they built it.
Better for them than the poor
hollow trees
Their first parents fashioned—all
those tops
That tossed, and bark that rotted;
and the squirrel teeth
That chattered. None of these but
can remember,
Gazing east, the wilderness that was.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

so courageous when it came out in the husky beauty of his singing. Father against the universe!

Soon mother must have realized what she was doing: staring out a blacked-out window; and that the boys and I were watching. She turned and looked behind her. I couldn't see myself, of course, but the wan faces of the boys were enough. The apologetic anguish of those faces—Dickie still clutching the puzzle in his hands.

There mother was: caught between. How to distract the singer, tear him from his despair? . . . and quick! save the children from too much knowing? Putting on a smile of conspiracy, mother called the boys over in a whisper.

"I'm going to give you something really nice to do," she smiled. "Do you think you could play ball out front—and break a window?"

Their eyes grew enormous; and a wide grin split Bill's incredulous expression.

"Maybe one of the *library* windows?" mother plotted.

"Oh—*yes!*" They were gone in a flash. Bill pitched and Dickie had the bat. It took only one throw.

The watery tinkle of breaking glass exploded on the air, cutting short that singing in the library. Those two stood in pretended dismay contemplating the broken window-pane. They did this acting well. So well, suddenly I felt like crying.

They hadn't long to wait. The front door was torn open and father shot down the steps; grabbing a boy in each hand, he shook them with all his might. He grew even redder in the face with the effort.

FATHER never slapped the boys, never struck them in any way, he only shook them or "bounced." The burst of laughter which accompanied this angry demonstration would finally set father to smiling, in spite of himself. And that was the end of it.

On this day of the broken window, too, loud snorts of laughter broke loose and soon both boys were as helpless from laughing as from the shaking they had received, and father was grinning sheepishly as he tried to hold them up.

When father finally let go, the boys collapsed in a huddle, still shouting with laughter. Turning, father stalked back to the porch and went up the steps.

The incident of father's bringing his mistress home to call might have remained a secret in the bosom of the family if Lisbee—of all people—hadn't unwittingly carried it farther.

Perhaps Mrs. Etheridge, no longer able to control her long-suppressed frustration and ire, was just looking for an excuse. Mrs. Shand was as good as any.

It started with Lisbee's wearing the garnet necklace Mrs. Shand had given her, on a visit to her prospective mother-in-law. Evidently mother didn't see her go out with the garnets on. At any rate, Lisbee told Mrs. Etheridge with pride that she had got that necklace from a very beautiful lady—a Mrs. Shand whom father had brought to visit us. I think Lisbee was enjoying the prestige of knowing somebody who gave away necklaces.

Evelyn James and her mother also happened to be in Mrs. Etheridge's chintz sitting room at the time. Mrs. James was appalled—she just didn't seem to be able to believe her ears.

"A woman with dead-white skin?" she asked Lisbee.

"Yes."

"With very black hair?"

"Yes," Lisbee assured her, "very beautiful. And she had on a dress of the most ——"

What Mrs. Shand had had on evidently did not interest Mrs. Etheridge. She even refused Mrs. James the privilege of hearing about it. Abruptly she changed the subject.

Now, awkwardly remembering another engagement, Mrs. James got up and took Evelyn with her. She kept repeating that dear Agnes must not bother to come down stairs and find that book—or something—for them, they'd get it next time.

I don't suppose there is a gentle way to tell a young girl about her father's mistress. Mistresses—Mrs. Shand was not the first. And Agnes Nelson Etheridge was not in a gentle mood. Nor could she have known how much greater the shock would be to Lisbee than the mere matter of learning about those fancy ladies. As I have said before, Lisbee always ran from knowing. This evil thing threatening her, making of her an ordinary somebody to be pitied—*she would not have it!* She was the flawless, immaculate Lisbee.

"Oh! I was never so humiliated *in all my life!*" Mrs. Etheridge flared out, as soon as Evelyn and her mother had fled. She got up and walked about in a sort of caged manner in that chintz-and-white room, cheerful as a sunny morning.

Lisbee looked on, puzzled.

Her silence seemed further to inflame the striding woman. "Stop at nothing!" she choked. "Couldn't you have at least waited until Marie and Evelyn had gone before

(Continued on Page 99)



JEWELS AND 18TH CENTURY GOLD "NECESSAIRE" FROM COLLECTION OF A LA VIEILLE RUSSIE. ©1951 REVLON PRODUCTS CORP.

The world's smartest women prefer Revlon to any other nail enamel and lipstick because

COLOR makes the fabulous difference

REVLON makes the fabulous colors

The great new fashion in fingertips is Revlon's "Frosted" Nail Enamel... in opalescent, star-dazzled colors...don't wait another day to wear them!

Nothing like Revlon true nail enamel* for all-but-endless wear!

Nothing like Revlon lipstick for lastingly color-luscious lips!

**Accepted by the Committee on Cosmetics of the American Medical Association.*

The most enchanting pattern of our times!

NEW! ENCHANTED!

Holmes & Edwards is superior to all other silverplate. The most used spoons and forks are Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver where they rest on the table. Should wear occur, there is sterling underneath.



HOLMES & EDWARDS



Queen

For the young in heart!

A gay, new pattern that sparkles with the very breath of youth. An exquisite blending of old world charm with the young, vital spirit of today. Prophecy!... the most glowing welcome in years for May Queen.

May Queen

START YOUR SERVICE THIS INEXPENSIVE WAY!

6 piece place setting—knife, fork, salad fork, soup spoon and two teaspoons, only $8.06.
52 piece service for eight with chest, $69.95

MADE BY
THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY

Sterling Onlaid® Silverplate



HERE'S LOW-COST LUXURY!

You save plenty with Texfloor linoleum...but your kitchen never shows it! Inexpensive Texfloor keeps its luxurious look for years and years. The Texfloor used in this breath-taking, money-saving kitchen is Cinnamon, No. 506 with a simple, easy-to-do feature strip of Maize, No. 505.



Color Recipe For An Appetizing Kitchen

SPICE IT UP WITH TEXFLOOR*!

START WITH THE FLOOR, the way professional decorators do. Take Texfloor, the linoleum with its soft textured look . . . *by the yard or in 9" x 9" tile* . . . choose your favorite colors . . . blend well. See how the rich, spicy tone gives your kitchen a decorator-perfect flavor!

And how that flavor lasts! Texfloor keeps its color-true brightness for years. Such a work-saver, too! Smooth, smooth Texfloor requires so little effort to keep dust-free and spotless . . . stays sparkling with only an occasional waxing.

In every way, it pays to start your plans with Texfloor. You never stop enjoying its beauty. And, the longer you enjoy this long, long-wearing floor, the more you appreciate its low, low cost!

Your Dealer Has Texfloor in Coordinated Colors!

Now you can plan room-to-room coordination with floor colors! Texfloor linoleum and tile are available in a Coordinated Color Group. Ask your Sloane-Blabon dealer about it. See how you can give your home a beautiful blending with Texfloor!

NOW!...DECORATING MADE EASY! GET YOUR DESIGN A FLOOR KIT. ONLY 25¢!

Contains room planning diagrams, decorating ideas, floor color suggestions, colored pencils. Shows you how your color schemes would actually look in a room! It's fun! It's helpful!

Sloane-Blabon Corporation
Dept. LHJ-1-1
295 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Send me a Design-A-Floor* Kit and the room plan for the room shown above. I enclose 25¢ in coin.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Zone..... .State.....

SLOANE Quality LINOLEUM PRODUCTS

for better design and truer color

*Trade-mark

**Koroseal is a registered trade-mark of the B. F. Goodrich Company

SLOANE-BLABON CORPORATION, 295 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y., MAKERS OF SLOANE QUALITY TEXFLOOR LINOLEUM . . . TEXFLOOR TILE . . . INLAID AND MARBLETONE* LINOLEUM . . . LINOLEUM TILE . . . KOROSEAL** TILE, COVE BASE AND COVE MOLDING . . . ASPHALT TILE . . . RUBBER TILE . . . RESILIENT ENAMEL RUGS, FLOOR AND WALL COVERINGS

(Continued from Page 94)

owing *that woman* into my face?" She ned to face Lisbee, and waited. Lisbee d to make some response.

"What woman?" feebly.

"*What* woman? *That woman!* Your father's man! That precious *Mrs.* Shand! . . . And those other women he's had! . . . *You're* rse than he is—boasting about her. . . . Washington Street and Essex—no less!—houses them. Flinging them in the teeth the whole town!"

Lisbee sat dumb under the rain of fury d recriminations. Finally she had to face ugly fact she'd run from all these years. there really had been a fence shutting her t. No evading it now. That passionate sire to belong—that's all it would ever be.

HE fatalistic hopelessness Lisbee now inged in was a kind of revenge against her rs through those long years at Miss rthington's; weakly she was only too dy to give up and again believe herself outsider.

Mrs. Etheridge seems to have been a little ravagant in her denunciations. It was just true that mother hid herself away in me on Bretton Road. Mother was greeted rmly by all who knew her whenever they t her at church or in the stores; if anyng, I think people showed her a special sideration, knowing, as they must have, ut father's callousness.

Her anger had also betrayed Mrs. Ethege into showing her real feelings toward bee. Lisbee *had* given much provocation. lon't suppose it would have been very ficult for Mrs. Etheridge to convince her- that Lisbee was nothing but a lightded flirt and that Neil would be better hout her. Then to have Lisbee's father's stress thrown into her face right in her n house! Mrs. Etheridge blew up.

What must have caused her real torment s the fear of losing this gifted son she had l almost completely to herself since he s born. The center of her life was dropg out; instinctively she struck out to save nor was she careful about what else she ght destroy.

Mrs. Etheridge's angry voice gave Lisbee icily clear description of father driving up his mistress' house, in the four-in-hand. And so now he's begun bringing them ne!" Mrs. Etheridge stopped, beside her- with fury. "I suppose when you and lson are married, you can expect your her to come driving up to New Haven h Mrs. Shand—or what other light-o'- e he chooses to flaunt at the moment. u know that Nelson hopes to get an apntment at Yale after he gets his doctor's ree. Professor Baird's *all but told him* that he'd like to have him stay on in the department. And you know what college faculties are. One breath of scandal and you're finished!"

Hysterically, Lisbee shrank back from this Mrs. Etheridge, suddenly transformed into a spitting fury . . . blacking out the light with that run-from terror: father and a bad, whispered word—*mistress*. . . . Tearing Neil from her helpless clasp. By the time Mrs. Etheridge had finished with her, Lisbee was reduced to a nonentity, sure now that she was forever outside the pale.

As she left the huge stone house, Lisbee walked to the end of Victoria Crescent and turned numbly to go over the Ridge down toward the car line.

She plodded along, the sense of shock gradually thinning, but only to give way to an appalling distaste—for herself, for life, for the sheer need to put one foot before the other, particularly for the thought of what she was heading toward.

Bretton Road. Oh, no, she *couldn't* go back there! Now that "everything was over," she thought hysterically, once back on Bretton Road she'd *never* get away!

Several blocks below the Ridge she stopped dead. Her feet refused to carry her any farther toward that vacuousness, that failure, home now represented. Listlessly she turned into a side street. "Hardwicke Plaza." She read the name with a vague sense of its somehow having meaning for her. Her pace was slow, mechanical.

Idly, she watched as a woman—no, it was a young girl—came out of a house, crossed a porch with a white railing, and came on down to the street level.

With a start Lisbee recognized Margaretta Eliot, that first, most unrelenting enemy of hers. Margaretta Eliot—and she was *smiling!*

No! Lisbee told herself rebelliously, her heart thudding unpleasantly, this was too eerie, everything had gone wild. Why, at this particular moment should that particular person appear, the one who had hated her from the first moment she'd appeared at Miss Worthington's? "*My mother won't let me play with Lisbee Vries.*" The piping childish treble still rang in Lisbee's ears.

And for her to think Margaretta Eliot was smiling at her! She must be mad! Lisbee hurried past, head down, as she drew abreast the tall figure in the green coat. She *couldn't* be smiling at "Lisbee Vries"—she must be gloating. . . . That's it—she was gloating! . . . But how did Margaretta know so soon—that "everything was over"? . . . Then everybody must know now? *Everybody was laughing at her!* Lisbee found herself all but running in her anguish. *Stop it, you fool!* she told herself bitterly. *You're just letting your imagination run away with you!*

Margaretta couldn't *possibly* know yet. Lisbee tried to slow down. Besides, meeting Margaretta just now was *not* a sign, a dreadful sinister sign of the humiliation she would be forced to swallow to the end of her days. What was so strange about meeting Margaretta on Margaretta's own street? *She lives on Hardwicke! You know that, you're always known it!* Lisbee upbraided herself. And she slowed down to give the painful fanning sensation in her heart a chance to subside.

Still . . . at *this* moment, what malign impulse in the universe had sent her down this street to be laughed at by Margaretta Eliot? . . . She *wasn't* laughing! Lisbee argued frantically with herself, she was smiling. Oh, *ye-es*, she was! At *you?* At Lisbee Vries? . . . Well, then—maybe something she was thinking amused her and that's why she was smiling. Maybe she —— "All right! All right!" Lisbee exclaimed aloud wildly, trying now to rid herself of the whole painful subject by just summarily throwing it overboard.

For a few dull moments she did walk along in a grateful blank.

Well—she miserably took up the burden again, as her racing heart slowed its pace—Margaretta would soon be getting her chance to smile or laugh. . . . It wouldn't be long before they'd all be laughing at her. . . . And she'd have to go into hiding on Bretton Road for the rest of her life! Again the sharpness of this sting roused her to fury. *Not for anything in the world* would she give them a chance to laugh in her face! To gloat over *her* as they had gloated over ——

But she didn't *have* to take anything from them! Lisbee caught her breath with the sudden thought that hit her. And she didn't have to hide, either!

Her head came up briskly. Again her heart was starting up a heavy thudding, but this time it was in hope, only made her feel more alert. After all . . . nobody knew yet, Lisbee speculated. Nobody *could* know yet that the Etheridges had thrown her aside.

Well, she'd have to get busy before the news did get around, she told herself bluntly. Turning, Lisbee quickly went the other way.

I suppose it was to be expected that Lisbee, the terrified (again the outsider), should try as quickly as possible—once out of range of Mrs. Etheridge's belittling eyes—to salvage what she could. Having lost Neil, as she believed, she must try, by the only means she knew, to foil this new rejection.

THAT it did not even occur to her to grant Neil the right to be an individual is, I suppose, not surprising. Neil was not always clearly Neil to Lisbee then; he was so closely bound up with her ambitions to "show" all the Miss Worthingtons of her world, she forgot at times that he existed without the power of his mother's wealth.

Lisbee—pushed by her terror—had wandered a long way from that sense of wonder we used to feel before the fabulous beings we'd watched so longingly through the high iron fence. People had become blurred to her, spread over and merged with things at times they became just things, so much power to manipulate.

Father was for calling out the police when it had grown dark and still no sign of Lisbee. Mother turned this aside by telephoning the hospitals and asking if there had been any accidents.

Neil said almost nothing as they sat waiting. After admitting that his mother had admitted she and Lisbee had had something of a quarrel that afternoon, and that he'd been everywhere he could think of, trying to find Lisbee, Neil said little. Of course he did not say *what* those two had quarreled about. Mother must have had a good notion, from the way she acted then and later. Father, I should say, refused to know.

I waited with them, though officially I was in bed; of course I couldn't just tamely go to sleep. And it wasn't much of a trick to steal down the back stairs in my bare feet. The door ajar, I joined the vigil.

It was close to midnight when the shrill ring of the telephone pealed out.

(To be Concluded)



"Why ask me about women? I'm not a woman."



Floored by crusty pans?



New "Shine meter" tests prove

BRILLO

gives

TWICE the SHINE in HALF the TIME!

Outshines all cleansers tested!

No scrubbing and scraping.

Whisk stubborn pans spanking-clean with a Brillo *pad-with-soap.*

The square, metal-fiber pad just *shines away* crusty scorch.

And Brillo has jeweler's polish. Makes pans gleam in *half the time!* Perfect for broilers, burners, too!

Brillo now lasts longer!

More Shines in Every Pad!



RED box—soap-filled pads
GREEN box—pads plus cake soap

Friendship kitchen



By GLADYS TABER

THE most enchanting thing of all about this kitchen is the story of its decoration. During the war, a friend of ours had reached across the sea to help a stranger in Holland with parcels, letters, gifts. And afterward, from Holland, her distant war-time friend began to send her from time to time a few of those exquisite delft tiles as a thank-you for the warm generosity of the American woman. How to use them when she remodeled her problem house was the question that produced a JOURNAL kitchen plan which not only featured the tiles but unscrambled the rest of the remodeling.

It was all settled by putting the kitchen in the right place. The rest of the rooms then fell into line, and, with only interior changes,

(Continued on Page 102)





Now made of steel with roller bearings in shaft, lazy-Susan shelves roll smooth as butter, making roomy space above and below counter corners accessible.

New nine-inch-wide cabinet and ventilated vegetable bin below the counter; wood work surface has slotted block at back to keep knives handy and sharp.

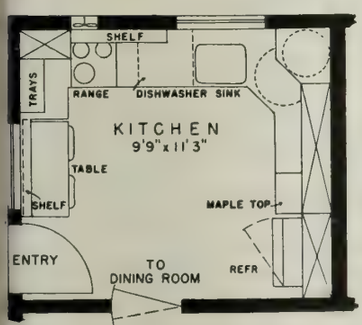


Small kitchen seems uncluttered because generous counter was planned between refrigerator and sink with garbage-disposal unit and under-counter dishwasher. Supplies and baking utensils are within arm's reach in cabinets with adjustable shelves to fit whatever you will—from spice cans to the catchup bottle.

Table topped with counter material provides space for casual meals—doubles as place to sit and work. Radio and coffee maker within reach, outlets and light switches conveniently placed. Files for trays frame one with stenciled tile design.

STUART STEPHENSON





FLOOR PLAN

SCALE IN FEET 0 1 2 3 4 5

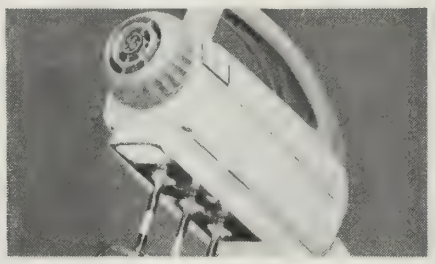
Why are pancakes, gingersnaps, whipped turnips, mayonnaise and ice cream alike?



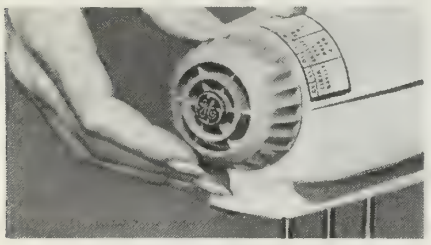
Because they're all easier to make with the new

G-E Triple-Whip Mixer!

Talk about around-the-clock usefulness . . . this great new G-E Mixer is just right for dozens of breakfast, lunch, dinner—even *snack*—dishes! **$39.95***



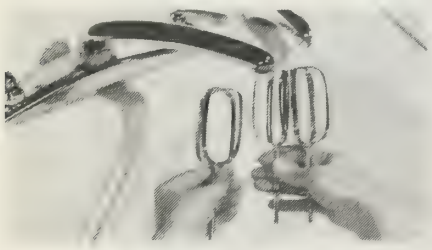
Built-in light shines directly down into the bowl—spotlighting those fancy whipping jobs. You get a 2-quart and a 4-quart bowl with every mixer.



New, improved speed selector is out front so you can get just the right amount of power! And a wonderful no-clog juicer comes with every mixer!

Whip-Tip for March

With your potatoes, beat in egg yolks and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pile into casserole and bake at 350°F. for 30 minutes. It's superb!



Three beaters—beating from center to side of bowl—give you ideal mixing action. And the beaters are easy to clean and dry because they have no center shafts!

Write for the new Triple-Whip Recipe Book. Address General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

*Price subject to change without notice

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 100)

she now has the house of her dreams and a kitchen that delights her.

Obviously planned to take advantage of its location, the house had a big living room, a big fireplace and a view. Bedrooms and bath were provided, but the owners were undoubtedly expected to eat manna, for everything to do with cooking and eating was just stuck in here and there. The kitchen was a long awkward space like a hallway. The only windows were high above the grade level, cupboard space in the kitchen was woefully lacking. There were a range, a sink and a refrigerator, and that was about all you could say for it as a kitchen.

Such a problem is typical of many houses where the kitchen is the last room to be given thought. It can be solved, but it takes imagination and direct action. The obvious place for the kitchen was the corner where the old bathroom and a storeroom were. The same water pipes could be utilized, full-sized windows were possible, and a door opened to the terrace for summer eating.

By removing a nonload-bearing partition, the new kitchen is 9'9" by 11'3", and as gay and sunny as a bed of spring tulips. The equipment was lined up on the two adjacent walls with continuous counters connecting the work areas. It's a good plan for small kitchens anywhere.

Each cabinet has been selected for what it can contribute to preparation of food. For instance, the ventilated vegetable bin topped with a hardwood counter is next to the refrigerator. Slots at the back of this store knives. Take out the cabbage, reach for the knife and slice for coleslaw all at one easy step.

In the last five years, many convenience features which we used to build into kitchens have become available in standard cabinets like these steel ones. The new 9" cabinets are wonderful space fitters, adaptable three ways: for files of baking utensils, for a sliding panel on which to hang hard-to-fit-in gadgets, or you can take out the panel and bring up a shelf for canned foods. The narrow drawers are just naturally tidy because things can't get lost or mixed up.

A ventilating fan over the range takes care of odors and helps to keep the kitchen cool on hot summer days, and, when the motor is turned off, the panel closes and is weathertight for the cold winter ones.

In the corner next to the range, there was no room for a full-depth base cabinet, so a wall cabinet was simply turned upside down, so the handle is at the top, and used under the counter.

Under the window overlooking the sunny slope, the eating center has room for two comfortable chairs, with a magazine rack handy on the back of the door—not an inch of space is idle in this kitchen and yet it has an air of spaciousness. It is designed not only for convenience but to fit the collection of delft; the delicate little figures and flowers and ships frame the windows and set the tone for the blue walls. To make the very low room seem less sat upon, a band of the wall color is used around the ceiling.

The soft ceiling lights and counter illumination keep the little kitchen as sunny as spring by night as well as by day. Now that it's April, the sun shines warmly in the room, and all the little Dutch figures catch the golden light.

The counter tops are yellow plastic with a faint crossbar pattern like fine gingham, and the floor a slightly darker yellow in a practical striated asphalt tile. Accents of tulip red dramatize the delft color.

What could be lovelier than to make your kitchen a setting for some treasured collection such as this? To me, this friendship kitchen signifies the deep neighborliness of women all over the globe—a hope for tomorrow's world.

TELL ME DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 34)

up for at least an hour, after which time the uterine musculature should be in such a state of tonic contraction that the manipulation is no longer required. About this time some patients may undergo a slight chill ——"

"Would that be bad?"

"It is of no consequence and disappears within a few minutes. Anyhow, it's the exception rather than the rule."

"What causes this chill, Doctor?"

"I don't know that I can answer that question, but I would like to point out that the patient has been relieved of a portion of her bodily bulk, including flesh and blood, and certainly some body warmth."

"I see. Would the chill be followed by fever?"

"No, though it is possible that there may be a slight elevation of temperature during the first twenty-four hours. It generally remains around ninety-nine degrees. One interesting point is that the pulse is usually slower at this time. An average of sixty is common, though it may drop even lower. The only significance of this is that it makes elevation of pulse all the more important when it occurs.

"Now, let's get down to that matter of *involution*. It is one of the most interesting phenomena occurring in the entire body. You remember, Mrs. Doe, that I once told you that the virgin uterus is a small, pear-shaped organ. When pregnant, it grows to truly huge proportions by comparison. Measured by a tape, its top is about fourteen inches above the pubic bone in front, and its capacity is sufficient to contain a fully developed child of seven or eight pounds, an afterbirth and a very considerable amount of watery fluid. This increase in size is not simply a stretching process—it represents actual cell growth to such tremendous proportions that at full term the uterine wall in its upper segment is as thick as that of the entire uterine body in its nonpregnant state.

"Immediately after delivery the uterus weighs approximately two pounds. The contractions of its musculature squeeze the blood out of its walls and its color consequently fades from the purple of its prenatal congestion to a pale pink while the big veins running out from its sides become engorged and distended.

"This is only the beginning of a remarkable process. Within the next ten days its size will decrease phenomenally, and within six weeks its weight will be less than four ounces. One half of this huge weight loss occurs within the first week, and two thirds of it by the end of the second week. As I said before, I think it's about the most remarkable physiological phenomenon I know."

"Do you mean that the uterus just contracts and squeezes itself out to normal, Doctor?"

"It's a far more complicated process than that. It is a matter of atrophy and involves the property of self-dissolution of the cell substance which composes its tissues. It is believed that the albuminous material in the cellular make-up is excreted by the kidneys. I won't go into all that. The point I want to

(Continued on Page 104)

INTOXICATE

When the early Latins wanted lethal arrows they would dip them into a poison, or "*in toxicum*" them. The bluenoses and Mrs. Grundys of England who disapproved of the use of strong liquors used the word *intoxicate* to apply to people who had put poison into their systems, or "put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains." But these tipplers preferred to say, "I have drunk a lot," instead of using the morally opprobrious term "intoxicated," and gradually the word *drunk* as a contraction for the whole expression came into the language.

THE GREAT PHILCO DUPLEX!

...an entirely new kind of refrigerator



PHILCO
Advanced Design
has a woman in mind!

Now — at far less cost — a sensational 2-door refrigerator with full automatic defrost!



PHILCO
REFRIGERATORS

NEVER BEFORE A REFRIGERATOR LIKE THIS! Never before a refrigerator that so completely incorporates every conceivable luxury and economy feature! This great new Philco is truly an entirely *new kind* of refrigerator. It gives you 2-door luxury and *full* automatic defrost at a price unprecedented in the refrigerator industry.

YOU CAN SAY GOODBYE TO DEFROSTING DRUDGERY! With this wonderful new Philco, *you* don't have to defrost *anywhere*. No more ice chipping, no indicators to set: Defrosting is done for you!

YOUR FROZEN FOODS STAY FROZEN. Philco De-Frost works so fast that frozen foods *stay* frozen . . . don't get a chance to thaw!

YOU ENJOY THE UTTER LUXURY OF A 2-DOOR MODEL. Now you can have this wanted luxury at a price way below what you'd expect to pay!

PHILCO DUPLEX DESIGN MEANS A DRY REFRIGERATOR. In old-style 2-door refrigerators, water collects on the walls and floods down. Philco engineering has ended such wall-sweating and messiness!

EVERY DELUXE FEATURE IMAGINABLE! Adjustable Shelves, Meat Storage Drawer, Giant Crispers . . . every convenience feature you could hope for!

PHILCO DUPLEX REFRIGERATORS in 8, 10, and 12 cu. ft. sizes. Single door models in 7, 9, 11, and 13 cu. ft. sizes. See them all *now!*

I was a

WASHDAY ORPHAN



...till Mom traded wash DAY for wash HOUR!

I HATED MONDAYS! Mom got so tired and cross doing my didies 'n' things, she had no time for *me!*

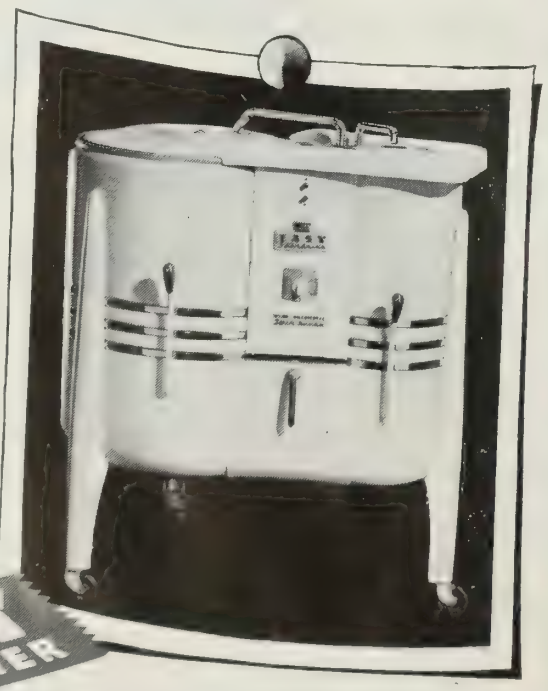
THEN DADDY got her a new Easy Spindrier with Automatic Spin-rinse. Now her week's wash is done in an hour. And we *both* kiss Daddy when he comes home.

3-MINUTE AUTOMATIC SPIN-RINSE double-rinses a full load right in the spinning basket, with only 3 gallons of warm water. Frees you from set-tub rinsing forever. Saves live hot suds for re-use!

ONLY EASY has Spiralator action that gives *each* piece in the biggest load *equal* extra-thorough washing!

CLOTHES ARE LIGHTER TO HANG UP, DRY FASTER because Easy removes up to 25% more water than a wringer!

COSTS SURPRISINGLY LITTLE! Lowest possible Easy terms. Ask your Easy dealer! Easy Washing Machine Corp., Syracuse 1, New York.



EASY SPINDRIER

...with 3-minute Automatic Spin-rinse

(Continued from Page 102)

make is that it is such a fantastic process, and most essential. Should it not proceed properly, the patient would be left with a huge, ungainly organ which would cause all sorts of trouble in the future. That is what does occur occasionally as the result of infection, and the condition is known as *subinvolution.*"

"And it works better if the patient gets out of bed earlier?"

"Yes. There may be other factors involved, however," the doctor told her. "Involution goes on more slowly in women who do not nurse their babies, or those with a poor uterine muscular tone due to repeated pregnancies."

"I suppose that the baby nursing at the breast stimulates the uterus to contract."

"That's a good comment, and quite plausible. However, there are certain drugs which accelerate the condition, and are given to practically all women during the first few days after their delivery."

"I've heard women complain of afterpains. Are those the result of attempts at involution?"

"In a way, yes. They may result from the presence of blood clots which the uterus is trying to expel, or even from lack of uterine muscle tone. Afterpains are more likely to occur in a woman who has had more than one baby. And the more babies she has delivered, the worse are her afterpains likely to be. They usually stop after the second or third day, however."

"I can see that you are pretty well sold on the idea of early rising, Doctor."

"I wasn't at first. Now I advise my patients to get up on the second or third day if they want to, but I don't urge them."

"Tell me, Doctor, what did you mean when you spoke of *embolism?*"

"It's a serious condition in which a blood clot lodges in a blood vessel and causes blockage to the normal passage of blood. This is rather difficult to understand, but emboli are usually preceded by an inflammation of the veins, due usually to a weakness of these vessels. Owing to a damaged vein, a condition known as phlebitis develops. From this vein, clots of blood collect in the area. When the clots separate from the lining of the vein, they travel in the blood stream. These wandering clots are known as emboli. It is understandable how quick rising after childbirth will prevent the clotting in veins and discourage emboli formation, since early motion prevents blood from clotting."

"There's another thing that's been worrying me, Doctor. I used to be considered quite shapely. Just look at me now! Here my belly is stuck way out in front of me, and I know it's going to get worse every day. Won't the skin get so stretched out—and the muscles too—that I'll never get my shape back?"

(Continued on Page 107)



Beds and Bed Sheets

THOSE oversized beds that you could live in are fine if you have a huge bedroom, but you can sleep nicely on a middle-sized bed. Latest research on sleeping comfort shows that a bed should measure in width at least the distance between the outstretched elbows: 35″ wide will do for most men; 31″ wide is a bare minimum for most women, but is adequate for only 20 per cent of the men. If you sleep on your back, your bed should be 6″ longer than you are, and if you sleep on your face it should be 8″ longer.

- Before shopping for bed linen it's a good idea to check up on the sizes of beds. It's worth the effort to buy sheets that fit your beds. Sheets are labeled "torn size"—the size of the material before hemming. An extra 5″ of the length goes into the hems, and some shrinkage allowance is necessary.
- For most adults' beds, 108″ for the length is the best buy. Extra-long beds need 113″ length. But for the youngsters, the 99″ length is fine—they sleep farther down in the bed!
- The width depends on the bed too. A cot sheet can be 54″ wide, a single bed takes 63″, a twin bed 72″, and a three-quarter bed 81″. A double bed needs 81″ or 90″; an oversize bed, 100″. The 90″ work fine for a 54″ double bed, so no matter how much rolling around one does, the bottom sheet stays firmly tucked in.
- Pillowcases can be maddening if size isn't right. When you restock your linens, try to get pillowcases 1½″ larger and 6″ longer than your pillows. A standard pillowcase measures 42″ to 45″ around, and 36″ to 40½″ in length.
- Some sheets come with four mitered corners already made. Taped, shaped corners fit over the mattress. JOURNAL folks who have used them find they go into place easily when the bed is changed. But it's in day-to-day bedmaking they win most favor. The bottom sheet stays smooth, and doesn't need retucking. Now available for double- or twin-bed size in percale or muslin, they cost about the same as regular sheets of comparable quality. These are less bulky than the usual kind, for extra length for tucking in under the mattress isn't needed. When they were new, laundries and homemakers alike had troubles in figuring out how to fold them. By now, laundries have learned the trick, and homemakers find the shaped part can be folded flat for ironing.
- Brides can provide wardrobes for their beds by allowing 6 sheets and 3 pillow slips (6 if she has a double bed) for each bed. This means one set on the beds, one in the laundry, one on the shelves.



Four boxed corners fit baby's mattress like a slip-cover. Shaped tuck under anchors sheet firmly, keeps it wrinkle-free.

Amazing Cribfast *CONTOUR* sheet won't wrinkle—can't pull out!

THE MOST ACTIVE BABY can't rumple, can't pull out this amazing Cribfast* sheet that clings to the mattress like a second skin. Rubber pads can't shift underneath.

All four corners of a Pacific Cribfast sheet are precisely cut and sewed, taped for extra strength. A deep tuck-under slips into place automatically, never needs retucking until mother takes it off. Sheet changing goes quick as a breeze!

These work-saving sheets are delightfully easy to launder. They weigh less and they stretch so smoothly over the mattress, ironing is optional. No matter how often you wash them, they keep their original fit because they're Sanforized**.

Available in sturdy muslin pastels and white, or petal-soft percale, white only, at leading baby departments. Wonderful for your own small fry and the perfect gift for a busy new mother.

*TM Pacific Mills **Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

For adults, too

You'll find the same remarkable features in Pacific Contour Sheets for grownups' beds—standard double and twin sizes that adjust to slight variations in mattress thickness.

Try your favorite store or write for folder and name of nearest dealer to Pacific Mills, Dept. DD4, 140 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

It's a PACIFIC sheet BY PACIFIC MILLS . . . WEAVERS OF FINE COTTONS, RAYONS, WOOLENS AND WORSTEDS



...of course, it's electric!



FIRST . . WEIGH clothes on WEIGH-TO-SAVE Door. A few pieces or a full load is accurately weighed. You know *exactly* the weight you are washing.



NEXT . . READ load size on WEIGH-TO-SAVE Indicator *Small*, *medium* or *large* . . . you can be sure of using right amount of water and soap for the load.



THEN . . SET Water Saver for size of load, shown on Indicator. No wasting hot water and soap. The thrifty Water Saver measures the water needed.

You'll Sing a Song of Saving with a Westinghouse Laundromat®

AUTOMATIC WASHER

. . . and its exclusive Weigh-to-Save Door

Yes, you'll sing long and loud when you see how the savings roll up with the Laundromat's WEIGH-TO-SAVE Door. It saves you thousands of gallons of water every year. Huge quantities of soap, too.

It's as simple as one . . . two . . . three. Just weigh your clothes on this WEIGH-TO-SAVE Door that works like a scale. Read the load size on the Indicator . . . *small*, *medium* or *large*. Set the Water Saver for the size of the load shown. Then let the Laundromat take over. It will measure the *correct* amount of water every time . . . never too much, never too little. There's no guesswork, no waste.

Best of all, the Laundromat gets clothes sparkling clean. Thanks to the inclined washing action . . . found in no other washer . . . clothes are kept constantly in motion through the entire washing cycle. Washed gently, but thoroughly, they come out *completely dirt-free*. Then the dirty, soapy water is drained away from the clothes . . . *never through them*. Clothes are triple-rinsed (equal to 1,500 hand rinsings). Come out clean as new and damp-dried, many of them ready to iron immediately.

See a load of your clothes washed the Laundromat way. It's free. Phone your Westinghouse retailer today. Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Electric Appliance Division, Mansfield, Ohio.

Coveted Merit Award recently given to Westinghouse Laundry Equipment by the American Society of Industrial Engineers.

See TV's Top Dramatic Show . . . WESTINGHOUSE "STUDIO ONE" . . . Every Week

YOU CAN BE SURE . . IF IT'S Westinghouse



Waffle Baker · Coffee Maker · Tank Cleaner · Cleaner · Dryer · Refrigerator · Home Freezer · Range · Water Heater · Electric Sink · Iron · Exhaust Fan · Mixer · Roaster-Oven

(Continued from Page 104)

"Well, there's no question but that you're oing to get a stretching out in front, Mrs. oe, but we're going to do what we can to elp you. It is quite likely that within the ext few weeks you will observe some ansverse red lines low down on the abdo- ien, caused by the skin's stretching to the oint where its lower layers are damaged. ou may be able to make it a trifle more liable by frequently rubbing in some cocoa utter.

"It is unavoidable, of course, that the uscle is stretched to the point where its tone damaged. After your delivery, however, we all give you some exercises which will tend restore that tone to something approach- g the normal."

"And I suppose you'll put me in a tight nder for the same purpose."

"What gave you that idea, Mrs. Doe?"

"Why, Mrs. Gabbler ——"

"I see. Well, what good do you suppose ould be accomplished by a binder?"

"Why, don't all women wear corsets, or at ast a girdle?"

"I guess so. But what good does a corset ?"

"Why, it keeps one in shape, doesn't it, octor?"

"It keeps you in shape while you're wear- g it, but it doesn't permanently make you ore shapely, does it? Quite the contrary. hen you take it off, you bulge out all the orse. We've abandoned abdominal binders ter delivery for the same reason. I can re- ember when every good obstetrical nurse ided herself on the neat, tight encasements e could contrive out of a kitchen towel and me safety pins—pins all spaced and placed th diametrical accuracy down the front, d gussets taken in the sides with the same actness. And when it was in place, the pa- nt could scarcely breathe, although I will mit that she looked trim enough. In an ur it was probably up around her neck, or it did stay in position there was no telling w much constipation and bladder irritation caused by its pressure. No, I can assure you at tight abdominal binders are things of e past. We'll rely on the exercises."

"I'm glad there is something to help all at bulging. But if it's that bad outside, how out the inside?"

"You mean vaginally, I presume?" the ctor asked.

"Yes. I should think that I'd be stretched the point where I wouldn't have any va- na left."

"It's scarcely as bad as that, though ere's no doubt that's one of the prices a oman pays for the privilege of bringing a ild into the world. Naturally, an opening at normally admits with difficulty the two gers necessary for a gynecological ex- ination cannot be stretched to the point ere a full-term baby's head may pass with- t damage. There is pretty certain to be ne tearing of the tissues with the first baby, d it may even be that such damage is in y beneficial because it decreases the amount the stretching that is necessary. A tear y, and will, be repaired, but an over- etching conceivably could not be."

"What happens, then, in the case of this erstretching?"

WELL, the vagina undoubtedly remains omy for a considerable time after delivery, account of the great relaxation of the sur- nding structures, even to the point where may gape during coughing or efforts to ac- mplish the expulsion of bowel contents. adually it should return to something ap- oximating its normal shape and propor- ns. In some cases, it must be admitted, s tone is never completely regained and ere remains a permanent sag, which may ke for future trouble."

"How long does it take to get back some- ere near normal, Doctor?"

"It's a matter of months, sometimes as g as a half year."

"And would I be flowing all that time?" rs. Doe asked.

"What in the world gave you that idea? , of course not. I'll try to give you a better a of that postnatal flow, which is com- monly called the *lochia*. Immediately following delivery it is composed largely of blood and clots, its color naturally being bright red. Later it becomes paler and somewhat brown due to a decrease in its blood elements. At the end of two weeks it should be brownish and it will continue like this for a number of weeks—six being about the average before it stops completely."

"I should think that would be an awful nuisance."

"Well, it is, of course. Naturally, you have to provide for its disposal."

"By wearing pads, you mean—or tampons, as in menstruation?"

"Certainly not by use of tampons, since the establishment of drainage is essential. A blood-soaked tampon would afford about as fine a culture medium as could be devised for the development of an infection; and prevention of infection is the prime result toward which we are aiming. For that reason the pads must be changed frequently and not be allowed to accumulate a great volume of lochia. There is a technique about the changing of these pads which is best left to a nurse who understands it. In other words, you don't do it yourself, but have someone do it for you. In some hospitals pads are not allowed to be applied to the vaginal region for the first few days, but the lochia is caught upon a wide pad placed under the buttocks, the purpose being to encourage drainage and avoid infection. The vaginal region is considered comparable to an open wound, you see."

"I should think that was carrying matters to extremes."

"It's mighty good technique, I can assure you," the doctor said. "Remember, it's all for your protection."

"I can see that. Does a woman ever have trouble with her urine, after all that pressure she's gone through in having her baby, Doctor?"

"Frequently, for the first day, in which cases it has to be drawn by means of a rubber tube known as a *catheter*. The nurses go to great lengths to try to obviate this, however. We don't like to catheterize the patient if it can be avoided. A full bladder is painful, and when it develops, the patient has a constant urge which is never satisfied until it is emptied. She will pass a small quantity of urine every few minutes, and still be in great discomfort. Every experienced doctor or nurse knows that and also knows that only by artificial means can the bladder be emptied. Then again, it's almost impossible for some individuals to pass urine while lying on a bedpan or in a reclining position. That's another place where early getting out of bed comes to the patient's rescue."

"Will I have trouble with my bowels, too, Doctor?"

"I can promise you that you won't have much trouble if you get up out of bed early rather than lying for days on your back, which in itself promotes constipation. In any case it can be relieved by enemas followed by mild catharsis."

"What about the breasts, Doctor?" Mrs. Doe asked.

"If you don't nurse your baby you're not likely to have any trouble with them. If you do, you may."

"That sounds as though you don't approve of breast feeding."

"I DIDN'T mean it that way. I think it is for the mother herself to decide. If you nurse your baby, you have to give the breasts attention, that's all. The milk comes in on the second or third day after delivery, and the breasts are engorged and somewhat painful for thirty-six to forty-eight hours. After its flow is established there should be no further trouble, provided a regular schedule of nursing is carried out and the breasts given reasonable care and attention. Fissured nipples are an abomination and a constant invitation to infection because of the fact that it's impossible to sterilize a baby's mouth. If the nipples crack badly I believe it's better to stop breast feeding immediately and permanently than to invite infection by persisting. There are at least two modern medications given in tablet form which dry up the breasts quickly and efficiently. A breast abscess is a mighty mean thing to have—or to handle, for that matter."

"I've heard that. Tell me, Doctor, after I've had my baby when should my menstrual periods return?"

"If you nurse your baby, they won't return until you stop, or at least until your milk stops. If you do not nurse your baby, you will likely begin to menstruate fairly regularly within a number of weeks. It is not uncommon for the flow to be more profuse than customary for the first few periods. Too, you might menstruate, skip a month, and then menstruate again."

"Could I get pregnant if I wasn't menstruating?"

"Indeed you could, and many women have. Don't rely on the fact that you are nursing and not menstruating to produce a so-called 'safe period,' if that's what you mean."

"I suppose you'll examine me sometime after I've gone home from the hospital, to make sure I'm all right."

"You suppose correctly. You will come to the office as soon as your lochia has ceased, which as I told you will be about six weeks after the birth of your baby. You will receive a most thorough examination, I can assure you."

"What will you be looking for, Doctor?"

"First, to ascertain if the degree of involution is satisfactory. Second, to see if any damage that had taken place at your delivery has healed properly. I'd look especially for eroded areas that might have appeared at the site of any cervical laceration. If they were present, they should be treated to eliminate them, since they may constitute the starting point of cancer in later life. Third, I'd look for uterine displacement, tipping backward being the most common type. If it were present it would call for treatment such as knee-chest posture or perhaps temporary support by means of a ring. The early stage is the proper time to get after such complications."

"Then you might have to see me more than once?"

"I would, almost certainly," the doctor told her. "A final checkup should be made at the end of six months."

(To be Continued)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Lines to a Little Girl

By Ruth Mary DuBois

You are long now in your bed,
But when you drop your sweet dark head
You still ask for a story:

Of the Island that might be behind the Moon,
Of the Sandman, and why he comes so soon,
Of Mr. Johnson, the yellow cat
Who comes and goes in a black felt hat,
Of the Fox who asked to be changed to a Bunny,
Of the Pixy who laughed till his name was "Funny,"
Of Officer Gnome who knows where there's trouble,
Of the beautiful Fairy who lives in a Bubble,
Of the Little Old Lady who runs a store,
All of these, and a hundred more. . . .

Tell me—how tall will you be?
How far away your eyes?
When all of this, quite suddenly,
Will seem child-size?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



WORK-SAVING DIAPER LINERS!

JUST PUT A CHIX LINER inside regular diaper. *The liner gets soiled—but not the diaper.* Diaper washing is easier because Chix Liners help prevent diapers from getting stained. Soiled liners are just flushed away. And—Chix Liners are made with a downy-soft cottoned facing—not paper. They're sturdy . . . won't wad or fall apart when wet! Try Chix Diaper Liners and see how much easier diaper handling can be!



CHICOPEE MILLS, INC.,
Dept. LH-14
47 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, FREE samples of Chix Cottoned Diaper Liners

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....ZONE.....

STATE .....

Televised... written about... raved about... this sensational new appetizer

A pip of a dip for potato chips



Made with the world's most famous cream cheese
Philadelphia Brand

THE next time you entertain, serve this terrific new variation of cheese 'n' chips. Clip this recipe for Kraft's Clam Dip now.

Rub a mixing bowl with half a clove of garlic. Blend an 8-oz. package of soft, rich Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese with 2 tsps. lemon juice, 1½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce, ½ tsp. salt, a dash of freshly ground pepper, ½ cup drained canned minced clams (one 7-oz. can) and ¼ cup clam broth. Place in the center of a large tray and surround with potato chips, crackers or raw cauliflower buds.

You can't *imagine* how good it is. Wait till you *taste* it . . . and hear what your *guests* say!

Look for the red Kraft K. Only Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese has it on the package!

Other cream cheeses are in *similar* blue and silver packages. To pick the *real thing* at a glance, look for the red K; it's on every package of famous Philadelphia Brand.



TWO POPULAR SIZES
3-oz. famous since 1880
½-LB. saves you as much as 12%

THERE'S ONLY ONE "PHILADELPHIA" CREAM CHEESE...
THE BRAND MADE BY KRAFT
AND GUARANTEED FRESH!

Quick & Easys for Two

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

DONALD STUART



Gertrude takes a lesson from Harold in omelet making.

BOTH Harold and Gertrude are on the job during the hours most young couples are having their dinner. Harold works nights as a merchandise selector for a grocery chain. Gertrude is in the costume department of a television studio.

Like young people who worked in defense industries during the war, it took them both a long time to get used to having their dinner at three o'clock in the afternoon. "It took our friends even longer," Gertrude says. "They still forget occasionally and drop by at eight P.M., to find an empty house, or call us at nine A.M., to hear a sleepy snarl! We rather like the routine now. With a hearty breakfast at ten and a quick-and-easy dinner at three, we have a good part of the day for ourselves. We both like to paint, and to hunt for antiques to furnish our apartment."

Gertrude wonders if everyone's cooking goes through stages and fads the way hers does. "When we were married two years ago, I was a casserole-and-green-salad cook. Six days a week and twice on Sunday we had a casserole dinner. That period ended when Harold rebelled and my scales showed an alarming increase. Later, when I was assistant fashion editor of a magazine for teen-agers, we became a steak-and-chop family, as I never could depend on getting home at any set time. Harold loved this period, but the food budget soared way out of proportion. Now we try to hit a happy medium."

Monday Dinner

Shrimps Creole and Rice
Carrot-and-Cabbage Slaw
Stewed Fruit

"Mondays we like to go cycling when the weather is nice. On rainy days we go over to the library and pore over books on antique glass or furniture refinishing."

SHRIMPS CREOLE AND RICE

Heat 2 tablespoons salad oil. Add 1 onion, chopped, 1 package frozen cooked shrimp or 1 can shrimp, rinsed in cold water and drained; 1½ cups peeled fresh or canned tomatoes, chopped, 1 green pepper, diced, 1 clove garlic, crushed, ¾ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Simmer 20 minutes. Mix 1 teaspoon cornstarch with 1 teaspoon cold water. Add to creole and cook a few minutes more until slightly thickened. Serve with fluffy rice.

Tuesday Dinner

Hot Chicken Roll
Peas with Mint
Cress-and-Romaine Salad
Sliced Oranges
and Grapefruit Sections

"Hot chicken roll is one of Harold's favorites that I camouflage from Sunday's chicken."

HOT CHICKEN ROLL

Buy 2 or 4 large soft rolls, such as you buy for hamburgers. Split, butter and set aside. Heat in top of double boiler over hot water 1 can condensed mushroom soup and ⅓ cup chicken broth or milk, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, a pinch of poultry seasoning and 1 cup diced cooked chicken, left over from Sunday's dinner. Canned chicken may be substituted. Toast the buttered rolls under the broiler. Pour hot chicken over half of each roll. Top with the other half. Pour more chicken over the top. Sprinkle with chopped hard-cooked egg.

Wednesday Dinner

Liver and Bacon
Baked Potato
Sliced Tomatoes and
Cucumber
Frosted Strawberries

"Liver and bacon is one of our favorite dishes. We like liver best broiled, well seasoned and basted with bacon fat."

FROSTED STRAWBERRIES

Wash strawberries. Leave stems on. Dip in lemon juice, then in sugar. Arrange in freezing tray. Put back in freezing compartment for 30 minutes while you fix the main dish. The berries do not freeze solid in that time—just get frosty cold.

LIVER AND BACON

Broil slowly 4 slices bacon in a flat pan—not directly on the broiler rack. When half done, add 1 large onion, cut into slices. Increase heat; broil a few minutes and add sliced liver—½–¾ pound for 2. If calf's liver is too expensive for your budget, you might use baby beef or lamb's liver. Sprinkle liver with salt, pepper and garlic salt. With the back of a spoon, press the seasonings in a bit. Broil 5 minutes more, turning liver once and spooning the juices over liver. Just before serving, add a few drops Worcestershire sauce.

Thursday Dinner

Wiener Schnitzel
Green Beans
Spiced Applesauce
with Sour Cream

"Whenever we get a chance, we go antique hunting down around Lancaster or Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. We love the Pennsylvania Dutch cooking—the generous helpings, the interesting names of traditional dishes. We collect recipes for our menus along with an occasional antique. I learned to make wiener schnitzel on our last trip to Lancaster."

WIENER SCHNITZEL

Cut 1 pound thinly sliced veal cutlet into pieces for serving. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dip in cracker crumbs, then in beaten egg and water (add 2 tablespoons water to the egg), then in cracker crumbs again until well coated. Fry in 3 tablespoons shortening or salad oil until golden brown and crispy. Serve with wilted cucumbers or bread-and-butter pickles.

SPICED APPLESAUCE WITH SOUR CREAM

Chill canned applesauce in refrigerator overnight. Serve with sour cream on top and sprinkle lightly with cinnamon and nutmeg.

Company Dinner

Hot Soup
Smörgåsbord
Yoghurt with Fresh or
Frozen Fruit

"Half the fun of acquiring an old piece of glass for our collection is having our friends in to admire the find. We usually celebrate by having a *smörgåsbord* on a Saturday night."

SMÖRGÅSBORD

"This can be as simple or as complicated as you have time and money for. Ours usually consists of a tray of assorted cheeses (snappy cheese, Camembert cheese mixed with chopped onion and pickle relish), a tray of pumpernickel and rolls, deviled eggs, a bowl of crispy and easy-to-eat salad vegetables, spiced beets, sardines and/or herring in onion sauce, potato salad, large black olives and, of course, Swedish meat balls."

SWEDISH MEAT BALLS

To 1 pound ground round steak (have it ground twice) add ½ cup hot milk and ½ cup cream. Add 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ¼ teaspoon ginger, ¼ teaspoon mace, ¼ teaspoon garlic salt, 2 tablespoons corn starch and 1 beaten egg. Blend thoroughly. Shape meat into 25–30 small balls with a spoon. They will be quite soft. Heat 1½ cups bouillon or beef broth to boiling in pressure cooker. Drop meat balls in broth. Cover and cook 15 minutes at 15 pounds' pressure. If you do not have a pressure cooker, bring 2½ cups bouillon or beef broth to a boil in large skillet. Drop in meat balls. Cover and cook over medium heat 30 minutes. Serves 6.

YOGHURT WITH FRESH OR FROZEN FRUIT

For each cup cold yoghurt, add 2 tablespoons honey for sweetening. Fold in sliced frozen peaches or strawberries.

THE END

Quick Beef Stew over Baked Potatoes

An old favorite with a new face. Beef stew over potatoes with a blush from tomato soup . . . and all done in 45 minutes!

2 pounds beef (chuck) cut in 1-inch size pieces
2 tablespoons shortening
½ cup chopped onion
½ cup minced green pepper
1 teaspoon salt
2 cans (2½ cups) Campbell's Tomato Soup
6 baked potatoes

Brown meat in shortening in a heavy saucepan; add onion, green pepper and salt. Pour in soup; cover and simmer about 45 minutes or until meat is tender. Serve over hot baked potatoes. Enough for 6 people.



Make it with America's favorite tomato cooking sauce!

Smoother...Richer...Better-Tasting!

DELICIOUS AS A SOUP... AS A POUR-ON SAUCE ... AND IN COOKING

Compare Campbell's Tomato Soup, just as it comes from the can, with any other tomato cooking sauce! You'll find it's richer...thicker ...smoother...with a velvety texture and wonderful zesty flavor. For Campbell's is made from luscious, red-ripe tomatoes, fine table butter, and seasonings—17 choice ingredients in all! It's a *balanced* sauce.... And that's why Campbell's Tomato Soup is used more than any other brand of any tomato product as a cooking and pour-on sauce! Try it! You'll love it!



Yes ... CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP MAKES THE BEST TOMATO COOKING SAUCE YOU EVER TASTED!

FREE COOK BOOK
50 PAGES
99 DISHES
FULL COLOR

Mail coupon to Anne Marshall, Campbell Soup Company, Dept. L 16, Camden 1, N. J.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
ZONE _____ STATE _____



THE COMING COLLAPSE OF COMMUNISM

(Continued from Page 43)

against Finland is a better guide to the conditions that prevail today than is the record of Stalingrad.

Much information is gradually coming to the surface about the various national groups imprisoned within the Soviet Union. Of all these groups one of the most important is the Ukrainians, who in 1941 welcomed the German armies and now are engaged once more in very active resistance to Communist domination. Located on the broad, fertile plains of the southwestern portion of Russia, adjoining Poland and Rumania and bordering on the Black Sea, the Ukraine is the most densely populated of the constituent republics of the Soviet Union. It contains the famous black-soil belt which is the chief wheat-producing section of the Soviet Union. The Donets Basin, with its huge supply of coal and iron and other metals, is in the Ukraine. Here are produced 54 per cent of the coal mined in the country, 60 per cent of the pig iron, 48 per cent of the steel, and 35 per cent of the manganese. Also in the Ukraine, on the Dnieper River, is the largest hydroelectric development in Europe, a rich prize, the loss of which nearly crippled Russian industry when the Nazis seized it.

For years these people have maintained an active and well-organized resistance army which operates from hide-outs in the forests and mountains of the Carpathian area. And ever since the end of World War II, the Kremlin rulers have been making a continuous effort to wipe out this resistance. There have been many battles and much violence. In March of 1950 Gen. Taras Chuprynka, the commander of the Ukrainian underground forces, was killed in a battle with the secret police in a village near Lviv. But his place in the underground was promptly taken by Col. Vosyl Kovol, who continues to lead raids upon secret-police headquarters and to carry on other forms of active resistance against the cruelties of the central government. The enduring aim of the Ukrainian underground is the establishment of an independent sovereign Ukrainian Republic in which the people will enjoy individual freedom and the peasants will own the land they farm.

Continued bitter resistance has been carried on likewise by the Lithuanians, the Latvians and the Estonians, over whom Russia took jurisdiction in 1940. Hundreds of thousands of these Baltic peoples have been killed or sent off to Siberia, and yet both their spirit of resistance and their acts of resistance continue.

The use of Mongolians as guards over the Ukrainians and Balts is one more aspect of Communist repression in the richest and most advanced areas of the Soviet, and a cause for bitter resentment. Large numbers of barbarous tribesmen have been brought from Eastern and Central Asia to the Baltic coast and the Ukrainian border, where they have been settled on lands of families who have been moved to Siberia or otherwise forcibly ejected. These Mongolians are used as border guards in the hope that they will prove more reliable and also will instill more fear than either local Russians or other people have in the past.

THE Jewish populations within the Soviet Union have not yet actively resisted the regime. But in recent years repressive measures have also been taken against them, and disaffection is spreading. Jews have nearly all been removed from positions of leadership in both the government and the army. Their religious and cultural organizations and even their centers of population have been broken up and scattered. Many of their intellectual leaders have been sent to Siberia. The Kremlin has steadfastly refused the Jews permission to emigrate to Israel and has attacked them as deviationists and as too cosmopolitan to fit into the monolithic Communist political structure.

This Soviet policy against the Jews began at the end of 1948 and has been carried on with increased severity ever since. The new policy was introduced with a sharp attack against Zionism, Jewish nationalism and the new State of Israel. Soon Jewish organizations within Russia were being dissolved, their press was suppressed, and many outstanding Yiddish writers were arrested. The Jewish newspaper, Einikeit, was closed down in December, 1948. On January 28, 1949, Pravda contained a slashing attack on Jewish cosmopolitanism. Likewise all contact between the Jews in Moscow and the Jews in Kiev and in Minsk was broken up.

One of the dramatic reports on Russia's treatment of its Jews has been obtained from an Australian carpenter, Carlos Melman, who emigrated in 1947 to Birobidjan, "the autonomous Jewish province" set up as a haven for Jews in the Soviet Far East. He was appalled by the conditions there, and luckily, because he had not surrendered his Australian citizenship, was able to obtain an exit visa from the Australian legation in Moscow. After his escape he reported firsthand on the increasing oppression of the Jewish peoples.

The Moslems, too, have felt the heavy hand of oppression. Along the borders of Turkey, Iran and Afghanistan 70 per cent of the Soviet population are Moslems. These, too, have suffered because of their religious faith, and have experienced all the wide range of cruelties that is inevitably a part of government by Communists. But these peoples also have a fierce determination to continue to worship as they wish and in Turkestan especially there is an extreme desire for the establishment of an independent sovereign Moslem state.

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation: above all on the same condition, to keep friends with himself: here is a task for all a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Religion, whether Moslem as in Turkestan, or Jewish, or Christian, is a deep and abiding force throughout the Soviet Union as in other lands, and the Communist suppression of it only provokes increased resistance. As this resistance rises, a new and desperate attempt is being made by the Communist leadership to undermine the age-old religious beliefs and faiths of the captive peoples. They realize that these subject populations persistently believe, in accordance with their respective faiths, that there is a god, and will not accept the Communist line that there is no god.

A recent attack by Bagirob, first secretary of the Azerbaidzhan Communist Party, upon the Islamic religion and Islamic traditions in the south of Russia labeled Mohammed a representative of the feudal mercantile aristocracy, and other writings against Judaism and against Christianity are of the same pattern. The newspaper in the Soviet republic of Kirghiz stated on June 26, 1949: "The Bolshevik Party cannot be neutral in regard to religion. The Party has never concealed its negative attitude toward religious beliefs and prejudices. Lenin wrote that the Party program is constructed entirely upon a scientific and at the same time materialist world outlook."

Which is true enough if we add "pseudo" to the word "scientific," for, referring back to Lenin, we note that in his "Socialism and Religion," 1905 (Selected Works, vol. XI, page 658), he wrote: "Religion is the opium of the people. Religion is a kind of spiritual gin in which the slaves of capital drown their human shape and their claims to any decent human life." And again in his letter to Gorky in 1913: "Every religious idea, every idea o god, even every flirting with the idea of god is unutterable vileness . . . vileness of th most dangerous kind, 'contagion' of th most abominable kind. Millions of sins, filthy deeds, acts of violence and physical conta gions . . . are far less dangerous than th subtle, spiritual ideas of a god decked out i the smartest 'ideological' costumes."

And harping on the familiar theme, Radi Moscow declared on June 11, 1948: "Ther is no place or job for god in the universe."

But this renewed attack upon the religion of the peoples of Russia, far from weanin them away from their religious faiths, ha deepened their resistance to the Soviet rule and increased their faith to the point o martyrdom, all of which bodes ill for a unite Soviet front should the Politburo plunge th world into a general war.

THE story of the Armenians is another sig nificant tale of tragedy and bottled-up re sentment. According to the 1939 census, ther were 2,152,000 Armenians living in the Sovie Union, of whom about 1,280,000 lived within the Armenian-Soviet Republic. In June o 1945, just at the end of World War II, th Soviet government permitted the Armenia Church to hold a church congress in th Armenian-Soviet Republic and endeavore to induce some of the 815,000 Armenian living outside the USSR to move to th Armenian-Soviet Republic. At this confe ence Soviet-Armenian delegates spoke bra zenly of Soviet plans for the annexation Armenian provinces in Turkey. This too place at the same time that Molotov wa making demands upon the Turkish foreig minister for the return of the old Armenia provinces of Kars and Ardahan to the Sovie Union. The propaganda had its effect. Ar menians from abroad were attracted by th promise of nationalism within the Sovie Union, and in 1948 Tass, the Soviet new agency, reported that 86,000 Armenians ha migrated to the USSR.

It is not surprising that these migrants— in fact, the Armenian people as a whole— have been bitterly disappointed by the Krem lin's failure to make good the glowing prom ise of local self-government and economi security and a favored status. Consequently those who migrated now wish to get out, bu are refused permission, and the entire Ar menian population is restless and resentfu and full of resistance.

A story is told of one of these Armenia families who migrated into Russia. Mindfu of their own safety once they were within th Soviet Union, they promised Armenian friend who were considering following them int Russia that, regardless of what they foun in the Soviet Union, they would write onl very favorable letters, but that they woul let them know the true situation by sendin a picture. The picture would be of the famil bathing. If they were in the water up to thei ankles, it meant the friends should come an join them. If they were in up to their knees it meant they did not recommend it. If they were in up to their hips, it meant they wishe to return. When the glowing letter finall arrived, the enclosed picture showed th family in the water up to their necks. Tha family was never heard from again.

The situation in the Eastern Europea countries which are behind the Iron Curtain but are not a part of the Soviet Union itself is also important. In each of these—Poland Eastern Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hun gary, Rumania, Bulgaria and Albania—th native Communist leadership, with increas ing direct assistance from Russia, has bee clamping an ever-tightening, iron control o schools and churches, industries and labo unions, farmers and merchants. Socialis leaders and others who joined with the Com munists in "united fronts" or people's front in the early days have largely disappeared The lucky ones, perhaps, are executed a once; those less lucky become slave laborer in frozen lumber camps deep inside the Arc

(Continued on Page 112)

Lunchbox Special...



with that French's flavor!

5 ways to add taste-thrill to lunch box meals with FRENCH'S—the smoother, creamier mustard men prefer!

1 Eye-filling! Hearty! Delicious! Combine ½ cup grated Swiss cheese, ½ cup ground cooked ham, 1 tablespoon horseradish, 1 tablespoon French's Mustard; 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, salt to taste. Spread on rye bread. Add lettuce, if desired.

2 Mix together ½ can (7 oz.) tuna fish, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon French's Mustard, 3 tablespoons salad dressing.

3 Mix together ½ cup chopped cooked chicken giblets; 2 slices bacon, cooked and chopped; 4 tablespoons mayonnaise; 2 tablespoons French's Mustard; salt.

4 Blend 2 tablespoons French's into 4 tablespoons butter or cream cheese. Add minced chives or chopped olives.

5 Mix ½ cup chopped hard-boiled egg with 1 tablespoon diced stuffed olives and 2 tablespoons French's Mustard.



(Also made in Canada)

FREE!
Hot Dan's new recipe book "DINING DELIGHTS"

Send name, address, to The R. T. French Company, 1664 Mustard Street, Rochester 9, N. Y.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

LARGEST SELLING MUSTARD IN THE WORLD

Century-old beauty care *makes modern hair-do's lovelier!*



Hair Styled by Bergdorf Goodman Beauty Salon
Photograph by Horst

Lovely hair crowns today's smart miss with shimmering glory, thanks to a secret her great grandmother knew—the magic softness of pure Castile shampoo.

Even in great grandmother's day it was the world's most highly recommended shampoo. She made it herself by dissolving Conti pure castile soap, imported since 1836.

Because of the demand by American women for this fine shampoo in liquid form, Conti developed today's famous Conti Castile Shampoo . . . containing pure imported olive oil to bring out full natural hair loveliness.

Perfect in cleansing action, it is the first choice of leading beauty authorities. Its natural oils guard the health of your scalp, leave hair silky-soft, lustrous and in better condition to take and hold its wave.

Safe for frequent use with every type of hair, Conti is recommended even for young children and for all the family. It will not streak grey or bleached hair, requires no conditioning agents and does not dry the scalp.

Try Conti—its regular use will protect your hair and make it lovelier.

Conti Shampoo
PURE CASTILE



Now also available in Canada

(Continued from Page 110)

tic circle. Even party members, on the slightest suspicion of Titoism, or other form of deviation, are imprisoned or shot. But here, too, the resistance is increasing, and deep and bitter anger is everywhere. A quip reported from Prague is that no satellite Communist leader can get insurance on his life for more than ten years, because, if the resistance movement does not get him, his superiors are sure to liquidate him for suspected deviation.

From these satellite countries escapes are much more frequent than from the Soviet Union itself, and there is a fairly steady flow of desperate people from each of these once independent nations into Western Europe, each refugee adding details to the shocking picture of what is taking place on the inside.

For the most part, these many thousands of unofficial messengers from Moscow have avoided American officials and American-occupation territories. The reason for this is the tragic error which our State Department committed right after the end of the war. It was American policy and practice then that all those who did escape be turned over to Soviet authorities, who in turn tortured them, found out who had helped them escape, and used them as terrible examples of what would happen. The United States permitted Soviet teams to roam through American-occupation territory and use force in recapturing and returning Russians who did not want to go back. This inhumane policy of forcibly returning these escapees to the Soviet Union in the immediate postwar period not only was contrary to basic American humanitarian tradition, but it did more to help the Soviet Union hold a tight grip on their prisoner populations than any other one thing. It discouraged escape, spread hopelessness, and undermined resistance at the very time when it had its greatest chance of success. After I had probed, by searching questioning of an Asiatic leader, for an explanation of some of the actions of his government which seemed contrary to their expressed opposition to Communism and the principles of their religion, I was asked for an explanation of this action of my Government, which seemed contrary to our opposition to Communism and the principles of our religion!

While man is living here, walking these common streets, living in closest intercourse with other men, he is already in the Everlasting Presence, and his Heaven has begun. —PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Careful analysis of the reports of the recent escapees will reveal the kind of counter-approach which America and the other peace-desiring nations must make to the peoples of the Soviet Union and of the Iron Curtain countries. Such an examination of the evidence now fully available will show that the repressed goals of the majority of the captive peoples inside the USSR are these:

1. The establishment of separate national sovereignty and true independence for Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, the Ukraine, White Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Albania and Turkestan.
2. The release of the many millions of political prisoners now in concentration camps and under forced labor in the Soviet Union.
3. The giving of the land they farm to the Russian peasants who farm them.
4. The granting of the right of genuine labor unions to organize and bargain collectively.
5. The winning of the right of all the people to worship God as they choose.
6. The establishment of a free, democratic and united Germany, under a representative government that will guarantee human rights for all the people, East and West.

THESE, then, should be the goals of the counterrevolutionary movement which the people of America must stimulate. A deeply intelligent and ingenious program for these ends should be carried on with skill and determination by a special agency established for that purpose—not under the State Department and not under the military. It should be staffed by men who have the highest ability and who are confident that the evil dynamics of Communism and of Russian Cominform can be met with overpowering dynamics of the basic des of people everywhere and of every race freedom, for better conditions of living, for the right to worship God.

Such a program, properly carried on, only would be added assurance that Soviet Union will not become an effec machine for aggressive world war, bu would also hasten the day when Commu dictatorships will collapse.

THIS does not mean that there will no difficult and dangerous times before t collapse arrives. It does not mean that An ica and the other free nations can fail carry on extremely resourceful policies to keep strong and alert in these years ah On the contrary, it assumes that Ame will at last begin to show some increa intelligence in her foreign policy and will come much stronger militarily. It furt assumes that the defenses of Western Eur will be rebuilt, and rebuilt promptly. I confident that they will be and that reconstruction will have the complete s port of the people of this country, who stand united behind that outstanding lea Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, and his eff to end the dangers of a Communist offen across Europe.

Furthermore, I do not share the pan some Americans who fear that the Chi Communists will overrun all Asia. De the confused softness displayed by India other Asiatic countries on the clear-cut i of Red aggression in Korea, I believe th the Chinese Commu invade Burma or Ind Pakistan, they will fi united Asia turr against their aggres And once a united has turned against Red invaders, China's nerable cities and tories and transporta lines will be obliter by air and sea attacks the United States and the other Wes powers. Her only hope to avoid such deva tion by air and sea would be Russian cour attack by air. Therefore the Chinese ca move through Southern Asia without the port of the Soviet Union, and the So Union, in turn, cannot give that support less it dares to plunge into World War But fortunately, if my appraisal is cor the long odds are that the Soviet U does not dare, and thus direct military gression by the Communists will be s mated both in Europe and in Asia.

That, of course, leaves us with the th of the typical Communist tactics of inf tion and the fomenting of civil war. B Asia, I am convinced, these will fail, ju they have failed in France and Italy. In they already have failed in India and nesia because the populace at last rea that Communist agitators were bent o vancing not the welfare of the native lations but the imperialism of totalit Russia.

This awakening can be traced, at lea large part, to a Communist Congress in cutta in February and March of 1948. ing my recent Calcutta visit a man in a tion to know told me that approximately delegates attended and a special "com from Russia" sat on the rostrum. The gress adopted a militant and violent prog which included attacks on Premier Neh a "collaborator with imperialism." At violent strikes and other disorders instig by the Communists broke out in India neighboring South Asia countries. But governments took firm countermeasures ing many Communists and, in a numb areas, declaring the Communist parti legal. Soon the peasants and workers had become aware of the true objectives of Communist leaders, and the popular su of the Communist parties declined. In I security measures are now very thor and it seems certain that a Communist quest by revolution—or threatened re

(Continued on Page 115)



Which is the pattern that's perfect for You?

Is it Madeira, a young-in-spirit pattern, romantic as a drift of blossoms on a silver pool?

Is it King Richard, TOWLE's most lavish pattern, regal and rich in its ornamentation?

Is it Craftsman, the pattern of classic simplicity?

Is it Old Master — or Candlelight — or Silver Flutes? Or one of the other beautifully-designed, beautifully-crafted patterns in solid silver by TOWLE?

See them all. Examine the prices (a teaspoon can cost as little as $3.70, a six-piece place setting as low as $29.75) . . . little enough to pay to start your collection of lifetime TOWLE Sterling!

Collecting *your* Sterling? Send 10c in coin to Dept. L4, Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Mass., and ask for *How to Build Your Own Collection of Towle Sterling.* Includes table settings, uses of pieces, care and cleaning, ways to collect *your* Sterling.



TOWLE
STERLING

There's a Towle pattern that's perfect for you

Shouldn't You?

Shouldn't you let go of that old-fashioned thought that making a luscious, eye-moving cake like you see here is something beyond your talents? Or that it takes a lot of thought and care and time? Free yourself of such doubts by simply remembering that on your grocer's shelf right now there are plenty of those Pillsbury Cake Mixes in the neat blue and white packages, marked White and Chocolate Fudge. With them you can work cake wonders by merely adding milk. Shouldn't you start tonight, maybe? Shouldn't you?

Remember – You and Ann Pillsbury can make a great team

Pillsbury BEST XXXX Mixes



Pillsbury CAKE MIXES

Just add milk—



Milk is *all* you add—no eggs, flavoring, or extras of any kind required. These are complete mixes.

(Continued from Page 112)

tion, such as occurred in Czechoslovakia—is not a menace.

Nor is it now a menace in Indonesia, where the Communist Party joined in the national independence movement against the Dutch after World War II and thus gained a considerable following. But the moment independence was achieved, the Communists began to work openly for the overthrow of the new native government. Their leader, Muso, had been an active Communist in Java in 1925, fled to Moscow in 1926, and spent many years there. In August, 1948, he returned to Indonesia from Prague, under the false name of Suparto and in the guise of secretary to an Indonesian government representative.

The non-Communist Soekarno government soon knew of his activity and in September, 1948, raided Communist-led groups in the barracks at Solo. The Communists then began an open rebellion at Madioen. This rebellion was effectively put down, and on November 1, 1948, it was reported that Muso had been killed in the Wilis Mountains. I personally observed the manner in which the capable young leaders of the non-Communist Nationalist Government are gradually restoring law and order throughout the islands, and am convinced that they have the Communist threat well in hand.

Nevertheless, there is danger in non-Communist Asia, and the Communists never give up. The two most dangerous aspects of the situation are the extreme economic distress in India, a condition in which Communism readily breeds, and the large Chinese minorities in other Asiatic countries, upon which the Communists are now concentrating.

APPROXIMATELY 10,000,000 Chinese live outside of China in the South Asiatic countries. Indo-China has a Chinese population of 1,125,000 out of a total population of 27,000,000; Indonesia, 2,000,000 out of 76,000,000; Thailand (Siam), 3,000,000 out of 18,000,000; Malaya, 2,750,000 out of 6,000,000; Burma, 500,000 out of 17,000,000; Philippines, 120,000 out of 19,500,000; and India and Pakistan, only 9000 out of 430,000,000.

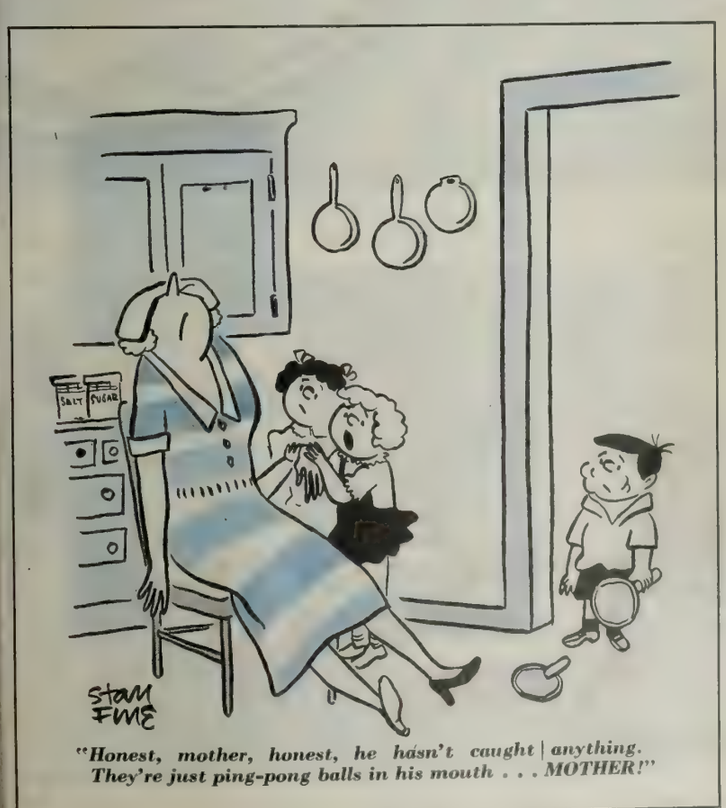
The families of some of these Chinese migrated centuries ago, but most of them date back at the farthest to within the past century. As a whole they do have a sense of Chinese nationality, and the new Chinese Communist rulers are endeavoring to use them as a means of Communist infiltration.

Generally speaking, however, the Chinese immigrants to South Asia were, and still are, exclusively interested in gaining a livelihood. Originally they supplied labor for mines and to a lesser extent for plantations. For the most part, they are now retail traders and middlemen, and are therefore not the most receptive subjects of Communist indoctrination. Furthermore, they nearly all realize that they are better off in their adopted lands than they would be in China. Finally, the South Asian governments are fully alert to the special Communist efforts directed toward their subversion. These Chinese minorities do constitute a danger, but I do not believe that they will be able to take over control of any of the South Asian countries.

ON one hand, the Moscow-trained agitators, with their schemes of violence and their clearly recognized roles as agents of Soviet imperialism, and, on the other, the unofficial messengers who have escaped from behind the Iron Curtain, have seen to that! They have alerted the Asian governments just as they have alerted Europe and—at long last—the Government of the United States.

I recognize that predictions which go wrong can do much to discredit an individual. Yet, impelled by the seriousness of the world situation, I have given my frank appraisal, which is based not only on my personal observations and the conferences I have participated in around the world on my recent journey, but also on years of study. If my countrymen and other free men adopt and carry out intelligent and alert policies which will take advantage of the weaknesses of the Soviet system and will hold up the hands of peace-loving and democratic nations, I look forward, first, to a continuing stalemate of the Russian threat of a new world war and therefore to the greater likelihood that all-out World War III will not start; second, to increased trouble within the Iron Curtain and within Russia itself; third, to the failure of the Communist attempts to infiltrate and undermine the nations on the outside; and finally to the collapse of the Communist dictatorships and their ruthless and godless systems.

Beyond this, I believe, will come the liberation and upward climb of mankind toward those better conditions that a free and democratic world can provide. This latter goal will not come quickly, but I anticipate that the half century that lies before the youth of today will see this expanding freedom, this better life. **THE END**



"Honest, mother, honest, he hasn't caught | anything. They're just ping-pong balls in his mouth . . . MOTHER!"



-be glad you took TAPPAN

Your guide to the best in modern automatic cookery

GLAD for its beauty! Beautiful, balanced design, including graceful cove top. Burners divided to give more work space. Tappan is the most kitchenworthy of all ranges.

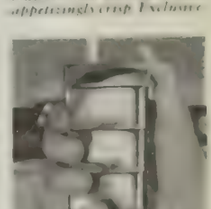
HAPPY with your cooking! It's the only range with the Tel-U-Set, the control panel that puts *automatic cooking* at your finger tips. Visualite door of oversize, chrome-interior oven always lets you see what's cooking.

PROUD you were thrifty! For at every price and in every size, Tappan is the "buy" for your money. Models for city gas, Philgas or other LP Gas. For helpful hints on range buying, write for free folder to The Tappan Stove Company, Dept. L-41, Mansfield, Ohio. In Canada, John Inglis Company, Ltd., Toronto.

Range specifications subject to prevailing government restrictions.



CRISP-A-TEST keeps cereals, crackers and other dry foods appetizingly crisp. Exclusive



NEW "AIR FRESHEN R" fits back of TEL-U-SET . . . just touch, then press to dispel after-cooking odors. Exclusive

You'll say, too...I'll take

TAPPAN Gas Ranges

automatic lighting of all burners • **automatic** oven heat control • **automatic** oven time control
automatic oven illumination • **automatic** interval timer • **automatic** "burner on" signals

CONVERSATION PIECE



STUART

How many guests? This menu adapts to any number. Hot sea food au gratin, cold jellied ham loaf, a choice of salads. Dessert—pastries.

Foolproof, cooked in advance. All that's left to do—bask in the compliments.



By ***RUTH MILLS TEAGUE***

OCCASIONALLY most of us, what with clubs, organizations, and so on, are faced with the necessity of providing—or at least helping to provide—a delectable lunch or dinner for twenty, thirty, forty people. At first glance that may seem like a stupendous task. But with a foolproof do-it-the-day-before menu and a committee of three or four to share the work of preparing the food, no one should be done in by the effort, and the experience should be fun and gratifying. I'll give you a menu scaled to twenty, easily divisible as to work and easily multipliable as to quantity.

For an affair of this sort I think the buffet should offer a fairly opulent array of dishes; *(Continued on Page 118)*



...her first

Grown-up Treasure

... that shining gift of Wallace Sterling. Precious, because it's a Wallace gift, the finest silver she could own. Memory-making, because it's a gift for a new young lady, the first step towards her wonderful future, her very own home.



Famed designer, William S. Warren, created these exquisite patterns in full-formed sculpture. Each design is lovely from every view—not only in front, but in profile and back as well. Only Wallace Sterling Silver has "Third Dimension Beauty." Six piece place settings from $32.50 to $43.50 including tax.

WALLACE SILVERSMITHS, WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT... *Since 1835*...WALLACE SILVERSMITHS, TORONTO, CANADA

DON'T GO OVERBOARD FOR "FANCY" FOODS

HONEST EATING IS KIDS' BEST BET!

AND HERE IT IS!



NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT ...100% WHOLE WHEAT...

WITH MILK IT'S AMERICA'S GREAT BODY-BUILDING BREAKFAST!



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

There's no attempt to improve on Nature in NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT! You get *natural*, whole wheat with even the wheat germ and bran, hearty flavor, delicious crispness, a stand-by breakfast that's *truly* wholesome! Get this original Niagara Falls product, now!

THE BREAKFAST FULL OF POWER FROM NIAGARA FALLS

(Continued from Page 116)

not ostentatious, but there should be a good variety, and the quantities of everything should be so generous that there need be no danger of that awful oh-dear-I-wish-we-had-made-just-a-little-bit-more feeling. The greatest tribute you, the committee, can have is for everyone to eat much more than you ever dreamed she would—and for this we must be ready.

The hot dish will be sea food au gratin, with a fluffy mound of rice to eat with it. Lobster, shrimp, crab meat and a delicious sauce combine to make sea food au gratin a sure-fire success—and its appearance doesn't count against it either.

Cold jellied ham loaf will provide another hearty dish and a nice contrast to the hot sea food and rice. You can go as far as you like in decorating the ham loaf—it is sure to look as good as it tastes.

I have been eager for the opportunity to include Waldorf salad in one of my menus, and now the time has come. It will be perfect with the other food we are serving and, if properly made, it is really terrific. I have a slight innovation which I think improves it a lot—I'll tell you about that when we get around to recipes. For an additional salad we'll have greens, tomatoes and cucumbers tossed with tarragon French dressing.

For a buffet meal, toasted English muffins are great favorites. They are universally popular, they seem to hold heat longer than other breadstuffs and they can be brought to the table already spread with butter or margarine. We'll rub half of them with garlic and have the other half plain for those who don't happen to like garlic bread.

The dessert will be pastries made with a date filling and two different kinds of icing. This is a manageable dessert for a large party because the pastries are easy to serve.

These recipes will serve at least twenty people amply, with enough left over for extra help in the kitchen.

YOU GET AS YOU GIVE

High up in the Rockies there lived a small boy and his mother. One day, after he had been punished severely, the lad ran to the edge of a precipice and shouted back at his mother, "I hate you! I hate you!" Across the ravine came the echo: "I hate you! I hate you!" Thoroughly frightened, the boy ran back to his mother and sobbed, "Who is that bad man over there who shouted, 'I hate you'?" Taking the boy's hand, the mother led him back to the edge of the precipice. "Now, sonny," she said, "call out, 'I love you! I love you!'" The little boy did as he was told. Clearly and sweetly the echo came, repeating his words. "My child," said the mother, taking the child into her arms, "that is the law of life—what you give, you get."

SEA FOOD AU GRATIN

Canned, frozen or fresh sea food can be used. After it has been cleaned, shells removed and so forth, you will need 3½ pounds lobster meat, 3½ pounds shrimp and 2 pounds crab meat. Frozen raw lobster tails and shrimp are available in most parts of the country and are excellent for this dish; 5 pounds of lobster tails will yield 3½ pounds after shells are removed, and the same thing is true of shrimp. Crab meat usually is bought frozen or canned with the shells already removed. You can use a larger proportion of any one of these, depending on availability and price, but be sure that you have approximately 9 pounds of sea food in all.

If frozen lobster tails are used, plunge them into a large pot of rapidly boiling water to which a handful of salt and a cup of cider vinegar have been added. Cover and cook over high heat for 20 minutes. Drain and cool. With a sharp knife slit the soft under shell down the center and remove meat. Work carefully with your fingers so that you retain all the bright coral-colored skin that is next to the outer shell. Remove dark vein that runs through the center of tail meat. Cut lobster into fairly large bite-size chunks.

If fresh or frozen raw shrimp are used, get the largest size if possible, wash them thoroughly in cold water and then cook exactly as you did the lobster tails, but allow 10 minutes' instead of 20 minutes' cooking time. Cool to lukewarm in water in which they were cooked and remove shells and black veins. In removing shell of shrimp, try not to break off the soft little finlike inner tail. To do this, take off shell down to the tail, then grasping tip of tail shell, pull gently until the little inside fin comes out. Sometimes you lose on this deal no matter how careful you are, but you'll win most of the time; and really, it's worth the little extra effort because the shrimp look so much prettier with their tails on.

Pick over crab meat thoroughly and remove all the hard tendons that may be there. If canned lobster and shrimp are used, drain thoroughly and remove hard tendons from lobster claws.

To make the sauce, melt ½ pound butter or margarine in a large saucepan and add 1 cup flour. Blend and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, for 1 minute. Add 7 cups milk, 1 cup tomato purée, 1 tablespoon and 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon red pepper, 1½ teaspoons paprika, 2 cloves garlic, finely minced, 2 tablespoons mono sodium glutamate, 5 ounces Gruyère cheese cut into small pieces, and ¼ pound American cheese cut into small pieces. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly and scraping bottom of pan until the cheese has melted and the sauce is thick and bubbling. The sauce can be made in a double boiler, but most people don't have hotel-size double boilers and it is perfectly safe to make it over low direct heat—a lot quicker too.

Prepare sea food and make sauce the day before, but don't mix them together. The tastes of the three sea foods are quite delicate, and if they stood in the highly seasoned sauce overnight they would lose their identities. About 2 hours before serving time, stand the pan of sauce in another pan of hot water and heat until sauce is very hot. About 1 hour before serving time, mix sea food and sauce together, stirring as little as possible to avoid breaking up the chunks of lobster. Taste for seasoning, add more if needed and, if you like, stir in ½ cup sherry. Heat almost to the boiling point and keep hot until ready to serve.

RICE

Cook 5 cups rice according to directions on package.

JELLIED HAM LOAF

Get a 4½ pound center cut of tenderized ham, or its equivalent in meat weight of less expensive cuts that have more bones. Get two veal knuckles and have them chopped through the middle. Put ham and knuckles in a kettle, add 5 cups water, 1 tablespoon mono sodium glutamate and 5 whole cloves. Cover, bring to a boil, lower heat and simmer until tender, 25 minutes or less to the pound. When ham has cooled to lukewarm in broth, strain the broth and chill it. Cut ham into chunks, discarding the fat, and put it through finest blade of meat chopper once. There should be about 9 cups ground meat. When fat has solidified on top of broth, take it off and heat broth. Soften 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold pineapple juice and let stand 5 minutes. Add 4½ cups boiling ham broth, stir until gelatin has dissolved and add ¾ cup pineapple juice. Mix this liquid with the ground ham and stir until thoroughly blended.

The ham will cut to better advantage if molded in square or oblong dishes. Rub molds with salad oil, fill with ham mixture and insert a knife here and there to remove air bubbles. Set in refrigerator to chill. This is definitely a day-before job, and it could be done two days before if you like.

To serve, unmold onto platter or tray, slice into pieces suitable for serving, but let slices remain together in the shape of the mold, and decorate tops with flowers made

(Continued on Page 123)

ONE OF THE FAMILY

"fresh up" with Seven-Up!

COMMENDED BY PARENTS' MAGAZINE



BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

Seven-Up is "one of the family" whether you're working or playing together. For friendly, cheerful 7-Up adds its own lively sparkle to any occasion.

Hold a bottle of 7-Up to the light—see how clean and crystal-clear it is. No wonder even your youngest children can share with you the enjoyment of wholesome 7-Up. No wonder 7-Up is the *all-family* drink.

Join the millions who prefer its fresh, lively taste. And keep 7-Up handy, always. You like it . . . it likes you! Get a case for your family and guests wherever you see those bright 7-Up signs.

Copyright 1951 by the Seven-Up Company







FAMILY GAME BOOKLET. Family fun suggestions for youngsters and grownups! Send 20¢ in coin to FAMILY FUN, 1523 S. 10th Street, St. Louis (4), Missouri, or your local Seven-Up Bottling Company.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

You like it...



it likes you!

This is the 10th birthday of ENRICHED BREAD..





"The national program for the enrichment of white bread and flour, now ten years old, is an excellent example of putting the results of both basic and applied research to work in order to improve the health of our people without increasing the cost or interfering with the enjoyment of one of our basic foods."

C. A. ELVEHJEM

Professor of Biochemistry and Dean of the Graduate School, University of Wisconsin



"Ten years ago, when the bread enrichment program started, its probable value was indicated by the study of only a few human subjects; today, the positive value of enrichment has been established in terms of better health for all."

RUSSELL M. WILDER, M.D.

Emeritus Professor of Medicine, Mayo Foundation; Member, Food and Nutrition Board, National Research Council (Chairman, 1940)



"The Bread Enrichment Program has made a substantial contribution to better nutrition. As we celebrate its Tenth Anniversary, let us look forward to further nutritional improvements that will enable bread to play a still larger role in the advancement of the health of our people."

L. A. MAYNARD

Professor of Biochemistry and Nutrition; Director of the School of Nutrition, Cornell University

"Bread and flour enrichment is prob
ably the most important contributio
of the science of nutrition to publi
health since the virtual eradication
clinical rickets in infants and childre
by the use of vitamin D."

NORMAN JOLLIFFE, M.D.

Director, Bureau of Nutrition, Ne
York City Department of Health



"The ten year program for the enrichment of white bread with vitamins and minerals has made it a much stronger Staff of Life, contributing substantially to improved nutrition, health, and vigor of the American people."

THOMAS PARRAN

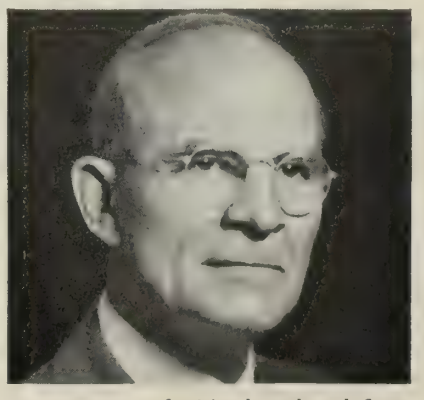
Dean, Graduate School of Public Health, University of Pittsburgh



"Enrichment of bread is the most important recent advance in mass improvement of the nutrition of the people of this country."

PHILIP C. JEANS, M.D.

Professor of Pediatrics, Children's Hospital, State University of Iowa; Member, Food and Nutrition Board, National Research Council



"Enrichment of white bread and flour is bargain health insurance for millions who are prone to nutritional disease."

R. R. WILLIAMS

Member, Food and Nutrition Board, National Research Council; Chairman, Williams-Waterman Fund for the Combat of Dietary Diseases

"Bread enrichment is one of the be
means to increase the consumption
those important nutrients most def
cient in the diets of our populatio
Thus, enrichment is of major impo
tance to America's health."

FRANK G. BOUDREAU, M.D

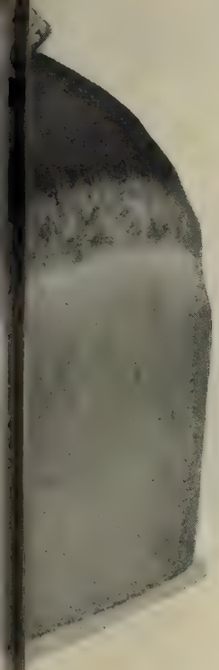
Chairman, Food and Nutrition Boar
National Research Council

"Nearly all American scientists inter
ested in public health and good foo
agree, on the basis of ten years expe
rience, that the enrichment progran
makes an outstanding contribution t
health and to the enjoyment of eating."

C. G. KING

Scientific Director, The Nutritio
Foundation, Inc.

...one of the most significant contributions to your better health



By

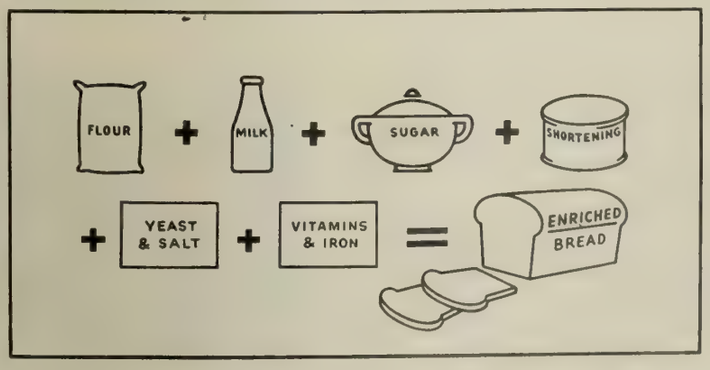
ELMER L. HENDERSON, M.D.

President,
American Medical Association



"It is encouraging and gratifying to compare the health of the American people today with what it was 10 years ago.

"And I do not think it is too much to say that a very important part of the more buoyant health and the increased mental and physical



vigor the American people enjoy today can be directly credited to the enrichment of bread with essential vitamins and minerals.

"We of the American Medical Association predicted these beneficial results as far back as 1939, when our Council on Foods and Nutrition recommended that iron and certain vitamins normally present in wheat, but largely lost in milling, be restored to flour.

"That is why this 10th birthday of enriched bread is a significant occasion to the medical profession—one on which I am proud and happy to congratulate, on behalf of my colleagues, the many people, some of them pictured on these pages, whose untiring efforts made possible the bread enrichment program.

"Our nation owes a debt of gratitude to the scientists, the doctors, the millers, and the Bakers of America who *voluntarily* brought to the people one of the most significant contributions to better health in our generation. It was done with the whole-hearted cooperation of our federal government, but *without coercion*.

"I firmly believe that such a miracle could happen only in America."

Elmer L. Henderson M.D.

10th Anniversary
ENRICHED BREAD

Bakers of America

Published as a public service to help give you a better understanding of the food you eat most often.

© 1951, American Bakers Assn., Chicago



Wonderful, wonderful *PYREX* WARE goes extra smart in COLOR!

IMAGINE THESE beautiful dishes on *your* table . . . they're strikingly designed, vibrant with color, real "show-off" pieces when you're entertaining.

And think of what a joy they are to own . . . for they're honest-to-goodness *Pyrex Ware!*

Every one of these sturdy beauties can go in the oven, then right to the table! Any leftovers? Put your Pyrex Ware dish in the refrigerator, ready to heat up again.

Illustrated above: the new Pyrex Color Ware Casserole Set . . . a 1½-quart casserole complete with cover and four individual dishes (7-ounce size). In gay red or sunny yellow.

Pyrex Color Ware Casserole Set, complete **$2.95**

Extra 7-ounce individual dishes **29¢** each



2½-quart bowl with four 12-ounce dishes. Red or yellow.

Oven and Table Set **$2.95**



4 gay-colored dishes with clear glass covers. For baking, serving, storing.

Oven-and-Refrigerator Set **$2.95**



Wonderful mixing bowls to use a dozen ways. A size for every use.

Color Bowl Set **$2.95**



2½-quart size for buffet suppers. Bak in it, serve in it. Red or yellow.

Covered Casserole **$2.25**

PYREX WARE A PRODUCT OF **CORNING GLASS WORKS**



If it's Pyrex Ware the trade-mark is on it

"Pyrex" is a registered trade-mark in the U. S. Pat. Off. of Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 118)

of pimiento and small leaves of green pepper or with slices of hard-cooked eggs surrounded by tiny sprigs of parsley. Some radish roses and slices of pickle will make a pretty and edible decoration around the ham loaves.

WALDORF SALAD

The day before, put 2 cups seedless white raisins in a jar, add enough orange juice or Malaga wine to cover and put on lid. The raisins will absorb most of the juice or wine and become puffy and tender—and *good*. When you are ready to mix the salad—it shouldn't be too far in advance of serving time—drain raisins and combine them with 4 cups diced celery, 6 cups diced apple—the apples should be crisp and tart—1 cup seedless green grapes and 2 cups English-walnut meats, broken, not chopped, into pieces. Mix apples with dressing as soon as they are cut, to prevent them from turning brown. It will take about 5 cups of dressing to bind the salad, and this can be homemade mayonnaise or a boiled type dressing, combined with whipped cream.

To serve, garnish a large platter with lettuce, preferably Boston lettuce, spoon the salad onto the platter in a huge mound and garnish with more lettuce leaves and some water cress if you can get it. A few extra nut meats and green grapes sprinkled over the top will improve the appearance of the salad.

TOSSED SALAD WITH TARRAGON FRENCH DRESSING

Get plenty of salad greens of as wide a variety as possible. Boston or iceberg lettuce, chicory, endive, water cress—all or any of these would be fine. As to quantity, you will have to do your own guessing, but that shouldn't be difficult. Just get three times as many greens as you would use in a tossed salad for 8 people. Cut 6 or 8 tomatoes into slender wedges. Peel 3 or 4 cucumbers, leaving some of the skin on, and slice them thinly. The cucumbers can be sliced the day before, covered with ice cubes and stored in the refrigerator. When you are ready to mix the salad, be sure that the greens and cucumbers are well dried.

Tarragon French Dressing. Put 1 tablespoon dried tarragon in a pint jar with ¼ cup salad oil. Cover and place in a pan of hot water for an hour. This will release the flavor of the tarragon. Add ¾ cup salad oil, ⅓ cup vinegar (I like red wine vinegar) 2½ teaspoons salt, 2 teaspoons paprika, ¾ teaspoon sugar and 2 cloves garlic cut in half. Shake thoroughly and store in refrigerator.

Shortly before serving time, remove garlic and shake dressing. Pour it over salad and toss thoroughly but with a gentle touch.

PASTRIES

Bake two white cakes in 9" square pans. Use your favorite white-cake recipe or one of the excellent cake mixes on the market. Cut one cake into strips 1½" wide, then cut the other direction into 3" strips. You will have 18 oblongs 1½" wide and 3" long. Cut the other cake into 3" squares, then cut each square diagonally to make 18 triangles. Slice each little cake through the middle into two layers. They will all have a thick spreading of date filling between the layers and half will be covered with mocha frosting and the other half with coconut frosting.

Date Filling. Melt ⅛ pound butter or margarine in a saucepan and blend in 3 tablespoons flour. Add juice of 1 lemon, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup water and 2 well-packed cups of dates that have been cut into fairly small pieces. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture is thick and boiling. If dates aren't well disintegrated, stir a little longer. Cool, and when thoroughly chilled, blend in ½ pint heavy cream which has been beaten until stiff. Put a thick even layer of the filling between the two layers of each little cake.

Mocha Frosting. Cream ½ pound butter or margarine until soft, add 1 whole raw egg and stir until blended. Have ready ½ cup very strong coffee and 5 cups confectioners' sugar which has been sifted twice with ⅓ cup cocoa. Add sugar mixture and coffee alternately to butter and egg, beat until quite smooth and then beat some more. The consistency should be very creamy. Let it cool in refrigerator half an hour, stirring occasionally, and spread generously over tops and sides of oblong cakes. Decorate tops with pecan halves.

Coconut frosting. In the top of a double boiler put 2 unbeaten egg whites, 1½ cups sugar, ¼ rounded teaspoon cream of tartar, 4 tablespoons cold water, 2 teaspoons light corn sirup and a pinch of salt. Beat and stir until well blended, place over rapidly boiling water and beat with rotary beater 7 minutes. During beating occasionally scrape bottom and sides of double boiler with a rubber spatula. Remove from heat, add 1 teaspoon vanilla and continue beating until right consistency for spreading. Icing 18 little pastries is rather a long-winded business, so have a pan of hot water beside you, and if the icing gets too thick let it stand in the hot water a little from time to time. Ice the triangular pastries generously, tops and sides, and sprinkle with grated coconut. The coconut can be fresh, sugared, or the moist, canned coconut.

Service. This should be a buffet meal, of course. Few of us have room to seat twenty, much less thirty people at tables. Besides, this food is easy to eat, and I hope that's true aesthetically as well as physically. With plenty of small tables handy on which empty plates can be put as people are finished, and a well-organized plan for collecting same, everything should go smoothly.

As to preparation, I assume no one would ever be appointed to a committee like this unless she loves cooking; and with the various dishes parceled out among the committee members, no one should be overworked. It would be fine if all the food except the rice could be cooked away from the scene of the festivities.

However you manage, there's little cooking left for the big day. And after the fun of preparation is over it should be still more fun to bask in the success that will surely be yours.

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Upon This High Hill

By Jesse Stuart

Upon this high hill where the rain clouds nestle,
Where snow is last to fade before the sun,
Is home of saw brier, wild rose, Scottish thistle
And bracken flourishing where freshets run.
Upon this hill infertile land is thin
Among ravines, recessions, folded rocks
Where there's incessant blowing of the wind,
But it is home to possum, hawk and fox.
Tough-butted white oaks easily survive;
Persimmon, dogwood and the sourwood cling
Tenaciously to these rock ribs to live
And leaf and blossom for an unseen spring.
This land gives fresher beauty to the rose,
Land in the wind near sky and sun and star;
Gives autumn colors unsurpassed by those
Rich valleys where the soil and seasons are.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



THE BIG VALUE! And quality you can count on. Be wise. Get years and years of perfect performance. Get the outstanding buy. Compare!

$37.50* Includes two bowls and extra single beater



JUICE EXTRACTOR $4.50*

Long famous for QUALITY and still the BIG VALUE

EASIEST-TO-USE HAMILTON BEACH!



EASIEST PORTABILITY!
New, lighter beater unit glides off the stand for use at a table, at the range—*anywhere*. No triggers, catches, or latches. Easy off, easy on... with *one* hand. Compare!

EASIEST OPERATION!
The hand that holds the mixer sets the speed. Leaves your other hand free to hold a pan or add ingredients. Full power at every speed setting. Compare!





EASIEST SPEED CONTROL!
MIXGUIDE puts 10 tested speeds right under your thumb, right under your eye—magnified for flash reading. Only Hamilton Beach has such easy speed control. Compare!

EASIEST JUICING!
Juice, strained free of seeds and coarse pulp, flows directly into serving glass. Nothing extra to wash. Juice extractor lifts out for easy cleaning. Rustless. Compare!





EASIEST BOWL CONTROL!
Shifts ever-turning bowl while beaters revolve. Gives even, thorough mixing every time, without stopping the motor or touching the beaters. Compare!

Get Time-Tested Hamilton Beach Quality!
Compare feature for feature and you'll choose Hamilton Beach because it's *easiest to use!* Compare its price. Convince yourself that here is truly today's biggest food-mixer value. *Hamilton Beach Co., Div. of Scovill Mfg. Co., Racine, Wis.*

NEW HAMILTON BEACH Mixette

BEAT, MIX, MASH, WHIP in any bowl or pan.

MIXES HEAVY BATTERS, TOO. Hamilton Beach motor has full power—even mixes oatmeal-cookie batter.

$18.75* IN GIFT BOX



Includes bracket and screws for wall mounting.

THUMB ADJUSTS SPEED. Other hand holds pan or adds ingredients.

HANGS ON WALL or fits in drawer—bracket furnished.

BEATERS SNAP IN for use—snap out for cleaning.

Made by the makers of top-value Hamilton Beach Vacuum Cleaners

*Price subject to change without notice.

SERVE with EASE...SURE TO PLEASE...

Salads Made with Cottage Cheese



Sombrero Salad

COTTAGE CHEESE and CLING PEACHES

Tangy zest of snowy-white COTTAGE CHEESE . . . delicious goodness of canned Cling Peaches . . . combine for good *eating* in this new and glorious Sombrero Salad.

Simply place two peach halves on lettuce. On these place round of green pepper. Top with cone of COTTAGE CHEESE to make hat crown, as shown. Over this slip pimiento ring . . . and there's your Sombrero . . . *quick* . . . *easy* . . . supremely *good!* Serve with Rye Wafers.

Hawaiian Salad

COTTAGE CHEESE and PINEAPPLE

Again . . . zesty, versatile COTTAGE CHEESE in a dish of inviting goodness . . . Hawaiian Salad! Ruby-topped, snowy mound on a red-shimmering base of fruity tastiness!

Make individual molds of cherry or strawberry gelatine containing pineapple chunks. Place on crisp lettuce leaves . . . topped with a tempting mound of COTTAGE CHEESE and maraschino cherry! MM-m-m . . . wonderfully good! Serve with Crackers.





Treasure Island

COTTAGE CHEESE and FRUIT COCKTAIL

Jewels in the snow . . . a nest of mellow COTTAGE CHEESE heaped with colorful, flavory bits of peaches, pineapple, cherries, pears, green grapes and other tasty fruits . . . *Treasure Island Salad!* So *inviting* . . . so *easy!*

On crisp lettuce in serving dish spread generous nest-like layer of COTTAGE CHEESE. Heap drained fruit cocktail in COTTAGE CHEESE, as shown. Cap with COTTAGE CHEESE. *Delightful!* Serve with Rye Wafers.

Yes, the smooth, tangy zest of mellow COTTAGE CHEESE makes for grand eating in *so many ways!* Tasty with fruit . . . delicious in salads. Blend with chives—chopped olives—peppers—sliced onions—celery—radishes—raw carrots—to make tempting *appetizer, spread* or *garnish. Sliced cold-cut meat* served with taste-whetting COTTAGE CHEESE looks good . . . tastes better. COTTAGE CHEESE is truly wonderful in CHEESE cake and blintzes . . . plus scores of other appealing mealtime dishes. Always remember . . . serve with *ease* . . . you're sure to *please* . . . with COTTAGE CHEESE!

FIRST IN FOODS

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION

"VOICE OF THE DAIRY FARMER"

20 N. Wacker Drive Bldg., Chicago 6, Ill.

I GAVE MY LOVE A SUMMER

(Continued from Page 51)

ling. We'll be together and swimming tennis and sailing and lots of children r own age ——")

Vell, the grass was almost as green, she ceded, squinting critically, and the door- n almost as handsome, and the ladies all e the same strapless cottons that showed their burns, and carried golf clubs and ffled cards and waved from convertibles ked by handsome, smiling children, just dvertised.

nly when you got up close they were in- inguishable from the ladies in Florida, Sea Island (last spring) or Sun Valley, re they went the winter It Happened, all the girls acted just like the girls in seventh form at Miss Dinsmore's, just Priscilla Hession. who had her own rge account at the pool soda fountain and been known to fill in when her mother ded a fourth for canasta. (Naturally, s. Hession paid her losses, which were imum.) Priscilla Standish Hession, queen j.g.; pain in the neck, senior grade.

May she fry in hell," Susan said loudly a passing gull, and spat over her left ulder to seal it.

he sighed. Labor Day—and July was beginning.

I gave my love a cherry without a stone,
I gave my love a chicken without a bone,"

sang dispiritedly. It was the song her er used to sing when she was little, in his e like a big eiderdown quilt.

I gave my love a ring without an end,
I gave my love a baby with no cryin'."

Hey!" said an irate voice directly below "Can that dirge, will you? . . . I've ed for him all morning and now I've him."

e jumped up and peered over. On the below her a boy was stretched out flat his stomach, his head hanging over the er. All she could see was his back, which burned the color of ranch mink.

It's a sad song," she said calmly, "but no dirge. Who'd you lose?"

o answer. She peered over farther.

Lost who?" she said, louder.

A fish," he said in a resigned monotone, out turning. "Lives in a pipe under here comes out in times of peace to have his d rubbed. Name of Demosthenes. His her was a Glotz from Cincinnati. Next stion."

Don't be silly," Susan said unequivo- and prepared to climb down. "Who heard of a fish who ——"

hat did it. He rolled over and squinted t her.

e was thirteen, maybe fourteen even. he was mink-colored in front too. Not Susan thought dispassionately, if you l the Spencer Tracy type.

"Yak, yak, yak," he said furiously. "Women. Never learn, do you? All you women are exactly alike."

Susan could feel the hot tears crowd to her throat. "I am not," she said shrilly. She looked over at the pool. "I am not like other women and I'm never going to be." Her voice broke a little on the "never" and she stopped.

He really looked at her then for the first time. "Hey, what're *you* sore at?" he said aggrievedly. "What'd I say? Boy, are you a funny girl!"

SUSAN brushed a furious arm across her eyes.

He stuck out his hand. "I'm Jeremy Saunders."

She hesitated only briefly. "Susan Follinsbee," she said, and shook it.

Involuntarily, independently, they both looked over at the canasta game.

"Oh," he said. "Yeah."

They re-examined each other in the light of new evidence.

"How long yours been divorced?" he said conversationally.

"Three years," Susan said. "Mental cruelty."

"We're on the second round," he said importantly. "This one's adultery."

The *second* round. "What's adultery?" Susan said uncertainly.

He shrugged. "Something that usually happens between two adults. Your mother get the custody?" he asked with professional interest.

Susan nodded helplessly. What a *smooth* young man. He might have been discussing the weather.

"Three years," he was saying, considering. "She should be remarrying soon."

"No!" Susan said sharply, feeling her stomach constrict. "No! No, she's never going to —— No mere man will ever come betwe——" She trailed off.

They both studied a routine blimp extolling the virtues of Flamingo frankfurters.

"Lousy setup, isn't it?" Jeremy said after a while, in a brand-new voice.

Susan looked up at him and felt her stomach unknot. So he knew too. So finally there was someone else who knew.

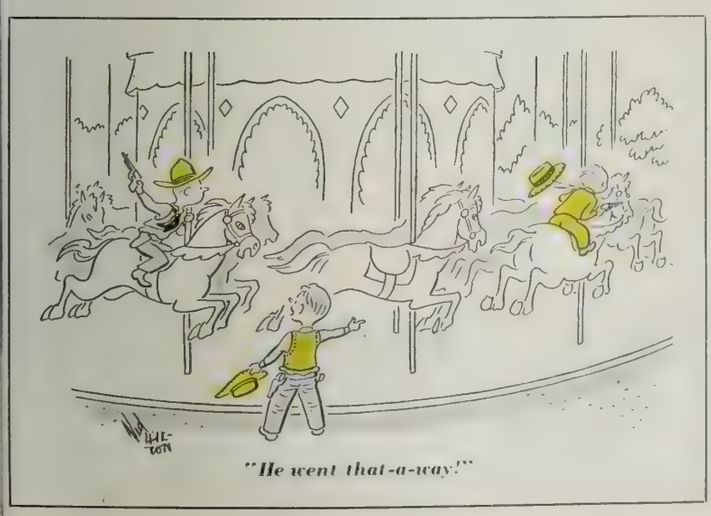
"Yeah," she said. "Lousy," and never felt the sun so warm on her back.

Beside them the water gave a sudden swish, like a stage whisper.

"Hey, he showed!" Jeremy said. He pulled her down beside him and pushed her face over the water. "Don't worry, I'll hang on to you."

She found herself on eye level with the most hideous fish she had ever seen, its steely eyes set deep in the folds of his fat, bloated body. She swallowed hard and shuddered against Jeremy's restraining arm. She turned her head a little and looked at it: the color of mink and warm and strong as a giant's.

"Go on," Jeremy said, "pet him."



"He went that-a-way!"



recipe

Glazed Peach Tarts...good and easy with Mazola's new pastry and gorgeous Canned Cling Peaches from California

1 No. 2½ can cling peach slices
1½ (3-oz.) packages cream cheese
Apricot jam
8 baked (3½-inch) tart shells

Drain peaches. Soften cheese with fork and blend in ⅓ cup jam. Line bottom and sides of tart shells with cheese. Top with peaches. Spread a spoonful jam over each tart.

Mazola pastry

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup Mazola salad oil
¼ cup plus 1 tbsp. cold water

Sift together flour and salt. Combine oil and water; beat with fork until thickened and creamy. Pour all at once over entire surface of flour. Mix with fork until dough can be formed into soft moist ball. For tarts divide dough into 8 equal parts. Shape each into a flat round and roll between 2 squares wax paper from center to edge. Trim to make 5-inch round. Remove top paper and place dough on bottom of inverted custard cup. Peel off paper. Press dough against sides of cup, making 4 or 5 pleats or flutes. Prick with fork. Set cups on cooky sheet. Bake in hot oven (475°F.) 10 to 12 minutes.

California dessert (*below*): As quick as it is thrifty. Big, luscious cling peaches right from the can. Yellow as the sun that ripens them. Packed orchard fresh. Instantly ready to use. Best peaches for 100 uses. A good buy!



Cling Peach Advisory Board



LOOK what wonders the steam or dry Presto Automatic Vapor-Steam Iron is doing for Homemakers Everywhere!



USES ORDINARY TAP WATER NO Distilled Water Needed!

IMAGINE! . . . ironing a ruffled curtain as easily as a handkerchief!

The "fade-away" front of your PRESTO IRON makes quick work of folds and tucks . . . Miracle Vapor-Steam makes wrinkles disappear like magic!

IMAGINE! . . . saving hundreds of dollars on pressing bills!

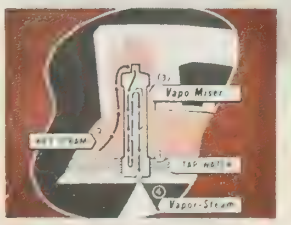
Press suits, skirts, trousers . . . of any type of fabric . . . without bothersome pressing cloths and with a minimum of effort!

IMAGINE! . . . ironing most clothes without troublesome sprinkling!

Smooth-flowing PRESTO Vapor-Steam adds just the right amount of moisture for energy-saving, professionally perfect ironing!

IMAGINE! . . . saving up to ½ ironing time!

The over-size PRESTO soleplate smooths 30 square inches at one time. The wrinkle-proof round heel ends tedious lifting and twisting of the iron.



THE EXCLUSIVE PRESTO "VAPO-MISER" automatically converts ordinary tap water into a smooth, steady flow of VAPOR-STEAM. No drops! No spots!



SOLEPLATE HEAT INDICATOR shows at a glance exact soleplate temperature at all times. Stops guesswork and helps prevent scorching of all fabrics.



GIVEN, with every PRESTO VAPOR-STEAM IRON, at no extra cost: (1) Scorch-proof ironing stand, and (2) Valuable illustrated instruction book.

Only the PRESTO VAPOR-STEAM IRON has *all* of these features: ✓ Light weight, only 3½ pounds ✓ Cool plastic handle ✓ Steams up to 1½ hours (at rayon setting) on a single 6-ounce filling of ordinary tap water ✓ Wide spout for *easy, fast* filling or draining ✓ and many others.

See it . . . try it! PRESTO VAPOR-STEAM IRONS *are on sale wherever quality electrical housewares are available.*

NATIONAL PRESSURE COOKER COMPANY, Eau Claire, Wisconsin © 1951 N.P.C. CO.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WORLD FAMOUS PRESTO COOKERS

She closed her eyes and reached out a steady hand. "My," she said clearly, "isn't he handsome!"

Mrs. Follinsbee herself couldn't have done better.

It was not the first love affair that started with a lie.

After that July went by, as Susan observed serenely to the morning maid, like time in a Bette Davis movie: a calendar in a high wind, apple blossoms dissolving into snowflakes, Miss Davis having her face lifted.

Since Mrs. Follinsbee was in fine spirits—"I think she's getting the pack more often," Susan said indulgently to Jeremy—they swam and fished and sailed, even as it was ordained in the catalogue, with a minimum of interruption. Even Priscilla and her coterie, after a period of routine baiting, left them severely alone.

Far down the beach they discovered a private, gray-green sand dune ringed round with ferns to break the wind, and used it thereafter as their base of operations. After some cajoling Susan was permitted to swim there in the early mornings lacking the omnipotent eye of a lifeguard.

"Why, Jeremy swims better than anyone, mother; and anyway, the only thing those lifeguards keep an eye on are well-stacked blondes."

"Susan!" Mrs. Follinsbee wheeled from her dressing table. "Who told you that?"

"Jeremy. And he also said ——"

"Wait until I tell Jeremy's father."

"Oh, he knows," Susan said calmly. "He told Jeremy."

It was quite a summer for Mrs. Follinsbee too.

They talked incessantly, out on the float, cleaning a sail, over a milk shake, pedaling through the carefully rustic village. Secure in their common burden, they pooled their observations, shared their sins ("Did you *really* used to steal stuff from the dime store too?"), complemented each other's knowledge.

Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. —MATTHEW 4:4.

"It's not so bad when they remarry," Jeremy assured her. They were having a milk shake down by the pool. "Think of all the new housekeepers you've survived. Remarriage is like always having a help problem."

He scowled at the bronzed supine figures lying prostrate around the pool, burnt offerings on the altar of sunburn.

"Why do dames want to look like that?" he said irritably.

Susan considered, frowning into her glass. "Well, Priscilla says Mrs. Hession's analyst likes her that color."

Between them no mystery went unexplained, no fear unallayed. And the loneliness that Susan had carried with her like a duffel bag through camp and school and summers slipped unnoticed into the green water with scarcely a ripple to mark its demise.

AUGUST came in, a rumpled latecomer, hot and pink and unannounced. The grass burned yellow on the putting green and the ladies burned black against their white piqués and printed silks.

In a civilized society such as this, men appear only on week ends. Every Friday, these bronzed, omnipotent amazons were invaded by a band of hostile white men, with their pale office faces and folded evening papers and their interminable arithmetical conversations: "It closed at eighteen and a quarter"; "I took five for the seventh"; "Copper split two for one"; "Knock with six." The battle was joined on the greens and at the card tables and on the dance floor until Sunday night, when the white men were once again routed and fled in a body on the ten-twenty train, burned a bright embarrassing pink and smelling of sunburn lotion and expensive cigars and last night's highballs, only to return the following Friday to renew the hopeless struggle.

The following Friday was the Barn Dance, an annual event which had made Leisure Manor a name to be conjured with among the smartest, most playful Americans. For this occasion the ranks of the invaders would be swollen by friends and clients and professional partygoers, who would come from as far as the south shore of Long Island and the north shore of New Jersey and approved points along the Merritt Parkway to be seen at the last, the best, the biggest dance of the summer.

THE Barn Dance, it should be added, was rustic only as to costume, and even then the blue jeans were often custom-made.

"Why, the summer's almost over," Susan said accusingly to Jeremy, wiggling her feet over the diving board. "That thing tomorrow and then one more week and then ——" Then, what?

I gave my love a summer without an end.

The next morning, armed with peanut-butter sandwiches and a bottle of milk wheedled from the bell captain, they set out early to escape the first wave of invaders. Their dune was silver in the light, still morning, the chill still lying in the fern roots, fragrant with the mingled scent of pine and salt, green mold and leaf barnacle, noisy with the sound of spray and sparrow.

"It's going to be the kind of day," Susan said contentedly, "that always reminds adults they ought to go out to the cemetery."

They spent the morning poking into the marine world that clung to the fringes of the shore, choosing and rejecting among the green gloves of seaweed and twisted stockings of driftwood, riding the fringed waves high up onto the shore until, exhausted, they threw themselves down and ate lunch while a pair of sandpipers argued in the shallows.

Afterward they lay back on the hot, yielding sand and Jeremy told her how fish breathe and what Notre Dame's chances were this season and about the time he jacked deer at midnight up in the Adirondacks—"You just shine your flashlight in their eyes and it freezes them in their tracks and you've got them."

Susan privately thought it was awful, but she managed to look so interested—she was really trying to decide what color his eyes were: gray, green, no-color?—that biking home he looked over at her admiringly and said, "You're the only woman I know who really understands sports."

My, Susan thought, flushed with victory. Mother was right. All men were children. Even Jeremy. She pedaled furiously to catch up with him. As they came up the broad driveway the sun was a giant orange impaled on the spire of Leisure Manor.

They parted at the steps. "See you at the Hession session," Jeremy said, and held his nose briefly. The pre-Carnegie set was also celebrating the last dance of the summer at a dinner party being given, quite properly, by Miss Priscilla Hession, who had taken over the canasta room for the occasion.

Susan ran into the green-striped lobby and glanced guiltily at the clock behind the front desk. If her mother was still on the links and if she flew upstairs ——

"Miss Susan." It was old Joseph, the bell captain. She slid to a stop. "Your ma wants to see you in the Polo Bar. Right away." His eyebrows put it into bushy italics.

She ran into the bar, squinting in the sudden dimness. Her mother was sitting at one of the little tables with Mrs. Hatcher and Mr. Saunders. They were all talking at once, but they stopped as she approached.

"Hello," Susan said tentatively. Nobody looked very happy.

"Susan, where have you been all day?"

"And where's your little boy friend?" Mrs. Hession said before she could answer. Her face was flushed and her voice seemed unusually high. "Don't tell me you've lost him to a mermaid."

Susan noticed her mother look up and frown.

"A mermaid," Mr. Saunders said sadly, "is only an unspawned fishwife." He signaled for a waiter.

(Continued on Page 128)

ONE instead of THREE makes sense to me!

says Mrs. Irene Fritz of West Allis, Wis.

"I used to buy three different washing products; one for clothes, one for dishes, one for enamel and paint. Then I found FELSO washes *everything*. My clothes look wonderfully white and clean and FELSO gives them a pleasant fragrance."





ONE instead of THREE saves work for me!

says Mrs. W. E. Kendrick of Maplewood, N. J.

"Think of the time I wasted shopping for three different products! Now I buy only FELSO, the white, free-pouring, *all-purpose* detergent. Dishes wash so easily. I just hot-rinse and *don't wipe*. I save work and FELSO doesn't redden my hands."



ONE instead of THREE he agrees with me!

says Mrs. M. G. Rollins of Vergennes, Vt.

"My husband used to laugh when I bought three different washing products. He said, 'Try FELSO alone.' When I saw how easily FELSO cut 'cooking film' from walls and stove, I surrendered! Now we both agree, '*One instead of three* makes sense to me.'"



make FELSO your "sudservant" today!



(Continued from Page 126)

"We've been at the beach," Susan said to no one in particular.

Mrs. Follinsbee was rolling a peanut back and forth across the marble table.

"And I suppose you've been talking," Mrs. Hession said, raising her glass.

Susan eyed her doubtfully. "Well, mostly Jeremy talked and I listened"—she turned eagerly to her mother—"the way you sometimes do, so they think you are, only you're not. And it *worked*," she said triumphantly.

The peanut snapped suddenly and little pieces of it rolled fretfully around the table.

"Go upstairs and take your bath, Susan," Mrs. Follinsbee said so sharply that Susan blinked. "I'll be up in ten minutes."

Mrs. Follinsbee came in as she was drying herself. She had on her pack mouth. "Susan, I want you to stop seeing Jeremy Saunders. Do you understand?"

Susan stared at her blankly. "Why?"

"Because everybody's talking about it, that's why. Because you leave at eight and return at six and spend all day on some deserted beach doing heaven knows what. Because I won't have all that gossip, I tell you."

A medium-size spider, Susan noticed, was heading for the crack in the ceiling.

"But you see Mr. Saunders all the time."

Mrs. Follinsbee's face emerged from a cloud of gray chiffon. It was flushed, as though she had just given away the pack.

"And don't you dare talk back to me, Susan. That's a result of Jeremy Saunders too. He's too old for you and too old for his age." She was gathering momentum, Susan noted objectively. "As a matter of fact, I'd like to know just what does go on at that sand dune." Her eyes held her daughter's. "Tell me the truth, Susan. Did he ever touch you?"

The spider was just reaching the crack.

Did Jeremy touch her? She had to think. Does a leaf touch its branch, a wave touch the sand, the wind touch the grass?

Her mother came forward, blocking out the spider. Her eyes were black. "Answer me, Susan."

Why, they were suddenly adults discussing adult things. "*Adultery is* ——" This must be what ladies talked about afternoons that stopped when she came in. If only she could say, "Yes, mother, *yes*, he did," and maintain her sudden, magic membership ——

"Well," she said, considering, "there was the time ——"

The spider gained the crack and fell in.

The phone rang. "All *right*," Mrs. Follinsbee said into it. "I'll be right down." She made a beautiful new mouth in the mirror. "We'll talk about this tomorrow, Susan," she said remotely. "You are to take a nap now and come right up after dinner. Is that perfectly clear?"

The door closed behind her. Her perfume hung in the air like a pale pink balloon.

Susan stared up at the ceiling where the spider had fallen in. She felt fine. She was being punished because her mother thought that Jeremy had touched her. She was being punished for what must be an adult sin—the sin of being touched. *Touched her, touched her,* she said drowsily. Did Mr. Hession touch Mrs. Hession, did daddy used to touch mother, was it like touching Blackie before the car ran over him? "Touch me, touch me," she said in a drowsy singsong, trying the words aloud. She felt deliciously warm and heavy. . . .

The darkness alongside her exploded. She groped for the phone.

"Hey, where are you?" Jeremy said irritably. "All the sheep are gathered for the slaughter."

"All *right*," she said in perfect imitation of her mother. "I'll be right down." How wonderful, she thought, pulling on her socks, to be a girl, to be grown up, to be going right down.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Declaration

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

I cannot say I love you, and you only.
As one returning to a sheltered place
Known in lost childhood, standing still and lonely,
Seeing in shade one unforgotten face
And then another; hearing in the grasses
Steps half-remembered, striving to recall
This figure and that, and as each pale ghost passes,
Laying a hand upon a crumbling wall,
So stand I here, and not alone. Past lovers,
Unsummoned, haunt this hill and in each hand
Some of my heart stays with them. Truth uncovers
Many a grave that love made in this land,
And I would lie to them, and you, and me,
Swearing a whole faith who am never free.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In addition to such modern conveniences as plumbing, solariums, room service and sex, a resort such as Leisure Manor is also equipped to assume the duties of nanny, *mademoiselle* or *Fräulein*. The necessity for this service is particularly apparent on the nights of big dances, when the guests' children can be left in the antiseptic hands of the staff, to eat in the canasta room or table-tennis room or the west sun porch under the glazed eye of the staff dietitian, perhaps, or an assistant cashier backed up by a brace of sallow young women from accounting.

Here they could spray mustard, upend saltcellars and trip waiters while some of their mothers danced with other of their fathers, or repaired to the gambling rooms cunningly camouflaged behind the caddie house, or simply wandered about the well-kept greens under the inscrutable summer sky.

It was, as the night clerk had remarked earlier to his wife, an ideal arrangement: the children out of earshot, the adults out of eyeshot.

Priscilla's dinner party was, as could have been predicted, a roaring success: mustard was thrown, salt upended, Jeremy put a quarter in the slot machine which quite agreeably produced ten dollars. But since cold cash is never quiet, the jangle brought a sensitive waiter out of the kitchen, and the problem was immediately brought to the attention of the management, who confiscated the money with admirable dispatch on the grounds that it corrupted minors. ("Just read the sign on the machine, young man.") Jeremy's quarter was returned to him and they were all cautioned against mentioning the incident.

"They'd be *furious*," the captain said, arching his high nose in the direction of the main dining room, and they all promised, their uncorrupted hearts pounding.

After dinner, paced by a minor lifeguard, the head housekeeper and three of her poor, pale assistants, they were marched down to the children's pool for a toasting of marshmallows to be followed by a special, pre-bedtime swim.

It was a perfect summer night, hot and bright, and heavy with the smell of roses. Susan caught her breath. *Lovely*, she thought, *lovely, scary, end-of-summer night.* She yawned. It was like swallowing roses.

"Me, too," Jeremy said, catching up with her. "Bored stiff."

How could she admit that she always yawned when she was the most excited—at station platforms and airfields and when it looked as though the cops would never get

(Continued on Page 130)

Easier upkeep



nderful VINYLITE Plastic cleans like a breeze, with damp cloth or uum. It wears and wears, resists spots, stains, fading . . . neither cks nor peels.

Unsurpassed beauty...

with Fratex Fashions made of VINYLITE Brand Plastics

s easy on the upkeep as they are on the eye . . . that's e double appeal of luxurious VINYLITE Brand Plas- s to homemakers! Fratex draperies, bedspreads, cur- ins and swags, printed by Toscony in a vibrant "Vogue ose" pattern, transform your rooms with their glow- g colors, their soft drapeability, the richness they lend your furnishings. What's more, they simply whisk ean and never need ironing!

Discover for yourself what enduring beauty, what ase of upkeep is yours whenever you buy VINYLITE rand Plastics. Always look for the "Made of VINYLITE rand Plastics" signature when you shop. It identifies p quality plastics produced by "the foremost makers f the foremost plastics," Bakelite Division. Pronounce e trade-mark "Vine-na-lite."

BAKELITE DIVISION
Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
UCC
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.



"Vogue Rose" ensemble includes bedspread, criss-cross curtains, and vanity skirt material by the yard. It is one of the many dramatic ensembles available through the Fratex stylist in your vicinity. Fratex Fashions, 8 S. Case Street, Akron, Ohio.

A Toscony PRINT ON VINYLITE BRAND PLASTICS

You know it's right if it's...

VINYLITE TRADE MARK PLASTICS



Cherry Medley

...YOUR LIVING ROOM IN TUNE

WITH THIS CENTURY, LAST AND NEXT!

QUIET DIGNITY combined with informal charm—that's the motif of today's best loved living room. It's done in sound. seasoned, solid cherry by skilled Willett hands. Its wood grain glows pridefully through the lovely cherry finish. Its upholstered beauty, too, is more than skin deep. You'll live in, love and be proud of your Willett cherry living room for all the years to come.

Budget priced. All the pieces in the photograph can be yours for approximately $563.50*. Also available in OPEN STOCK.



Cherry table $51.00

Cherry television table $37.50

America's largest maker of solid maple and cherry furniture for living room, dining room and bedroom.

CONSIDER H. WILLETT, INC., LOUISVILLE 11, KENTUCKY

(Continued from Page 128)

to Humphrey Bogart? It was one of the things she hated about herself.

The line halted at the children's pool, made alien and beautiful by night, a square of navy satin stitched in the sequins of reflected stars.

"The children's pool is for children," Jeremy said clearly, "and that lets me out." He looked directly at Susan, challenging her. "*He's too old for you. All that gossip. Tell me the truth, Susan.*"

Three of Priscilla's court stopped and waited. Susan looked forlornly into their tight, watchful, alien faces—there was no help there. The cops were a long time coming to Humphrey Bogart.

"Kid stuff," she said clearly, contemptuously, throwing the words at them like pebbles.

The staff sergeants, busy directing bathing-suit operations, failed to see them go by.

They ran into the gathering darkness, Jeremy's flashlight drawing giant white polka dots on the rolling greens. By unspoken consent they headed for the seventeenth hole, the water hole with the little Chinese bridge across it, and threw themselves onto the sandy bunker, giggling helplessly.

The bunker screened them from both worlds. On one side of it lay the children's pool, now only a small chiffon handkerchief tossed carelessly on the infinite green carpet. On the other side lay the Barn Dance and the muffled sounds of maturity: the whine of the Ferris wheel, especially constructed for the occasion; the *jack, jack, jack* of the orchestra imported from New York for the evening (the second trumpet could call square dances, just in case); everywhere the shrill voices of the amazons, laughing, laughing.

They stood on the Chinese bridge and peered at themselves, pale, wavering shapes reflected in the bright blue water. Susan was suddenly conscious of Jeremy beside her, his tweed jacket rough against her bare arm. *Touching* it.

"You run pretty good for a girl." He tossed a pebble into the water, and their faces broke into a thousand pieces.

"Thanks," she said, waiting for her face to piece together. *All that damage from one little pebble*, she thought, unaccountably depressed.

His face was reappearing now. "You want to write me at school?" it said in the navy blueness.

She stood there as though she had not heard, waiting for his ears to settle and listening to the sound of distant trumpets.

"You going to write?" he said threateningly.

"Sure," she said casually, and yawned hugely, uncontrollably.

He turned toward her then, goaded beyond endurance. She looked up at him, an angry young god black against the brilliant sky. And suddenly there was only a corner of the sky left, only his face coming down, down, blacking out the stars.

HE kissed her, gently, awkwardly, just missing her mouth.

They stared at each other.

From far off a woman laughed shrilly and there was the sound of splintering glass.

"Race you to the boathouse," Jeremy said abruptly, and they were off.

It was good to run, to have the sky back again, to concentrate only on Jeremy's back, on not stumbling.

Jeremy kissed me, kissed me, kissed me, her footsteps beat out the joyous rhythm. "*Tell me the truth, Susan.*" . . . *Yes, mother, yes, and it was lovely.*

If they didn't reach the boathouse soon, the stitch in her side would rip wide open. "*You run pretty good for a girl.*" She ran faster. . . . *Please, dear God, let me die here, a little north of the seventeenth hole, with Jeremy Saunders at my side to replace the divots.* . . .

In front of her Jeremy pulled up short and pointed. A match flared briefly inside the boathouse and went out. They waited, motionless. A match came on again, flickered, died.

"Somebody's in there," Jeremy whispered excitedly. The boathouse was forbidden property after five o'clock, when Nils, the boatman, went home. "Let's capture them," Jeremy said.

"How?" Susan said, her heart pounding fearfully.

HE took out his flashlight. "We'll jack 'em, like those deer I was telling you about. All we have to do is get up close, shine the light in their faces and freeze them dead in their tracks. Then we'll take them single-handed." His eyes shone in the darkness like a cat's. "Just follow me."

Jack, jack, jack went the orchestra far away under the safe, bright lights.

They inched slowly, painfully toward the boathouse through the darkness. A dry branch squealed beneath her feet.

"Shut up!" Jeremy whispered angrily, half turning. *Can that dirge*, Susan said silently, close behind him. The summer had come full circle. . . . *I gave my love a summer* ——

They reached the half-opened window. It was black as sin in the boatman's house and the low murmur of voices stopped, started, stopped again. Then nothing.

The silence was a high wall; Susan could feel her heart battering helplessly against it.

Beside her Jeremy raised his flashlight. "Now," he said. "*Now!*"

The beam ripped cleanly through the blackness. It picked out two half-filled glasses on the peeling wicker table and a torn copy of Amazing Comics—*I'm next on the list for it*, Susan thought dully—moved on to Nils' old rocker from which a silk stocking hung like a flag at half-mast, over to the couch, stopped.

In its white cone were Mr. Saunders and Mrs. Follinsbee in close and heedless embrace. As one they raised their heads and looked incredulously, foolishly into the beam. Caught, just as Jeremy had said, a pair of jacked deer frozen dead in their tracks, trapped in the pitiless pupil of light.

"*No mere man will ever* ——"

Susan gave a sharp, soft cry and knocked the flashlight from Jeremy's hands. It splintered sharply on the hard ground and went out. They turned then and fled, Susan running with a frantic, inhuman swiftness, Jeremy following her, losing her in the darkness.

She tripped twice, picked herself up, went on. The third time she fell he caught up with her.

They faced each other in the small clearing.

"Susan," he said. "Please. Please, Susan, wait. I'm sorry, Susan ——"

Her face was smudged and swollen with tears, and a long, thin bramble cut traced itself down her left cheek. He took out his handkerchief to stop it. She stepped back and with all her might she slapped him across the face.

"Don't you touch me," she said, her face contorted with revulsion. "Don't you ever touch me again."

He stood motionless while she struck out at him, wildly, accurately. "I hate you, Jeremy Saunders. You're a dirty, filthy boy and don't touch me, don't touch me, don't touch me ——" She ran off.

He stood there, not moving, until the sound of her sobbing was lost in the hot, bright, porous night. THE END

SOLD DOWN THE RIVER

Along the Mississippi River and particularly in sections where cotton was King, some ruthless slaveholders were more concerned with profits than with human feelings. With utter disregard for human ties, many slaves were *sold down the river* and their family groups broken up. This possibility was regarded with tragic awe by Negroes and abolitionists and has come into the language as a phrase referring to that which is done without consulting the wishes of the individual affected.

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.

T LAST - *Zenith* ALL BUT BRINGS THE ACTUAL ARTIST TO YOUR LIVING ROOM!



Exciting New COBRA-MATIC

plays records at the exact pitch and tempo they were recorded!

It's the talk of Opera Singers, Symphony Conductors, Musical Artists and Music Lovers the nation over. Zenith Cobra-Matic is the *first and only* automatic record-player that lets you play every record—all records—at the exact speed they were recorded . . . lets you adjust speed *exactly* for perfect pitch, tempo and timbre—the "tone color" that gives great voices and masterfully played instruments their full, breath-taking tonal beauty!

You can play not only 33⅓, 45, and 78 R.P.M. but all intermediate speeds—thousands of them—between 10 and 85, including the coming new 16 R.P.M. You can play any record faster or slower for dancing or accompanying, too. And even your cherished old-time favorites that were recorded at different speeds can now be played in perfect pitch and with rich new tonal beauty! Your Zenith Radio and TV dealer invites you to a demonstration of the Cobra-Matic Record Player — YOUR INSURANCE FOR THE FUTURE OF RECORD-PLAYING!

©1951

"The Music Lover's Dream"

New Zenith® Cobra-Matic Record-Player is available only in Zenith TV-Radio-Phonographs and Radio-Phonograph Combinations. Illustrated above: the New Zenith "Tudor" Radio-Phonograph, with Cobra-Matic Record-Player, Super-Sensitive FM Radio, Long-Distance* AM Radio. Period cabinet, beautiful Swirl Mahogany veneers. **$399.95***

*Price subject to change without notice.



This living-dining-fun room has an informality which invites you to come right in and make yourself at home. Individual taste has harmonized sturdy pieces collected over the years with contemporary furniture. Fireside chairs and magazine table, like the dining table and matching chairs (pictured above), are French Provincial. The old cherry chest (large picture), used as a coffee table and storage place for games, is Early American. The piano (right) is circa 1925. The rest, with the outdoors look that caning, rattan and wrought iron give, is definitely present day.

Invitation





Chinese bridge
peered at them
pale, wavering sh
blue water. Susa
of Jeremy beside
against her bare
"You run pre
tossed a pebble
faces broke into
"Thanks," sh
to piece togethe
little pebble, she
pressed.
His face was
to write me at
blueness.
She stood
heard, waiti
listening to
"You g
eningly.
"Sure
hugely
He
yon
an

Here is a corner for a mother's afternoon lie-back, where she can see the forsythia turning yellow these spring days. It is also a corner where children can sprawl and make their first acquaintance with the Deerslayer and Mr. Micawber. The adjustable reading lights are fine eyesavers.

Nedley

OOM IN TUNE

LAST AND NEXT!

ormal
's best
sound, seasoned,
by skilled Willett hands. Its wood grain glows pridefully through the lovely cherry finish. Its upholstered beauty, too, is more than skin deep. You'll live in, love and be proud of your Willett cherry living room for all the years to come.

Budget priced. All the pieces in the photograph can be yours for approximately $563.50*. Also available in OPEN STOCK.

America's largest maker of solid maple and cherry furniture for living room, dining room and bedroom.

Cherry table $51.00

Cherry television table $37.50

CONSIDER H. WILLETT, INC., LOUISVILLE 11, K

Whether it's dancing or quiet companionship, it centers in this hospitable room. BY H. T. WILLIAMS

Family Fun

A family who all love music and dancing and friends do their entertaining here without mixing generations. When the youngsters take over, the parents retreat to a smaller room in which their breakable treasures and their nervous systems are sheltered from youthful horseplay. Vice versa, when the parents are having a party, the children do their homework in the smaller room—a room which occupies the space given to a dining room in many small houses. This system is a long-time JOURNAL favorite. Even comfortable beds for occasional extra guests here double as couches by day. . . . This is also the all-purpose room of a family who love to read and love to be together every day, just lingering over dinner or playing canasta after the table is cleared, or popping corn. The seniors catch up on their needle point and current events beside the fire. . . . It is a happy room, with its corner windows and vibrant color scheme. It is an inexpensive room.



Guaranteed for 5 years!

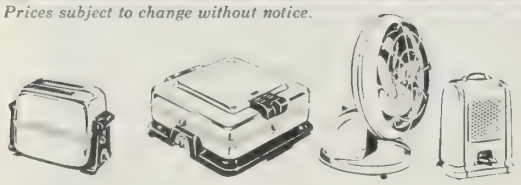
Arvin Electric Irons

The 5-year guarantee is your assurance of continued high quality in Arvin electric irons . . . the irons that give you easier, faster ironing. Aluminum sole plate gets hot *quicker* . . . distributes heat *evenly*. Weighs only 3 pounds for easy lifting. Automatic heat control for all fabrics. Listed by Underwriters' Laboratories. *Guaranteed for 5 full years.* (Also Arvin Dual-Control Iron, $14.95) **$11.95** Model 2200

Give Electric Housewares — first choice for every GIFT occasion



Prices subject to change without notice.



Electric Housewares Division
Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Indiana
(Formerly Noblitt-Sparks Industries, Inc.)
Also manufacturers of Arvin Toaster, Arvin Lectric Cook, Arvin Cool-R-Hot Fan-Heater, Arvin Fan-Forced Heaters.

For Home Safety
For Easy, Beautiful Work
get...



★ *They won't ignite—cut fire hazard.*
★ *They lie flat without wrinkles or bunching.*
★ *Work goes faster, looks neater.*
★ *Asbeston is extra quick-drying and smooth.*
★ *Asbeston wears, and wears and wears.*

For real fireproof safety, ask for ironing board covers of genuine Asbeston. It's woven from rock asbestos, a fireproof mineral fiber. That's why leading manufacturers use Asbeston to make the world's finest ironing board covers. That's why over 4 million housewives now have ironing board covers of Asbeston in their homes. Give your family this protection.

Always ask for this label ...for safety
Made by the Textile Division
ASBESTON U.S. ROYAL Fabric
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

I SAVE LOTS OF STEPS WITH AN EXTRA CAN OF **3-IN-ONE** IN THE BASEMENT

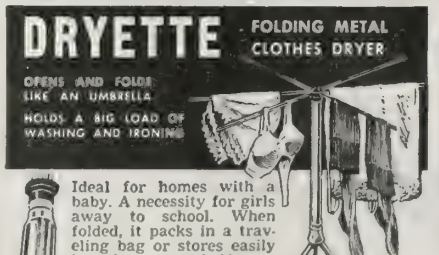


3-IN-ONE OIL

P.S. Reset loose handles and hinges so easily with **PLASTIC WOOD**

CASH MONEY! Men and women wanted to forward new and renewal subscriptions for *Ladies' Home Journal, The Saturday Evening Post, Holiday, Country Gentleman, Jack and Jill* and other popular magazines. Big cash commissions. Write to
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY, 423 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

DRYETTE FOLDING METAL CLOTHES DRYER
OPENS AND FOLDS LIKE AN UMBRELLA
HOLDS A BIG LOAD OF WASHING AND IRONING



Ideal for homes with a baby. A necessity for girls away to school. When folded, it packs in a traveling bag or stores easily in a drawer or shelf.
• SNAG PROOF • RUST PROOF
Won't stain your most delicate washables
APARTMENT SIZE, only . . . $4.45
MASTER MODEL (12 arm size) $7.95
Get It at Department and Hardware Stores
PHILLIPS MFG. CO. 201 N. WACO WICHITA, KANSAS

MATERNITY DRESSES Write for FREE CATALOG
Spring Styles
Dresses & suits for morning, street, afternoon, or sports, $2.95 to 22.50. Also maternity corsets & lingerie. (Catalog mailed in plain envelope.)
CRAWFORD'S, Dept. A, 729 Balt., Kansas City 6, Mo.

"EINSTEIN IS MY FATHER"

(Continued from Page 47)

that spoke of nineteenth-century Europe. The furniture was heavy, solid, old-fashioned. I glanced up—though I had heard no sound—and suddenly Einstein appeared at the head of the stairs. In that gloomy room, I had the eerie impression of an apparition—a figure in gray, with a pale face framed in a halo of white hair, slowly floating down the stairs toward me. I remembered then that he always wore slippers.

"Good day," he said, his hand extended and about him the courtliness of the old-world European, "I am so happy to see you." He spoke in a soft voice, in German. "Do sit down."

He indicated an old roomy easy chair, and took another chair nearby. He was wearing a white shirt open at the neck, over it a large gray shapeless sweater, and a pair of unpressed gray trousers. He wore slippers but no socks. His white hair extended almost to his shoulders. His brown eyes were the largest I have ever seen in a man, and surrounded by networks of infinite wrinkles. His face was quite pale.

He chose a pipe from a stand on a table near his chair, and began filling it with tobacco from a canister on the table.

"It is a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Kornitzer," he said. "Tell me something about Hungary, what you have done there, and what has taken place these last few years."

We talked a long time.

Once he said, "Forgive me for asking all these questions. But it is necessary today for one to know everything that happens—not only in Princeton and New York, but in London and Paris and Budapest."

Evidently my recital about my work with the Hungarian underground pleased him, because when I finally and hesitantly introduced the subject of speaking to his son about him, he looked at me for a moment with great patience, and then, with an almost fatherly kindness, said to me:

"My dear Mr. Kornitzer, now do you really think people would be so interested in reading personal information about me?"

I assured him that I certainly believed they would. He shook his head, as if to say that there were some things he would never be able to understand, and called to his secretary, Miss Dukas. To her he dictated a brief note, addressed to me, which stated, "If my son is willing I have nothing against your interviewing him."

The silent man is often worth listening to.
—JAPANESE PROVERB.

He signed it, in his tiny, precise handwriting, and gave it to me. He shuffled to the door with me, moving slowly. Then he extended his hand to me again, and smiled his slow smile of amusement and doubt. "I hope my son will be able to tell you what you wish to know," he said.

The junior Einsteins live in a small hilltop home in Berkeley. The view from the windows is expansive and magnificent. It overlooks all of San Francisco, and the slim symmetry of the Golden Gate Bridge, set in the rich blue of the harbor, makes a beautiful geometric design far below. But the house itself is humble to the point of actual severity—very much like his father's in Princeton, for that matter.

Dr. Hans Albert Einstein is of medium height, with dark eyes sparkling behind thick glasses, the same prominent forehead and prominent nose of his father, a quick, flashing smile, and a way of holding his pipe that is highly reminiscent of the older man. He is, however, clean-shaven, and his hair is cut in the usual fashion—with no similarity between it and the latter-day-Liszt effect of his father's. His wife, Frieda, is Swiss and blond.

Hans Albert read my note, and shot a quizzical glance at me. "Very well," he said. "I see papa agrees. I don't know how you managed to persuade him, because, you know, the world doesn't permit him to live in privacy and he resents that bitterl Basically he is a strong individualist and I would like to be left alone." He paused. ' don't know what I can tell you about hi But ask what you wish to know, and I pror ise to answer your questions as best I can

What was it like, I started off, to be the s of such a famous father?

"It makes me feel very proud, obvious but frequently it creates most embarrassi situations too. It has a tendency to make son completely lose his own identity. Peop usually are surprised, at first, to learn who am, and then I can almost see their min working as they make a quick mental cor parison of me and my father. Unfortunately he said with a rueful smile, "this isn't alwa complimentary to the poor son.

"At introductions people sometimes sta at me as if they were looking at an oddit Then it is difficult to be one's own self ar talk naturally to others. I must admit th in academic circles the name commands r spect, but it is always mingled with a cu osity that makes people scrutinize me wh they think I'm not looking. One can't be t comfortable in such circumstances."

How do you think your father feels about fame?

"Well, father used to say rather wryly, often feel among crowds like a prostitute w is under constant police surveillance.'"

Have you ever hoped to become as famous your father?

"I never thought—not even subco sciously, I believe—that I would achieve t eminence my father has. Nor was it ever r ambition to learn, let say, ballet dancing tightrope walking or su gery. Father and I ju don't work in the san fields.

"Quite seriously ar honestly, I don't co sider that it's particularly pleasant to world-famous."

Mrs. Einstein, who was listening wit interest, broke in. "I remember once, 1940, before we came to Berkeley, when were living in South Carolina, he came visit us, and we drove from Greenville Washington, D. C. How delighted he w that no one seemed to recognize him in t smaller places and he was so happy—l stopped at each Howard Johnson on the wa having ice-cream cones and ice-cream soda and enjoying himself so much! Nobody re ognized him. It was wonderful!"

Was your father a disciplinarian when y were small? Did he ever spank you as a chil

"He may have—but I don't rememb him lifting a hand to me. I'm sure I w anything but a model youngster. You kn he is an extremely patient man. He has t me since that those days, when I was partic larly trying, he would always reflect that a child he assuredly was no angel, either, a that my naughtiness was just compensati for his own when he was my age.

"Actually, I understand that father was very well-behaved child. He was shy, lone and withdrawn from the world even then. H was even considered backward by his teac ers. He has told me that his teachers report to his father that he was mentally slow, u sociable and 'adrift forever in his foolis dreams.'

"Once he told me that one of his teache nicknamed him 'Pater Langweil'—'Fath Bore.' An interesting little fact, don't y think?"

Can you tell me more about your father you remember him from your childhood?

"As I say, he was calm, kindly and alwa gentle. I don't believe he showed any partic lar interest in my brother and me while w were mere infants. But, according to mothe he was a fine baby-sitter When she was bus around the house, father would put aside h work and watch over us for hours, bounci us on his knee. I remember he would tell

(Continued on Page 136)

Nancy's floors were her despair 'Til she learned the proper care!



m getting ashamed to have ople in," Nancy told her best end. "My floors are a sight, ting shabbier every day. How *you* keep your floors so nice?"



"My floors were worse than yours," her friend replied. "So bad we had to spend $200 refinishing them. Never again. Now I protect them with Johnson's Wax. Try it!"



Nancy took her friend's advice and waxed her floors regularly with genuine Johnson's Wax. Now they look like new again and will never need costly refinishing.



What a break for Nancy! She learned in the nick of time that when floors are finished with genuine Johnson's Wax the finish can't wear off!



It's 10 times faster with a Johnson's Wax Beautiflor Electric Polisher! You can rent one almost anywhere—available in 50,000 stores. Or you can buy one for $44.50.

Flatter your floors with the real protection only genuine wax can give! *

Decide to start waxing today. It never pays to neglect your floors. And it costs so little to protect them from wear with genuine Johnson's Polishing Wax!

Don't worry if applying genuine Johnson's Polishing Wax takes a little more time than self polishes take. It gives longer-lasting protection so waxings are many months apart.

And waxed floors are really easy to keep clean—much easier than carpeted floors. A dry mop whisks dust away.

Genuine Johnson's Wax comes in two forms—Paste and Liquid. Many people like Paste, because it's highly concentrated. Liquid is especially easy to use, and dry cleans floors as it waxes. *Both* give your floors real wax beauty and protection. Use either (or both) for the loveliest floors your home ever had. Begin today!

For lasting beauty and protection insist on genuine

Johnson's Wax

(Paste or Liquid)

**For advice on any floor care problem, write to Consumer Service Dept. LJ41, S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, Wis.*

"JOHNSON'S" AND "BEAUTIFLOR" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS. © S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC., RACINE, WIS., 1951

THE SUNSHINE OF PINE

GIVES YOUR HOME

A Friendly Look



Wouldn't you like to have a welcoming glow
all through your home? Then be sure to choose
American Traditional by Drexel for each of your rooms.
64 charming pieces help you capture the open-hearted
spirit of colonial American originals.
You can create subdued or dramatic color schemes
based on the mellow lights in this open-stock grouping.
The entire American Traditional Collection is crafted of
native hardwoods and rare knotty pine on selected
cabinet woods for beauty combined with exceptional strength.
This is one of many groups bearing the "by Drexel"
brandmark—your proof of fine craftsmanship
and unusual value—correctly styled
and priced for all your rooms.

FOR FURNITURE VALUE—BUY DREXEL



Write today for the Drexel booklets: "Travis Court Portfolio"; "New Versatility"—about contemporary Precedent; "American Traditional"; "18th Century Traditional." 10c each or 35c for the complete set, in coin only. Address 272 Huffman Rd., Drexel, N. C.



NEW! Drexel Cream Wax—cleans, polishes, and renews the finish! At your Drexel dealer or send $1.00 for pint bottle to Drexel, 272 Huffman Rd., Drexel N. C. (sent prepaid.)

by Drexel

Drexel FURNITURE COMPANY

DREXEL, NORTH CAROLINA

(Continued from Page 134)

stories—and he often played his violin in an effort to make us quiet. But I also recall my mother saying that even the loudest baby-crying didn't seem to disturb father. He could go on with his work completely impervious to noise.

"As soon as we outgrew babyhood—when we became what he called 'sociable persons'—he used to give us easy mathematical puzzles and help us try to solve them. He seemed to get a great enjoyment out of helping us master them.

"He used to take us boating—it is still his favorite pastime—and for long walks. He never seemed to get bored with us—as probably he should have."

Is your father good-natured? Nervous? Ever irritable?

"Good-natured is the best description. Father likes people in general when he's treated as a human being, and he likes jokes. He likes to laugh and he likes to smile. I remember him saying, 'The most beautiful thing in the world is a beaming face.' As for irritability—no. Father is not a nervous man. In fact, he is a very calm and deliberate man."

Does he like conversation? Or does he withdraw into silence when people are around?

"Oh, no. Father loves conversation! I argue with him frequently, and he loves it. He is in his element then. He doesn't orate, but he is a good talker. He likes discussion better than anything else. And he likes people. He is a social creature. I have heard him say he especially likes to be surrounded by young people. He finds they refresh him. He doesn't particularly relish the company of people his own age. I have heard him say that he doesn't like to be reminded of his age, and that he is most relaxed when young people speak to him."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Carib Climate

By Joan Aucourt

Tireless, the swiftly shifting sun
Scribbles romances in the shade,
Each a sufficient, single one
No matter how minutely made.

The jointed lizard on the rock
Succinct and undeciphered stands,
A tiny semaphore to mock
Love letters spelled with lips and hands.

The humming hieroglyphic wing,
A delicate fury in the air,
Hums with the will to say and sing
And celebrate its scented lair.

And the sea's white-lashed emerald eye,
A faceted and lucent liar,
Winks at the mild and maiden sky
Cool riddles of marine desire.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In the early days did he help in chores about the house—cooking, shopping, dishwashing, repairing?

"He was not too good at any of these things, but he tried his best, as far as I can remember."

Did he help you with your lessons?

"Only when I asked him to."

Did he ever mention his professional work at home?

"Oh, yes. While I was still quite young, father would often enter the house saying very happily, 'I have a new idea.' And then he would explain it to all of us in terms nearly all of us could understand. Of course it was only the principal axiom, stated very generally. But he was delighted when we understood, or seemed to. He was even more delighted when we'd argue with him. And, of course, I still do."

Does that mean that you understand your father's theories?

"Heavens, no. Frankly, I just don't possess that kind of mathematical knowledge. Understanding them calls for years of specialized study. And my specialization is quite different."

It has been said that only twelve persons in the world understand your father's theory of relativity. Do you consider that to be true?

Dr. Hans Albert laughed. "I'm no authority on that subject, but I can tell you that when that statement was once made to father, he literally snorted, 'Pure nonsense!'"

Did your father direct your studies when you were a youth?

"Substantially, no. He thinks liberally on this subject. As I said, he enjoys discussions and arguments. He likes to convince his fellow man of the truth of his theories. But he never goes so far as to threaten the personal integrity of the individual.

"This was his approach to the members of his family too. He watched over our studies, after we had chosen our field, but he never sought to impose his will on us. His method was to suggest, to reason with us—and to allow us to decide.

"I am a civil engineer and work in sedimentary research. It is the organic part of soil conservation, for which both father and I foresee a great future. But there is no real analogy between it and father's work."

Did your father have anything to do with your choice of a career, then?

"Yes, he did. I want to repeat that he never tried to force his will on anyone. This may be because he remembered his own youth. At the age of sixteen his father urged him to forget his 'philosophical nonsense,' and apply himself to the 'sensible trade' of electrical engineering.

"But in the middle 1930's, when I was studying in Switzerland and in some doubt as to whether I should come to the United States and take up soil-conservation research, he did all he could to persuade me. I have his letter—it's about the only one I've kept of his."

He got it for me. "*Lieber Albert,*" it began. "*Ich weiss dass du einen harden Kopf hast*"—which, colloquially translated, means, "I know that you are somewhat muleheaded." "But I am so convinced that you are on the brink of committing an irrevocably foolish mistake that I am going to make one last try. Soil conservation has a great future in this country [the U. S.]. In the light of present hardships, you can't throw this away from you. In the end you'll find yourself between two chairs and the floor, and no one will care. If you stay in Europe you will lose your citizenship, which is very important now. Besides, you'll get out of your profession, and no one is indispensable. So think it over carefully again. Don't let temporary difficulties make you go headfirst into the wall. With best wishes to you and all of yours. Papa."

"I took father's advice," Hans said. "I've not regretted it."

What do you consider your father's outstanding characteristic?

"His stubbornness—the same 'muleheadedness' that he attributed to me. By and large, I think it's a good trait. One of the reasons for his success is his determination to stay and struggle with a problem until it's solved. You mustn't forget that his relativity theory, and all the others which he developed, did not come to him in a blinding flash—as, for example, Newton's law of gravity is supposed to have come to him when an apple fell on his head. Many, many years of thought and mental struggle lie behind father's theories. And in that time, despite all kinds of criticism and even heated attacks upon him as a crack-brained scientist, father stood his ground.

"Yes, his major trait definitely is his stubbornness, the same virtue—or fault—that he criticizes so sharply in me."

Do you still ask your father's help in solving your problems?

(Continued on Page 139)



Recipe for making a room bigger . . . with light

WHY let your living room hem you in? Push back its walls! Chase away its shad- Bring the outdoors in!

"ight Conditioning" will do it! With a to-wall lighted valance combined with ctly located portable lamps, your living can reach beyond its walls to create an on of spaciousness.

ur whole room comes alive. Furnishings . Gloomy corners fade away. Your pre- eyes get new protection as you read a or sew a fine seam.

veloped by General Electric, "Light Con- ing" is a scientific combination of the lamp bulbs in the right lamps at the places.

s easy to Light Condition your home. find complete information in a new ral Electric booklet "*See Your Home in w Light*". It contains 22 easy-to-follow s for every seeing situation.

For instance, here's how to light your living room like the one above: In the valance **(A)**, fluorescent lamps for over-all illumination. For sewing or reading **(B)**, use a swing-arm lamp with a bulb that allows three light levels to suit any seeing task. End-table lamps **(C)**, for reading on the sofa call for three-light bulbs, too. Studious young eyes need two wall lamps **(D)**, over the desk, using at least 100-watt bulbs; and again for reading or sewing, you'll want a three-lite bulb in a senior floor lamp **(E)**.

For the best results from Light Conditioning, use General Electric Lamp bulbs, of course.



FREE! For your free copy of "See Your Home in a New Light", the new G-E "Light Conditioning" recipe booklet, write General Electric, Nela Park, Div. 166-LHJ-4, Cleveland 12, Ohio.



4-LAMP PACKAGE. Easy way to buy lamp bulbs and keep spares on hand. 4 60-watt lamps, 36c; 4 100-watt, 64c, plus tax.

FLUORESCENT. Used in valance in living room above. 20-watt, 85c; 25-watt, $1.00; 30-watt, $1.05, plus tax.

3-LITE BULB, 50-100-150 watts. Used in table and swing-arm lamps above. 30c plus tax.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC



BUY-LINES

AN ADVERTISING PA

HAS it ever occurred to you how greatly our language has been enriched by William Shakespeare . . . how much we qu him in day to day conversation? We do, you know, every time we make such remarks as "I'll tell the world" . . . "in t twinkling of an eye" . . . "as the day is long" . . . "something in the wind" . . . and even "what the dickens". When you co sider the hundreds of quotations from his plays and sonnets that we use daily, you can see how poor our modern spee would be had Shakespeare never lived and written. So, since April marks both his birth and his death, it seems fitting th we borrow from the "Bard of Avon" to tell you about this month's "Buy-Lines".



FOR THIS RELIEF, MUCH THANKS! That's what you'll say once you own a smart, new ICE chest . . . for it's the only really [illegible] way to relieve the overcrowding -ends and when you en- without mine. It keeps den-fresh and vitamin- led beverages in a hurry, I always have plenty of , crystal-clear, taste-free, mpany can make. In fact, d consider it an essential your local Ice Company Buy . . . economical to use.

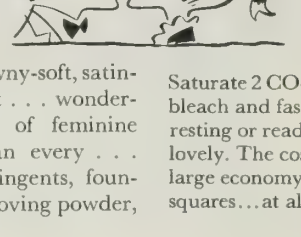
IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE . . . spring rains can ruin the loveliest hair-do—unless you have a good permanent. And I recommend TONI . . . for it rewards with a wave that's truly as soft and lovely as naturally curly hair . . . and takes no more care than naturally curly hair. TONI actually *guarantees* it . . . because TONI has the gentlest waving lotion known *plus* the new wonder neutralizer, Permafix. It conditions your hair . . . leaves your wave silken-soft at the very first combing and makes it more beautifully natural month after month. I mean that! From the moment you unwind your curls, your TONI wave is as soft as naturally cu hair . . . yet rain after rain—shampoo after shampoo your TONI stays in! And TO costs only $1. So don't delay . . . get a TONI HOME PERMANENT Refill Kit a "crown" yourself with natural looking, rain resisting curls this very day.



SLEEP, O GENTLE SLEEP comes on "wings" of dreamy comfort when you "drift off" on Lady PEPPERELL Muslin Sheets . . . for they're exquisitely textured, luxuriously soft and smooth. And here's something else you'll like about Lady PEPPERELLS . . . long wear is built right into every beautiful thread. In fact, recent tests prove that these luxury muslin sheets are 33% *stronger crosswise* than regular muslins . . . and, of course, it's the crosswise threads that get the most wear 'n' tear. Today, particularly, you want to get most-for-your-money value—sheets that will give you the longest and best wear. So treat yourself to the *extra* value of a finer, firmer luxury sheet . . . by insisting on Lady PEPPERELL Superfine Muslins when you shop. And besides choosing the snowy-white ones, if I were you, I'd get some of the gorgeous "personality" colors, too . . . Aqua, Pink, Misty Yellow, Hyacinth Blue, Ashes of Roses, Spring Green and Peach Bloom.



THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE runs smooth . . . for the girl who is wise in the ways of tip to toe grooming. So let me remind you again . . . a CO-ET is your best "bet" for all your beauty needs. Why? Because these little fluted cotton squares are downy-soft, satin-smooth and extra-absorbent . . . wonderfully gifted in every art of feminine "sorcery". And I do mean every . . . from applying lotions, astringents, foundations and make-up to removing powder, rouge, nail polish and like. Which reminds . . . you'll soon be wear short-sleeved and slee less dresses. So try trick to erase dark, ro patches on your elbows



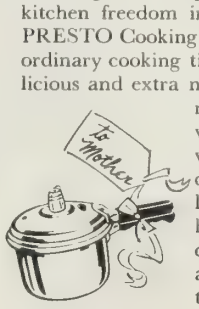
Saturate 2 CO-ETS with lemon juice or n bleach and fasten them to your elbows wh resting or reading . . . makes 'em smooth a lovely. The cost of CO-ETS? Just 35¢ for large economy package with 80 fluted cot squares . . . at all Drug and Cosmetic Count



IS IT LOVE'S LABOR LOST when you wash your hair . . . because it's so dry, brittle and unruly you can't do a thing with it? Then I'll wager you're using a drying shampoo . . . so take a tip from John Robert Powers, famous beauty authority, and switch to new KREML Shampoo which has a *natural oil base*. He recommends it to all his models . . . considers it a must under the conditions they work. And here's why . . . KREML Shampoo doesn't have the harsh, drying effects of many detergents. But that's what I've been telling you for years . . . for it always leaves my hair caressably soft and a darling to manage . . . as well as encourages any natural curl that drying shampoos tend to destroy. I like its special cleansing qualities, too . . . the way it brings out all the sparkling highlights in your hair and makes it shine with natural sheen. But try KREML Shampoo yourself . . . and see.

FOR MOTHER'S DAY, I recommend a gift of lasting pleasure . . . a wonderful new PRESTO Cooker. It's the best-of-all kitchen helpers . . . and "gives" in so many different ways. Just listen:

It can give her up to 300 extra hours of kitchen freedom in a single year . . . for PRESTO Cooking is 3 to 4 times faster than ordinary cooking times. It gives doubly delicious and extra nutritious meals, too . . . retains natural food flavors and colors, plus the vitamins, minerals and other ingredients lost in long cooking. Also saves her money . . . turns cheaper cuts of meats and fowl into peak taste treats *and* requires only a pin-point flame for a very short time.

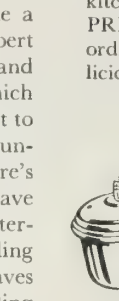


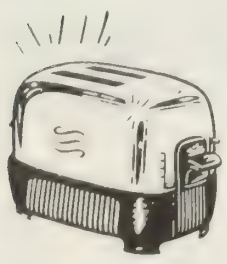
Prices start at only $10.95 (slightly higher in Western zone), with a marvelous 128-page recipe book included . . . so see the wide variety of sizes and models at your Dealer's soon. If you'd like literature, HURRY . . . write PRESTO, Dept. S, Eau Claire, Wisconsin.



'TIS A WISE MOTHER who knows that cotton tips are used for such delicate purposes that she always insists on the finest . . . Johnson's COTTON TIPS. She knows she can trust them. Briefly, because they're made by Johnson & Johnson . . . and no one else in the world has such experience, such skill, in making baby products. And to be specific, Johnson's COTTON TIPS have all kinds of advantages . . . are *baby-soft* since they're made of the world's finest cotton. And are *baby-safe* . . . for they're sterilized right in the box . . . constantly checked by famous Johnson & Johnson quality-control method. And, of course, for extra convenience and economy, they're double-tipped . . . with the cotton spun directly on the stick to keep it firmly anchored and prevent twisting. So don't just ask for "cotton tips" . . . be a wise mother and insist on Johnson's COTTON TIPS. Come in two sizes . . . 29¢ and 49¢.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE . . . and y "role" should be a happy one. But th impossible if you're suffering from painful hurt of a corn . . . so let me tell the *quick-easy* way to remove these "t mentors" completely. Just wrap a BLU JAY Corn Plaster over the corn the m ute it appears . . . *instantly* the soft felt p end agonizing shoe pressure. Next Nup caine, an exclus feature of BLUE-J soothes away bit surface pain as BLU JAY's medication tly loosens the c . . . then in a few d you simply lift it But take this sug tion . . . if the corn is on your little toe, BLUE-JAY Little Toe Plasters. That's cause they contain all the regular BLU JAY features and come in a spe "woman's size" . . . but are especially signed to fit your little toe. So let me u you to get both kinds of BLUE-JAY C Plasters at your drug counter . . . then can always play a smiling, happy "pa





FOREVER AND A DAY . . . you can have toast to your taste. That is, if you have a smart, new GENERAL ELECTRIC Automatic Toaster . . . for you just set the control (to dark, light or in-between) and every slice comes out exactly as you like it. I think that's what I like best about a G-E Automatic Toaster . . . it delivers *uniform* toast . . . whether you toast one slice or twenty. What's more, it pops the toast up or keeps it down . . . until you, the family and the breakfast are ready. But there's still another feature about this sleek, shiny beauty that wins my heart . . . its wondrous Snap-in Crumb Tray. You simply snap it out, brush it off or wash it with your dishes . . . then snap it in again. It's as easy as that! I can assure you, too, that a G-E Automatic Toaster is built to last a lifetime . . . yet costs only $22.95! So visit your G-E Dealer . . . today!

SPRINGTIME INVITES FRIENDS to drop in . . . and while informality is the "rule" for these impromptu get-togethers, gracious hospitality is still the "keynote". So let me give you a few "entertaining" tips . . . first, turn on a radio or TV program . . . then pass around big bowls full of hot, buttered JOLLY TIME Pop Corn. I don't know anything that "spells" fun so perfectly . . . for it *always* pops crisp, tender and delicious . . . with no hulls or hard centers. Reason it's so much better than any other kind is this . . . JOLLY TIME is grown from special seed and sealed airtite in metal tins to keep it fresh, flavorful and perfect for p ping all year 'round. And that reminds me . . . why not let your guests have added fun of popping their own? Takes only a few minutes . . . and you can any kind of popper or pan. It's so good it goes fast, though . . . so better get seve cans of *both* kinds . . . JOLLY TIME White and Giant Yellow



y Nancy Sasser

For Your Table



AS YOU LIKE IT these lazy daisy days . . . delicious-to-taste, easy-to-make protein main dishes. And it's no sooner said than done if you turn your "catering" over to DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets . . . for it's a different, delightful salmon—light in color, delicate in flavor. It's wonderfully economical and the skin is removed . . . ready to serve with a quick flick of a can opener. Has endless "talents", too . . . but now that it's spring, let it "star" in a salad. t follow your fancy . . . or try this for a treat:

x together 1 cup DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets (one ½-lb. can), ¼ cup chopped cucumber arinated in vinegar), ¼ cup chopped celery and mayonnaise. Serve on crisp lettuce with ish roses and green onions.

d try this tasty "twosome", too . . . DEMING'S Sirloin Salmon (that old favorite Alaska d Sockeye) with skin removed, and DEMING'S Recipe Pink Salmon in the regular k. They're wonderful.

RTYING IS SUCH SWEET PLEASURE . . . provided the hostess has as ch fun as her guests. And she does when she turns her refreshment oblem" over to WALTER BAKER . . . for the maker of Premium . 1, America's favorite cooking chocolate, now brings you BAKER'S v 4 in 1 Instant Sweet Cocoa Mix. It's the secret of 4 deliciously erent chocolate treats all out of one package . . . all with that famous ALTER BAKER flavor . . . ready to serve wink-quick:



1. *Delicious, extra chocolaty Instant Cocoa* . . . scrumptious steaming hot or cold milk. 2. *The smoothest, creamiest Frosting* . . . made in "no" time. 3. *Luscious, gorgeous Fudge* . . . so easy—no long cooking—no testing. 4. *Heavenly Chocolate Sauce* . . . a "tip-top" topping for ice cream, cake and pudding. "Can't-s" directions for each tempting treat right on the package.

member—everything chocolate tastes *best* when it's BAKER'S . . . so get WALTER KER'S 4 in 1 today and party with pleasure from now on.



RE'S A TWICE TOLD TALE that bears re-ting . . . DEL MONTE Pineapple ce is the most delicious, sunny refresher t could possibly choose . . . the ideal nk for every occasion. And it's easy to erstand why . . . for DEL MONTE'S clusive strains of pineapple have true pic flavor! Then they're packed only en natural tartness and sweetness are in fect balance . . . not too tart, not too et . . . the perfect juice for all round use. don't take my word for it . . . just com-e DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice with other brand and your own taste will you it's "tops" in luscious, tantalizing reshment. It's good for you, too . . . ounds in natural fruit sugars and is a od source of Vitamin C. What amazes is this . . . DEL MONTE Unsweetened eapple Juice is as much a boon to your get as it is a treat to your taste . . . so p plenty on hand and serve it often.



THIS ABOVE ALL remember . . . whether you entertain a crowd or a couple, it's always a party when TRISCUIT shredded whole wheat wafers are "invited". They add life and zest to every festivity . . . for there's no other cracker so zesty, so zingy, so taste-enticing wonderful. That's because they're made by National Biscuit Company . . . a-tang with hearty whole wheat goodness, salted to a "T" and crisped to a golden fare-thee-well. You'll love 'em...right from the package with salads, soups and beverages . . . as well as a merry match with cheese and spreads. And speaking of spreads, here's a "tempter" to do you proud:

Mix 1 cup cooked ground ham, ¼ cup minced parsley, 2 tbsp. mayonnaise, 2 tbsp. horseradish. Spread generously on TRISCUIT wafers.

Your family will enjoy this distinctive biscuit with meals and between meals, too . . . so get several packages at a time! Just look for the red NABISCO Seal.

T BE OR NOT TO BE an expert at king rice . . . is that the ques-n? Well, the answer is easy . . . UNCLE BEN'S Converted ng Grain Rice and you're al-ys assured of perfect results. at's no exaggeration . . . it's n guaranteed to cook up ite, light and fluffy every e or your money back. hat's more, each fluffy grain stays sep-ate . . . even when stored in the re-igerator and reheated. It's the most delicious and nutritious rice you could serve, too . . . "boasts" a luscious new nut-like flavor and extra B Vitamins. And because UNCLE BEN'S is the fluffy, fluffy rice, it's perfect as a vegetable, an entree and a dessert. Serve UNCLE BEN'S as a meat accompaniment, too. Just see how it extends the goodness of meat, fish and poultry. Yes, when combined with UNCLE BEN'S, a little bit of meat flavor goes a long, long way.



(Continued from Page 136)

"Oh, yes, quite often. He answers conscientiously and his views about the subject in question are given in great detail."

Did your father help you out financially in your earlier years?

"I received considerable financial aid from him when I came to the United States at his invitation—and expense—in 1937. In fact, through this assistance I was able to establish myself here."

Did your father help you by introducing you personally, or sending letters of introduction ——

I was unable to finish this question. Dr. Hans Albert interrupted me. "Oh, no, no!" he said, with great emphasis, waving his pipe. "I have never asked him for any letter of introduction. I have never in any way wished to attempt to make use of his name or his fame. That I would never do!"

How often does he write to you?

"Whenever there is something to be said."

Your father is often described as the typical absent-minded professor. Is he that?

"Far from it. We used to hear so many fantastic stories, but we have become used to them. They used to say he'd walk out with one black and one tan shoe. Nonsense. They talk of his so-called eccentricities—his uncut hair, his never wearing ties, his meeting distinguished personalities in a pull-over sweater, baggy trousers and slippers. But the simple truth as to his dress is that he likes to be comfortable. He wants nothing to restrict or restrain him. He dislikes anything tight about his neck, so he doesn't wear neckties. He finds a loose sweater gives him physical freedom and comfort. By the same token, he likes his hair as it is—free—and as Nature would have it. He prefers not to be regimented into visiting a barbershop.

The worst bankrupt in the world is the man who has lost his enthusiasm. Let him lose everything else but enthusiasm and he will come through again to success.
—H. W. ARNOLD.

"He is a polite person. He cares for social life and he enjoys it. But as to appearance, he thinks that one should be perfectly free to dress as one wishes, as simply, as unostentatiously and as comfortably as possible. When Pandit Nehru was here from India he visited father in Princeton—and father greeted him in sweater and open shirt and slippers. He felt it was not necessary to change his habits because he was to meet someone. He likes slippers because they are more comfortable than shoes. But you can bet that his slippers match.

"Absent-minded? No. Father is a precise man. He dates his letters. He signs his name. He does not forget his umbrella and he does not arrive on Thursday for Wednesday's appointment. Not father. His desk, for example, is always clean. As a child I used to play in his study, but I never remember playing with his papers—they were never about. They were always filed away in his desk. There was nothing in disarray.

"And speaking of professors in general—absent-minded or not—father is not enamored of the general academic type as such. He says the pedantic type of mind has always bored him.

"As for father's not knowing what he's eating and/or being as easily satisfied with this as with that—that's bosh. As a matter of fact, he's something of a gourmet. He loves good food—simple dishes, but well prepared—and he is quite conscious of the difference between good and indifferently prepared food.

"To give you an idea of how keenly he feels about good food, he used to say to me, 'You can measure the cultural level of a people by what they eat. The Germans, for example, have the reputation of having a very bad cuisine. Their taste and personality are clearly reflected in *Biersuppe* (beer soup) and *Kartoffel Puffer* (potato pancakes). The latter would serve better as glue than as a substance to be eaten. Yet the Germans cling to the idea that both are food!'"

What about games? Does he play any?

"With the exception of the mathematical puzzles I've mentioned, he has little interest often by those who enjoy mathematics. [illegible]

What about sports?

"He doesn't go in for them very much, either—that is, spectator sports. He's never, to my knowledge, attended a horse race, a baseball or a football game. But he does enjoy being out of doors. He loves boating and he's an experienced yachtsman. He has a sailboat of his own, you know, and you can always find him in the summertime piloting it about the waters near Princeton.

"His favorite sport is, of course, walking. He likes hikes—not only for the exercise, but for the sense of freedom they give him. But he hates to climb. You'd think that with his Swiss background he'd enjoy mountain climbing, but he doesn't. Even the sight of mountains depresses him—they bear down on him, he says. But wide-open plains, vast expanses of space—these delight his eye and uplift his spirit. One of the reasons he enjoys boating is the wide vistas of water, the distances he can see. And, when he walks, he likes to have a companion—usually some alert, intellectually stimulating young person—to walk with him. Then, walking and talking, walking and developing a theme, he is really happy."

Has he any other hobbies?

"Well, of course, there is his violin. Father loves it. And make no mistake, he's not a novice. He has surprised many musicians with his skill. He once said that music was 'an inner necessity' to him. As a child, I remember father would be in his study, working over some problem, and then, unexpectedly, the sound of his violin. That was how he relaxed, instead of pacing back and forth, or lying down to rest."

Does he collect anything?

"You certainly wouldn't call father a collector. He smokes pipes, you know—usually short ones. He has a rather sizable assortment of them, but nothing to be called a formal collection. He reads widely, but he doesn't even collect books. He has been quoted as having said, 'I prefer thinking to reading.' That's not true. He says, 'I don't care for a large library, but I read a great deal. Not detective or adventure stories, but anything that interests me.' And what interests him usually beside science, is history, biography, essays. He is fond of fine pictures, but does not collect them. No, he is not a collector—and this goes for money too."

I asked Hans Albert if he had heard about the fantastic offers made to his father—such as that of an automobile company which offered him $25,000 and a luxurious sedan if he would pose beside it for publicity purposes, of the fabulous Hollywood invitations to play himself in films.

"Yes," said Hans Albert. "Those offers are tossed into the wastebasket. I think that despite father's comprehension of things most of us can't even begin to understand, he is really bewildered by some of the everyday things he runs across."

And politics?

"In a general sense, father has no love either for politics or politicians. But he has always been aware that politics is a very important factor in life. It is because he feels deeply about democracy, for instance, that on occasion he has tried to do what he could to influence events.

"It was his anxiety for the fate of civilization and the fear that Nazi barbarism would overrun the world that compelled father to write that letter to President Roosevelt in 1939.

"It was the one which went: 'Some recent work by E. Fermi and L. Szilard, which has been communicated to me in manuscript, leads me to expect that the element uranium, may be turned into a new and

(Continued on Page 141)



This is "MERIDIAN"... an exciting new blend ... one of Magee's famous carpets-of-tomorrow. Available now in Gull Grey (shown here), Sand Beige, Balsam Green, Legend Rose. 27 inch, 9 and 12 foot widths.

(Continued from Page 139)

tant source of energy in the immediate future. . . . A single bomb of this type . . . exploded in a port . . . might very well destroy the whole port, together with the surrounding territory . . .'

"The result, of course," Hans Albert continued, "was Hiroshima and the crushing of Japanese imperialism by the A-bomb.

"But by ordinary political standards, father might very well be called 'unrealistic.'"

What are your father's religious beliefs?

"I think," said Hans Albert, "that if we use the ritualistic and ordinary meaning of the word 'religion,' father isn't religious. But if one spends many years as he has in seeking the solution to problems which will benefit all mankind, that in itself is an abiding faith of a sort.

"Hitler awakened in father a pride in being Jewish. Father's humanistic thinking, in turn, had a lot to do with awakening in him an interest in Zionism. Father spent years in aiding the Zionist movement, not as a Zionist, but because father has always been a champion of the downtrodden.

"Father doesn't go in for religious ritual, but in the interest of charity I have seen him, wearing the traditional skullcap, play his violin in a synagogue. Father is religious in this way."

How do you think your father feels about the state of the world today?

"As a man with strong imagination and an idealist," said Hans Albert, "he is by definition something of a dreamer. His conception of the unity of peoples and world brotherhood is often seemingly Utopian, but he is not discouraged, even when he sees opposite tendencies prevailing. To many persons he may appear to be a very naïve man. Since father isn't an opportunist, he unhesitatingly stands on the side he considers right, without regard for the fact that it may not be popular with the majority. Sometimes his views prove not to have been correct, but he still holds to them, saying, 'Well, that would have been the right course to pursue, regardless of whether it would triumph or not.' One of his favorite sayings which expresses part of his philosophy is, 'There is one thing we do know; man is here for the sake of other men.'"

THE interview was drawing to a close. Were there any examples of Einstein's sense of humor he could cite?

"When father first came to the United States in 1921 there was a series of elaborate receptions for him.

"He was invited to the White House. He was awarded an honorary degree at Princeton. Nicholas Murray Butler, then President of Columbia University, called him 'the ruling monarch of the modern mind' at the concluding banquet. Somebody asked father what he thought of this very fancy reception he had received.

"'It was nice,' said father. 'I now feel exactly like a famous baseball player.'

"Then there is his statement: 'Now that my theory of relativity has been proved true, Germany will claim me as a German and France will claim me as a citizen of the world. Had the theory proved false, France would have said I was a German scientist and Germany would have declared that I was a Swiss Jew.'"

I turned to Mrs. Frieda Einstein. "Do you have anything to add?" I asked.

"All I can tell you," she said, and she chose her words, "is that Doctor Einstein has been the sweetest, kindest, most understanding father-in-law any woman would want. I know nothing about him as a scientist, except what I read. But as a human being—as a father-in-law—he is a good and wonderful man."

NOW eighteen-year-old Bernard came into the room. He and his sister, Evalyn, nine, are Einstein's only grandchildren. Blond, bespectacled, with something of his father's features, Bernard had just graduated from Berkeley High School. He said that he, too, had his difficulties with the name Einstein.

"But it works two ways," he said. "I remember once arguing with a fellow on a trolley about a math problem. The argument got pretty heated until at last he almost shouted, 'Who do you think you are, anyway, Einstein?' I answered 'Yes!' and everyone on the trolley burst out laughing.

"Then there was my physics teacher. When I first enrolled, he began reading the list of names and then announced, 'It looks as if the class average is going to go up. We have an Einstein in our midst.'

"The only catch about that is that it didn't go up particularly."

I asked Bernard what his classmates had to say about his grandfather.

Said Bernard, "Well, he's a little too deep for them, frankly. They know he had something to do with the atom bomb, and that he's put out some kind of gravitation theory which is supposed to be even more important than his relativity theory, but they're not very sure what it's all about. Neither am I, for that matter."

"Why don't you ask your grandfather about it?"

Bernard Einstein grinned. "I'm going to have my own troubles with my profs in college," he said. "You don't see me taking on any Einstein!"

As I left them I thought of what Einstein had said of America when I had visited him at Princeton.

We were in the small garden outside the house. I asked him if he ever considered going back to Europe someday, or perhaps to the new Israel.

Einstein smiled. "I have no intention of leaving America," he said. "I have peace here." And pointing to the green grass under his feet, he added, "I will die here."

THE END

They say that no two autumn leaves are alike. That is true of individualities. "Individual" is that which cannot be divided between two: it all belongs to one. Josiah Royce has shown that while we can classify human individualities into certain general categories, like phlegmatic, or sanguine, or nervous, we can never put our finger on the precise spiritual formula that is Abraham Lincoln and not George Washington, or that is George Washington and not Abraham Lincoln. We are conscious of each other's individualities and of our own, but the secret of our uniqueness forever eludes us. Perhaps that is what Prof. A. N. Whitehead meant by saying that sooner or later each individual has to recognize the fact of his own ultimate solitariness; that in the last analysis nobody can perfectly understand us, or perfectly sympathize with us, or perfectly answer our thought or satisfy our needs. We are mysteries to each other, and even to ourselves.

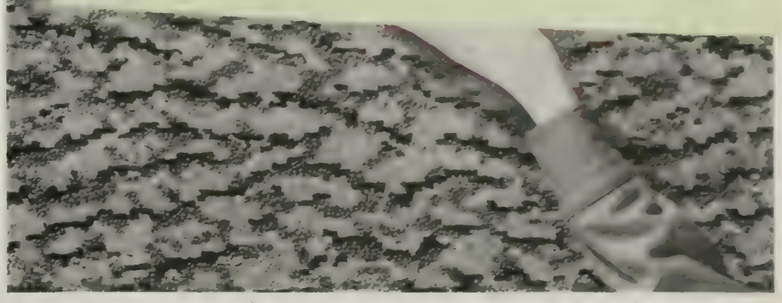
That is a terrifying thought—that in the final analysis each one of us is alone in a cold, uncomprehending world. It is an unendurable thought. When Professor Whitehead tries to pacify that terror by saying "Religion is what the individual does with his own solitariness," he gives us just the lead we want. Paul does the same service: we are "hid with Christ in God." God holds the secret of each individuality. He knows us; and, although we know in part, we shall know even as we are known.

—CHARLES E. PARK:
from Man's Destiny in Eternity,
by M. T. Garvin (Beacon Press).

y

FOAMEX*

es you



A whole new world awaits you at your carpet dealer's during

Carpet Fashion Opening *April 2nd through 12th*

Not only dramatic new colors and patterns...but revolutionary carpet news! No smart woman can afford to miss this important event. Included in the Carpet Fashion Collection for 1951 is Magee's magnificent RANCHERIA . . . a new ranch house style of carpeting for leisurely living.

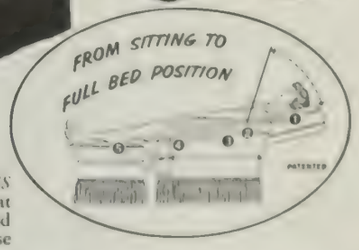
magee *makes a house a home*

The Magee Carpet Company ★ Mills: Bloomsburg, Pa.

RELAX and FEEL BETTER
in the ONLY chair that
AUTOMATICALLY RECLINES
to any Comfort position
La-Z-Boy
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



NOT THIS BUT THIS



No other chair or lounge has *LA-Z-BOY'S* exclusive *patented floating back* and *seat* that automatically adjust to *any* position you find the most relaxing. This is important, because the same *posture position* is not always comfortable for everyone . . . that is why doctors say you should change your posture as you recline to get the most healthful relaxation. And best of all, you'll be proud to have a *LA-Z-BOY* in your home for there are 9 modern styles and 120 beautiful fabrics to choose from.

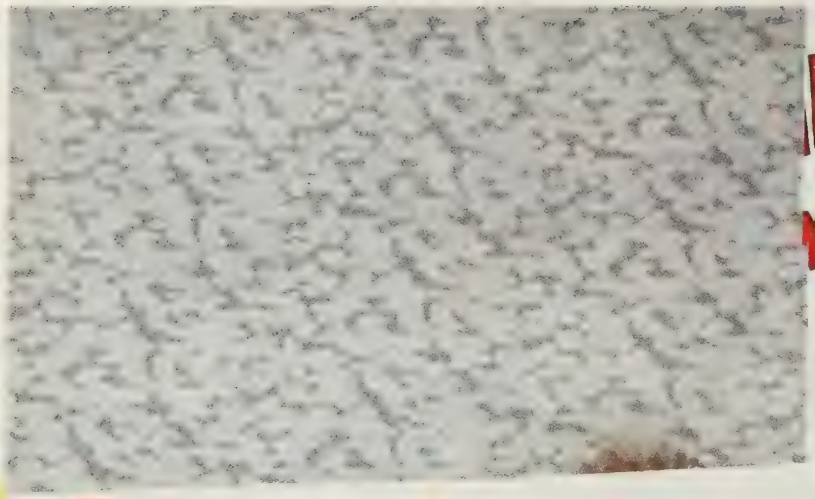
You owe it to yourself to see how this amazing chair can give you the relaxing comfort you need for better health. Write today for folder illustrating the latest styles and the name of your *LA-Z-BOY* dealer.

Your body doesn't stay in one rigid posture when you relax in a La-Z-Boy

1. Full support for your back and neck muscles.
2. Floating back conforms to your back because patented feature allows *perfect balance* of your body in *all* positions.
3. Seat automatically moves forward, as back reclines, this relieves pressure from your hips and gives you *correct body posture* in *all* positions.
4. Floating seat gives you complete support at this point.
5. LA-Z-BOY Ottoman is right height for leg support.

LA-Z-BOY CHAIR CO. • MONROE, MICH., U.S.A.
IN CANADA: LA-Z-BOY FURN. CO., LTD. • WATERLOO, ONT.

ke-Believe wins



Showery, showery, April comes due. The world seems as wet as the sea is. So Penny's a Mermaid and Peter's one, too —— though of course it's a Merman that he is.

They live in a Castle (or sometimes a cave) where no one can find the deep under the wave. They've Seaweed for breakfast and shells for their dishes. They visit with whales and the pleasanter fishes. And nobody, Nobody, has any notion how lovely the weather is, under the ocean.





A wicked old Octopus once, on the sly, almost captures poor Penny as she's floating by. But Pete calls the Swordfish who save her in time, and the wicked old octopus pays for his crime.



Oh, it's wonderful, dwelling down there in the Foam. But Peter and Penny remember their home. So when Evening comes on, they swim up from the deep with their hands full of coral, their eyes full of sleep.



By PHYLLIS McGINLEY
DRAWN By ROBERTA MacDONALD

only Firestone FOAMEX* gives you full measure of luxurious comfort



Mr. Edward J. Crowley, manager of Los Angeles' exclusive Town House, says:

"Our guests expect and deserve the greatest comfort we can provide. That's why we chose *Foamex* cushioning. In constant use—on units that serve as sofas by day, beds by night — *Foamex* is not only tops for comfort, but has proved far more long-wearing and economical than ordinary mattress material."

■ You can treat yourself, your family, and your guests to the same sleep and rest luxury that distinguishes the fabulous Lanai Rooms at Los Angeles' Town House. *Foamex* is priced for you . . . and you . . . and everyone. In terms of upkeep minimized; housework lightened; service lengthened; comfort heightened — *Foamex* is a whopping bargain. It never sags or lumps. You never need turn a *Foamex* mattress. It keeps its shape — the shape of comfort — forever. See *Foamex* — beautiful in furniture, blissful in bedding, sensible in cars. At better stores and showrooms everywhere.

Remember — just a few inches of Foamex gives you more pure comfort than twice as much ordinary cushioning.



■ **space-saving beauty in furniture**
Foamex does away with the "over-stuffed" look . . . provides the utmost comfort — with no clumsy bulk at all.



■ **shape-holding comfort in bedding**
a feature of the Town House Lanai rooms. *Foamex* mattresses and pillows are non-allergic . . . self-ventilating, too.



■ **more head and leg room in cars**
Foamex is a slim, trim space-saver that makes cars roomier . . . seats more comfortable than ever.

*TRADE MARK

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Listen to The Voice of Firestone Monday Evenings over NBC

© 1951, Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

TELEPHONE TYPES



EARLY BIRD (7:45 A.M.) "Ha-ha! Did I get you up off the nice smooth Cannon Percales?"



WRONG NUMBER (9:30 A.M.) "Give me the sheet department, I want to order Cannon . . . What? Isn't this the Local Store?"



BAD-NEWS GIRL (10:00 A.M.) "Uh-huh, Ann's beau jilted her—and her with a hope chest full of Cannon Combspun Percales."



SO-I-SAID QUEEN (10:25 A.M.) "So I said, 'Silly, Combspun means the cotton is combed till it's smoother and softer.'"



BARGAIN-SHOUTER (11:00 A.M.) "Darling! Got the best sheet buy! Heavenly! Yes, Cannon Percale . . . How'd you know?"



GUSHER (1:00 P.M.) "Divine week end, dear—never slept more divinely than on your divine Cannon Percales . . ."



MY-DAY RECITER (2:00 P.M.) "Then I made the beds . . . bless Cannon Combspun Percales for being so light . . ."



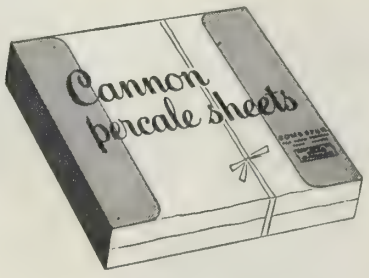
GOSSIP (3:30 P.M.) "I heard her tell Emma she likes washing her Cannon Percales . . . says they're so lightweight it's a cinch!"

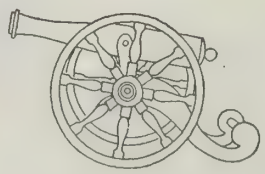


BRAGGY MAMA (3:45 P.M.) "Good thing Cannon Combspun Percales are so strong—darling Ronald spent all morning tying them in knots!"



SHOPPING HOUND (4:30 P.M.) "Let supper wait—come while I spend some smart money on Cannon Combspun Percale Sheets!"







TRADE MARK CANNON

CANNON *Combspun* PERCALE SHEETS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CANNON TOWELS • STOCKINGS • BLANKETS • BEDSPREADS • CANNON MILLS, INC., N. Y. 13, N. Y. COPR. 1951, CANNON MILLS, INC.

THE WILL

(Continued from Page 39)

'om did not reply. His hunched back ced like some grotesque vegetable growth t over his rake.

'horne stood there a moment, saying hing. He was a tall man with an ugly, d but intelligent face. He was dressed in wn tweeds of no particular vintage and he ced as chill as the very air itself—part of me might say, part of November and the brown leaves.

I wouldn't burn those tonight. They're wet," he said at last.

Wasn't aiming to," Tom said.

hen Zachary Thorne said an odd thing, would have seemed so if anyone else had ressed it to other than Tom Bridges. om, do you pray to God or the devil?" he ed.

ridges straightened himself a little, but n so, was considerably shorter than his e on which he leaned. He had small eyes a withered face. "Don't pray," he said fly.

Never need any help, eh?"

Help myself," Bridges said. His misspen figure had a kind of dignity in the l dusk. "Going to be fog," he added.

Yes, fog. Well, bring the men in when y come."

He turned and went into his house, across low pillared porch, through the door with 8 over the lintel. He turned on no lights he entered the room that was a sort of liry and sitting room combined. There he push a button, but almost at once turned light off again, walked he window and looked rom his hilltop toward p's Rise beyond. The was settling fast, hudg in thick folds down the valley, but you could still see the tops of the s. Thorne watched the woolly banks for some minutes, his tall body , then he turned to an desk in the corner, ned on a desk lamp, w a sheet of paper toward him, and began write.

There are many qualities which we need alike in private citizen and in public man, but three above all—three for the lack of which no brilliancy and no genius can atone—and those three are courage, honesty and common sense.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Half an hour later the men stopped on r way home from the sawmill. It was ah Bridges, round, apple-cheeked, with shrewd blue eyes and deceptively soft gue, who brought the men in the back to Zachary Thorne in the library.

You want all these folks, Mr. Thorne?" asked. "Tom said as they was to come in

achary Thorne turned from the desk, ded briefly. "Yes, all of you," he said. "I ted to ask you to witness my will. All t?" They mumbled assent and he brought paper to the table, wrote his own name, l, "Here, where it says 'witnesses,'" and ded Ike Lawe the pen.

It was an odd scene: the weathered men n the sawmill writing their names awkdly, Sarah watching anxiously, as if rembering her mother saying "Sarah, don't er sign your name to anything you ain't d!"; Tom bending forward like a great le; Zachary Thorne standing erect and at while the pen scratched.

Thank you very much," Thorne said, put the paper into an envelope on the k.

I'll clean the pantry in the morning," ah said.

'horne hesitated, then said, "Fine."

Had any more trouble with them water s sence I was here last?"

I hadn't noticed any. . . . I won't keep . The fog's going to be thick before you home."

See you in the morning," Sarah said. fter they had gone, the house was still, ly in the night and the fog. The room a good one, with books to the ceiling, s drawn up flanking the hearth, and a p bay window with a cushioned seat about t was not a room that should look in any way desolate. But tonight, with November at the pane, coming through, it took on a curious hush, a deadness, as if the books had never been read, the sofas never been tenanted, the hearth never known a fire.

"All right. Now," Zachary Thorne said suddenly. But he paused to write a note, carried it out to the kitchen, put it on the shelf with a milk bottle holding down one corner. Then he went to a small den off the dining room, took from a drawer a pistol, walked into the library, put the gun to his head and pulled the trigger.

THE fog took over Meetinghouse Hill, the Parsonage. The night was still, impenetrable.

In the morning the sun was shining, though thinly, not giving any false hope that winter was not at hand. Sarah Bridges came in at the back door of the Parsonage as was her wont. Mr. Thorne was generally eating breakfast when she arrived, but there was no coffeepot on the stove, no sound of dishes. She went to the dining-room door and saw that no one had eaten. She was not a woman given to fancies, but she knew when things were not normal. The house had taken on a strangeness and she recognized this strangeness by pulling her purple sweater close together at her neck, buttoning the top button. Then she walked into the library and found him.

She did not go to pieces, but went at once to the telephone, called the doctor and asked him to stop for Tom on his way. There was nothing the doctor could do now, but he was someone of authority. It was not till later that she found the note on the shelf. It read:

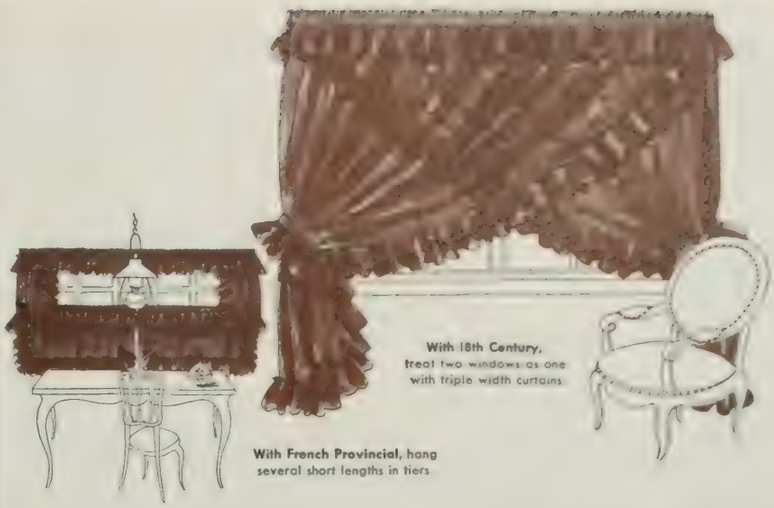
Sarah: I'm sorry that it must be you, but better you than some other. You and Tom don't pray and will take care of things without fuss or talk. I believe everything is in order. I dislike leaving you and Tom, but I regret leaving no one else.

ZACHARY THORNE.

The death was a shock to Trigo, but the suicide did not seem entirely strange to people, because Thorne had been a strange, remote sort of man, though a powerful one. There was never any thought that it might have been murder, for the note was there and Sarah and Tom Bridges were people who were believed without thought. Also, everything was in order, as if Thorne had known exactly what he was going to do and prepared for it. His receipt for a lot in the old cemetery on Meetinghouse Hill was found with the letter to his lawyer on the desk. No, he had killed himself, which was terrible enough. He had no intimate friends, so no one was deeply hurt. No one had ever heard that he had any relatives. But everyone knew him and was used to the sight of his tall figure in its worn tweed suits moving about the town, from the plant to the post office, from the bank to the tobacco store on the corner of Main and Elm.

He would be missed, but not as one loved is missed. Unless the hunchback Tom Bridges loved him, or his wife Sarah. But he had been the great man of the town; he had, so to speak, owned the town. The money in the bank stemmed from his plant, the whole town economy was built around the existence of the plant. He was power and respected as such. Then, too, he was a character, making odd remarks at odd moments, making legend while he lived.

However, his death let loose a train of events which changed Trigo. The plant was not closed down. Thorne had taken care of that, leaving authority in the hands of his superintendent, a man called Jones. Work went on as usual. But nonetheless something had happened which was to make Zachary Thorne remembered beyond the memory accruing to money and power.



You're fashion-right with

Berkshire Combed Organdy Curtains

Exclusively styled in 8 wonderful colors and white, selected by House & Garden experts

You'll find the perfect color in Berkshire Combed Organdy Curtains for any decorative color scheme—8 popular shades or frost-white, picked by House & Garden's own panel of experts.

And only Berkshire Organdies give you all these extras: fine combed yarns spun and woven in our own mills, cut and sewn in our own workrooms, generously detailed, finished with extra-full picoted ruffles, extra room for curtain rods. All Berkshire Organdies are permanently finished for crispness, washing after washing. In sizes and styles to suit every type of window.

See Berkshire's smart new colors and white combed organdy curtains at your favorite store.

Citron	*Forest Leaf*	*Flame*
Carnation	*Avocado*	*French Blue*
Hot Chocolate	*Sprout*	*White*



Berkshire®

FINE CURTAINS

Producers of the finest combed fabrics for apparel and home furnishings



Send 10¢ for booklet, "Fashions in Windows," that will help you solve your window problems . . . also name of nearest store where you can buy Berkshire Combed Organdy Curtains in House & Garden colors and white.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

BERKSHIRE CURTAINS, Dept. LH-4, Madison Sq. Sta.
Box No. 159, New York 11, N. Y.
I enclose 10c. Please send me a copy of "Fashions in Windows" and name of nearest store selling Berkshire Organdies in House & Garden colors and white.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Treasures from the Old World

LADY HANDICRAFT MADEIRA

NEEDLEPOINT BY Lees



CALLA LILY DESIGN
OCCASIONAL CHAIR NO. 1562

Variety! Color! Fabulous designs! Everything from decorator pieces to personal accessories. Lees brings you this new wealth of rare petit-point, grospoint and tramé—direct from Madeira. Every design has been exquisitely finished for you by skilled Old World fingers. All *you* do is fill in the backgrounds with Lees Matched Dye 100% virgin wool Tapestry Yarns. Rich decorator colors. Permanent moth resistance for eternal elegance. Ask for Lady Handicraft today—at your favorite Art Needlework department or write James Lees and Sons Company, Bridgeport, Pa., for name of dealer nearest you.



Complete instructions on this Lees label attached to every canvas.

OTHER FAMOUS PRODUCTS...*LEES* CARPETS AND RUGS, COLUMBIA AND MINERVA HAND-KNITTING YARNS

TRADITIONAL PIANO BENCH NO. 1738



POPPY MOTIF CHAIR SEAT NO. 1984



In the middle of the town was a pleasant square of green, and around this square business was done, but in a leisurely way. There were houses about the square, too, and a plain Congregational church and a town hall that looked almost like the church. Among the buildings was one that was quite small. It had once been the town library, and before that a one-room school, but now it contained the offices of Burrell and Webster, lawyers.

Burrell was an old man who had been born and raised in Trigo and Webster was a young fellow just out of law school and not yet adjusted to the slow, easy ways of the town. For the moment he liked the romance of the small town, but he thought Burrell an old fogy and he did not plan to stay in Trigo more than long enough to get a little experience. But he was a charming boy and never said to Burrell that he thought him old-fashioned and slow.

Burrell sat at his old roll-top desk whose cover was never closed, nor could be, and looked at the envelope in his hands.

"Wonder who he'll leave his money to," he said. "Hasn't got a soul, far as I know."

"Well, he won't leave it to me," Webster said. "Open it, why don't you?"

"You're in such a hurry, boy." He turned his swivel chair with a squeak that pained and said, "Known Thorne for thirty years—never knew him at all."

"Godless," Webster said. "That's what Hattie Stearns called him."

"Yes, he was that all right. Put the roof on the church, but that doesn't prove otherwise. Never attended. Not even church suppers. Went his own way. Ever up in the Parsonage?"

"Never."

"Good old house. In good shape. Never had any company. What did he want of a big house like that to live in all alone? Always a puzzle to me, Thorne was. Knew more about history than any man I ever met. Came in here sometimes and sat there where you're sitting and talked about history, as if it happened yesterday and he was there."

"Come on, Mr. Burrell, open that letter."

"Want to think about him first."

"I had one run-in with him," Webster said. "He said to me, 'Mr. Webster, you young men always fancy yourselves as interpreters of the law. You're its servants.'"

"Well, so you are. I don't suppose you'll know that till you are as old as I am."

He gave a small sigh, pulled his glasses down on his nose and opened the long envelope. He read slowly and once his bushy brows went up as if he had come on something astonishing.

"I'm curious, too," Webster said at last with mock patience.

The old man looked up at the young man who had a face like a poet's rather than the face of a lawyer. "I don't understand this," he said. "Listen:

"'The Last Will and Testament of Zachary Thorne.

"'I, Zachary Thorne, being of sound mind, and having no will to live longer in a world given over to death and destruction and fear, nor to longer make any instrument of death and destruction, being ashamed of mankind and unable to change it, do hereby make my will and testament. I bequeath my possessions as follows and appoint my lawyer, James Burrell, to act as executor.

"'To Thomas Hawthorne Bridges: $1000.00.

"'To Sarah Bridges, wife of the aforesa $1000.00.

"'To my natural son, Francis Lord, all rest of my property, both moneys and la of which I die possessed.

"'Signed, Zachary Thor November 11th, 19

"'Witnesses:
"'Isaac Lawe.
"'Samuel V. Brewster.
"'Rafe Le Croix.'"

He read it slowly, impressively.

Young Webster sat up straight and sta at him. "No," he said. "I don't believe i

"What it says."

"It's crazy."

"Sounds so. What it says, though. Do see how it could be. Known the Lords all life. Francis' mother is strait-laced as t come. Not possible."

"Just let me be there when you break news to Lord, that's all. It's too wonder That a Lord should have feet of clay!"

The old man folded the paper slowly, it on the desk. His face was tired, all creases showi

"Webster," he sa

"it's not wonder at all. It's terrib This is somethi that cannot be k private, you kn This is something t strikes at all of Tri I want no part of i but it seems to be you say, my baby isn't a drama o stage, you know, b It's people right h on the square, peo I've known foreve

"Sorry," Webs said. "Francis g under my skin."

"I know. Sure. Y think too much o fuss is made of h that Trigo, when a said and done, is j a little town in hills, that it's no gr shakes to be king of a little town that he ought not give himself airs. you'll find out, in ti that it doesn't make much difference whet you're king of England or king of Trigo. same rules apply. To princesses too," ended shrewdly but kindly, and Webs flushed.

"All right, cut me down to pint size," said without anger. "All the same, kings and if ever there was an unnecessary one, Francis."

"Don't know as I'd say that. Francis i right. It's not Francis so much I'm think of as Mary Lord. This will kill her. This w saying that Mary Lord committed adult with Zachary Thorne. I find it incredi But it will kill Mary. If I could tear up will, I would. It would be better if the mo went to the state."

"Ah, but how they need money!" Webs said softly. "It's hard, I should think, to your belly with pride and a houseful of tiques."

"It would be easier to sell the antiq than to take this money," Mr. Burrell s

"But what do you bet they don't take money?" Webster said.

"I know they won't. But whether they or don't, the damage will be done. The wil Zachary Thorne can't be kept secret, course. The minute it's filed it'll be in county paper. There's very little I can except tell them."

"I'd be glad to tell them," Webster s

"Thank you. No."

Webster got up and went to the wind "All right. I'm deflated," he said with turning. "But you know as well as I do t there's nothing holy about the Lords. S grandfather or great-grandfather made s money cutting the lumber off these hills

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

April Showers

By Polly Toland

Under mobile wind and air
The solid comfort earth lies there

And suns may change to shade and rain
(While red October's death again

Comes round to silence summer growing
Under the bleak quilt winter's snowing)

As joy grows on joy, suns shine again,
Love climbs to love on steps of pain

Find, under my superficial tear,
Assurance that my love is here.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

REALSILK
MEANS
QUALITY



FOR MEN
Socks
Neckwear
Shirts
Underwear
Pajamas
Sportswear
Accessories

FOR WOMEN
Hosiery
Lingerie
Dresses
Suits
Rainwear
Sportswear
Accessories

Shop this famous line at home or office. Your Realsilk representative has important news about an exclusive new development that makes Realsilk nylons *look better . . . fit better . . . wear better!*

Profitable Sales Opportunities now available for men and women.

Contact local Branch Sales Office or write . . .
REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, INC.
Dept. J-15, Indianapolis 6, Indiana

wasn't so hard to make money in those days, with virgin timber everywhere you looked. It probably took a little elbow grease. I don't see that the fact that great-grandpa could swing an ax is any cause for pride in the present generation. Do you? Because it was a newish country then, I dare say most of our ancestors had to work hard. And thrift was a necessity as well as a virtue. Francis is neither thrifty nor hard-working. He finds it quite enough to play the gentleman of leisure, to take a paternalistic interest in town affairs, to wear his clothes like Anthony Eden—and open his house and garden to tourists one day every summer. He considered himself so far superior to Zachary Thorne—well, there is a kind of justice in it, and it is dramatic. I can't feel too sorry for the Lords."

"It will go hard with Miranda," Mr. Burrell said almost sternly.

"Is there any reason Miranda should be immune from knowing the facts of life? She's just like Francis, really."

"No. I wouldn't say so. . . . And she loves her mother."

"Is that so great a virtue?"

The old man did not answer, and presently Webster turned and saw him sitting there staring at the old stove in the corner. He went to his desk and began to fuss with some papers. The old man said, without looking at him, "Oh, leave those be. Leave me be. I want to think."

WEBSTER went out into the cold autumn day and left him alone. He was far from being a fool, John Webster, but he was young. He knew that his scorn for the Lord family was largely because Miranda Lord had snubbed him, but that it was a justified scorn he did not doubt. People like the Lords sickened him, for he could not understand how ancestors, great or small, blotted out the necessity for making something of yourself. He was ambitious, was young Webster, and he believed that work was something all decent people did. The Lords were flowers of the field, toiling not nor spinning. They were, and considered that enough. He did not believe that presiding at flower shows and dressing like a dowager queen were sufficient. He believed that he was better than Francis Lord and it angered him when Francis Lord patronized him as he undoubtedly did. And what made Miranda Lord superior? There were thousands of girls who were prettier, better educated, more competent. Betty Smith, who took tickets at the movie house, justified her existence more than Miranda Lord.

He had walked almost around the square now, moving quickly, purposefully, though he wasn't bound anywhere. *He's an old snob, too,* he said to himself. But he was ashamed of the thought, for Burrell wasn't a snob. He just happened to be born in Trigo and he loved his town. And he had been put on the spot. But oh, what a wonderful spot!

He had come to the Lord house, which was a show house, simple, yet fine of line. Out of the door came Miranda Lord in jodhpurs and a shabby old corduroy coat. She wasn't even pretty, Webster told himself again. Not even pretty. She was thin, with a white, triangular face. She wasn't even graceful, in spite of the fancy schools she'd been to. She wore bangs, which he detested, and her hair fell almost straight to her shoulders. No reason she should make you feel she was Isolde of Ireland or some of those old girls—maybe Elaine floating down the river toward Camelot.

"Hello, Miranda!" he said. He said it impudently, like a fresh young man hanging around the corner garage.

Her glance just took him in, slid past him. "How do you do?" she said.

"Going my way?" he asked, and fell into step beside her.

"No," she said.

He laughed. He felt full of some kind of triumph. "Oh, come now," he said. "It isn't seemly for a Lord to go hitchhiking out to Mac's stables. I'll run you out."

"I'd rather hitchhike," she said.

"That's silly, don't you think? My car's right over there by the office."

"All right," she said. "I don't suppose it matters."





CHOOSE THE *Longer Lasting Loveliness*
OF IMPERIAL WASHABLE WALLPAPERS

...Fashions to suit every taste...values to fit every budget

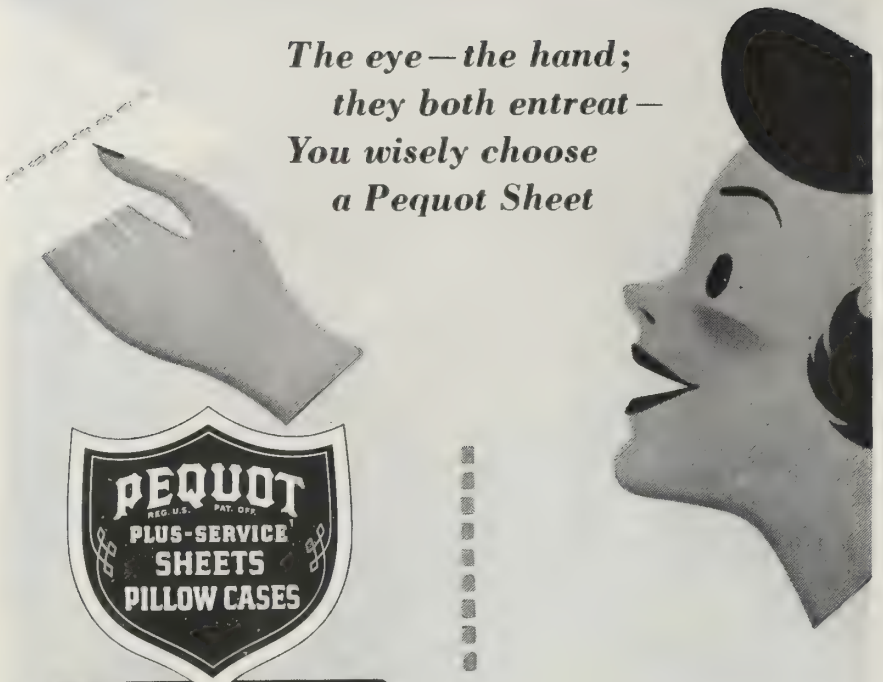
ENJOY IT NOW . . . the style, the color beauty, the lively charm that wallpaper, and only wallpaper, can bring to your home! Discover what an inspired "decorator" you can be with the new 1951 Imperial *Washable* Wallpapers! Choose from 1500 patterns, including hundreds designed to flatter *your* furniture and pamper *your* purse . . . to bring color harmony to every room, or group of rooms.

With superb value in every price range, these *best buys in wall decoration* mean extra economy because they last so long, save frequent "redos." Imperial *Washable* Wallpapers are "Color Locked"—guaranteed for 3 years against fading and to clean satisfactorily when instructions are followed. Insist that your decorator or dealer show you wallpapers identified by the famous Imperial silver label.

SEND FOR Imperial's New "Color Harmony Kit" by Jean McLain. A unique, helpful and authoritative guide for creating color schemes quickly, interestingly, correctly. Contains 10 basic colors help you to sketch your own schemes on planning sheets. Advises on matching harmonies or contrasts . . . coordinate wallpaper colors with rugs, draperies, furniture. It's yours for only 25¢.

Imperial Paper and Color Corporation
Dept. L-60, Glens Falls, N. Y.
Gentlemen: I am enclosing 25¢ for my copy of your Color Harmony Kit.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

The eye—the hand; they both entreat— You wisely choose a Pequot Sheet



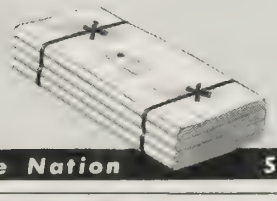
PEQUOT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PLUS-SERVICE
SHEETS
PILLOW CASES

PEQUOT
Tim Combed
PERCALE
SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES
OVER 200 COMBED THREADS PER INCH

Pequots look so fresh, feel so luxuriously soft and their long wear proves your wisdom. "Available in white and six lovely pastel colors."

Send for the *"Do's and Don'ts of Sheet Care"*—It's Free
Pequot Mills, Dept. L-2, Salem, Mass.

More than 40 million PEQUOT SHEETS are continuously in use



"The Nation Sleeps on PEQUOT SHEETS"

100 SPOOLS
SEWING THREAD 1c EA.

To make new customers, our giant assortment of 100 spools of quality thread is yours for only $1. All the colors of the rainbow, the shades in between and black and white, too! Fine thread in a thrilling assortment of cotton and rayon; popular numbers through 24 and 70 in DeLuxe Magic Match and Bobbin Windings for every kind of sewing from darning britches to stitching lingerie. Easy to match any fabric or color with our Magic Match generous up to 150 yard spools. A total of almost 10,000 yards of fine colorfast thread. Your own thread store right by your side. Rush your name and address for C.O.D. shipment of $1 plus postage or send $1.25 for postpaid shipment and we'll include 5 70-yard bobbins of No. 50 White Thread FREE.

THREAD WINDERS, BOX 95-H
BRIDGEPORT 1, CONN.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back and you can keep the 5 Bobbins for your trouble.

VACATION MONEY!

NOW is the time to earn your vacation money, representing the *Ladies' Home Journal, The Saturday Evening Post, Holiday, Country Gentleman, Jack and Jill* and other popular publications. Generous commissions. For details write to

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
421 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5 Pennsylvania

NEW-COLOR MAGIC
Tru Color PROCESS DYEING
for faded, "wrong-color" clothes and household fabrics
★ From your LOCAL DRY CLEANER who displays the TRU COLOR emblem
TRU COLOR DYE WORKS • Brooklyn 27, N. Y.

famous EATON'S HIGHLAND LINEN
Now in five fashionable tints



For your personal use—or as a gift in good taste, choose Eaton's Highland Linen. Famous for generations (in Always-Correct-White) this altogether perfect writing paper now comes in five luscious tints: Pink, Blue, Green, Grey, White. Fabricked as to surface, beautifully boxed, yet modestly priced at 69c. At fine stores everywhere. (Can be matched in Open Stock)

Eaton's fine Letter Papers
PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

He was surprised, felt a sudden shyness. They walked in silence to the car, got in, went swiftly out of town.

"You must like riding," he said, and knew that that was not a particularly brilliant remark.

"Yes, I like it," she said, and that wasn't brilliant either.

He said with more sharpness, "Oh, for the good old days when the Lords' stables were full of horses, and the pink coats thronged the drawing room and everybody was shouting 'Tallyho!'—or was it 'Yoicks!'? I'm not up on the terminology, never having moved in hunting circles."

"Nor I," she said. "I just like to ride."

"Those old plugs of Mac's?"

"Anything."

They rode in silence a little way and then he said, "I always did like a woman of few words."

She didn't answer.

"But not a woman of *no* words," he went on ruefully. "Hard to work up to anything, isn't it?"

"Here it is," she said.

He stopped the car.

She got out without any help from him, said, "Thanks," briefly.

"Pick you up in an hour or so?" he suggested, grinning at her.

"No, thanks. I'll get home all right."

She walked away along the drive toward the stables, not looking back. He started the car noisily, shot away, but on into the hills, not back toward town. He was furious, both at her and at himself. He had let himself in for another snubbing, and only a fool would do that.

When a fence is falling, every passer-by kicks it.
—MONTENEGRIN PROVERB.

He had first seen her at the flower show. It was his first week in town and he was delighted with everything, feeling the town existed to give him new impressions, feeling young enough to be excited. He had turned to this plainish girl with the white face beside him and said, "Isn't she wonderful? I didn't know she existed out of a Grant Wood picture. She'll say, 'My good people!' next! I wonder if Queen Mary passes on her hats to her!" Of course he should have known better, in a little town. She'd looked up at him as if he were some species new to her and said, "You mean my mother?" Well, it was said. He couldn't unsay it. He'd murmured, "Sorry!" but she'd already turned away from him.

He'd told Burrell about it, and laughed as he told it, because there wasn't anything else to do but laugh at his own discomfiture.

"That's a pity. I'd thought you two might be friends," Burrell said. "Miranda needs friends."

"I'll make her forgive me," Webster had said.

"I doubt it," Burrell had told him.

Webster told himself, for he was one to hold arguments with himself as if he were in some court of the emotions, that he wouldn't have been interested in her at all had it not been for this meeting. She was everything he didn't like a girl to be—colorless, humorless, a snob of the first water. Her clothes pained him. She wore shabby old things with the air of the rich who think they can wear anything, an inverted kind of pride that annoyed Webster immoderately. Let her hair hang limp, only put a dash of lipstick on once in a blue moon. And any girl who could have Francis for a brother and seem to admire him —— Francis!

He'd disliked Francis on sight and never found any reason to change his mind. Francis Lord came into the office. No sloppy dressing for Francis—but Webster had disliked Francis Lord's fastidiousness in Trigo as much as he'd disliked Miranda's sloppiness. Not consistent, he admitted, but there it was. Francis talked like an Englishman, and Webster could not abide people who took on the accents of other peoples than those to which they belonged. Francis was overly tall, overly thin, almost emaciated-looking, but his bones were big.

"Is Mr. Burrell about?" he asked.

"No. Could I help you?"

Francis Lord looked at him, found him altogether too small to do any business fo him. The look was one Webster never forgot

"No," Francis Lord said, and went out.

Webster laughed when he told Burrel that the Lord of the Manor had been in bu hadn't required any service from him Burrell had given him a sharp look and said

"My boy, I don't intend to give you muc advice. But I'll give you this small bit. Don' go out of your way to antagonize the Lords You got off to a bad start—don't dig in til it's past mending. Thorne owns this tow physically, but the Lords own it socially Even if they weren't friends of mine—an they are—lawyers have to be politic."

"I said to him, 'Could I help you?' That' absolutely all I said to him," Webster an swered. "He looked at me as if I were cockroach."

"He doubtless felt you were."

"Well, I'm not. I won't crawl for him, Mr Burrell. I made a mistake—I'm sorry. . . Are they important to the firm?"

"They haven't a penny," Burrell said "But yes, they are important."

"I'll refer him to you hereafter," Webste said. "Or I'll resign right now if you'd lik me to. But I won't be looked at like that b any man, Mr. Burrell. . . . I could hang up family tree if I wanted to."

"It might not be a bad idea," Burrell said "At any rate, if you're going to live here an work here, it won't hurt to keep your opin ions of the townspeople t yourself till you find ou whether they're sound.. Howabout drawing up tha lease for O'Connor?"

Since Burrell had bee unfailingly kind to him u to this point, Webster wa stung by his sharpness. He went to work o the lease, typing away rapidly and angrily

After an hour Burrell took off his glasses swung them by the bow and said, "Webste you're a hothead. Take it easy, boy. It take a lifetime to know Trigo—don't try to kno it all in a minute. It takes a lifetime to kno the Lords. You'll find you like Francis on of these days. How would you have treate a newcomer to your town who'd made fu of your mother?"

John Webster had the grace of knowin when to laugh at himself. He laughed no and said, "All right, Mr. Burrell. You wir But all the same, I don't like the Lords, no any of 'em."

Burrell just grunted.

Webster hadn't changed his opinion in th months since. He had seen Francis in actio at a town meeting, deferred to, and despise his seemingly careless yet skillful bending c town policies to suit himself. No, not de spised altogether. He recognized skill. Bu he despised the proud, almost scornful ea with which Francis led his townspeople. An despised the people for letting that Englis voice forever have the final say. Then he sa Francis at the small country club, for Trig boasted a club outside of town on Carp Rise. He saw Miranda, too, dancing with weedy boy with horn-rimmed glasses. Sh had a white dress on and her face looked a white as the dress. He saw Francis glance a Miranda's partner, move through the dancer cut in on Miranda, whirl her off, and the they went out the door and were seen n more.

But John Webster was not without finess himself, and when he saw Mrs. Lord at som church affair—a tea for a lecturer, it was— he approached her boldly and said, "Mr Lord? Mr. Burrell has spoken of you so ofte May I introduce myself? I'm John Webste and I'm in Mr. Burrell's office."

"How do you do?" Mrs. Lord said gra ciously. "Are you enjoying yourself i Trigo?"

"Some. But I got off to a bad start. Be cause of you, I'm afraid, Mrs. Lord."

"Because of me?"

"Yes. Why *do* you wear such hats, Mr Lord? You do wear awful hats, you know So—so dull and yet . . . overpowering is th

(Continued on Page 150)

New easy way to give furniture a lasting hand-rubbed look!



O-Cedar Dri-Glo is far faster than wax, its luster lasts months longer than any other polish!

Now—with a few easy wipes with Dri-Glo—you can make your furniture look as if you'd waxed and polished it for hours. And that gleaming hand-rubbed look lasts for months.

Not a wax—contains silicone!

O-Cedar Dri-Glo is the new, non-oily silicone polish. It covers wood with an invisible, glass-like film that brings out the rich, natural beauty of the wood grain. Dri-Glo lasts like wax *without* the hard work of rubbing. And no other polish or wax gives better protection.



60 day shine in 60 seconds! Just smooth on Dri-Glo, let it dry, then polish for 1 minute or less! The satin-smooth, dry luster lasts months. And dust can't cling to the surface.



Finger marks won't mar this finish! Even hot coffee, milk and water wipe away easily with a damp cloth. And a few wipes with a dry cloth bring the Dri-Glo luster back bright as before!

6-ROOM SIZE—98c. A 10-ounce bottle of Dri-Glo does all the furniture in the average 6-room house. Ask for it today where you buy your cleaning supplies.



O-Cedar dri·glo 98¢

A NON-OILY SILICONE POLISH by the makers of the famous O-Cedar Sponge Mop.

GUARANTEE! Your money back if you aren't completely satisfied Dri-Glo outshines, outlasts any wax or polish you've ever used.

O-Cedar Corp'n, Chicago, Illinois — O-Cedar of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Canada

In Canada ask for O-Cedar Silicone Furniture Polish

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



modern by HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD 125TH ANNIVERSARY

"Home-Planned"
with Experience no other
Furniture Maker can Match





The Heywood-Wakefield trademark makes this a doubly sensible choice for that nice home of yours. It brings you styling, materials and construction that have made Heywood-Wakefield a trusted name for 125 years. It brings you the special advantage of "Home-Planned" designs. This permits you to add to your present purchases as your home expands—and be certain of continuing, pleasant harmony throughout living, dining and bedrooms. Be sure to look for the Heywood-Wakefield trademark at your furniture or department store.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if Not as Advertised Therein

You're extra sure of quality when you buy products bearing the famous Heywood-Wakefield trademark, including—

OLD COLONY FURNITURE
ASHCRAFT FURNITURE
BABY CARRIAGES



Use This Helpful Planning Guide. This beautiful 32-page book by Gladys Miller, decorating consultant, gives a world of smart ideas for decorating *your* home around well-designed Modern. Send 25¢ for your copy today.

Heywood-Wakefield Company, Dept. LH-14, Gardner, Mass.
I enclose 25c for a book on Decorating with Modern by Gladys Miller.

NAME .....
STREET .....
CITY & ZONE ..... STATE .....

(Continued from Page 148)

word, isn't it? I made the mistake of criticizing one in the hearing of someone—well, to someone who turned out to be your daughter. She doesn't forgive me, but I hope you will. Only I don't take it back that you ought to wear prettier hats!" He could smile winningly and did, and Mrs. Lord smiled faintly in reply.

"I do not find them awful," she said. "They're suitable to my age."

"Nonsense! You ought to see my mother's hats! The more elegant, the funnier they are, the more she can't resist them! Yours looks like one you got out of your grandmother's trunk." He was deliberately wooing her in his rude, young fashion.

"You're a very brash young man," she said. "I'm afraid you will find Trigo too small a field for you. Will you have some tea? . . . How are you, Mrs. Field?"

He was dismissed, but still not thoroughly snubbed. He found he liked Mrs. Lord better than her offspring. Yes, even as he watched her dispensing tea as if this old church belonged to her, he liked her a little. She had better manners and even a small, vestigial sense of humor.

But now it was months later and here he was, still being snubbed by a Lord, still smarting from it. But not so much as he had before this afternoon, as before he'd heard Zachary Thorne's will. He did not take seriously Burrell's words: "It'll kill her." He didn't think the Lords would kill that easily. Certainly not Mrs. Lord. They were going to get their comeuppance and the thought filled him with an unholy joy. Still, he was conscious of the way Miranda had walked away up the dusty road toward the stables, not looking back at him.

He rode on up through the hills, taking back roads, not paying much attention to where he went. Presently he came up to the top of a hill and found himself looking down on Trigo. The Congregational steeple stood up tall among the bare trees of the square and he could see the town hall quite plainly, and the little library of white-painted brick that Zachary Thorne had given to the town. He stopped the car.

Funny. I almost like the town, the silly, smug old town, he thought. *Maybe I ought to go away now, before I like it too much.* He had his moments of perception, did John Webster, and he recognized that a town like Trigo could lay a spell on you.

He had stopped beside a battered mailbox, but he was so busy with his own thoughts that he did not at first notice it. *Well, I'd better get back. Burrell's thought long enough,* he said at last, was about to start the car when his glance caught the name on the mailbox. He thought he had no superstition in him, but for a long time something tingled along his spine whenever he remembered that he had just chanced to stop beside that particular box, had just chanced to wander through the hills and stop just there.

When he got back to town, went into the office, Burrell had gone home. He walked around the square, up the street where Mr. Burrell lived. He was having supper.

"What's up?" Mr. Burrell said. "Come sit down and have a bite with us."

"No, thanks. I'll wait in here. Just finish your supper," Webster said.

Mr. Burrell's brows went up questioningly. "I'm all done but coffee. I'll bring it in by the fire," he said.

Mrs. Burrell poured a cup for Webster, said, "You have some, too, John. You look tired. Has James been working you too hard?"

"No, I don't earn my keep," Webster said, but he did not smile. He took the coffee and went into the living room with Mr. Burrell. The house was an old-fashioned one with sliding doors between the rooms and Mr. Burrell pulled the doors shut.

"What's happened?" he asked. "You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"Perhaps I have," Webster said. "You haven't seen Francis, have you?"

"No, not yet. I thought I would tonight, though. I can't put it off."

"Wait. You may not need to. I've got a fantastic story to tell you. . . . I was off driving around this afternoon ——"

"Heard you took Miranda up to Mac's. She's softening up, is she?"

"How news travels! That hasn't anything to do with the story. Listen, this is important. I don't know how important. . . . I came out on top of a hill—I don't even know what hill, but I could see Trigo quite clearly down below and I stopped there to look. I stopped beside a mailbox. I almost drove away without noticing it, and then—maybe because the name was so much in my head—I did notice. 'F. Lord,' it said."

Mr. Burrell put his cup down and leaned forward. He was a stocky man, and impressive in his thickset way. "Go on," he said.

"It was a shock, rather."

"Yes. Go on."

"I couldn't even see a house at first. Then I saw that a lane, a grassy sort of road, led back through the trees. I drove into it and there the house was, an ordinary sort of farmhouse, but run down. Cows were just coming into the barn for milking. I couldn't think of any approach—for you wouldn't drive in there without some reason, back in the trees. I got out of the car and I walked toward the barn and said to the man with the cows, 'Would you have any eggs for sale?'"



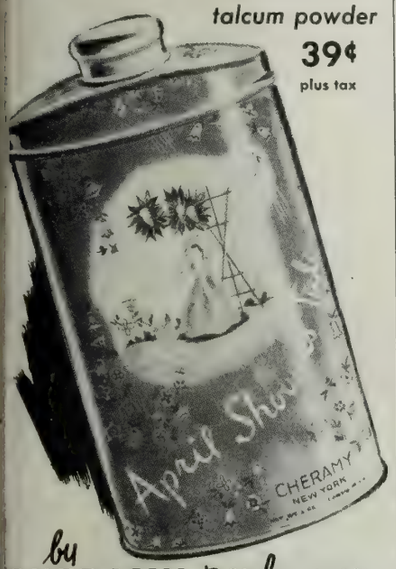
"If you're still up at seven o'clock, Harry, get a pint of cream from the milkman."



April Showers

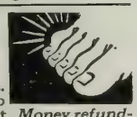
Finest imported talcum powder

39¢ plus tax



by CHERAMY perfumer

CORNS



Removed by Mosco, also Calluses. Quick, easy, economical. Just rub on. Jars, 30¢, 50¢. At your druggist. *Money refunded if not satisfied.* Moss Co., Rochester, N.Y.

MOSCO ★CORN★ REMOVER

make lovelier curls

while you sleep!



Soft-as-rubber Dream Curlers—your easy, comfortable way to smoother, softer, natural-looking curls! Knob-tip locks curl in place; double strap holds curl firmly. Can't snag hair! Made of vinylite—not affected by waving solutions, perfect for home permanents! 4 sizes including "Jumbo" for large curls. Dream Curlers—like Tip-Top aluminum curlers, curl clips, wavers—are top quality, top value.

At 5 & 10's—everywhere

FREE! Valuable booklet "Professional Hair Styling at Home". Send self-addressed envelope and 10¢ to cover mailing.

Tip-Top DREAM CURLERS

America's Favorite Curler

TIP-TOP PRODUCTS COMPANY • OMAHA 2, NEBRASKA

"Yes?"

"The man surprised me, rather. He was quite young and decent-looking, but worn down as if he overworked. He said, 'Why, Jennie might have some up at the house. We don't ordinarily have more than we use, though. Just go up and ask her.' He went on into the barn, and do you know, I couldn't say another word to him, but went up to the house and knocked on the back door. This girl came at once. She had a child in her arms, a boy of four or so, I should think. Beautiful child, but sick. I asked her about the eggs and she looked surprised. 'Why, I might have a dozen I could give you,' she said. 'We don't raise chickens, though.' She put the boy down in an old rocking chair and went to the cellar after eggs. The kitchen was pleasant—not like most farm kitchens, but gay with geraniums and a red cushion in the old rocker—and very clean. I said something to the child, but he just looked at me and didn't answer. When Jennie came back, I said, 'You wouldn't be any connection of the Lords in Trigo, would you?' She said, 'No. No connection at all.' I said, 'It's not a common name. I didn't know there were any other Lords hereabouts. There's an F. Lord in town, you know—Francis.' She said, 'Yes, we've had mail mixed up a time or two.' She put the eggs in a sack—they're in the car, you can have 'em—and said, 'I think they're about fifty-five now, aren't they?' I took the money out, gave it to her. There didn't seem anything more to say, but I had to know. I said, 'F. Lord wouldn't be Francis, too, would it?' She said, 'Well, actually, yes, but I always call my husband Frank. No one calls him Francis.'"

He paused. Mr. Burrell wiped a sleeve across his forehead. "Good heavens!" he said.

"I told you it was fantastic."

"I knew that family was up there—heard Jack Peabody say so once. Said they were no kin to our Lords. Never gave them another thought. They never come to town that I know of. Well, is there any more?"

"Not much. I asked her if they'd been there long. She said, 'Three years.' I said it was nice country—that they had a wonderful view, things like that. She said yes, the view was nice, but the land was poor. They'd really moved to the country for the little boy's sake. He'd been very sick when he was a baby. 'But he's much better, thank God!' she said. 'Then you're not really farmers?' I asked her. 'We certainly try to be,' she said. 'How'd you come to pick Trigo?' I asked her. This is the pay-off, Mr. Burrell. She said, 'Why, this used to be Frank's folks' place. They rented it for quite a while—but then it was lying idle. It was natural to come here.' That's it—that's all of it."

Mr. Burrell stood up, thrust his hands in his pockets. "Of course," he said at last. "Remember them—Jim Lord. Used to come to Grange meetings. Must be thirty years ago. Not a man you noticed much, but I remember him dimly. Don't seem to remember his wife, though."

"You'll remember this one."

"Thorne wasn't any fool. He wouldn't put an unadorned name down like that without thought. He'd certainly know we'd think first of Francis. He probably didn't know the other fellow existed. Though God knows I hope he did. How old is the fellow?"

"Young. A little older than I am, I expect. I didn't ask him."

"It's an unpleasant business."

"A lovely case, though," Webster said. "A beautiful case." But his voice lacked its usual impudence.

"Case? It's dynamite. Thorne might as well have touched a match to his plant and been done with it. . . . When Ed Lord was sick—he was sick for ten years, and ugly sick too—Mary nursed him day and night. Never heard a word of complaint out of her."

"Could be her conscience made her so devoted," Webster said. "The Frank Lords could use the money too. They look as if they found farming hard sledding."

"Never saw a farmer who didn't look that way. . . . Well, this gives us a breathing space. Not much of a one, though. We've got





Frances Denney

can solve your most vexing

BEAUTY PROBLEM

Shampoo Trouble ?

"Prescription" Shampoo cleans with a corrective foaming action, not old-fashioned lather and suds. The hair fairly *squeaks*. Easy to rinse. The hair is tangle-free, with more body, 'alive,' ready to set. Everyone can use **"Prescription" Shampoo,** especially those with troubled scalp and hair that is 'burnt out' by tints, dyes, too many permanents. 2.50



Instant Beauty ?

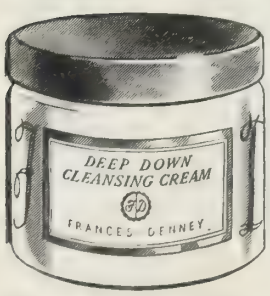


Invisible Beauty Strap gives a firming, lifting feeling to the skin. In less than two minutes the treatment is complete, as this sensational liquid works against surface lines, puffiness and that tired look. The results are phenomenal —you feel *lifted*—beautiful! For hours your skin holds the feeling of firmness. 5.00*

Poor Coloring ?



Texture Tint, half texture lotion, half foundation. A creamy liquid that stays on all day without touch-ups. Not necessary to use face powder. Smooths tiny lines instead of merely covering them. Five magnificent breath-taking shades. 5.00*



Half Cleansing ?

No more skin troubles because of half-cleansing! **Deep Down Cleansing Cream** foams away every trace of make-up in one clean sweep! No tiny particles left to clog the pores. Its deep down foaming action leaves the skin cleaner, softer, *clearer* than ever before! 1.50*

*Plus tax. *Hat by Tatiana, Saks Fifth Ave.*

to lay our cards on the table sometime—file the will and so on. . . . I'll take on the farm Lords first, and that's because I'm a coward and hope it won't touch the Lords I know. I don't mind saying I hope Thorne's uneasy in his grave. This is the devil's own job to wish on anyone."

"I told you I'd take on Francis Lord," Webster said. "Though I'd want to make it stick if I did."

"Don't be a fool, boy. They're friends of mine."

John Webster sat back in the old green chair. "You've made a point there," he conceded. "Funny how little we care about the ones who aren't friends. Now, I feel as if the Frank Lords were my friends and it makes me shiver to think of going up to that young man I saw with the cows and saying, 'Are you sure you're legitimate?' But I'm not a friend to Francis and I wouldn't mind at all —— How about old Doctor Bell? Any lead there?"

"Might be. I don't know. I'll go down. Have to confide in him, though. He's old, but he was always close-mouthed. He had all this territory to himself thirty years ago."

"Or you could just let it be published and leave it to them to bring in proofs. That would be interesting. . . . Look, I'm not meaning to be flip about this. I'm very excited, really. As a lawyer, if no other way. And I see the spot you're in. But we're not going to have time to do much detective work. If a thing like this has been kept secret all these years, it isn't going to pop out in the open with a little discreet questioning around town. Did Thorne ever go to the Lords' place?"

"Yes, he went there sometimes. Not often. I've seen him there, but always when it was a public occasion. I don't believe he ever dropped in for a call. . . . If I could find it was the Frank Lords first, it would be a relief. I'll have to try. I think I'll go down to Doc Bell's now. . . . I'm getting old, boy. Didn't think I'd ever hate to take on a job. I hate this one."

"Shall I come with you?"

"Don't think so. Bell doesn't think much of newcomers. . . . Well, why not? Come along. It's part of your training, I suppose."

Doc Bell lived in an old yellow house at the end of Main Street. He hadn't practiced in five years. As they went up the walk to the little wing which used to be the office, and which Doc Bell now used for his sitting room, as if he couldn't quite divorce himself from old habits, Burrell said:

"If you don't mind, I'll do the talking."

Doc BELL sat at his old desk, which was still piled with its accumulation from years of practice. But he was reading, hunched forward over his book. He had a long eagle's face, with beaked nose. He was almost bald. He put a prescription slip in his book and closed it, then said, "Hello, James. H'do. Webster. Reading Trollope. Never had time before. Read twelve volumes now. Money, money, money—certainly knew what made the mare go. Sit down, if you can find a spot. What's on your mind?"

"Money, money, money," Burrell said. "Here, John—throw Doc's books on the floor. It's a visit from the law, Doctor."

"Haven't done a thing," the old man said.

"A queer thing's come up, Doctor, and we want your help. And your discretion. Well, we know we've got that; you and your rat-trap mouth—never let anything get away from you, you old so-and-so! But we want some confidential information. Would you break down if we had a good case?"

"What is it?"

"It might be straight out of your Trollope there. It's out of Trigo, though. Goes back thirty years or so. . . . You looked after Thorne, didn't you?"

"No. He wasn't ever sick that I knew of. Must have been sick in his head, though."

"Like him?"

"Did like him. Well enough. Don't have any use for men without guts, though. Afraid to finish out their job of living. This abou Thorne? Don't know enough about him t help you one way or the other."

"It's about Thorne, in a way. I'm his ex ecutor and he's left the queerest will. I'm afraid to have it made public. . . . You re member Jim Lord who used to live up Ston Lonesome? Moved away quite a while back."

"What you getting at, James?"

"Just asking you. Remember him?"

"Sure do. Not much of a farmer."

"Take care of his wife when she had Frank?"

"I did that. Twenty below that night Road wasn't paved then—thought I'd neve make it. Almost didn't. What's it got to d with Thorne?"

"We don't know. But it might have some thing. Well, I'll have to tell you, I suppose Thorne's left his money to his natural son Francis Lord. . . . Don't blow a gasket, Doc tor—you can see the trouble we're in. What we want to know is—have you got any rea son to think Frank wasn't Jim's son?"

THE doctor's bald head looked very big under the lamp that hung down on a green cord from the ceiling. John Webster saw him as very old, and yet he had a glimpse in him of that man who had traveled these hills, unpaved, blocked with snow, year in and year out, for a lifetime. He was curiously kin to Mr. Burrell himself, and Webster felt young, outside their lives, knowing very little about life at all. For in the doctor's old eyes, with their pouches and creased lids, was the knowledge of all the threads involved in this affair a knowledge that made Webster feel himself superficial and very foolish to have said "A lovely case!"

When I bring you colored toys, my child, I understand why there is such a play of colors on clouds, on water, and why flowers are painted in tints. —TAGORE.

"No," the doctor said at last. "No, I haven't, James. It was like any country borning, with Jim Lord hustling around getting water hot and so on. He was jittery enough, frightened enough—but they all are. The baby came early and Cassie had a hard time of it. Cassie was her name, Jim's wife. Frail, pretty little thing. But she had guts. Went through it like a major. Didn't call out for Zachary, anything like that."

"But did she call out for Jim?"

"Not for anybody. . . . They moved away right afterward, that's all I know of them. Hope she didn't have any more. She wasn't built for it."

"The boy's back up there now, farming it."

"He is? Well, I suppose he could be. Must be all of thirty years—I suppose it could be. . . . Except that they moved away, I don't think there's a thing."

"That might mean something."

There fell a small silence and yet Webster felt the cluttered room was full of talk. The doctor opened his Trollope book, seemed to be reading, but at last he looked up, and he was more the eagle than ever as he said, "I didn't tend Mary. She went home to her mother."

Burrell gave an audible sigh. "All right, Doc. It would have been easier to have the other possible, that's all."

"I didn't say it wasn't possible. Anything's possible, given a man and a woman. I just said I couldn't prove anything one way or the other. Thorne being the kind of man he was, I don't think you can say what would be possible for him. What does the boy look like?"

"Not like Thorne," Webster said. "Looks like a professor who's taken up farming by mistake and didn't quite know what to do with it. He doesn't look a boy, either—he's been a man for quite a while."

"You've got yourself a tiger to handle, James," the doctor said. "I wouldn't want to be in your shoes. . . . Francis is a Lord, all through."

"He's like Mary, anyway," Burrell said tiredly. "I can't honestly say he's like Ed. Well, if you can't help us, we'll get on. . . . But it's just as impossible to imagine Mary Lord ——"

(Continued on Page 154)

only the finest

only by *Vanity Fair*

The most economical lingerie in the world because

Vanity Fair makes
the best of all
nylon tricot fabrics,
finishes every detail
for perfection.
One of these
slips, for example,
replaces and outwears
several ordinary ones,
is so easy to launder,
never needs ironing,
stays ever-beautiful.



Slip #34-1—sizes 32-42 about $6.95; sizes 44-46 about $7.95 • Slip #34-9—sizes 32-38 about $9.95

©1951, VANITY FAIR MILLS, INC. • EXECUTIVE OFFICES, READING, PA.

ONLY *the* NEW

Sunbeam

MODEL 10 AUTOMATIC

MIXMASTER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

gives you all these advantages



LIGHTER... HIGHER... FINER-TEXTURED CAKES!

More *EVEN* mixing and greater AERATION with these NEW LARGER BOWL-FIT BEATERS

See how all the batter is carried into and through them—how their surfaces conform to the actual contours of the bowl. No piling up of dry ingredients on the outer edges. No unmixed whirlpools. No by-passed pockets. All the batter gets a thorough, even mixing in LESS TIME—*automatically.*

The larger outside BOWL-FIT beater is curved to fit the contour of the bowl all the way to the bottom. The larger inside BOWL-FIT beater is shaped to cover the flat bottom surface all the way to the center. You get these exclusive Bowl-fit Beaters only in the new Automatic Sunbeam Mixmaster.



Actual photograph of angel food cakes made in baking tests with ordinary food mixer and with the new Sunbeam. You can SEE and TASTE the difference. Sunbeam Mixmaster's higher, lighter, finer textured cakes are a result of the better mixing and greater aeration the new larger Bowl-fit beaters give you.

Sunbeam Mixmaster does the perfect mixing job because the bowls revolve automatically. The new BOWL-FIT beaters are in correct relation to the bowl. ALL the mixture goes into and through them for EVEN mixing every time. Your hands are always FREE to add ingredients in correct proportion.

ONLY **THE NEW SUNBEAM MIXMASTER** has all the marvelous new features that give you higher, lighter cakes—creamier, fluffier mashed potatoes—velvet-smooth icings and sauces—better, easier food-preparing around the clock. Mixmaster's new larger Bowl-fit beaters • Automatic Bowl-Speed Control • New powerful EVEN-speed motor • Automatic Beater Ejector • Automatic Juicer and the famous Mix-Finder Dial are the advantages you want and deserve in the food mixer you choose. So be sure the mixer you get (or the one you receive as a gift) is the NEW Sunbeam—the original and the ONLY Mixmaster. There's only ONE by that name. Nearly seven million enthusiastic users are its best advertisements. It is also the mixer for which there are such marvelous attachments as the combination Food Chopper-Meat Grinder, Hi-Speed Drink Mixer, Butter Churn and others.



AUTOMATIC MIX-FINDER DIAL

Perfect mixing speeds right at your fingertips. EASY-TO-SEE, EASY-TO-SET.



AUTOMATIC JUICE EXTRACTOR

Oscillating strainer automatically jogs juice out of pulp. Faster. Easier-to-use.



AUTOMATIC BEATER-EJECTOR

Tilt the handle—out drop Bowl-fit beaters individually, for easier cleaning. No pulling.

© SUNBEAM CORPORATION, Dept. 50, Chicago 50, Ill. • Canada: 321 Weston Rd., Toronto 9

Famous for Sunbeam TOASTER, IRONMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, SHAVEMASTER, etc.

(Continued from Page 152)

"Mary used to be young too," the doctor said.

"She's been as proud as Lucifer ever since I've known her—and as moral as the Ten Commandments."

"The only thing I've learned for sure," the old eagle said, "is that you never know what people are capable of."

They walked in the cold night in silence. When they came to Burrell's corner, Webster said, "Well, we didn't get anywhere, did we?"

"No. Not far. They did move away—but of course that doesn't prove a thing. She was pretty—but that doesn't prove anything, either. I somehow can't see Thorne being a tomcat out among the farmers' wives. It doesn't ring true."

"It's a long time ago," Webster said.

"It didn't seem so to Doc. It doesn't even seem so to me. And you'll see it won't seem so to Trigo. . . . You see a stiff, overly gracious oldish woman when you look at Mary Lord. But I see her just as she was when she first married Ed. She wasn't a girl then—probably twenty-eight or so. Handsome woman, of a family just as good as Ed's. But she settled down in the Lord house as if she'd been here forever and there was never the faintest breath of gossip about her. She went everywhere with Ed and he was proud of her. I don't say she was wildly happy, because who could be, living with Ed? He was pompous and liable to be argumentative and to boss. Yet he was a good-looking man, too, and no one ever doubted they loved each other—or as much as the rich and mighty are supposed to love. She had Francis after a couple of years, and then five years or so later she had Miranda. Ed would have spoiled them, but she kept them in line, and though they went off to school, I don't think there's anybody in town but will say she was a good mother and did her best by them and that it was a pretty good best."

"What's so good about it? They're worthless as citizens, aren't they? They don't earn a living. They're parasites."

"Parasites? I wouldn't say that. If anything, Trigo people are the parasites. They count on the Lords' being examples to copy. It's true Francis hasn't a job, but he makes himself useful in a lot of ways. And he was in the war."

"I, too," Webster said thinly.

"They take care of what they have. They had a good deal of money and I suppose they didn't realize it was slipping away, being eaten up by taxes and all. Ed's sickness took a big chunk. Schooling too. Mary was shocked when she knew she wouldn't have to pay any inheritance tax. 'Well, we'll have to pull in our belts,' she said."

"Oh, come now—she didn't. Not Mrs. Lord," Webster said.

"YES, she said those very words. But you haven't seen them doing it. Except that Francis takes care of the yard, which used to be the job of two men, and he raises vegetables for the family. I know he talks about the flowers, but he tends a vegetable garden all the same. And Mary and Miranda take care of that big house. It's not a small job."

"And for what? Because they like the picture of the Lords in the old Lord mansion and haven't the stamina to step out of the picture."

"The town wouldn't like them to. Traditions have their purpose, stodgy as you seem to think they are. When Mary stops presiding at the flower show, something will have died in Trigo. The Lords stand for civilization to this town—I sometimes wonder what this new generation is going to use for samples. . . . When my wife was sick a couple years back, Mary Lord came every single day with soup or something, flowers, books—every single day."

"But—well, playing Lady Bountiful is a nice game, isn't it?"

"Yes, perhaps. But it wasn't a game. She had to make that soup and cut those flowers. It was friendship."

He started away, as if he had no more to say to his young partner. Webster stood still under a lamppost, a little angry, but a little sorry, too, for he liked old Burrell and d want to hurt him. He knew he had hu Then Burrell turned back. He looked more purposeful.

"I have a feeling this ought to b baby, too," he said. "You learn th way, but sometime you'll learn. Law i than cases, Webster. I'll put it in your to interview the Frank Lords. It'll b for you, boy, and teach you more abou job than anything I can think of moment. And there's one more thing: better not get to thinking that pulli world down on top of the Lords is go make Miranda any more humble. night, Webster."

WEBSTER went home to his boarding He lived with an old maid called Miss E but he had a separate entrance to h rooms and saw her seldom. He had something quite attractive out of his sitting room and he liked it. He had t take the tidies off the chairs, but Everts had protested, so every chai graced with an antimacassar. But W had put his prints and etchings of ol buildings up, bought a slip cover for th old sofa, and a lamp or two. He alway books. He sat down on the sofa, laughed ruefully.

Served me right, he said to himsel *rather be put in the stocks than go up the meddle in the affairs of that nice young ask them if Frank's mamma had walk primrose way. I don't know whether I' capable of it. . . . I presume I did like t of a humble Miranda. Who wouldn't? turn out to be the Frank Lords and the Lords'll be safe as churches. And no care a hoot about the Frank Lords—the belong. They'll be somebody to read abou papers and that's all. But I'll care—at little. I feel as if I know them a little—* why I should, I don't know. But I know better than I know Francis, looking dow long nose at me—or even better than I *Miranda.*

But after he had gone to bed he re bered Miranda more clearly than he s have someone he didn't know at all. had not had what one could call a memo conversation that day, and yet he found self remembering it, every word. That crack he'd made at the days of their wea that hadn't been very nice or very subt just like to ride," she'd said. She h flared up. Well, he hadn't mattered er so that she'd wanted to, he admitted. been a lift up to Mac's place, not impo enough to spite by refusing. One thin Lords were good at, putting people in places. They made a full-time job of it; ought to be good.

When he woke in the morning h tired. He had amazingly good health an feeling was not usual. He remembered f all that bald head and the pouchy, wis of old Doctor Bell. Then he knew what him tired. He had been appointed to to that little farm again.

But he didn't go that day or the nex cause Jones from the plant was with both days, going over books, trying to Burrell a picture of everything abou business. Everything was in order and was little for the lawyer to do excep Jones to go on as he was doing till the was settled. Jones did a little discreet zing about who the heirs were, but g information.

"Well, that's that," Burrell said Jones had gone. "I've strung it out as as I could. Been up Stony Lonesome y

"You know I haven't. I'll go in the m ing."

"I'll have to ask Tom and Sarah in It's not fair to keep them waiting for two thousand. Heard Tom was still p ing around the yard up there, fixing the yesterday."

There was a square dance that night Webster always went to the square da but tonight he didn't feel like going. walked around the town, subdued and a little frightened. He did not want his row's job and he could not think how t about it. At the same time he was asha

(Continued from Page 155)

"Is Mr. Lord here?" he asked.

"He's out in the barn," she said.

The little boy was sitting in the rocker by the stove. He had very beautiful brown eyes, but he sat too quietly for a little boy.

"Hello, there, son!" Webster said.

The little boy gave him a slow, shy smile, but did not speak.

Webster said, "Well, I'll find him out there—thank you," and went out and down the hard, frozen mud of the road to the barn. The child seemed to complicate things, to stop any blunt approach he might make. And there was something about the woman, too, something that said she was young and yet knew a great deal about the pain of living, that confused Webster, made this job yet the more unpleasant and intricate.

The barn door was open and he stepped in. Frank Lord was cleaning out the cows' stalls, forking manure and straw out into the heap behind the barn. He looked, as far as clothes went, like any farmer doing a dirty job. He wore a flannel shirt, and blue overalls stuck into the top of heavy farm shoes. But all the same, he did not seem like a farmer.

"Mr. Lord?" Webster said.

Lord straightened, saw him. "Yeuh?" he said.

"Wonder if I could have a little talk with you?"

"Now?" Frank Lord said.

"Well, when you get done with that job."

Frank Lord did not answer, unless his going on with what he was doing was an answer. He finished his task without a word, closed the back door, put his fork away.

"If you're selling something, no," he said then.

"I'm not selling anything." It annoyed Webster briefly to be taken for an agent, but he didn't blame Lord much, because it must look odd, his barging in the other day and now popping up again.

Heroism consists in hanging on one minute longer.
—NORWEGIAN PROVERB.

"Well, what's on your mind? Shall we go up to the house?"

"No, we can talk here, can't we?"

"It's a little cold here," Frank Lord said.

"I don't mind the cold. It's a rather private matter. I'm John Webster, from Mr. Burrell's office."

"The lawyer?"

"Yes. Let's sit on these kegs a minute. . . . That's a beautiful little boy you've got, Mr. Lord." He could have laughed at his own idiocy had he not been so embarrassed. That was the very approach of a salesman.

"Look, I'm pretty busy," Lord said.

"Sorry. But you can't help noticing the boy. Is he ill?"

"He's been ill ever since he was born, almost. They said polio, but Jennie, my wife, said it wasn't. She's never believed it. He's getting better."

"That's wonderful."

"What's your business, Mr. Webster?"

"Did you ever know Mr. Thorne—Zachary Thorne, down at the plant?"

"No. Why? I've seen him plenty of times."

"Ever hear your father talk of him?"

"Don't remember it. I may have. Will you get down to brass tacks, Mr. Webster? I'm really a little pushed this morning."

"It's difficult. I don't know where to start. I may as well be blunt. Burrell is the executor of Thorne's estate, which is considerable. He's left some of it to Francis Lord."

THE man's blue eyes looked straight at him, with something of scorn in them. "Well, that wouldn't be me," he said. "That would be the Francis Lord in town."

"We aren't sure. We can't be sure. Your name is Francis, isn't it?"

"Yes. I'm called Frank, though. And I didn't know Mr. Thorne and there's no reason he should leave anything to me. Not that I couldn't use a little, but it's nonsense. . . . Would that be all?"

"Not quite. You see, there's a catch to it. Mr. Thorne didn't say he meant the one in town. He said he left this money to his 'natural son, Francis Lord.' So you see, we have to be sure."

Frank Lord stood up. He looked very tall and very powerful in the dim autumn light in the barn. Webster had thought of him as too slight for a farmer, but he didn't look slight now.

"Will you kindly get out of here?" Frank Lord said.

Webster stood up too. "I'm sorry," he said. "It's my job. I had to ask you. I didn't want to do it and I've been trying for two days to think how to do it. No one wants something like that flung at his face without warning—I wouldn't. But it's my job."

"Well, you've done your job. Now get out."

"It's quite a lot of money," Webster said slowly.

Lord looked away from him, out toward the fields that looked stony and poor in the cold light of early winter. You could see in his face what money would mean to a poor, struggling farmer like Lord.

"But too high a price on it," Lord said. "Sorry I flew up. I once thought of studying law—a good riddance. I'm not your man and that's the end of it."

WEBSTER thought of the little boy. "How do you know you're not our man?" he asked.

"I come of decent people," Lord said.

"Oh? We all think that, don't we? Is your mother living?"

"No. Nor my father. . . . I'm warning you, Mr. Webster. I've got a short temper."

"We just don't want to make any mistake on it," Webster said apologetically. "Look, I can't help this. I would if I could. Take it easy. . . . There the money is, for someone willing to call himself a ——"

"A bastard," Mr. Lord said clearly.

"Yes. That's the sum of it. I don't find it so horrible, the thought of being a natural son—and yet I might if it were myself. I might. But you're hardly responsible for what your parents do or don't do."

Frank Lord had not diminished in size. His glance went toward the fork against the wall and John Webster felt cold. Then the blue eyes met John's again.

"Do you think Mr. Francis Lord of Trigo will call himself a bastard?" he asked. "Or has he done so?"

"I don't know. No one's asked him yet. Money is very useful, though."

"Not that kind of money," Frank Lord said. "Now, I have work to do, if you don't mind."

Webster drove away, feeling small and yet somehow good. He liked Frank Lord and he liked the way he had taken the news. He obviously needed money, but he quite as obviously hadn't been tempted to try to get this money. Then he thought of the elegant Francis and came nearer in imagination to the actual telling of the story to him. He could not imagine Francis, elegant and useless or not, trying to prove that he was entitled to this money, either. It would be a very bad joke if neither one would take the money. Then he thought again of Miranda standing by the table in the office saying, "You make it sound very unimportant." And he thought of the old doctor saying that the one thing he had learned surely was that you never knew what people were capable of. He thought with more humility than was usual with him that he had been too apt to classify people easily.

"I saw him. I got nowhere. He says he's not our man," he reported to Mr. Burrell.

"Out of pride—or does he know?"

"Just said he came from decent folks."

"What kind of a fellow is he? One to make trouble later?"

"He's from decent folks," Webster said.

"I've notified Tom and Sarah and Francis and your Francis to appear in the office on Monday next at two o'clock," Burrell said suddenly. "It's got to start and we aren't getting anywhere."

"I thought you were going to see Francis."

"Well, I'm not. I haven't what it takes."

"It's not something to throw at a man cold, even Francis," Webster said.



Get away...relax in friendly Canada

(Above) **Feast your eyes,** click your camera as you travel Canada's horizon-rimmed vacation spaces.



Ancient crafts, colourful traditions, interesting "take home" items add zest to your trip.



Do things you like in a spot to Nature calling — enjoy the casual life of lake and seaside resorts.

CHOOSE the kind of holiday *you* need from Canada's rich vacation variety. Get next to Nature in cool green lakelands . . . roam as you please through storied countrysides, along "picture" coasts . . . get candid close-ups of wild life in great protected National Parks . . . see the sights of "foreign" cities old and new. Here are colour and contrast and a warm welcome to make your holiday really worthwhile. This year, make your vacation *count* north of the border. Write *now* for information, or use the handy coupon below.



For a real change, a real rest...
CANADA...VACATIONS UNLIMITED

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
Ottawa, Canada

Please send me your booklet(s) on
Canada Vacations Unlimited

Name
(Please Print)

Address

Town

01-1-16-51-03

TREO



your figure's a dream in a

"FASHIONED FRONT"

the only girdle *fashioned* to curve inward against your tummy . . . That's why it can style your figure with soft light fabrics . . . *and without a bone!*

For the Fashion-Wise . . . TREO girdles, panties, all-in-ones and "LOCKET" BRAS . . . proudly featured by all fine stores.

TREO COMPANY, INC. . . . 200 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

"I've thought about it till I can't think any more. I don't see any other way. I thought once of going straight to Mary—but even an old friend can't do that."

"I don't believe Frank will come."

"He can do what he likes. That's what's going to happen." The old man looked tired, as if he hadn't been sleeping. His voice was irascible.

"All right. Might as well have done it without thinking," Webster said. "Mr. Burrell—well, I came in last night, saw a light, thought it was more of you going around in circles on this business—why didn't you tell me you'd offered the typewriter to Miranda Lord?"

"Why should I? There's enough squabbling between you two now. She wanted someplace where she could practice in peace."

"I spoiled the peace," Webster said. "It would be kind if you'd tell her I won't intrude again. I don't think she'll come otherwise."

"Young fool!" Burrell said angrily.

"You may have something there," Webster said.

When Monday afternoon came, Webster found he was feeling no triumph at all. He felt curiously dull instead, depressed. He had seen Mary Lord the day before setting out for church with Francis and Miranda on either side of her. She walked erectly and she wore a particularly dowdy hat, but still managed to look as if she owned Trigo. All unaware of doom, she walked up the steps of the Congregational church, went inside.

And now the hour had come. He took a very long time over lunch, not being able to stand the thought of waiting there in the office with old Burrell. Not till the town clock in the town hall began to strike the hour did he rise, pay his bill and walk back toward the little building on the square.

When he came in they were all there, even Frank Lord. He was surprised to see Frank, even disappointed, he found. But he was at the same time curiously pleased to find that he looked like a real man, even dressed up, his hard brown hands scrubbed maybe by Jennie, his thick hair brushed back wet and flat. Francis sat a little apart, looking supercilious and a little bored, dressed to the nines as always. He had a fine, haughty face and his hands, in spite of Burrell's pathetic tale of the vegetable garden, looked as if they had never soiled themselves with labor. Tom and Sarah sat close together, also dressed in their best, Tom looking sour and disapproving, Sarah's cheeks round and pink. Make a nice opening set for a play, he thought. But it wasn't a play; it was real.

MR. BURRELL took the fatal envelope out of his desk, turned and faced them all. Webster found himself wishing he had been there to see the two Francis Lords introduced. He would have liked to see those blue eyes of Frank's turned upon Francis. There was a fire in the chunk stove in the corner and the room was hot, but Webster was cold. This was it. This was the pay-off.

"I've asked you here to hear the will of the late Zachary Thorne," Mr. Burrell said in a stiff, lawyer's voice. "I have delayed several days for reasons which will be obvious. However, I will delay no longer. The inquest is over. Mr. Thorne was found to have died by his own hand, as you all know. Francis, I apologize to you in advance for not warning you concerning this. It seemed best not to. . . . This is the last will and testament of Mr. Zachary Thorne of this village."

He read the document without expression, not looking up from the paper.

THERE was not a sound in the room when he finished. Webster wanted to look at the two men, but found himself instead looking at Sarah Bridges. There were tears in Sarah's eyes, running unchecked down the round pink cheeks. It was Sarah who spoke first.

"God rest the poor man," Sarah said. "He needn't have done that. He wasn't beholden to us."

"He must have thought he was. Sarah," Burrell said.

Then Frank Lord stood up. "That's all you wanted of me?" he asked.

"I would like to know your pleasure in this matter," Mr. Burrell said formally.

"Pleasure?" Frank Lord said. "That's a queer word, sir. I've already told your man here that I had nothing to do with this matter. I didn't know whether your notice was like a subpoena or not, so I came. But I'll go now if there's nothing more. It's nothing to do with me. Good day, Mr. Burrell."

"It's not quite so simple, Mr. Lord," Burrell said. "But go if you wish. We can talk later if necessary."

"There'll be nothing to talk about," Frank Lord said, and went out.

Burrell then told Tom and Sarah that they could go and he'd see that they got their money as soon as he could get an order from the judge. It might be some months. Then only Francis was left. He had said never a word, only sat there, not moving, beside the table where Miranda had been typing.

"Well, Francis?" Mr. Burrell said.

"Very dramatic. Very," Francis said. But his voice had ice under the British inflections.

"Too melodramatic, if you ask me, Francis."

"Such lovely table talk for Trigo."

"I wouldn't be that way, boy. This isn't a play, you know."

"Why don't you ask what my pleasure is?"

"Well, what is it? This isn't my doing, you know, Francis. Do you want to put in a claim for the estate? Do you have any proof it's yours?"

"I don't have any proof it isn't," Francis said.

The old man's face took on a curious sternness and sorrow. Webster felt a pang of sympathy for him. His Francis hadn't come up to scratch.

"My pleasure at the moment is that you ask Mr. Webster to leave the room," Francis said.

"Mr. Webster is part of the firm," Burrell said quietly. "Say what you've got to say, Francis."

"It's a very nice problem in ethics, isn't it?" Francis said thinly. "Would you turn down a fortune in like circumstances, Mr. Burrell?"

"I don't know," Burrell said.

"Yes, I expect you would. Good old habit of chivalry, all that."

"I don't feel like being facetious, Francis. I've known your family all my life."

"That's more than I've done," Francis said. "And I might say I haven't the foggiest notion of whether I'm Zachary Thorne's son or not. It seems unlikely, doesn't it? But I don't know mother as well as you do."

(Continued on Page 161)

NEXT MONTH

WHEN the Family conspired on a marriage between Maria and William Gault Featherstone, Jr. (of the Virginia Featherstones!), this independent Southern belle seceded from the proposed union, demanded her rights and staged a rebellion the like of which Richmond society had not seen since those valiant days of 1861. But Maria finally rallied most of the enemy—even her distraught father, the Captain—to her side and even proved to them that "damn yankee" is two words! Isabel Dunn tells the story in

Maria and the Captain

Complete in the May Journal, suh, condensed from the novel soon to be published by the Bobbs Merrill Co., Inc.



Change-abouts to cheer about in Avondale Honeysuckle and Mignonne Chambray in

Companion Colors

In Avondale's matching cotton fabrics you get the same stay-fast colors in solid shades and stripes.

Two wonderful new Avondale fabrics, Honeysuckle and Mignonne Chambray, make this the easiest-to-care-for wardrobe you ever owned. Honeysuckle, a fresh, stays-crisp seersucker-piqué, is preshrunk, and its multi-color stripes make a match with Mignonne Chambray in solid shades. The Mignonne Chambray is all-combed for softness, and its Superset® finish makes it PERMA-PRESSED . . . it needs fewer pressings, wrinkles hang out overnight, shrinkage is controlled*, it stays clean through many wearings and NEVER needs starching. Look for the Avondale label in ready-to-wear, and fabrics-by-the-yard.

*Residual shrinkage no more than 2%

AVONDALE

58 Worth Street, New York 13

chambrays, novelty weaves, corduroys, seersuckers, denims, tickings—dyed-in-the-yarn fabrics—the stay-fast colors are woven-in

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Begin with a low-cut now-into-summer dress in striped Avondale Honeysuckle. Add a dickey and jacket in a solid shade of Mignonne Chambray for three outfits in one. You can double this wardrobe again with an extra dickey-and-jacket set in Mignonne Chambray to match the second color in the Honeysuckle stripe. Simplicity pattern, No. 3498.

Know why Kleenex is your best buy in tissues?





Perfect balance. Of course you want a *soft* tissue—a *strong* tissue. *Kleenex** has the "just right" combination of softness and brawn. (Thanks to a special process.) And each tissue is perfectly *uniform:* always the same top quality you can depend on for every use from colds to makeup removal.



Pure...so lint-free. Only finest ingredients go into Kleenex . . . from pulp to package. Pure cellulose fibers, with absolutely no ground wood. That's why you won't find weak spots or hard particles in this tissue. And test after test proves Kleenex freer from lint. Won't aggravate sore noses.



Saves as it serves. No other tissue has the handy Serv-a-Tissue box. With Kleenex you pull one double tissue at a time (not a handful). Ends waste—saves trouble, saves money. So don't take just "tissues." Insist on wonderfully soft, strong Kleenex—your best buy in tissues.



Saves tissues
Saves money

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 158)

And Webster had a sudden odd knowledge hat Francis Lord was hurt to the core, not ecause of this fact, if it was a fact, but beause he had never known his mother well nough to know whether it might be true or ot. He was being bitter and light about it ecause he was hurt so deeply.

"I find it quite incredible," Burrell said tiffly. "But so does Mr. Frank Lord find it ncredible, as you saw. It was only by accient we discovered there was another Francis ord close at hand. It complicates matters, of ourse. It's the facts we have to have, and I now no way of getting them except to ask. Do you want me to ask your mother or will ou? Or do you want to refuse the money?"

"Refuse money? Oh, come, Mr. Burrell!"

"Well, then, what do you want me to do?"

Francis stood up. He lit a cigarette, careully, slowly. "I'll have to think about it a it," he said almost lightly. "Meanwhile, I uppose the will is going on record?"

"Yes, it'll have to."

"How art the mighty fallen, Mr. Burrell!"

"I came as close as I ever did to destroying a legal document," Burrell said. "I don't ke any part of it, Francis. But there it is."

"Yes, there it is. I find it very intriguing, on't you, Mr. Webster?"

Webster said slowly, "I did, but somehow t doesn't seem quite so intriguing as it did."

"Oh?"

"Too many people get hurt by it, however it comes out," Webster said a little loggedly.

"Well, if it's true, a good many people ave been hurt for a long time, don't you hink? It isn't precisely a ew hurt. And there's the roblem, too, of whether noney can heal hurts. It ften does, you know. It's ery soothing, money."

"Francis, stop it," Burell said suddenly. "It isn't question of general ethcs. It's your problem. It's o do with you and your mother—and Zachry Thorne. You won't get anywhere going n in this adolescent fashion."

"Adolescent?" Francis said. He stood here, elegant, sophisticated, certainly not a oy. "I'm hardly that, Mr. Burrell. I'm hirty-two years old and I sometimes feel as f I'm a thousand. I don't believe it's adolesent to maintain a philosophical approach to existence, do you, Mr. Webster? From that approach, this is a nice problem. My own personal, emotional approach is nobody's business. Though I don't mind telling you hat I learned some years since to keep my emotions at low boil. . . . And now, if you don't mind, I'll leave you two gentlemen to your own consciences, if lawyers have such."

BURRELL did not speak after Francis had gone. He sat down at his desk, pretended to be looking at some papers, but he was too still to let the pretense mean anything. The silence lasted five minutes, then Webster broke it by saying:

"You said sometime I'd like Francis. I've come close to beginning."

"I'm afraid I don't follow you," Burrell said.

"He's a man of little faith," Webster said. "Like Thorne, shall we say? I don't think you can judge him in quite the same way as Frank, can you?"

"I can judge him as the son of Mary Lord."

"I find it very difficult to imagine Mary Lord as being a mother. As a museum piece, as a statue in the town square, as a dispenser of soups, yes; but as a mother of a high-strung young man like Francis or even of a stiff piece of a girl like Miranda—well, can you imagine her mothering them even to the extent to which Mrs. Burrell mothers me, a stranger?"

"They're people who don't wear their emotions on their sleeves—but I've never doubted they had them," Mr. Burrell said sternly.

"Funny—for the first time I don't doubt they have," Webster said.

"Frankly, I don't see what you found in that exhibit to elicit your sympathy."

"Well, faith's a gift, you know, like perfect pitch—you have it or you don't. . . . I wonder what Francis did in the war. A lot of us who were in the war lost the gift somewhere overseas. Some didn't, I grant you. But somewhere, somehow, Francis has lost his gift—or maybe never had it; I don't know. He just doesn't believe that people are decent and kind and loving, and all his fine manners and savage irony are just anger at the unloving, indecent world. He does not believe his mother loves him—and maybe she doesn't; how do you know?"

BURRELL had turned and was looking at his young partner with some surprise. "This from you, John!" he said. "Well, I do know, and Francis is a fool if he doesn't know. I saw Mary waiting for him to come home from the war, saw her hair go white, saw her walking to the post office after mail day after day. She didn't talk about him, because that's not her way—the more other mothers talked about their sons, the less she spoke of Francis. But she loves him."

"I wonder. You ought to go up to see the Frank Lords. You ought to see the way Jennie Lord looks at that sick little boy. You ought to hear Frank say his wife's name. They know what love is and they aren't ashamed to use it. I wish they could get the money, but they never will, even if it belongs to them, just because they know so well what love is. . . . The reason I almost liked Francis is that I suddenly saw he felt he had never been loved. He's hideously lonely and he uses reason for his lodestar because that's all he's got."

"I was ashamed of him," Mr. Burrell said tiredly.

"Don't you want him to have the money? If it's his?"

"I don't care about the money."

"Francis is more of a realist than that. As he says, money is soothing for hurts. . . . Know what I heard in the barbershop? They've sold that Chinese cabinet that was such a museum piece. They need money."

"So do the Frank Lords, you said."

"They need it, yes—but not the way Francis' folks do. They aren't keeping up the finest house in Trigo and they haven't any particular position to maintain. They need it for the boy, for help on the farm, for more cows, maybe. But they don't need it for proof of their own existence."

Burrell got up, reached for his old coat that hung on an old-fashioned rack in the corner. "Think I'll close up," he said. "I've had a bellyful. I'll take a run over to the county seat and file tomorrow."

"Okay," Webster said.

"Pete Jenkins'll be nosing around. He never misses anything. If I can spike the publication, I'll try."

"What's the use? Delaying tactics haven't got us anywhere yet."

"Maybe you're right."

He was gone and Webster was left alone in the hot room. He felt on edge, surprised at himself for championing Francis Lord, but aware that he did feel some sympathy for that tall, fastidious figure of Trigo's first son. It was odd that Francis should have used his, Webster's, own flip approach to the matter, calling it a pretty case of ethics and so on, just as Webster was beginning to feel it was much more than that. It was that business of knowing people, he supposed. He had seen Francis heretofore only as someone who annoyed him, a symbol of the haughty Lords, but now he had seen him as a lonely, embittered young man of his own age, he could not be caustic about him any more than he could be caustic about the Frank Lords.

He played bridge with Jones and the Ransome brothers, who were in the bank, that night. It had become a weekly foursome and Webster had always enjoyed it, but tonight he could not keep his mind on the cards. At eleven, having lost seven dollars and forty cents, he said he had a hard day tomorrow and had to get along.

(Continued on Page 163)

One of the most important rules in the science of manners is an almost absolute silence in regard to yourself. —HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

the invisible "it"-Fit in

America's Smartest Walking Shoes

* FASHION you can see!
* COMFORT you can feel!
* PRICES you can pay!



Some ENNA JETTICK Styles are made in sizes 1 to 12 Widths AAAAA to EEE

$9.95 to $12.95

ENNA JETTICK SHOES, INC. AUBURN, N. Y.

THOSE COMFORTABLE Enna Jettick's America's Smartest Walking Shoes ®

Featured Exclusively at Stanley Hostess Parties

NEW STANHOME UNDE WASH WITH UNDE WASHER



NEW STANHOME UNDE WASH. Wonderful for your washbasin laundering. This new, "modified-foam" detergent lets you swish dainty things clean as clean . . . gently, quickly and with a new, amazing ease. Use it in hot, cold, hard or soft water for extra-quick, extra-thorough washing. Use it always with the

STANLEY UNDE WASHER. This magic handy Washer saves rubbing, saves runs, saves tears, saves your hands. Seven little suction cups in the detachable rubber head pump suds through your clothes washing them gently, fast and clean.

Lighten your daily laundry tasks this way



For Stockings, Undies, Delicate Materials

For Girdles, Woolens, Nylon Sweaters

Convenient To Carry For Use When Traveling

PHONE OR WRITE TODAY: For information about how you may shop for Stanley Quality Plus Products at Stanley Hostess Parties, how you may arrange a Stanley Hostess Party of your own . . . or for any information about Stanley . . . just do this: Phone or write your Stanley Dealer, your nearest Stanley Home Products Branch Office, or communicate direct with Stanley's Home Office in Westfield, Mass.

IT'S EASY TO HOLD YOUR OWN STANLEY HOSTESS PARTY...



You just invite in your Stanley Dealer with a group of your friends and neighbors.



Your Dealer, an entertainment specialist, sees that everyone has fun, gets welcome gifts.



While your Dealer demonstrates Stanley Quality Plus Products you all shop for those you need.



Your Dealer presents you in return for your cooperation a splendid Hostess Dividend Gift.

STANHOME
A STANLEY HOME PRODUCT

Originators of the famous Stanley Hostess Party Plan

STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS, INC.
WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
Factories in Easthampton, Massachusetts and London, Ontario.

(Continued from Page 161)

ed Ransome said, "Say, what's the low-
n on Thorne's estate? There's rumors go-
round."

t'll be in the papers," Webster said
ly, and left.

e walked home. It was snowing, hard,
o little flakes cutting against his face.
valked around the square, though it was
the way home. He wanted to know if
inda was working. Yes, there was a light
aused, but did not go in.

e went over to the county seat with Bur-
n the morning and the will was filed.
met Pete Jenkins in the corridor.

What are you doing over here? Any
?" Pete asked.

ust filing," Burrell answered.

Filing what? Not the Thorne will, by any
ce?"

urrell stood still in the drafty old hall,
ed into Pete's cynical blue eyes. His own
were stern but not hopeful. "Yes," he
"The Thorne will. It would be a great
if you didn't feel you had to publish it
week or so. We'd like a little time on
hough I doubt whether time will alter
gs much or make it any more palatable
ek from now."

Give," said Pete. "News, eh?"

t's there to look at," Burrell said. "It
d be a favor, Pete."

You know the milk of human kindness
l up in me quite a while back," Pete said.
n on a paper, and what favors have you
done me?"

You never know. You might want one
' Burrell said. "So long, Pete."

was in Wednesday's paper, headlined,
he front page. Well, you could hardly
e Pete. The Lords were nothing to him,
aper everything. It was news, the kind
le lapped up. Nearly everybody in Trigo
the county paper.

t's in," Webster said to Burrell.

'll remember that of Pete," Burrell said.
What does it matter? It had to come
time."

wanted time."

For what?"

HORNE FORTUNE LEFT TO NATURAL SON,
NCIS LORD.

RE it was in big type. Pete might at
have left the "natural son" out of the
line, but it didn't matter. There wasn't
one in town who wouldn't have read the
e thing to the last word. The thing to do
was to throw a little dust in their faces—
e them not sure. Maybe it wasn't a kind-
to the Frank Lords, but they were in
too, whether they wanted to be or not.
where to start, so the word would go
kly?

ebster went down to his rooms and Miss
ts came in on the pretext of bringing
linen. She was made to order, a born
p, though Webster had not given her much to gossip about during his stay with her.

"Mr. Webster, I'm late with the linen—I declare, I've been all to pieces ever since I saw the paper. I just can't believe it! But you know, Mr. Webster, the higher you climb, the farther you have to fall. I've always said. Why, just last Sunday she sent all those white chrysanthemums to church—I don't see how she could have!"

"Hold everything, Miss Everts!" Webster said. "You're jumping to conclusions, aren't you? Have you forgotten there's a Francis Lord up on Stony Lonesome? Could be him just as well—most probably is."

"Oh," Miss Everts said like a pricked balloon. "You mean Frank Lord? But I don't think it could be, not really. They're farmers—it wouldn't make sense."

"I don't get the connection," Webster said, "between the probability and the fact that they're farmers. Human nature works on farms, too, Miss Everts."

"But Mr. Thorne wasn't the kind —— Oh, dear, what a muddle!"

SHE vanished and Webster smiled grimly if a little sorrily. She was gone to spread the word and he did not doubt that it would spread fast. Then what was there to do?

He generally ate in a popular restaurant near the bank, but he didn't want to go there tonight. He went to the inn, which was a good place, patronized by summer people, quieter, expensive. He didn't see what the next move was and he didn't want to talk about it any more. He thought of going to the Lords himself, going boldly to the door and asking for Miranda, or even Francis—or even Mrs. Lord—but knew it was an impossibility. What should he offer—condolences or congratulations?

But even at the inn he was not left alone. The manager was a quiet, polite man, but he came up to Webster where he sat alone in a corner and said, "Shocking business—the Thorne thing."

"Shocking?" Webster said.

"Spite, wouldn't you say? On Thorne's part? They never really took him up—probably got under his skin."

"Might be," Webster said. "Hadn't thought of that angle."

"That's how I figure it. He spent a lot of money, got that big house, but he wasn't ever one of the Lord crowd, in spite of it."

"It's a bit more involved than that, Mr. Betts. There's another Francis Lord, up Stony Lonesome, you know."

"You don't say? That's queer. 'Tisn't a common name. . . . Well, I'll stick to my notion. It was just spite. But I guess the Lords can take the gossip. Everybody that knows them won't believe it for a minute. Kind of a mean thing to do, though."

"Yes, mean enough."

Later a group of people near him, strangers, were looking at the paper. "Did you see



"What a baby-sitter he'd make."



TAILOR STRIPE

for a lovely "good night" and a brisk, fresh "good morning"

"Caprice," Munsingwear's exclusive cross-dyed knit rayon refuses to wrinkle . . . comes up smiling each morning. Tubs beautifully, needs only the quick caress of an iron. Long wearing, too. Right, dressmaker detailed p.j.'s, cut full for comfort, with captivating shoulder and yoke line. Left, shirred bodice, diagonal banded, drifting gathered skirt. Apricot, aqua, blue, pink. Gown: 32-38, about $3.50 P.J.: 32-40, about $4

it's knit... it's nice... it's...

Munsingwear®

at finest stores everywhere

this about this will?" a woman said. "Awfully exciting. It would make a story."

Webster leaned over and said tartly, "Madam, it's not a story. It's facts about people in this town and means trouble and nothing but trouble. It could happen to anyone, you know." He got up and walked out, leaving the tableful of strangers staring after him in astonishment. He had to laugh at himself—he sounded, he thought, just like old Burrell.

He was stopped twice on the street before he reached the sanctuary of his rooms again. Once by Mrs. Jones, the wife of the plant manager. She said, "John, did you ever hear of anything so dreadful? They'll never live it down—never. But can you imagine Mrs. Lord, of all people? Talk about whited sepulchers! I could never imagine how she got close enough to Ed Lord to produce children at all. She'll never be able to hold her head up in this town again!" A small purr of satisfaction in Mrs. Lord's downfall ran through her words, and Webster found himself disliking her heartily, though she had always been most hospitable to him.

"Aren't you underestimating the stiffness of Mrs. Lord's neck?" he asked her. "Could be, Marjie. And anyway, there's another Francis Lord, you know." So he went through that again, making confusion, throwing doubts, making another thread to the gossip.

Then he caught up with Mrs. Garnett, the wife of the school principal, would have passed, but she spoke to him and matched her step to his. "PTA night," she said. "I always go, goodness knows why. I'm not a parent—or I am, but not of little ones. It's a habit."

"Skip it and go to the movies with me," Webster said. He had always liked Mrs. Garnett.

"Like to, but no. Mark will expect me there. But I'm tired and I don't want to look my fellow townsmen in the eyes tonight. There's something horrible to me in a crowd of people chewing on a piece of gossip. Makes me unsure about mankind."

"I know what you mean," Webster said.

"I wonder if anyone in town really spares a thought for that poor woman sitting there tonight in that big house. It'll be an awful night for her. I almost went to see her—but, of course, I couldn't. She's never unbent enough to be a friend of mine and I've not been in the house more than three or four times in all these years. Such things are worse when you're proud—but I suppose they're always bad. It was a cruel thing to do."

"Was it? I don't know," Webster said. "You see, we don't know all the facts. I don't suppose we ever will."

"I know. He must have been a very lonely man. You know, I don't blame them if it's true. I don't blame them at all. How can you know how driven people get? But, after all this time, it does seem cruel to have to suffer for it."

"She's no doubt suffered before this," Webster said.

"Yes, of course. . . . You wouldn't want to come to PTA with me?"

"No, thanks. Bless you, Mrs. Garnett—good night!" Webster said. He hadn't bothered to tell her about Frank Lord. He felt grateful to her.

He looked for the light in the office, but there was none. He went to a movie and afterward did not know what it was about.

On the way home from the movie he walked again to the square. *You'd think I was in love with the brat,* he said to himself, *instead of just being interested in a cog in the caste system.* But irony had no place in his feelings when he saw there was a light in the office. Like a schoolboy adoring his first love from afar, he walked up to the window, looked in. Miranda sat there, head down awkwardly across the typewriter. Her hair flopped down flatly over her arm and she looked as still and desolate as the dead. He knew he ought to go away and leave her alone, but he couldn't. He went up the steps, opened the door and walked in. She lifted her head at once and the illusion of deadness did not go away with her movement, for there was no expression at all in her white triangular face.

"Hello, Miranda," he said quietly, but she did not answer. He walked over and sat down in Mr. Burrell's swivel chair. "It's a mess, isn't it?" he went on. "But I guess you can take it. And of course there's always the chance that it may have nothing to do with you at all!" He got up and went to the old cupboard that had been in the room since the building was a schoolroom, took out an old coffeepot and can of coffee. "I'm going to make some coffee," he said. "Mr. Burrell and I tipple sometimes."

"I don't want any, thank you," Miranda said.

"Well, you're going to get some." Then he saw that the newspaper was there on the typewriter where her head had been resting. "I say," he said, "don't tell me you didn't know it till you saw that paper?"

"I must go home," she said.

"Sit still. The coffee will warm us up. You can't go home looking like that. . . . Frank didn't tell you, then?"

"No. When did he know?"

"At two o'clock Monday afternoon."

She folded her thin hands together tightly. "How long will the coffee take?" she asked oddly. "I've got to get home."

"Oh, ten minutes—less. Stove's red hot. If you'll stop looking like a zombi, I'll tell you what I know, which isn't much."

An old Negro woman, asked by her mistress why she was always so cheerful, laughed and said, "Lawdy, chile, Ah jes' wears de world lak a loose garment."

When he got to Frank Lords, for an instant the most despe relief came to her eyes

"I wouldn't count them," he said. "I re wouldn't, you know. E if they're the ones, I d think they'll ever ad it. It's a lot of mo but the Frank Lords d seem even tempted. And if it's yo it's yours, and there's no reason you shoul have it, except pride, which is going to tal beating in any case."

"I suppose you're trying to be kind— keep me from going hysterical. But I'm hysterical. I'm sick," she said. "" wouldn't understand."

"I might," he said briefly.

"No, you couldn't. Francis came to this afternoon and asked me what I'd do a lot of money. I told him I'd sell my soul twenty-five dollars a week. 'That's lettin go cheap,' he said. He asked me wh mother was and I said she was at the chu helping decorate for the bazaar. He laug and walked away. I went out to the cour club and people stopped talking when I c near and everything seemed strange—b didn't know. You might have told me."

"Yes. Mr. Burrell said he would couldn't. . . . Have you upped your price- your soul?"

He brought the pot over, set it pre ously on a scale weight that they used paperweight, brought cups without sau

"It'll have to be black," he said. "D it down, so hot it'll scald you."

"It's all a lie," she said. "But that w make any difference, will it?"

"Not much," he told her. "How do know it's a lie?"

"It couldn't be anything else. . . . I've upped my price."

"It might be a million, with taxes pa he said. "Or half, at least."

She picked up the cup with two hands, a child, drank the hot coffee as if she ha have it, and quickly.

Then Webster said, "Burrell said it wo kill your mother. But it won't, Mira Your mother is made of tougher stuff t that. If I made fun of your mother, I wa making fun of her strength. That's enough and will serve her in good stead n And you're tough too. It's all up to Fran isn't it? Between Francis and your mothe

"Francis would cut his throat sooner t even ask mother," she said.



MIDNIGHT COLOGNE $1.25

MIDNIGHT BLUE ICE STICK COLOGNE $1.25

MIDNIGHT HAND AND BODY LOTION $1

MIDNIGHT DUSTING POWDER $1.25

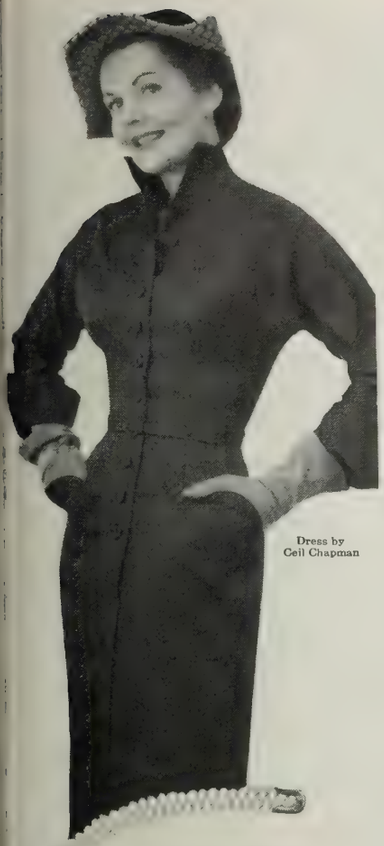
MIDNIGHT LIPSTICK PERFUME COMBINATION $1

the MAGIC of
MIDNIGHT by TUSSY

Wear this fresh, lovely fragrance...that scents all MIDNIGHT cosmetics...and discover how enchanting you can be from high noon to high moon. And for your lips—in the same vivid mood—there is Midnight or Midnight Pink lipstick.

EVEN IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN MAGIC...YOU'LL BELIEVE IN MIDNIGHT.

ALL PRICES PLUS TAX



Dress by Ceil Chapman

This amazing Spirella stay never gouges, never poke!



YOU'LL look lovelier, slimmer . . . feel better in your comfortable Spirella, *individually made* from accurate measurements taken in your own home. The exclusive Spirella stay bends and curves with your body. Spirella's unique design gently reinforces stretched muscles, gives you the light, flexible support you need for a younger, more slender figure. Available only through qualified local corsetieres.

Get a natural lift with

Spirella

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

FREE FIGURE ANALYSIS

The Spirella Co., Inc., Dept. L-41, Niagara Falls, New York
(In Canada—The Spirella Company of Canada, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.)

Yes, I would like a FREE figure analysis. Please have a Spirella corsetiere get in touch with me.

Name .....

Address ..... *Phone* .....

City ..... *Zone* ..... *State* .....

"Oh, I don't think so. Francis is more of realist than that. I think he will ask her. Or course she might tell him without his asking.

"We don't get the paper. We can't affor it," she said coldly. "How is she going t know? It's not the kind of thing other peop mention to you, is it?"

"You could take the paper home to he that one," he said. "I think myself it woul be a kind thing to do."

She stood up, folded the paper tightly int a small roll.

"I'll walk home with you," he said. Sh made no objection and they went out int the street, across the path through th square. It wasn't far.

"It's Francis it'll kill," she said when the came to the fine old Lord house.

"That's entirely possible," he admitte She turned and looked at him as if she sa him for the first time, as if this admissio made him a different person. She stood ther by the iron fence, a small girl, not muc taller than the fence, the paper in her hand looking up at him.

"Why did you say that?" she asked mor simply than he had ever heard her speak Oh, she had always been brief, but there ha always been a wealth of meaning behin every inimical, seemingly simple word. Nov she meant what she said, nothing more.

"He took it very hard," he said. "In wardly, that is—not outwardly."

"I thought you hated him."

"Well, I don't. I can change, can't I? I used to think I hated you too. I don't."

SHE looked suddenly helpless, lost. He wanted to touch her, take her in his arms and comfort her, but he did not come an inch nearer.

"I don't know what to do," she said. "I didn't know I could be this frightened. You don't know what Francis has gone through already. He—he went to pieces after the war; nobody knows it, though. You didn't know it, did you? Or is that one of the things you think hidden that all the town talks of?"

"No, I didn't know it."

"He was in the hospitals a long time, then they let him come home. But he had to live quietly, very quietly. He was going to be an architect—he works in the garden and polishes the furniture. He went to the doctors last month and they said he'd better take another year of it. All he said was, 'Well, I'll be only thirty-three in another year,' and he went out and pulled up the zinnias. . . . It will kill him."

"If he has that much guts, it won't."

"But it—it's such a thin line he walks on. . . . I'll go in now. Thanks for the coffee."

"Shall I go in with you?"

"No."

"Look, Miranda—it's not my business though it seems very like mine—but wouldn't it be possible for you to be open and frank about it? Is that impossible in your house? Would it be impossible for you to go to your mother and say, 'Why, mom, what a giddy girl you used to be!' That sounds silly—no, I don't suppose you could. I don't expect much real ever gets said in your house, does it? It's an unreal house, full of inhibitions. But you know, it might be that all the inhibitions come from this secret, kept so many years. I think you ought to consider that. It might even turn out to be as great a relief for your mother as it will be a disaster. . . . Mr. Betts thought the will was nothing but spite work, because your folks had snubbed Thorne. I don't think so. I think Thorne was a big enough man, and an intelligent enough man not to be snubbed if he didn't want to be. . . . I mean, use your head and don't act like a schoolgirl with illusions. Even Francis knows there's a possibility it might be true. Not that that lessens his problem—it just adds to it, I know. But if you could just break through, not treat it with kid gloves on—be honest together. You ought to stick together."

"We always have," she said.

"I mean, *really*."

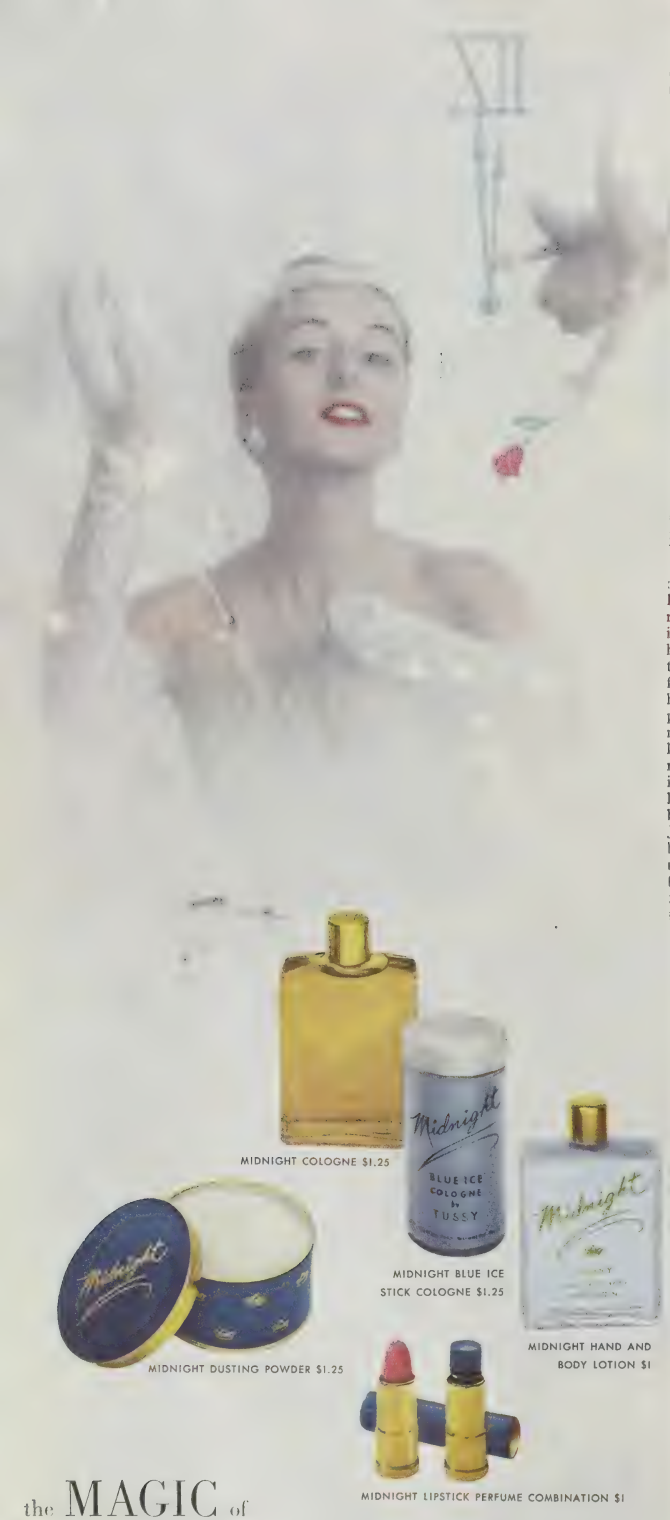
"I don't have illusions. All the same, it is a lie," she said, and walked away from him into the house, that house.



Scotties are thrifties too!

Here is a cleansing tissue the whole family will enjoy! Soft and snowy white, yet they have the 2-way strength you want for practical family use. You can sneeze and "blow" into Scotties and they don't go to pieces. They don't crumble when you remove make up. And Scotties are real "thrifties," too. You'll see how economical they are for children and grownups when you compare their value with all others.

er tissue by **Scott** *that's "soft as old linen"*



MIDNIGHT COLOGNE $1.25
MIDNIGHT BLUE ICE STICK COLOGNE $1.25
MIDNIGHT HAND AND BODY LOTION $1
MIDNIGHT DUSTING POWDER $1.25
MIDNIGHT LIPSTICK PERFUME COMBINATION $1

the MAGIC of
MIDNIGHT by TUSSY

Wear this fresh, lovely fragrance...that scents all MIDNIGHT cosmetics...and discover how enchanting you can be from high noon to high moon. And for your lips—in the same vivid mood—there is Midnight or Midnight Pink lipstick.

EVEN IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN MAGIC...YOU'LL BELIEVE IN MIDNIGHT.

ALL PRICES PLUS TAX

He went slowly home, feeling older. They seemed to have gone a long way in a few minutes, he and Miranda Lord. He had thought himself quite worldly-wise about women and he had no notion of losing his head about any of them, but he knew himself suddenly as a callow youth to have had such thoughts. For this was something different from a college boy's passion, different from a flirtation at the country club. It was something very quiet that had gone into his very blood stream, something permanent, something that might hurt and yet that could not be taken away from him. Something that made Miranda's cause his cause, forever and ever. He did not feel happy, but instead lonely and sad. Life was more complicated than he had known.

He thought suddenly of Zachary Thorne, his tall figure coming out of the bank, and he, too, was real for the first time, not only playing a part in this business of the will, but a remote, strange man with a heart and memories. How could a man like that have had an affair with Mary Lord right under Ed Lord's nose? How could he have stayed here year after year, rarely seeing Mary Lord, never having anything to do with his son, if he was his son, never having anything of his own but the plant and the house and his gift for making money? It was a pretty horrible life, when you came to think of it—or, if he had ever loved Mary Lord, it was horrible. But Mary Lord—she was the one he could not quite fathom. As old Burrell said, it was incredible, really incredible that she should have let herself go in that kind of passion, forget her name and her place. . . . But suppose Frank Lord's mother had been pretty, like Jennie? Suppose . . . no, he could not imagine that, either—at least, not if she had been like Jennie, though Jennie had passion in her, certainly. But Jennie had loyalty too. The trouble was that you couldn't know both sides—you couldn't know what these people had to be loyal to, and that made all the difference. . . . Perhaps that will was the bravest, realest thing that Thorne had ever done. Perhaps he, too, was sick of the secretiveness, the lies, and said to himself that at least it would be *said*, that it was owed to life that it be said.

> **The phrase "to fall in love" is not at all to my liking; for to say a man is fallen in love—or that he is deeply in love—or up to his ears in love—and sometimes over head and ears in it—carries an idiomatical kind of implication that love is a thing below a man; which opinion I hold to be damnable and heretical, and so much for that.**
>
> —LAURENCE STERNE.

In that house now, what was being said? He tried to think of Miranda going to her mother, laughing, loving, but he could not. All his mind came to was the picture of her slight figure, twisting the folded paper in her hands. Sometimes Webster had been a little irritated at the curiosity of his own mother. It was impossible to have a secret at home. But tonight he felt grateful to her for her curiosity, which he knew was based on interest, a true interest. There'd been no place for complexes to grow, no time for solitary brooding.

Then nothing happened. The drama seemed to have ended. The morrow came and then another morrow, and nothing happened. Burrell was looking old and very tired, and one afternoon he went home at two, though he was nearly always right there in his old swivel chair till six.

On Saturday the bazaar was to open at the church. It always began with a tea and Mrs. Lord always poured tea graciously at the head of the long table in the church basement where the bazaar was held.

At eleven-thirty-two there was a mail train and fifteen minutes later Francis or Miranda always walked across the square and around to the post office. Webster found himself waiting for the moment to come. When Francis came into view he felt a curious relief, also an odd pride in the young man who dared to face the town in this ordinary way.

Burrell saw him, too, but said nothing.

"At least he hasn't gone into hiding," Webster said.

"No. He seems to have gall enough for anything," Burrell answered sourly.

Francis came every day that week, walking slowly across the square, nodding if he met anyone. He did not stop in at the law office. He stopped nowhere except at the post office. Webster wanted to walk out and join him in his ordeal, if it was an ordeal, but he knew that Francis would hate him for sympathy. Yet as the days passed and he did not see Miranda, but only that tall, elegant young man walking alone through the square, his pity increased and the tension in him mounted till he thought he could not look on it again.

On Friday he said, "Did you stop to think that maybe Mrs. Lord doesn't even know this yet? They don't take the county paper. If the children don't tell her, who will?"

"Good heavens! They couldn't do that to her!"

"They might not have the courage. . . . Have you got the key to Thorne's house?"

"Yes, somewhere."

"Thought I might go up and look around a bit. Mind?"

"Go ahead. I've been there once. Bare as a bone."

He felt an intruder as he walked into the Parsonage. It was quiet and clean and even warm. He wondered why it was warm. Then he saw Tom Bridges working at the far end of the wall. He walked out of the house and across the lawn to Tom.

"Hello, Bridges," he said. "Just looking around the house a bit. Were you told to keep the fires up?"

Tom went on working, but said, "Nope. All that coal in the cellar. Thought I might as well. House goes to ruin fast if it's cold."

"Anybody hire you to do this?"

"Nope. Few jobs I wanted to finish up for Mr. Thorne."

He seemed disinclined to talk and Webster went back to the house. It was a very good house, he saw, furnished plainly and yet with taste. The books were mostly on history and economics. The chairs were comfortable and the pictures on the walls were for the most part engravings of people such as Jefferson, Burke, Pitt, or historical scenes of Valley Forge, Gettysburg and the like. A sober house, but good. Yet, as Burrell had said, it was bare as a bone. Bare of the personal. There was one portrait on the wall of the library over the desk. It was of a woman dressed in the clothes of the nineties. She had a strong mouth and steady eyes. Probably Thorne's mother. It was no hack job, but finely painted. The desk had some letters, but when Webster looked reluctantly through them he found them all about business, though not business connected with the plant. Things to do with this place, or notes on books Thorne had purchased or was about to purchase. Nothing from friends or relatives. But of course if Thorne had planned this, he would have destroyed any such.

He went up to the attic, thinking of old trunks. But the attic was tidy and contained only odd pieces of furniture and some boxes of blankets and curtains, neatly marked.

When he came down, looked again at the books, he made what he thought at first an exciting discovery. On the bottom shelf of the bookcases beyond the hearth he found a small row of books that were plainly diaries. They were all bound in leather and he had not at first noticed that they were different from the other books. But he was doomed to disappointment. They were the most impersonal diaries he had ever laid eyes on. Every day the temperature was noted, and generally there was some such brief statement as "Heavy fog" or "Thunderstorm at 2 A.M. Cleared at 4." For the rest they consisted of such things as:

"June 8: Thomas Paine died on this day. He knew what 'tried men's souls.'"

(Continued on Page 168)



Scotties*
are softies!

Scotties are thrifties too!

Here is a cleansing tissue the whole family will enjoy! Soft and snowy white, yet they have the 2-way strength you want for practical family use. You can sneeze and "blow" into Scotties and they don't go to pieces. They don't crumble when you remove make-up. And Scotties are real "thrifties," too. You'll see how economical they are for children and grownups when you compare their value with all others.

*another tissue by **Scott** that's "soft as old linen"

"Scotties," "Soft as old linen," Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Dearly Beloved
Daniel Green
Honeymoon Slippers





Fifi in Black, Pink, Heaven Blue and White.
Bonny in Black, White, Pink, Heaven Blue, Scarlet, Royal and Wine Satin. In better stores everywhere,
$4.25 to $9.00. Ask your local retailer for exact prices.

Daniel Green
Comfy Slippers
MADE BY MASTER CRAFTSMEN SINCE 1882



Comfy Leather Honeymoon Slippers for Him, too!

(Continued from Page 166)

"Nov. 14: Justinian. To put one's house, one's country in order takes more than we have at the moment. Where do we have a Justinian?"

Yes, every day was only a recapitulation of events that had happened hundreds of years ago. Webster read on and on, interested in spite of his irritation, but without finding one single personal remark.

He certainly knew his history, he said at last. *I'd like to own these.*

When he came out Tom was nowhere to be seen. He locked the door, got into his car. A futile trip, completely futile. Of course Burrell had thought of the same thing long since and would have known if there was anything to be discovered there.

He hated to go back to town. Everywhere he went people talked of but one thing, the will. He had found he was taking sides too violently and now he simply would not discuss it with anybody. Yet he could not always avoid the opening gambit. Only a few days ago he had looked down on the town from Stony Lonesome and felt a love for it that surprised him. Now he hated it. There were only a few who had any kindliness or sympathy in them. They avidly watched Mrs. Lord and Francis and Miranda, waiting for them to break. Mrs. Jones took on airs as if she had already put Mrs. Lord's crown on her own head. The minister's wife had put out tactful feelers as to having someone else pour at the bazaar opening. The older Ransome brother had said, "Here comes Lord Bastard!" when Francis passed the restaurant where they were having lunch one noon.

A few of the old-timers were excessively loyal and that was sometimes hard to take too. They had been proud so long of their connection with the Lords—they had nothing to put in its place should it be taken from them.

The odd part was that no one took the possible claim of the Frank Lords seriously. They might as well never have discovered the farmer on Stony Lonesome, so little was he taken into account. It was only the old ones who tried to mention him.

THEN one day Webster heard old Mrs. Travis say, apropos of the far-off summer and the influx of summer people, "I don't suppose poor Mary will open her gardens this year—all this trouble ——"

She wasn't talking to him, but Webster said, "Why not? I trust the garden will be there, as always." He walked away, very angry. If even the old ones ditched Mrs. Lord ——

Miranda did not come for typing. He did not see her at all.

On Saturday Webster said, "I think I'll run over to the bazaar. Want to come along?"

"Yes. Mrs. Burrell's going too. We'll pick her up." Burrell's voice was stern. They did not mention Mrs. Lord at all, not one of them. But Webster thought Burrell felt kindly toward him for going.

When they went into the church basement Mary Lord, in a velvet dress that must have been very old but still managed to look *grande-dame-ish* on her, was sitting, with her dowdy velvet hat on top of her white hair at the head of the table by the big tea urn. Miranda and some other young girls were passing cups.

Good girl! Webster said to himself. She walked straight to the table. "Hello, Mrs. Lord," he said. "Straight, please!" Miranda smiled at her and she smiled pleasantly at him. He couldn't see that she looked a little different and he thought, *She doesn't know. She doesn't know even yet.* She could not possibly be just the same if she knew.

THE minister's wife, talking altogether too much, her cheeks unnaturally pink, was moving around from one to another, trying to keep things moving, trying to fill up the gaps of silence that collected around the tea table whenever she was silent. Mrs. Jones stood with a group around one of the displays and they were all laughing in undertones, looking excited and a little frightened. Mr. Burrell had said only, "I'm to see you, Ma'am," taken his tea and gone on.

Webster moved near Miranda. "You take one of these sandwiches," he said.

She thrust the plate toward him. This was one of the days she had gone heavily for lips. It seemed to make her face extra white and small. She was laughing as she handed him the sandwiches, but he saw suddenly that her hand was going to drop the plate, her hands were shaking so.

He rescued the plate and said, "I'll take over."

He went around making himself agreeable, pressing sandwiches on everyone. Then people began to look at the knick-knacks spread everywhere, at the fancywork and china plates and lamps. Those things the town people spared from their attics every year to finance the Congregational Church in Trigo. Webster bought a number of useless things.

He glanced toward the tea table and saw the crowd had thinned and one of those enforced nesses had surrounded the lonely stiff figure at the urn. He walked toward it, into it.

"I don't know who on earth I'm going to give these to," he said. "What happens to 'em? Do they go back in the attics and come out again next year? Could you use this little apron with tatting around the edge? Is it tatting?"

She eyed the apron with some amusement. "It's a little delicate for me," she said. "I wear butchers' aprons."

"I'd never suspect it," he said. Then he looked up and Miranda had joined him. Her eyes looked too big in her face and she gave him a look that warned him. "Could I have another cup of tea?" he asked. "These affairs dehydrate me."

He saw the wedding ring and a hoop of pearls and diamonds on the stately, white hand as Mrs. Lord moved it toward the spigot on the urn. He sat on the corner of the table, endangering cups and cakes.

"Go away," he said to Miranda. "I want to have a quiet little flirtation with your mother."

But when Miranda had gone he had nothing to say. He could only sit there drinking his tea, feeling he was all alone with a woman in the midst of a great throng.

(Continued on Page 171)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Guitar Tune

By DAN G. HOFFMAN

Came down from the mountain
With dew on my head,
Primrose for a button,
But my heart shod in lead.

All my movables, vittles, and
One lock of her hair
Wrapped up in a kerchief,
I roamed everywhere.

How far have I traveled?
How far must one go
To forget a crossed promise
Or a face fair as snow?

I've been to Dodge City,
Dubuque and Sea Grove;
Earth's ends are too close to
Run further than love.

I've been cross the ocean,
Now I'm coming back home
To win my own darling
And never to roam.

There's dew on the mountain,
A wild rose at my heart,
And nobody's opinions
Can keep us apart.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Now Your Skin Can "Breathe" Through Face Powder!

Amazing Discovery About "AIR SPUN" Revolutionizes Beauty World



All "living" things need air... Your skin is no exception

You want your complexion to be radiantly alive—exquisitely fresh. But how can it be if you "smother" it? Heavy make-up and ordinary face powder stifle natural loveliness as surely as though your skin had stopped *breathing!*

The miracle of "Air Spun" permits air to reach your skin—even when your face is beautifully powdered. It actually blends air *into* your face powder! Yet it *clings* longer than ordinary make-up. You'll see and feel the difference the very first time you dip your puff into "AIR SPUN."

No wonder complexion loveliness thrives on "AIR SPUN." No wonder "AIR SPUN" is the world's largest selling face powder!

Coty—and only Coty—has worked this modern miracle!

ever before has face powder such as "AIR SPUN" been created. No other face powder or make-up gives you the *lasting* loveliness of "AIR SPUN"! For only in the exclusive Coty blending process is every feather-light fleck completely coated with ingredients to make the powder cling. Yet the miracle of *air* prevents unsightly caking and pore-clogging!

"Air Spun" Color is Truer—More Natural!

Coty colors are precision blended by air, so no possibility of human error exists—no coarse grains or wayward flecks can possibly escape the cyclonic force that fuses color into "AIR SPUN." What's more, each radiant Coty shade is *uniform*, every time you buy it—from first use to last. Every conceivable shade for the young look you want.

Enriched with Costly Coty Perfumes!

Only "AIR SPUN" Face Powder is enriched with the fragrance of such beloved Coty perfumes as: L'Origan, L'Aimant, Emeraude, "Paris." A thousand dollars a box couldn't buy finer face powder... yet this beauty luxury is yours for only 3¢ a week!



Coty

"AIR SPUN"

Compounded and Copyrighted by Coty, Inc. in U.S.A.





The first party dress...

1851 It seemed like a day of miracles . . . and it was. "Little Jane" in a real party dress, transformed suddenly into a grown-up young lady! And stranger still was the story of the dress itself . . . made on one of those new-fangled *machines!*

This remarkable machine was one of the very earliest SINGER* Sewing Machines. A bit "quaint" perhaps, by our standards . . . with its old-fashioned wooden treadle and the odd-looking cabinet that had served originally as its packing case.

But already, from its very first day, this machine was destined to open new ways of leisure, new worlds of sewing pleasure to women everywhere.

A CENTURY OF SEWING SERVICE
SINGER SEWING MACHINES
1851 ★ 1951

1951 It's still a thrill . . . creating that first party dress, or any dress, on a lovely *modern* SINGER Sewing Machine. It stitches so easily and so smoothly. There's a beautiful cabinet. You'd hardly recognize it as the same "make" of machine.

Yet, from 1851 until now . . . through a century of progress and service in true American tradition . . . *all* SINGER Sewing Machines have achieved the same fine purpose: sewing beautifully, *dependably*, saving work and money.

THE SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, as it celebrates the Hundredth Anniversary of the SINGER Sewing Machine and begins its second century of sewing service, extends greetings to all its many friends.

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

*A Trade Mark of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Copyright, U.S.A., 1951, by THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY. All rights reserved for all countries.

(Continued from Page 168)

enc grew deeper. Mrs. Lord sat quite
t fussing or pretending people were
tea when they weren't.
in love with Miranda," he said sud-
Do you mind?" It seemed the oddest
for such a declaration and the words
large enough for the whole room to
ut no one else had heard them.
He as aware that Mrs. Lord was looking
aig at him with the utmost seriousness.
fe small and foolish, but he returned the
k seriously.
s she mind?" Mrs. Lord asked.
ven't told her," he confessed.
ouldn't have said you were of the
hat asks permission to address the
our choice," she said.
not. I just wondered if you would
hat's all."
t wouldn't matter, I think I won't
myself," she said dryly.
dn't say it wouldn't matter. It might
a good deal. Miranda depends on
dgment a good deal, doesn't she? . . .
s is all theoretical. Miranda doesn't
e me."
newcomers made their way to the
Have some sandwiches—have some
Webster said. That was the end of
ortive conversation.
le began to go home to supper. To-
hey would come again. Could he go
n this again? It didn't seem so. Mrs.
was saying, "Good night, Mary."
walk home," he told the Burrells.
ell put his hand for an instant on
r's arm, but took it away almost at
t had been a fa-
gesture, one of love
proval.
ster walked diago-
cross the room to
Miranda was stand-
Walk you home?"
m waiting for
."
lk you both home,"
largely.
w big of you!"
me on," he said quickly, almost
. "Come on, get out. Don't take any
f it—you don't need to."
ould see the eyes following them out
oom. He could almost hear the voices
"Sucking up to the Lords, now they're
into all that money. Eye for the main
, that fellow in Burrell's office!" But
nt out and down the street with
la and her mother. They said only the
ommonplace things and were all too
t the Lord house.
od night," he said.
y answered him in kind, were gone.

next day was Communion Sunday
iss Everts said, "Why, there they go!
. I don't see how she can—go and take
nion! I don't see how she *can!*"
there they went, Francis and Miranda
rs. Lord, through the cold early-winter
p the steps into the church.
, you wouldn't see," Webster said.
he didn't go to church. He couldn't
ny more of that kind of thing, he ad-
. He couldn't go and watch Francis
there by his mother, start imagining
Francis was thinking and feeling.

Tuesday afternoon Mr. Burrell was
t the county seat trying a case and
er was alone in the office. About three
the door opened and Frank Lord
into the office. *Has he changed his*
went quickly through Webster's mind.
Lord came over, nodded, sat down and

is has got to stop, Mr. Webster."
hat?"
this. I don't want any more of it."
n afraid I don't know what you mean."
ewspapermen have been bothering my
nd I won't have it. She has enough on
ind without that."
an't help that, Mr. Lord. I didn't write
ill."
shall take steps to stop it, then. I have
steps. This could be libel, you know."

"How? You can't sue Mr. Thorne now, you know. People are bound to gossip—newspapermen have to earn their keep too. You might as well put in a claim for the money."

"Don't be a fool. Why should I? I haven't got much, Mr. Webster, but I have got my good name. I won't have it torn to rags."

"Well, you've still got your good name. Don't be a snob. And I don't see where this is going to end if no one puts in a claim. I'm not eager to see the state get the money. I should think you could use it."

"Who couldn't? But I know enough to know I couldn't be the man who's entitled to it. I told you I never spoke to Thorne in my life and I never heard my mother mention him."

"Does that prove anything? When did your mother die?"

"When I was sixteen."

"I DON'T suppose it is the sort of thing she would have discussed with you at that age. And if it's Mrs. Lord here, I don't think she has ever discussed it with her children either. And there you are, in a stalemate. I'm not being hard-boiled—I'm just trying to be sensible. I think it's a mess. But it's a whale of a lot of money and you can't just let it lie. I think, as a matter of fact, I'd be rather proud to claim Zachary Thorne as my father."

"I've got nothing against him. He just isn't my father, that's all. . . . That girl came up."

"What girl?"

"The Lord girl," Frank told him. "Snooping around, upsetting my wife."

"She's not a snoop. She wants to know, that's all."

"Well, nobody's stopping them taking the money. I'm not."

"Wait a minute, Lord. They're in a spot too. You can see that. You know what kind of people they are. They've run this town since the year one and are devilishly proud. But they don't want anything that doesn't belong to them, that's sure. And maybe they don't want any of this, though they're harder up than you'd expect—maybe as hard up as you; I don't know. But you're not the only one in this mess. It hits everyone in town in one way or another. And you can't expect people not to gossip, human nature being what it is. I've even helped spread the gossip, because it didn't seem fair that the Lords here should take it all. Unless they intend to claim the money. They haven't as yet."

Frank Lord looked down at the floor, then up. He looked a little ashamed. "It's just that it makes everything seem wrong," he confessed. "We've never had much, but we've got along. I was a teacher, you know, but we lived downtown and it was so hot and crowded for the boy and Jennie fretted about him. I'd worked on a farm summers and knew something about it. This seemed like a good chance. It's been very tough sledding. You can't look at it as I do, of course. You just see it as a case. But a thing like this creeps into everything. When all you've got to do is stand up and say you're a bastard to get everything you need—well, it creeps into everything."

"I know," Webster said. "It's crept all over town, like a poison vine. But there the money is, and money is useful, really useful. And I don't see how you *know* it isn't yours."

"I knew my folks," he said. "That's all I do know. . . . I just came from over at the Lord place. Made a fool of myself, but I didn't want that girl coming up and talking with Jennie. That's the kind of thing you do—make a fool of yourself."

Webster grew still. "What happened?" he asked at last quietly.

"Saw old Mrs. Lord. She didn't know what I was talking about."

"I was afraid of that. What did she say?"

"What a place! Like a museum. If having money makes you live like that, who wants it? . . . She didn't say much of anything. Just 'I see,' very cold and stiff. Then she

(Continued on Page 173)

A man is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no luster as you turn it in your hand until you come to a particular angle; then it shows deep and beautiful colors. —EMERSON.



See Nu-Magic Ups-A-Daisy

UP
another large surface unit

DOWN
a big deep-well cooker



Up—or *down*—at a touch of the *Magic Dial!* Down: a big, 6-qt. deepwell cooker. Up: a giant fourth surface cooking unit. You *never* need to touch it for raising or lowering! One easy turn of the *Magic Dial* does it all!

7 Speed Push Button Control



No guesswork! Not "just a little too much heat" or "not quite enough"! Your Gibson gives you the EXACT heat you want—from slowest simmer to fastest steaming, with seven "speeds"—a pushbutton speed for each cooking need.

2 Ovens with ConSealed Heating Units



Great banquet size oven PLUS separate roomy convenience oven, both have lower ConSealed units under stainless steel oven floors—cannot chip or crack, food cannot spill over onto them. Easily cleaned in a jiffy! Fast 3100-watt broiler in each oven.

You get ALL these New Features in the 1951 Gibson and in no other Range!



When you possess a Gibson you enjoy virtually every worthwhile feature found in any range—PLUS many truly outstanding advantages that are yours, exclusively in Gibson.

No one else can offer these and other such benefits as *Concealed Oven Vent* which helps keep kitchen clean; *Reversible Oven Shelves* adjustable up or down for exact baking or broiling results; *Hot Wall Oven* completely insulated; *Automatic Oven Light; Entire Porcelain Exterior* which resists acid stains, lasts a lifetime; *Appliance Outlet.*

Yes, these and countless other features in many Gibson models await your delighted inspection at your Gibson dealer. See him promptly!

GIBSON REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, GREENVILLE, MICHIGAN

Be A Gibson Girl



You, too, may enjoy the advantages you want—that only Gibson offers you. Look for name of your Gibson dealer in the yellow classified pages of your telephone directory or write to Gibson. See your dealer now for a Gibson exactly right in size and price for your needs! Be a Gibson girl!

6,000,000 HOME APPLIANCES PROVED IN USE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD SINCE 1877

Electric OF COURSE

Cooler, cleaner kitchens with Gibson electric ranges—size for every home, price for every purse.



Better kept foods, lower operating cost, longer refrigerator life with new Gibson. A size and price for *you!*



Save almost fantastic sums of money—eliminate an almost incredible amount of effort — with Gibson Home Freezer!



Copyright 1951, Gibson Refrigerator

(Continued from Page 171)

'Thank you for calling,' and I was out e street. I behaved like a fool. How was know she didn't know?"

No, you'd have expected her to know. you see, they've got problems too. 've even got a boy who's sick—only as old as you. But don't spread that nd. He doesn't like people knowing he's And they've got a daughter, as you , and I love her—so I'm involved, too, might say. At first, Mr. Lord, I was glad had happened. I was glad to see the s knocked off their pedestal. I was disinted when I found you—it made the king down harder. Now it all makes me It truly does creep into everything. I t want Francis to have to make this dein either. I don't see how he can. His er is very much alive, as you can see. more difficult for him than for you. . . . I'm glad somebody told her, and I'm glad it was you rather than me or her children. She had to know sometime." rd got up and said, "I guess it is comted at that. . . . You tell the girl, though, o come any more, will you?"

f I see her," Webster said.

e sat there after Lord had gone, thinking at bright kitchen at the farm, of that with the beautiful brown eyes, the who seemed not lk and yet looked ntelligent, of the an Jennie with the g brown face. He felt from the first that here was a ly bound by love. e had been someg special about n. Now he seemed see Jennie Lord ng at her child, king of all that t be done for him they this money was there for the g, seemed to see looking at Frank, husband, with dift eyes. It didn't thinking about. *n this money,* he And why had he Frank Lord, of all le, that he loved anda? It had ed at the moment that he had to say ething real to the man, something to show that he was caught, too, that the trouble n't limited to him and his.

LL, now Mrs. Lord knew. Whether she known before or not, now she did know. reached for the telephone. "Give ——" He didn't know the number. "Give ords'," he said.

rs. Lord answered. Her voice showed no ge. It was cool and precise. "Yes?" she

Is Miranda there?"

No, she isn't."

Francis?"

No. Who is calling, please?"

John Webster. May I come over?" That n't been any part of his desire when he ed up the phone, but the thought of her there alone at this moment was intoler-

e hesitated, then said, "I'm sorry, Mr. ster. I'm very busy right now. I'll tell anda you called."

I'd like very much to come for a few min-," he insisted.

I'd be glad to see you another time," she . "Unfortunately, right now I'm end. Good-by, Mr. Webster."

Well, perhaps it was best. She wasn't the t to let you hold her hand, show sym-y or compassion. She would want to ple with this alone. But it was horrible, he same. It hadn't, however, killed her

alf an hour later Miranda walked in at door. It was snowing outside and there a faint dusting of snow on her dark hair, he shoulders of her shabby fur coat. The snow melted almost at once, for the office was always hot. She stood there by the door an instant with more uncertainty than he had yet seen in her, then she said:

"I *can* trust you, can't I?"

"I hope so. Yes, you can. I was trying to get hold of you."

"Mother told me."

"Come sit down—take your coat off. It's stifling in here."

SHE slid out of her coat, threw it on a chair, came and sat down where she had spent her few evenings at typing.

"Is Francis home yet?"

"I don't know where he is. He hasn't been home all day. He never goes away like that, without telling us. I—I've been everywhere I could think of. . . . Why did you ask? Do you know where he is?"

"No, I don't know. . . . You're trembling."

"Maybe I am. I can't seem to stop."

"How is your mother? Did she seem all right?"

"Yes. I haven't told her. I've tried. I can't get it out."

"Never mind. She's been told. Frank Lord's been there today and he told her. . . . I tried to go over, but she wouldn't have me. I didn't like to think she was alone there."

She was staring at him. "She was making out the grocery list," she said foolishly.

"That's the kind of thing she would do, isn't it? All the same, you'd better be there. No matter what she does, it's been a shock. . . . What I wanted to see you about was the Frank Lords—they don't want you snooping around up there. They want to be left alone, just as your mother wants to be left alone. I told Frank I'd tell you that."

"I had to know if it was possible. I thought I'd know if I saw them."

"And did you?"

"No. I wish I hadn't liked them so much. They're really good, aren't they?"

"Yes, I think they are."

"I don't suppose we'll ever be friends—it isn't likely, is it? I'd like to be a friend to Mrs. Lord."

"Well, why not? It would depend on you, I expect."

"She never said a word different—mother, I mean. She sat there at the kitchen table writing this list—she said you'd called me. And that was all. You see, you can't—you simply can't ——"

"Approach her? I know. But there must be some way to her. Anyway, you'd better go home now. Be there, at least."

She got up, reached for her coat.

"I'll try to find Francis," he said.

"No, don't. He wouldn't like it."

"People like you ——" he began, then stopped.

"People like me what?" she asked.

"People like you Lords make life so much more complicated than it ought to be, I was going to say. But I suppose it is complicated. There ought to be an easier way, though. We ought to be able to say what we mean to each other, without bumping against all these secret doors. It makes for a lot of frustration."

"Yes," she said.

"I want to help you. But how can I? I can't even go out and hunt up Francis without endangering some of his complexes. I can't go over and sit down with your mother and help her over this bad spot without admitting that she's got feelings the same as all of us, which she'd die rather than admit. I can't even tell you that I love you, though I've been broadcasting it around town, because—because you just can't get near enough to a Lord. . . . I'm sorry. I do love

TACT

My grandfather was a gracious gentleman whose memory I revere. But sometimes he carried his charming traits to what might strike most persons as at least a slight excess.

Once when I was quite young I was walking with him in the Rue Royale. We came upon a blind man begging alms.

"Give these to the man," he directed, handing me some small coins.

I dropped them into the beggar's hat and rejoined my grandfather.

As we walked on I was gently reprimanded, "You should have touched your cap. Always do that in giving alms."

"But not to him," I remonstrated; "he's blind."

"Ah," said my grandfather, "how do you know? He may be a faker."

—SACHA GUITRY.

America's Fastest Iron!



UNIVERSAL

Stroke-Sav·r

Cuts Ironing Time Almost In Half!

The new Universal Stroke-Sav·r makes ironing quicker and easier than you ever imagined was possible. Certified tests against five other leading irons proved Stroke-Sav·r cuts 26 minutes from the average ironing hour.

You can take long, sweeping strokes in any direction and save hours of time. Whizz through dainty pieces, too . . . even pleats and ruffles are easy with Stroke-Sav·r's wide, sloping bevel. Prove it to yourself with a 10-Day Home Trial—your money back if the Stroke-Sav·r isn't the finest iron you ever owned.

- **37% More Ironing Surface** than other irons saves extra strokes, time and effort.
- **Lower, Wider Bevel** glides under buttons, into pleats and ruffles without interrupting strokes.
- **Revolutionary Rounded Shape** lets you iron in any direction without wrinkling or bunching.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Copyright, 1951, LF&C

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Here are Lovely Colors in

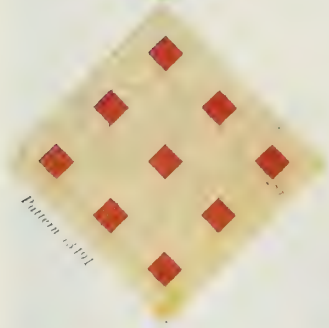


Bird Craft Tile Pattern 3494



Pattern 4900

Bird Craft Tile to Beautify your Floors!



Pattern 4901

Here they are . . . Bird Armorlite rugs *and* yard goods . . . in the brightest, gayest floor covering patterns you've ever seen! Their enamel surface (on a waterproof felt base) is easy to clean, long-wearing, practical as money — and Bird Armorlite is inexpensive . . . less than $1.00 a yard! You can't buy better value today. Since 1795, Bird has been famous for high quality — you can depend on Bird Armorlite, in rugs or by the yard, (and Bird Linoleum) to serve you beautifully, to serve you well. At floor covering, furniture and department stores.

BIRD Rugs and Floor Coverings

BIRD & SON, Inc.

ARMORLITE · LINOLEUM
LINOLEUM TILE · RUG BORDER
RUBBERLIKE RUNNER

Dept. CDL-4, EAST WALPOLE, MASS

you. Don't laugh at me. I know I've been a fool—but I love you."

She had moved toward the door, but she stood still looking at him. "With or without the million?" she asked.

He had spoken with great humility. Now such a tide of anger rose in him as he had experienced only once before in his life. He wanted to take her slight figure and shake it till her teeth rattled. Part of him knew that this was only an echo of what all Trigo must be saying. Part of him knew only that honesty had been met with scorn, that the trust she had pretended to feel was not trust at all.

"Oh, with, of course," he said. "You didn't imagine I could take you without?"

She went out without another word. He was still angry. He picked up the heavy paperweight and threw it at the door, where it made a dent, scraping paint off. Why had she come here, pretending friendliness? Why had she confided in him, dropped her pose of enmity? Why had she *let* him make a fool of himself?

But when Burrell came in at five o'clock he found his young partner sitting very quietly at his desk, just staring at papers before him. "What's on your mind?" Burrell asked.

"Mole traps," Webster said.

"Eh?"

Webster did not answer.

But after several minutes had passed in silence Webster said, "Would you call up Lords' and ask for Francis, please? Think up something to ask him, but really, just find out if he is there."

"Why?"

"I want to know. They were worried about him. . . . Mrs. Lord knows, by the way—the whole business, I mean."

Burrell, looking old, reached for the phone. "Hello—Mary? James speaking. Is Francis there? . . . No, never mind. I'll see him later. . . . No, it's not important. . . . Hope you're well, Mary. . . . Good. Good night." He turned to Webster and said, "He's sleeping, she said. I don't believe he was there."

In the morning Webster found himself watching the window after the mail train had whistled at the crossing. When he saw Francis' tall, languid figure come slowly across the green some tension eased out of him and made him limp.

The next day Burrell went out and was gone some time. When he came back he said, "I might have something. It isn't much, though. I went to see Mrs. Courtney, up on Stony Lonesome. She lives in the farm p the Lords—heard she used to know Fra mother. . . . Found out this, they left v suddenly. Mr. Lord came over one day asked Courtney if he'd like to buy his co almost gave 'em to him. Was very cl mouthed about the whole thing and loo sick, Mrs. C. said. She'd been in the habi running in to see Cassie Lord, liked her, said she was a frail little thing, not m good at farm work. She went right over found Cassie had been crying. She was tr to pack—the baby was restless—she was ing around in circles, not seeming to k quite what she was doing. She didn't Mrs. Courtney a thing about why they w going, or just that Jim had got a job in city. . . . Well, that's all. It might m something. Hardly know where to go fi there, though."

"No, it all ends up in a blind alley," W ster agreed.

There was no word from Miranda, nc word.

The next day Webster went into M Everts' side of the house and said, "M Everts, you wouldn't want to sell me t old music box in the parlor, would you?"

Miss Everts looked shocked. "Why, n couldn't do that. That belonged to my Gr aunt Lila," she said.

"Oh. Sorry," he said. "Wanted someth special to give to a little boy I know w awfully sick. Just happened to think of t music box. Good night."

An hour later Miss Everts tapped on door, and when Webster opened the d Miss Everts stood there with the music in her hands.

"I spoke too quick, not thinking," said. "There's no reason you can't have guess."

Webster hesitated. "I don't want to t your heirlooms away from you," he a then.

She put the box down on the table. She a prim little woman with her hair par in the middle and drawn back into a t knot at her neck. She looked, and tried look, Webster had always thought, lik "lady who has known better days," lik lady who takes in roomers "for compan But there was a subtle change in her night, a real embarrassment in her th prim face.

"It's not a bit of good to me," she s with strange simplicity. "I haven't pla the thing in twenty years—unless some c came who was curious. And not many

(Continued on Page 176)



FLATTER YOUR FIGURE

Are you in the market for a prettier waist in a smaller size? Trimmer hips and thighs? Our new beauty booklet, Flatter Your Figure, complete with calorie chart, diet tips and menus, 25 figure-flattering exercises, and suggestions and directions for overcoming special figure faults, will show you how to remodel your measurements at home. Send 25 cents to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Pa., for your copy of booklet No. 2567. Use order coupon on Page 26.

Yours for Years and Years!

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER REFRIGERATORS

NEW... and YEARS AHEAD!



BEAUTY AND THE FEAST—IH Refrigerators give you *both!* Sleek "Shadowline" styling—lovely to look at—simple to clean! Spacious cabinets with chromium finished or stainless steel shelves to accommodate everything—small to tall!

SERVICE WITH MIRACLE EFFICIENCY—From super 50-pound-capacity, full-width Freezers, Coldstream Crispers, Egg-O-Mat and Butter Keeper—to roomy Pantry-Dor and built-in Bottle Opener—these are your dream refrigerators, to have and to hold *plenty*—for years and years to come!

SEVEN STAR PERFORMERS—Seven sizes! Seven prices! All boast famous IH quality throughout! All have IH "Tight-Wad" mechanism for low operating cost, warranted for 5 years. Here are refrigerators to fit your kitchen, your food habits, your *saving* habits, as well. Better see every feature, every International Harvester Refrigerator today!

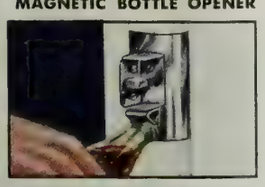
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago 1, Illinois

they're femineered! ...and Color-Keyed TO YOUR KITCHEN!



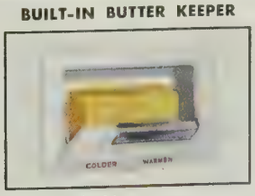
What a choice! Ten wonderful ways to add a smart splash of decorator color to your kitchen! IH exclusive plastic door handle inserts are available in ten shades—the nine colors as shown plus white, can be easily interchanged.

MAGNETIC BOTTLE OPENER



No stooping to pick up cap! (Models HA-84, HA-92)

BUILT-IN BUTTER KEEPER



Full pound of butter stays creamy as you want it. (Model HA-92)

Illustrated is Model HA-92, capacity 9 1/5 cubic feet, priced at $369.95

PRICES START AT

$219.95

International Harvester Also Builds Home Freezers . . . McCormick Farm Equipment and Farmall Tractors . . . Motor Trucks . . . Industrial Power

FAMOUS NUDES

WHICH TYPE IS YOUR BABY?



BEETHOVEN

. . . brings down the house with that pretty pink satin skin! Gets Mennen Baby Oil smooth-downs after baths, at diaper time too. It's your best buy, Mother!



THE FLIRT

. . . charm by the armful! No diaper rash for this dumpling. Mennen Baby Oil with soft, soft Lanolin protects every last crease and dimple . . . keeps skin dewy-fresh.



BOSS MAN

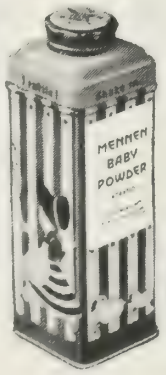
. . . doesn't talk, doesn't need to. Mom knows that "bring my Mennen Baby Oil" expression. Soothing, cleansing . . . more economical, too. Put it on your shopping list—today.



HIGH-KICKER

. . . look who's on top of the world; look who's had Mennen Baby Powder! Wonderfully soft, fragrant, refreshing—the finest made. And fun! There's a Built-in Rattle . . . entertaining Mother Goose pictures on container!





Every baby is the right type for

MENNEN
BABY PRODUCTS



Buy your baby both...today!

(Continued from Page 174)

come any more. . . . I mean, I was thinking—what good are just *heirlooms*, when they're no use or pleasure to anybody? It's just a *thing*, for me, I mean. I—I haven't even got any young things to leave it to. . . . Well, you take it for your little boy."

"That's awfully kind of you. What do you think it's worth?" Webster said.

"Oh, nothing. Or I don't know. It doesn't matter. I'd like you to have it. I don't have much to give away, Mr. Webster. But I can give that away as easy as not."

Webster was moved. He was truly a charming-looking young man and he did not realize quite how he must look to a prim old maid. But whether she would have made this gesture to another, plainer man or not, she had made it and he was perceptive enough to know she had meant it as more than a kindness to him or to a little boy. She had thought out in this hour that possessions weren't so important as she had believed. And he did not doubt that she had learned that lesson because of this turmoil over the Thorne estate, that she had thought of the Lord house with all its treasures and had known that no joy was in that house tonight because of them. This perception was instant and there was no pause at all as he went to her and kissed her on the cheek and said, "Bless you. He'll love it."

So on Saturday he drove up to the farm, with the music box on the seat of the car beside him. He wasn't going for the sake of prying. He just wanted to see Jennie Lord and the little boy again.

It was just like before. Jennie came to the door. Her face changed a little when she saw who it was, but she said at once, "Frank's gone after feed. He won't be back in quite a while."

"Well, I didn't come to see Frank especially," Webster said. "I brought a present for—for—what is your name, son?"

"Chris," Jennie answered for the child.

Webster went down on the floor beside the low chair where the boy sat and wound up the music box. It began to play the Blue Danube with small clear tinkling notes. Over the boy's face went wonder and delight. After the Blue Danube came another quick little waltz that Webster did not know, and after that Brahms' Lullaby. That was all.

"Nice, isn't it?" Webster said.

"Again," the little boy said.

THERE was a small sound from Jennie and he looked up and saw her hands clasped tight together, her face filled with emotion. But she said not a word while he wound up the box and let the tunes go tinkling on again.

For the second time the boy said, "Again!"

"You wind it this time," Webster said. "It's yours, you know. All you have to do is turn this handle." He put it on the boy's lap and put his small hand over the handle. "Just turn," he said.

He saw the child had little strength in his arms and he put a hand over the boy's on the handle, helped him a little. When the music began to come the boy laughed. Webster looked up and tears were in Jennie's eyes.

Webster got up and said, "Well, you'll have to do it alone next time."

Jennie had walked out onto the porch, and he followed her.

"Is he all right alone?" he asked uncomfortably.

"Oh, yes. I can hear every sound he makes," she said. "Sorry I'm so silly—it's been so slow. He—he hasn't ever talked much, you know. He understands everything—he just hasn't talked much."

"He looks awfully intelligent, though."

"He does, doesn't he? He's learning to walk too. He really is. But they say he ought to have another operation—it seems so awful, when he's so patient. Oh, I *am* sorry. I don't cry often. It just upset me when he spoke so clearly. I don't know why you should be so kind."

"I just liked him," he said.

"I thought you'd come about that awful will. I almost shut the door in your face."

"No. I'm sick of the will too. Sick to d of it."

"But you can't help thinking of it all time," she said. "You just can't help it. said all I could—now it's just *there* and can't say any more."

"Yes—it creeps into everything, as husband said to me."

"Did he? But why should it? Why sh it, Mr. Webster? We're just the same pe There used to be nothing I couldn't sa my husband—nothing. And now there a million things I can't say. That's wron can't even say I need a new dishcl th what he thinks I'm complaining becaus won't try to get that money. And when doctor said there ought to be one more eration on Chris' leg—oh, it was terrible! It isn't that I wouldn't like some money course I would. But it isn't that—I could along without the money. But I can't along with this—this ——"

"Shadow? . . . Wall?" suggested Webs

There came a faint waltz tinkling from kitchen. Jennie almost rose, then sat s There was a sun today. Indian summer gone, but the air was quite warm.

"YES. Wall. I don't care what his mot did or didn't do. I don't care at all. It's Fr I'm married to—or thought I was. Why w a man feel like that—as if the world stopped because there was a possibility mother was unfaithful? You'd think I the one who was unfaithful. Or does i that to a man—make him stop trusting *one?* I try to think it out, but I'm tire thinking. I try to think—what if it were mother? What would I feel then? I don't lieve I'd stop trusting Frank—I don't t I would."

> **It is part of human nature to think wise things and do ridiculous ones.**
>
> —ANATOLE FRANCE.

"Women are more istic than men. So t say."

"He's had awfully luck here. He bought machinery and all, most of it turned out re for the junk heap. But never complained and we got along and w even glad we came here, away from the and all. Frank never liked teaching mu But now ——"

"I know. The only comfort I can offe that it ought to be settled soon, one way another."

"How? If nobody claims it, it won't settled. . . . The trouble is, Frank does *know*. That's what's making it so horri He's afraid it's true. And he remembers told me things about his folks that mak seem true—and he hates knowing he's t me. They hated each other, his folks. Fr always took his mother's side. She was invalid for years before she died. He w shiped her. Now you see, if his father reason to hate her—well, you can see mixed up it makes Frank now. He ne really made friends with his father before died. But if we could only talk it out—we always talked everything out before. Wh this so much more awful than other thing

"I don't know. Perhaps because he f he ought to try, for your sake and the boy but can't make himself."

"But I don't want it if he doesn't," told him.

"He's proud."

"And one day . . . we had these blo with letters on and he was going throu them for Chris—this was before all this. tried to think of flowers for all the letters a then he thought of names—and when came to Z, he said Zenobia. Then he quiet and piled the blocks up without talki and afterward he said, 'That was a game mother used to play with me—only could never think of a Z name.' Well-don't know—maybe she just couldn't, y know. There aren't very many of the Only, now he remembers he told me that, course. . . . We'll probably move away fr here. I don't see anything else to do."

"I wouldn't. Wait. You can't tell wh will happen. Maybe the old line that mon is the root of all evil is really true. . . . In t case, it does seem evil. This is just as bad

(Continued on Page 179)

SCIENCE REPORT

Three keys to better health

Medical science brings him a brighter future



As the family physician keeps pace with today's dramatic progress in medical science, the odds in favor of his patients reaching threescore and ten become increasingly brighter.

Especially strong reasons for this hope are recent advances of medical science on three broad fronts—against infections, against nutritional deficiencies, and in the use of hormones against disease. In each of these vital fields Merck & Co., Inc. has played a leading role both in pioneering research and in perfecting production techniques.

ANTIBIOTICS Today's abundant supply of Penicillin and Streptomycin—at a cost low enough to permit wide use by physicians in fighting infections—is in no small measure the result of Merck specialized laboratories and production facilities.

VITAMINS From Vitamin B_1 on through Crystalline Vitamin B_{12}, the ruby-colored vitamin that controls pernicious anemia, Merck research and production skill have helped bring the entire range of vitamins to the pharmacy and the food industry.

HORMONES Cortisone, hailed as the key to a new era in medical science, marks another milestone in Merck achievements. This hormone brings new hope for the treatment of many diseases for which there has been little or no help in the past. More recently, Merck scientists have succeeded in producing in the laboratory Compound F, a hormone which shows promise of duplicating the dramatic effects of Cortisone.

Research and Production for the Nation's Health

MERCK

MERCK & CO., INC.
Manufacturing Chemists
RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY
In Canada: Merck & Co. Limited—Montreal

"With so much of my money being 'eaten up'... I did something about it!



"Feeding my family well these days take some tall doing! For a while, trying to cu corners, I tried tracking down 'week-en specials and even 'one-day' features. Bu a *few* foods at low prices didn't do muc to cut my *total* food bill. Friends told m about A&P's *store-wide* low prices o hundreds of items *every day* . . . and ther was the answer to my problem! I'm s pleased that I'm telling *everybody* tha A&P is the place to really cut food bills Say . . . why don't *you* Test Shop A&P See how well you eat . . . see how muc you *save!*"

Test Shop A&P

Store-wide low prices on hundreds of items every day ... instead of a few "one-day" or "week-end" specials!



1. "I found—

that A&P makes a profit of *only about 1¢* out of every dollar I spend there. Naturally, that means I'm getting more good food for my money. Wouldn't that help *your* budget, too?"



2. "I found—

the correct price marked on every item . . . no guesswork here. Speeded things up at the check-out stand, too . . . and this price-marking policy helps me check the itemized cash register slip when I get home."



3. "I found—

values in *every* department, and this makes a big difference in the 21 meals a week I have to plan. More variety makes eating more fun . . . more low prices make shopping more fun . . . I *know!*"

A&P SUPER MARKETS

A&P'S PRICE POLICY

Store-wide low prices on hundreds of items every day . . . instead of just a few "one-day" or "week-end" specials.

We believe this policy helps our customers save more money.

With the correct price marked on every item, plus an itemized cash register slip . . . you know what you save at A&P.

CUSTOMERS' CORNER



How do you like the Fish Department in your A&P Super Market? Do you like the variety of fresh fish and seafood? Is your selection properly cleaned? If there's anything about our handling of fish and seafood that you don't like, our skilled clerks would like to know about it. Please write:

CUSTOMER RELATIONS DEPARTMENT
A&P Food Stores, Graybar Building
New York 17, New York

(Continued from Page 176)

the other Lords, too, you know. They can't talk, either."

"She came, the girl."

"I know."

"But she didn't talk about it. She was nice. She held Chris and talked about how peaceful it was here—things like that. You can't help knowing she's got lots of friends and goes to dances a good deal, that kind of thing—but she said she didn't have any friends. That was funny, wasn't it? I almost felt sorry for her. I suppose she was trying to find out things, but she didn't seem to be."

"You didn't tell her . . . what you've just told me?"

"Oh, no! Of course not. I don't know why I'm telling you, except that you were so kind to Chris—I lost my head a little. . . . I must go in now and start supper. Would you—would you like to stay to supper?"

"No, thank you. No, I'll run along now. . . . It is peaceful here, you know. It's very lovely, looking off there at the hills. I wouldn't go away, if I were you. I'd stick it out, no matter what comes. I don't believe you can change an—an inside thing, by going somewhere else." He smiled at her and she smiled back uncertainly. He went in and said good-by to Chris. "Can you turn it now?" he asked.

Chris nodded and began to turn the handle. The Blue Danube tinkled out into the bright, clean little kitchen.

"Bless you," Jennie Lord said.

As he went away, he thought that was two 'bless you's" the music box had called forth. The old tunes tinkled in his head all the way home and even long after that.

When he saw Miss Everts Sunday morning he said, "The music box was a great success, Miss Everts."

"I'm glad," she said.

He sat by his window and watched people go to church. He did not seem to want to go himself. Then suddenly he saw them coming, the three of them, just as always, Francis and Miranda on either side of their mother. He turned his head away. presently put it down on his arm. He wanted to weep, though he did not. He hadn't felt like this since he was a child.

In the afternoon he walked aimlessly about town. He met the old doctor and said "Good afternoon" to him. He turned then, and walked with the doctor, though the old man had merely nodded to him. The doctor walked slowly, not talking, but after they had passed several houses in silence, he said:

"Used to think nothing of five miles. A mile's my limit nowadays. But I still do the mile."

"'Dogged does it,'" Webster said. It was just one of those flukes of tact that Webster was addicted to. He had never read but one Trollope book in his life, but he remembered the old man reading the thirteen volumes and so the phrase popped into his mind. But Doctor Bell's old face lighted up and he grinned around at Webster as if he found him a very likable young man.

"Yes, boy, dogged does it," he said. "Often think of these brilliant operations fellows do—very nice to save a life in a spectacular fashion. Or lawyers getting up in court and trying a murderer. Very flashy—but most of the time it's dogged as does it, all the same. Got you wrong, young man. Thought you were one of the flashy ones. Maybe you'll be able to take over Burrell's job when he's gone, after all."

Webster started to say that he had no intention of doing that, but he didn't say it. It was pleasant, having the old man like him. The old man had a red knitted scarf hanging loose around his neck. He looked old but curiously indestructible.

"Burrell's taking this Lord business too hard," Doctor Bell said abruptly. "Tell him to stop worrying. What will come will come. He can't change it."

"Well, they're friends," Webster said.

"Sure. Sure. But he's a lawyer. He's lit the fuse—all he can do."

"Is that the way you feel about doctoring?" Webster asked. "A man's got a cancer You treat it—and forget it?"

Doctor Bell gave a deep chuckle. "Well, now, that's different," he said. "They're all my friends, you see." He chuckled again, admitting the joke on himself. He turned in at his old yellow house, saying, "Come see me sometime, young man."

"I will," Webster said. But he thought, *Maybe she was driven to hurt me—just as Frank is driven to hurt Jennie.*

When Mrs. Jones asked him over for the evening, he said no, he had another engagement, though his only engagement was to eat his supper at the restaurant, then come back to his room and read. All the bright younger crowd met at the Joneses. They were mostly city people, two pairs of them drawn to town for work at the plant, the others hangers-on of these, or just summer people who were stretching out their time in the country till after Christmas. Webster had always felt at home with them. He was a city product himself and he talked the same language. But tonight he didn't feel as if he could understand their slightly malicious chatter.

About nine o'clock he left his room and went down to the office. He called Miranda and she answered the phone herself.

"John Webster," he said. "I just wanted to say I didn't mean the last thing I said to you the other night."

There was a pause, then she said, "Oh? I'm afraid I've forgotten what it was."

He felt that swift, violent anger again. "I don't believe you," he said

She hung up, so quietly he was not sure he heard the click. But the click had been there all right. He didn't throw anything this time. He sat there by the phone, confused, lonely. *I don't believe I'm dogged enough as yet,* he said at last to himself.



"Hey, sis, that sea monster's here to see you."

Diet Delightfully with



APRICOTS
PEACHES
CHERRIES
FRUIT COCKTAIL
PEARS
ASPARAGUS
SPINACH

Available in most food stores

Diet-Delight BRAND

DIETETIC FOODS

PACKED WITHOUT ADDED SUGAR OR SALT

Cultivate your taste for natural flavor, natural goodness! Low in fat-making elements, high in nutrition! *Available calories and carbohydrates are clearly stated on each label.*

Enjoy the Popular Food Drink!

Made from California's finest fruits to satisfy your family's fresh fruit hunger! A good drink—and good for you! Write for free recipe folder, Dept. L.

Heart's Delight Juicidrinks

APRICOT · PEACH · PEAR

The Original FRUIT NECTARS



RICHMOND-CHASE COMPANY, SAN JOSE, CALIF.
Packers of Heart's Delight and Diet Delight Fruits

Tonight! Be his dream girl...



Tonight! Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

BETTER THAN SOAPS — **Leaves hair sparkling,** starry-bright . . . no dulling soap film with Lustre-Creme Shampoo! And it lathers lavishly even in hardest water.

BETTER THAN OILS — **Leaves hair fragrantly clean,** free of loose dandruff. Unlike many oil shampoos, Lustre-Creme needs no special rinse.

BETTER THAN LIQUIDS — **Leaves hair silken soft, manageable,** easy to curl. Lustre-Creme is easier to use. Contains LANOLIN . . . is not harsh or drying. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo today—be his dream girl tonight!



Kay Daumit's secret formula with LANOLIN. Jars and tubes, 27¢ to $2.

World's finest shampoo—a beauty creme-blend with LANOLIN

That week the Ladies' Guild met to decide about the Christmas program at the church, the decorations and so on. It was always a mere formality, for Mrs. Lord was the one who decided on the decorations, decided on the program. She appointed committees, but she did the deciding. There was a full attendance. Miss Everts reported it to Webster that night. She came in with some excuse or other, sat down in the chair with the antimacassar of crocheted birds.

"I don't look forward to Christmas this year," she said. "Seems as if I never would again. . . . It was awful, really awful, Mr. Webster."

"What was awful, Miss Everts?"

"The meeting—the Guild meeting. Nobody thought she'd come—well, I don't know. Everybody was there—maybe they did think she would. But it got late and they started and Mrs. Graham presided. It was so—so, well, *queer*, not having Mrs. Lord standing there. You didn't want to look at anybody. . . . You wouldn't understand, Mr. Webster, being new here, but it was as if something terrible had happened to Trigo. Mrs. Graham asked for suggestions. She was very red in the face and nervous, and nobody came up with any suggestions. . . . Then she came in. Just exactly as always. I almost cried, I don't know what for. She walked right up to Mrs. Graham, said, 'Sorry I'm late, Mrs. Graham. What have you taken up so far?' She took off her gloves and Mrs. Graham just sort of vanished behind her, and there she was running the meeting as she always did. She asked what we thought of ground pine and candles, nothing else, for decoration. She asked if a candlelight service might not be nice this year, with just the children singing. She appointed committees, as if Mrs. Graham hadn't done it already, but everything was *decided*. It doesn't sound like anything, but it was awful, Mr. Webster. We always have cake and tea after the meeting, but she said she couldn't stay for tea. She spoke to several, though, saying to Mrs. Jones, 'Your little Margaret should lead the singing, I think.' Mrs. Jones has been so—so ——"

"Malicious," supplied Webster.

"Yes. . . . She put on her gloves so slowly, as if nothing hurried her—then she walked out. 'Unmitigated gall,' Mrs. Jones said, and there was such a hubbub of chatter. I came home just trembling all over. I can't get her out of my head. . . . That was a brave thing to do, you know—it was terribly brave. I couldn't have done it."

"Nor I, Miss Everts."

There was a dance at the country club that night and Webster went. But though everybody was there, except Miranda, Miranda was absent and Webster danced two dances and went home.

It is fortunate to be of high birth, but it is no less so to be of such character that people do not care to know whether you are or not.
—BRUYÉRE.

THEN the next morning Burrell tossed a letter across to him without comment. It was a terse request to Burrell to enter Francis Lord's claim to the estate of Zachary Thorne. Presently Burrell got up, shoved into his overcoat, picked up the letter.

"Going down to see Judge Penner," he said. "Might as well get it over with." It was an hour before he returned. He said, "Judge Penner's in a dither. Frank's filed a claim too. Thought he was firm as a rock."

"Money is unsettling to rocks," Webster said. But he felt something like sickness rise in his throat. "It isn't worth it—the money'll never make it up to them, Mr. Burrell."

"Oh, you don't think it's so soothing now?"

"No, I don't."

"Penner was hard to budge. He says it's the practice not to have a hearing on claims for six or seven months, and you know how Trigo is on custom. Nothing in the statutes says you can't, though. He finally saw the light. Can't have a thing like this festering along till spring—he sees that. Says if the claimants are willing, he'll have a hearing the twenty-first of next month. Get it in the paper five days ahead—that's all we have to do. It isn't as if we were asking him to hand out the money yet. Just want to get this one point settled, that's all. . . . Biggest job Penner ever had and he's all in a sweat over it. Might be appealed—all that"

"Shouldn't you be having a talk with Francis before it comes up?"

"If he's got anything to say, let him come to me. . . . Frank went to Pinzo. Or Pinzo to him, I wouldn't know."

THE little tune began to tinkle in Webster's head. He could see Jennie's hands clasped tightly as the boy said, "Again!" so clearly and delightedly.

"Then there's nothing for us to do?" he asked tiredly.

"I don't see what. Just wait."

"I wish it could be settled before Christmas. I hate to think of their going through the holidays with this hanging over."

"Probably be one of those interminable things. Where are they going to get proof from?"

The next week Webster had a small, strange experience. His sister Jane was fixing up an apartment in New York and he had promised to look around for some pieces of furniture for her. He had seen a small drop-leaf cherry table in the antique shop at the edge of town and he had decided to get it for Jane for Christmas. He had already bought a bureau for Jane there and he liked the old fellow who ran the shop. So he drove out there at lunchtime and went into the shop, asked about the table. It was still there and he bought it and ordered it shipped to Jane.

Jake Rivers, who ran the shop, acted absentminded and asked the same questions several times. Finally Webster said, "But I gave you the address."

"Oh, so you did, Mr. Webster. So you did. . . . I'm not myself today."

"What's the trouble?"

"I'd got my plans all made. Papers all ready to sign. My brother was expecting me. Everything's movable here, Mr. Webster. Everything. I don't fill up with things that aren't movable. I gave him a bargain—and now he says it's all off. I'm not myself—and my brother's going to be disappointed. He's all alone out there in that place in Milwaukee and he's going to be disappointed. I've worked long enough, and that's the truth."

Webster asked, "You mean, you were going to sell out?"

"Lock, stock and barrel. Good business for him too. He's got a knack with furniture—finishes it as good as I do. Didn't seem to be any ifs or ands about it. . . . But when I heard about this Thorne business, I began to wonder. He's all off it. Came in an hour ago and said he was frightfully sorry, but he wasn't going to be able to go through with the deal."

"You don't mean Francis Lord?"

"That's who."

"What was he going to use for money, I wonder?"

"I give him good terms, Mr. Webster. Easy terms. He wasn't going to pay for it all in a minute. 'Frightfully sorry!' my eye! Not half so sorry as I am, I can tell you that. Well, I'll have to find somebody else—only it takes time and my brother Ralph, he was counting on my coming right off. He's got a bad heart and I was figuring on being with him for the holidays. . . . Now, let's see—have I got that address? Sure, sure—here it is. Now I'll send it off by tomorrow and it'll get there in good shape, you needn't worry about it. Never had a piece broken, nor so much as scratched, in transit."

On the way back to the office Webster thought that over. It was a strange thing. It wasn't the habit of the Lords to go in for trade—yet Miranda had been going to try to earn some money by typing. Typing in a ladylike fashion at home. But Francis, exquisite, fastidious Francis, running an antique shop—that must have taken something

NOW YOU CAN
Smoke and Smile too!

ARE YOUR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN? USE



A SAFE HEAVY-TEXTURE DECAY FIGHTING TOOTH PASTE MADE BY A DENTIST AND
GUARANTEED
TO RESTORE TOOTH SPARKLE

You'll be surprised and delighted the way your teeth *look* and *feel*—when you use Iodent No. 2. The safe, creamy, heavier texture of this double-action dentifrice erases hard-to-remove smudges—even Smoke Smudge. At the same time—it loosens deposits and particles of food—washes away harmful bacteria.

The Iodent way is a safe, sure way to fight tooth decay, too—while you recapture a sparkling smile. Brush your teeth twice daily—after every meal—if possible. Use a slow, firm brushing action because Iodent No. 2 lasts longer on the brush.

Give yourself a new "mouth thrill"—that clean, fresh taste—with Iodent No. 2. You can do it without risk. If not satisfied with this new approach to a new oral hygiene—we will refund full purchase price upon return *to us* of *your* partly used tube. So try it today!

Buy Iodent in the big Economy Size tube—only 47c. THE IODENT CO., Detroit 26, Mich.

MOTHERS! Protect *young* folks' teeth with Iodent No. 1—the special gentle *formula* for young, growing teeth! Children love its clean, palate-pleasing flavor. Get a large tube today and help your children FIGHT TOOTH DECAY. At same low price—47c.



FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN



out of Francis, deciding that. He must have given up his plan of ever becoming an architect. And, also, he must now feel sure of this Thorne money.

In the afternoon he saw Francis walking across the square. He got up and walked out of the office and down to the post office. When he reached the post office Francis was just coming out. Webster went in hurriedly, came out as hurriedly, caught up with the tall young man who was looking straight ahead, as if he moved in a dream through Trigo. It was certainly a mark of some change in Webster that he acted without reluctance, without that crawling of the skin that denoted his antagonism for Francis.

"Hello, Lord," he said. "Nice, this snow. We'll get a white Christmas, for once in a way, it seems. Mind if I walk across the square with you? Want a breath of air. Burrell keeps the office like a hothouse."

Lord mumbled something that Webster let pass for assent and Webster walked into the path across the green with him. There had been this light fall of snow and the town looked very romantic and peaceful.

"They tell me you know everything there is to know about furniture," Webster persisted. "I wanted to ask your advice about a table just now. My sister Jane's fixing up her place in town and I got her this cherry drop-leaf down at Jake Rivers' place—Jake said it was good, but I wouldn't know. I bought it anyway, but I'd like to have been a bit more knowledgeable about it. Seventy-five dollars, he asked me. Is that about right, do you think?"

Francis Lord stood still in the path. "A hundred and fifty would be more like it," he said too quietly. "That's what we paid for it. You got a bargain, Mr. Webster."

WEBSTER felt sick. He could see that Francis would think he had known all the time where the table came from, that he would think he was being taunted. The fine, tired face was etched against the trunk of a giant elm and John Webster would not forget for a long time the sardonic but weary look of the eyes in that face.

"Sorry," he said at last. "Jake didn't tell me where he got the table.... But would you mind, in case I buy anything else for Jane, advising me on it? I really am ignorant about furniture. There's an old Mrs. Willow on Town Hill who has some andirons that look good to me—would you be willing to go up with me someday and see what you think of them? I'd appreciate it awfully.... Or do you have the feeling that we ought not to disturb these old heirlooms, even if people want to sell them?"

"Oh, certainly not!" Francis said. "Mrs. Willow might find it more necessary to eat than to look at her andirons. I know them—buy them, by all means, if you can.... But there's something about transplanting these early-American pieces to the city that seems a bit silly. The cherry table, for instance, was a kitchen piece up here. But I'll wager your sister will put it in the drawing room."

"And why not—if it is beautiful?" Webster asked more sharply.

Francis shrugged slightly. "A matter of taste," he murmured.

The old anger rose in Webster, then died down again to a feeling of helplessness. "You don't even have to try; to insult people, do you, Lord?" he asked. "But I don't blame you—not much. Jane does have taste, though. She really does, even if I don't. She was married to a man who liked modern furniture, Swedish things, all white woods and bright simple colors. He was killed in the war and there she was with all her bright, hopeful-looking things—she hated them. Well, now she is trying again. She sold every stick of that stuff and she is trying to make the outside of her life look different, as well as the inside. She may not succeed, but she is trying. So I am trying to be enthusiastic with her about the outside trappings. She's marrying a man steeped in New England traditions and so she is making the outside New England. As I said, it may not work.... And I didn't have the slightest notion that that table had ever belonged to you. I just knew

(Continued on Page 183)

There is only one Weathervane*



and it's tailored by Handmacher



Cool, confident little suit, hiding its modest price tag under the assurance of good looks, good lines. In the wrinkle-snubbing rayon suiting Celanese* makes for us in every color. Sizes 10 to 20; 7 to 15. A mere $25. At one fine store in your city. For its name, write Handmacher-Vogel, Inc., 533 Seventh Ave., N. Y. 18.

Weathervanes tailored by Handmacher



Visking Sausage Round-up

QUICK and easy LUNCH

at home, for work, for school



BOLOGNA LUNCH BOX SANDWICH—the nourishing meat they need at work, at school is ready for lunch boxes with no cooking, no fussing. Here's a fast feast. Thrifty, too!



7-MINUTE MEAL—quick and hearty. Just heat, *don't cook*, SKINLESS frankfurters 7 minutes off the fire in water you've brought to a boil. Use canned shoestring potatoes, peas.



LUNCHEON PLATE—ready-to-serve sausage meats save you time and the bother of cooking. Here, cooked salami, cervelat, and New England ham sausage for a hearty lunch.



LIVER SAUSAGE SANDWICH—another of the many energizing sausage meats to simplify your lunch box job in a matter of seconds. Delicious. Satisfying. Economical. A repeater!



Back Row: New England Ham Sausage (Berliner) • Cooked Salami • Bologna. *Front Row:* Liver Sausage • Cervelat

What for lunch? At home and for lunch boxes, sausage is the answer—quick, delicious, nutritious, economical. Growing youngsters and active adults *need* the energy this all-meat gives. Full of vitamins, minerals, complete proteins. Extra flavory, too, when it comes protected in clear, pure Visking casings. Always keep several kinds of sausage on hand and keep the family happy. *Variety's* the life of lunch—with sausage!



Ask your meat dealer for free booklet "101 Ideas for Quick and Easy Lunch" or write The Visking Corporation

for flavor's sake always ask for sausage protected in VISKING casings

THE VISKING CORPORATION

6733 W. 65th St., Chicago 38 • In Canada: Visking Limited, Lindsay, Ont.

(Continued from Page 181)

you were supposed to be wise about
s, that sort of thing."

ancis did not apologize. He stood there,
s thrust into his pockets. When he spoke
oice was very quiet. "There is an old
in the attic that would be rather nice on
able," he said. "I should think it's
n about thirty dollars. Would you like

ery much," Webster said as quietly.

'll get it down then," Francis said,
d quite abruptly and walked away to-
his house.

ree days later, a box was delivered at
Everts' and it contained the lamp,
was nice indeed, with a big frosted-
base with ships etched on it, brass feet
tall chimney with a plain cream-colored
e. Webster wrote out a check and mailed
at night.

heer, that transaction. Seemed like an
of friendship—yet was it? Webster
t know, but he did know he had
moved by Francis Lord standing there
e square that day, that he had wanted
friends with him.

ce before Christmas he met Miranda in
treet. When he saw her coming his heart
n to pound, but
ey said was a si-
aneous "Hello"
passed on. He
ed to get some-
for little Chris
..but didn't know
to get. Finally
ettled for a fleet
ery tiny trucks
found a sheet of
ood on which the
might play with
rucks. He spent
whole evening
ding the corners,
ing them down.
he didn't go up
e farm. He sent
package up by a
w who brought
to town morn-
Then he packed
amp, his own be-
ings, and drove
e for the holidays.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hearthside Cat

By Jessamyn West

In forest aisles the hearthside cat
Puts down her feet of moss;
Bewhiskered, she looks closely at
That greenly whiskered mass,
That pelt of grass she treads upon
Like greater feline's fur,
Lashes her tail to frighten it
And looks about with fear.
Her blazing eyes bejewel the leaves
Like raindrops after storm;
She brings the forest what it lacked:
The heartbeat of alarm.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"I like Charles," he said, but his heart was heavy.

"Yes, of course. He's sweet. That sounds silly, but he *is* sweet. He's good too. We've got all this furniture. I can't keep on buying furniture—we've got enough. Charles wants to get married next week and I'm frightened."

"You don't have to marry him, Jane," he told her.

"I know. But I don't know how to stop now. And there'd never be any better second chance, never. Only it doesn't seem fair to Charles—when I feel this way. Oh, John, I don't know what to do!"

He was silent. He didn't know what to say to her. He didn't know whether she should marry, feeling still in a dream, feeling guilty. Yet he did like Charles, who was quiet and yet who loved her enough so anyone would know he loved her. Sweet—and good.

"I was talking about you to Francis Lord," he said at last. "Don't be angry. Let me tell you about the Lords. . . . I think Charles is really good. I think he is good for you. He isn't Rob and no one will ever be Rob, but I think you will love Charles, too, in a different way, maybe. It might even be a better way in the long run. I want the best for you, you know that—and I don't know, how could I really know what is the best for *you?* You have to decide that yourself."

She was silent for a little way. "I wish you hadn't given me the lamp," she said at last.

"The lamp?"

"Yes. Oh, it's lovely—I don't mean that. It just made it all so settled, somehow. It's so perfect—it set a kind of *seal* on our house, if you know what I mean. . . . Who are the Lords?"

It made a long story. The dusk fell and they were still walking up and down the familiar streets. He hadn't realized quite how long a story it would be, how many threads there were to it. He hadn't realized quite how many motives were involved, nor how necessary it would be to show all those motives. And so he came at last to the lamp.

"I don't know just why it seemed so —— I've told you all he said—but it seemed as if he were giving a gift to you, I mean putting a blessing on your new marriage. That's the way it *seemed*."

They paused under a lamppost and she looked up at him with tears in her eyes.

"Don't cry, Jane. You don't have to marry anyone you don't want to," he said.

"That's the silly part of it, John," she told him. "All of a sudden I want to. All of a sudden everything is all right. All of a sudden it isn't a dream at all. It's real. . . . Thanks, darling."

"Thanks for what?"

"For making life real again. For telling all that—just the way you did—about real people, feeling real things. Inside. You've changed, Johnny."

"Have I?"

"Yes, you have. . . . I was oversimplifying life and love, wasn't I? Is she lovely—Miranda?"

"Not at all. Not even pretty. . . . She's lovely to me."

She took his hand in hers and they walked toward home, like children. Only they weren't children, they were more adult than they had yet been.

"I hope she doesn't get the money," she said at last. "I hope she doesn't."

"But I think she will," he said quietly.

When they went into the house, Jane went straight to Charles, sat on the arm of his chair, and Charles looked up at her with quiet

r there came an afternoon after Christ-
, when Jane put her head in at his door,
said, "Come take a walk!"

e came quickly. There had been some-
g urgent, something secret in her voice,
they must go at once or not at all. It
a gray afternoon and they walked to-
er in the familiar streets and the old feel-
of closeness began to come back.

Is everything all right with you, Jane?"
sked.

I don't know, John. I don't know," Jane
. She wore a small velvet cap and her
hair floated out all around it. She looked
young, very pretty.

What do you mean," he asked, "you
't know?"

I just don't. I know you ought not to stop
ng, but it's hard to start. You feel guilty—
it's more as if you were walking in a
m that didn't after all have anything to
with living. I know Rob's dead—and I'm
I know all that, John."

60-DAY WONDERS
-they graduate young and tender



Lady wanted to know why peas right out of her own garden didn't taste as good as ours.

Thank you, ma'am. We've had a lot of professors come up here to the Green Giant country to study the answer to that one. You see, we have special ways of making the soil richer so that our vines grow faster. So, we can pick good-sized peas that are still babies in tenderness.

What gets these pea scientists is the way we know in advance just when our peas reach their one fleeting moment of perfect flavor. That comes about 60 days after planting—maybe at midnight, maybe at dawn. Whenever it comes, *that's* when we pick 'em!

"60-day wonders"—that's what the professor fellows call them. See what *you* think.

Green Giant Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota. [illegible] of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario.

"Green Giant" Brand Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. [illegible]

Green Giant BRAND Peas

School starts. Only a few days after planting, tender young shoots push through the rich earth.

Budding student. Green Giant scientists keep a record of each day's sun and rain on growing fields.

Graduation day! The tender young-sters are picked and packed in three short hours, vine-fresh. Only the dewdrops get away.







pleasure and surprise. She was not demonstrative, Jane.

So that was almost all there was of Christmas. His father did ask him what he thought of coming home and going in with Merriweather & Brace—he thought there might be an opening.

He said, "I don't know. It's a wonderful chance, but I don't know." He paused. "There's unfinished business in Trigo. I'd have to tend to it."

"Well, think it over. It'll probably be open a few months. They want the right young fellow in there," his father said.

So he went back to Trigo. He saw it was a very small, not too important town, but he was strangely glad to get back to it. And not only because Miranda Lord lived there, either. He was glad to see Burrell's shaggy, burly figure in the swivel chair. He was glad to see old Doctor Bell, his red scarf flying, glad to call out to him, "*Dogged does it!*" He was glad to see Miss Everts' prim figure. He was glad to look out on the square with its great elms, its snowy paths, its town hall standing so tall and white with the two big evergreens before it. He was glad to see the hills again, to look up toward Stony Lonesome and know that that little boy was sitting there in the kitchen playing, it might be, with his fleet of little trucks. He loved his own people, but he was glad to be here. He did not give a thought to the elegant, important offices of Merriweather & Brace.

"Have a good Christmas?" Burrell asked.

"Wonderful. You?"

"Good enough, everything considered. They had this candlelight service at the church. Hard to take."

"I suppose so."

"I tried to talk with Francis," Burrell said. "Got snubbed."

"Leave him alone. Let him work out his own salvation."

"Francis isn't going to be saved. No matter what happens. This is the end of Francis."

"I doubt it, Mr. Burrell. Francis has more to him than you think."

"Some kid wrote 'bastard' on their front walk. . . . The Ransomes are jittery. They are torn between wanting to cut Francis down to their own size and sucking up to him on account of maybe he'll be using their bank one of these days."

"Tough spot," Webster said. He wanted to ask about Miranda, but couldn't.

As if Burrell read his desire he said, "Miranda went to the Christmas dance at the club. Very gay, I heard. She didn't lack for partners. Of course lots of outsiders go to those dances—they think it's romantic, they don't care about our small scandals. But Jones, who's always so gallant with the young ones, never asked her to dance. Quite a lot of talk about that. Jones is smart—but he may have outsmarted himself that time. Takes more than his kind of smartness to be king of Trigo."

"Well, if you're dethroning Francis, why not Jones?"

"Trigo wouldn't have him, that's all. Nor that wife of his either."

At that moment the phone rang and it was the older of the Ransomes asking Webster for a game of bridge that night.

"All right. I think I can make it," Webster said. He turned to Burrell and said, "That's Ransome. Snooping, I expect. Might as well know what's going on in the enemy's camp."

So he went to the Ransomes' house and played bridge with them and Jones. He found he was disliking them all a good deal, though he had enjoyed these evenings not so very long since. He did not mention the Lords, but he did not doubt their name would come up before the evening was over.

I CAME INTO THE WORLD WITHOUT BREECHES

The French author Charles P. Duclos was gifted with a brilliant satirical wit and he often practiced thrusting his rapierlike barbs upon visitors with little regard for their personal feelings. As he lay dying, a priest named Chapeau came to administer the last rites and to comfort him. For some reason Duclos became annoyed with the good man and blasphemed him out of the house with the trenchant witticism, "I came into this world without breeches; I can leave it without chapeau."

It came. The older Ransome, Fred, s
"Well, His Lordship seems to think he
carry this off by holding his head higher t
ever—it would be a wonderful joke if Fr
Lord got the money."

George Ransome, who sometimes squ
Miranda to dances, said, "I've alw
thought he would. I remember mother
ing about Jim Lord's wife, who wa
charmer. He had hard work keeping he
the farm, and whenever she could get a
to town, she used to come in and h
around. Well, she seems more the t
wouldn't you think?"

"I doubt if you can type women quite
easily," Webster said coldly.

Jones gave a small laugh. "Oh, they're
one type, when it comes right down to it,
said. "And Miranda's certainly a passion
piece—no reason not to believe her mo
was the same!"

George said, "Keep your tongue
Miranda, Jones."

"Don't be touchy, George."

"Well, I am touchy about Miranda. Le
her alone."

"Suppose we leave them all alone and
along with our bridge," Webster said. "
spade."

"So speaks young Lochinvar," Jones s
"You and George ought to have it out
swords. Well, there
tidy dowry to consi
I suppose."

"One spade," W
ster said again. "W
about it, Fred?"

It was an ugly
ment, but they
past it, covered it
finished the rubb
Webster could h
used a sword on al
them and the room
filled with a kind
fog so that he co
scarcely see his ca
but he forced himsel
silence, to noncomb
iveness. It would
Miranda's cause no g
to have a fight with
Ransomes or Jones, yet on the way home
kept wishing he had had a fight, had str
out wildly and fiercely at all three, gi
them black eyes or cracked ribs. He kne
wasn't cowardice that had made him refr
but would they know it?

On Saturday Miss Everts said to h
"How's the little boy who was sick?"

"I haven't seen him since Christma
Webster said.

"I was up in the attic the other day an
came on an old-fashioned rocking horse t
used to be my brother's. The mane is a li
ragged, but it's all right aside from tha
thought maybe you'd like to give it to
boy."

"Why, how kind of you, Miss Evert
Webster said. "That's awfully good of y
I'd love to take it to him."

At the same time the thought filled
with horror. Take a rocking horse to a l
boy who couldn't walk? Or would it se
something special to the child—something
work toward? He went up to the attic a
got the rocking horse down. It was quite
and he had some trouble getting it in his c
but he managed.

He drove out of town and up the hill.
never passed Mac's Riding Stables witho
glancing back along the drive to see if an
one was riding there. Today someone w
riding toward him. He slowed down, let t
horse and rider come nearer, but he kn
that it was Miranda before he saw her fa
He stopped the car, got out and put up
hand.

"Hi!" he called.

Miranda stopped her horse, but she d
not smile.

"It's no day for riding—there's going
be a snowstorm," he said.

"I like to ride in the snow," she said.

"Yes, I know. You just like to ride,"
said. "But it really is starting in like a ha

COLOR ★
belongs in your hair...



Discover the
Color Magic of
Noreen
SUPER COLOR RINSE

Glamorizes any shade of hair because it imparts rich, true depth of temporary color.

Gally blends-in unwanted gray—adds distinction to all gray or white hair.

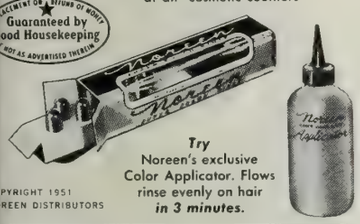
So natural looking—Noreen gives long-lasting color beauty without a hint of artificiality.

So easy to do yourself. Just rinse it in fresh and new after each shampoo.

ACCEPTED COMMITTEE ON COSMETICS

Choose from 14 Noreen shades
15¢, 30¢, 60¢ sizes
at all cosmetic counters

EXCITEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



Try
Noreen's exclusive
Color Applicator. Flows
rinse evenly on hair
in 3 minutes.

COPYRIGHT 1951
NOREEN DISTRIBUTORS

YOUR HAIR NEVER LOOKED LOVELIER...



never felt more clean and soft than after a Noreen Super Satin Creme Shampoo. Works even in hard water, leaves hair in perfect condition for Noreen Rinse. 2.22 oz. jar—50¢

Suffer From
STOMACH UPSETS?

you have "hunger pains", heartburn, frequent stomach upsets or indigestion due to excess stomach acid all means see your doctor—*and start taking* EDAGEL. For excess stomach acid is believed to be cause of more serious troubles. Users say Sedagel *its faster—lasts longer* than anything else they've er tried. Sedagel "sponges up" burning acid—reads a coating over stomach and intestinal walls at *soothes* and *protects*. Get Sedagel today!



INGROWN NAIL
Hurting You?
Immediate Relief!

A few drops of OUTGRO® bring blessed relief from tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTGRO toughens the skin underneath the nail, allows the nail to be cut and thus prevents further pain and discomfort. OUTGRO is available at all drug counters.

For complete removal of superfluous hair use ZIP Epilator

ZIP-IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

Safe for face, arms, legs. Good stores, or send $1.10 to Jordeau Inc., South Orange, N. J.

storm. Why don't you come with me instead—I'm going to take a present up to Chris Lord."

"I thought you told me not to go there."

"This is different. I'm just going to see the boy. . . . Please come. I'll take the horse back." The flakes were coming thickly now, falling on the shoulders of her corduroy coat, on the small close cap on her head. He looked up at her through the snow and said again, "Please come."

"I'll take the horse back," she said, wheeled and rode back toward the stables. She came back through the lane, a small girl to have so recently looked so big on the big horse. She got into the car without a word and he started the engine. She glanced back at the rocking horse and said, "But he couldn't ride that!"

"I know. Miss Everts gave it to me for him. I couldn't refuse to take it—not from Miss Everts. You know how close she is—well, when she offered it, I had to take it. And it might be a good present after all. It isn't always the things you use most—is it?—that give you the most pleasure. It's the things you hope to use. I know I'd have liked this when I was a boy."

"Francis used to have one. But he never liked horses much. . . . I don't think they'll like it, having me come."

"Jennie liked you a lot—she said so. But she doesn't expect to be friends with you. There's such a gulf between. I don't really see the gulf, though. You are alike in lots of ways. Why shouldn't you be friends if you want to?"

"Why not?" she said, but her voice was tired, as if she saw plenty of reasons, as if she doubted that there were any friends anywhere.

He fell silent. There seemed to be no conversation that was safe. You couldn't ask her about Christmas, which must have been a period of purgatory. You couldn't ask after her mother, or Francis. There was nothing to say that wasn't dangerous. But she was there, beside him. That was something. And then they were in the familiar kitchen where Jennie was in the midst of making doughnuts. Chris was sitting by the window with the board across his lap and partly held up by another chair and he was moving his little trucks round and round.

"Hello!" Miranda said. "Could I have one of those? I haven't had a doughnut right out of the kettle since I was seven."

"Help yourself," Jennie said. "I've just got a few more to do. Do you mind if I finish?"

"Couldn't I do it?" Miranda begged.

"Why, if you want to. Don't get spattered with the grease, though. . . . Here's an apron."

"Don't need one." She stood there with the long fork in her hand, looking excited and young. "Been frustrated all my life," she said. "Account of doughnuts."

Jennie laughed. "I had a frustration about sewing machines," she said. "Once when my mother was out, I decided to sew. It cost my mother twenty dollars to get the machine fixed, and besides that I ruined a velvet coat that my mother was making for me. I thought a cape would be more elegant. . . . I had to pay the twenty dollars out of my allowance and it took an eternity. Still, you know, I never regretted it."

Webster took an egg carton out of the wastebasket, went toward Chris. "You ought to have a garage," he said.

It was peaceful and warm in the kitchen. Webster felt preposterously happy. He ate doughnuts straight from the fork, piping hot. Jennie and Miranda were chattering away and their voices sounded like the voices of friends.

"I've got a present for you, Chris," he said. "It's out in the car and it's very big. I don't know where your mother is going to keep it. A lady in the house where I live sent it to you—Miss Everts. . . . Mrs. Lord, I really don't know how you're going to keep it in the kitchen. Shall I bring it in?"

"Why, yes—but you mustn't spoil Chris, Mr. Webster."

(Continued on Page 187)

Inspired Chemistry

...makes Stopette the completely dependable anti-perspirant...never harsh, yet never weak and ineffective. And easier than ever to apply. The Stopette formula, created by Dr. Jules Montenier, destroys odor-producing bacteria, safely checks excess perspiration...all with the gentleness of a mist-fine spray. One deft squeeze of the hand-formed, unbreakable bottle envelops the entire underarm, assures positive protection. And you never touch Stopette, hardly know it touches you. Refreshing as the finest cosmetic...harmless to clothes. At all drug and cosmetic counters.

Family size: $1.25 plus tax
Travel size: .60 plus tax

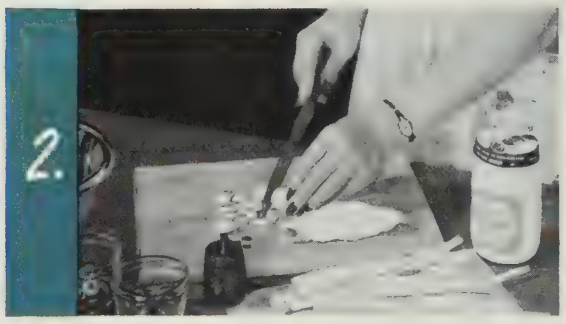
Jules Montenier, Inc., Chicago



How to make wonderful Chicken Salad



Gradually add ¼ cup chicken broth to ¾ cup Kraft Mayonnaise; blend well after each addition of broth. The delicate richness of Kraft Mayonnaise will make a real difference in your salad. Velvety rich, delightfully seasoned, Kraft's is true mayonnaise at its finest.



To serve four people, prepare 2½ cups cooked diced chicken, 1½ cups diced celery, ¼ cup broken pecans, ¼ cup sliced stuffed olives. Toss together lightly with ¾ teaspoon salt and a dash of freshly ground pepper. Add the mayonnaise mixture, blending it in lightly.



Peel 4 large tomatoes and cut each into 5 sections, poinsettia style, almost to the stem end. Place on leaf lettuce, press sections apart and fill with chicken salad. Garnish with Kraft Mayonnaise, the Kitchen-Fresh Mayonnaise with the wonderfully delicate flavor.



True mayonnaise at its finest!

TRUE MAYONNAISE because it is made solely of fine oil and eggs, fragrant vinegar and fresh-ground spices. *Nothing else.*

... AT ITS FINEST because Kraft is generous with the costly salad oils . . . gives you mayonnaise that's *luxuriously* rich. Because Kraft insists on really *choice* ingredients, blends them in just the right proportions for most delightful flavor. And because Kraft's own special beater gives velvety smooth texture. Next time, do get *Kraft* Mayonnaise.

Don't miss TV's most famous dramatic show
KRAFT TV THEATRE
every Wednesday evening, NBC-TV.

Kraft KITCHEN FRESH Mayonnaise

(Continued from Page 185)

He went out and got the horse, brought it
Chris' eyes shone with wonder when he
it. "It's for you, old man. After you've
ked a bit, you can ride him." Then he
the tears in Jennie's eyes, looked away
m them and went on quickly: "You just
e to put your foot in the stirrup, here,
ng your leg over and take the reins and
you go! You can ride everywhere on him.
s name is—is ——"

"Kim," Miranda said.

"Kim's his name. He goes like the wind.
used to be a race horse."

Just then the door opened and Frank Lord
ne into the room. His glance swept around
kitchen, took in Miranda, the horse,
rything, in one cold stare.

"Hello, Mr. Lord," Webster said. "We
ne to see Chris."

"I see," Frank Lord answered. "What's
t? A castoff from the Lord attic?"

"*Frank!*" Jennie said in an agonized
isper.

"No," Webster said calmly. "It doesn't
ppen to be. It's from Miss Everts' attic.
iss Everts is my landlady. She sent it up
Chris."

Lord turned away from them toward Jen-
and said, "Where's that strip of leather?"

Jennie went to the shelf and picked up a
ce of leather, handed it to him without a
rd, and without another word to them
rd turned and went out of the room. Jen-
's face looked pinched and tired suddenly.
e warmth was gone from the room, the
ghter dead.

"Well, Miranda, we'd better run along,"
ebster said.

"Yes," Miranda said.

HEY said good-by to Jennie and Chris and
rned to the door. Then Miranda turned
d went back to Jennie, put a hand on her
m.

"We're all not quite ourselves these days,"
e said. "Don't mind. Thank you for letting
e make doughnuts."

It was snowing in earnest now. They drove
to a thick wall of snow. They didn't talk
r some time. Indeed, it was all Webster
uld do to see the road and keep the car in
But at last they came into a clearer stretch
d then he said:

"I don't believe he ever spoke a harsh
rd to her in his life before—before all
is."

"Don't talk," she said.

"I have to. I don't get a chance often. You
n't give me a chance. . . . You didn't mean
hat you said to me—about the money, did
u?"

"No. No, of course not."

"One gets driven, like Frank Lord. We're
l driven. But it's true that I do love you,
Miranda."

"Do you? Maybe you do—I don't know. But nothing's very real just now. So don't talk about it. And anyway—as you say—the pleasure comes from hoping, not from getting."

"Did I say that?"

"Just an hour ago."

"I take it back. . . . Do you love snow as I do?"

"I'd like it to cover me up and keep me covered forever. I'd like that."

THEY had come already to the edge of town. He drove reluctantly past houses, into the square, stopped at her house.

"Will you tell Francis, Jane liked the lamp?" he asked, opening the door of the car.

"The lamp?"

"Yes. Tell him, will you? Thanks for going with me, Miranda. It's the nicest thing you've done yet. To me, I mean. . . . Good night."

"Good night," she said.

And in the morning the snow was a foot deep everywhere, higher where it had drifted. The town was beautiful in the morning light, clean and white. It looked as if no evil could dwell there.

But John Webster, for one, knew that the evil was there, beauty or no to cover it. He knew it was there, but he knew, too, that all twisted with it was something good and sweet. He knew it was good that for even a few minutes Miranda and Jennie had been friends, had stood by the doughnut kettle side by side. He knew it was good that Miss Everts had sent the rocking horse to Chris. He knew it had been good to have Miranda beside him in the car, it had been good that she had taken the horse back, come with him. It had been good to feel something that was not enmity between them, even the quiet of truce. He even knew dimly that it was good he did not see everything in terms of black and white these days, that he was beginning to know that sadness and joy were different sides of the same coin.

All that week, while the snow stayed on the ground and the thermometer registered zero or five below, he moved about his tasks, about the town, with a new and quiet purpose. One night he stopped in and saw Doctor Bell and the doctor told him stories about his people, one queer one about an old woman who had been an invalid for twenty years and suddenly, when a hated sister-in-law died, rose and went about her business as if she had never been ill. They didn't talk of the Lords at all.

"Come again," Doctor Bell said.

One night he went into Miss Everts' quarters and heard the story of her life, which was a quiet enough story, but had undercurrents of frustration and despair. She had



"But, mother, it was a month ago John said he was going to the drugstore for cigarettes."



Who's Having More Fun? The kite *belongs* to the kids, and Dad just came along to "give advice"! But who cares—they're all having the time of their lives, and incidentally building man-size appetites. The kind you satisfy with nutritious foods like this:

Dream dessert

So simple...so delicious...made the real Minute Tapioca way!



BLUSHING PEAR TAPIOCA

1 recipe Minute Tapioca Cream
½ cup toasted almonds, slivered
Blushing Pear Slices

Prepare Minute Tapioca Cream as directed on the package. After cooling, fold in almonds. Chill. Garnish with Blushing Pear Slices. Makes 8 servings.

Blushing Pear Slices. Combine in saucepan, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup pear juice, 3 tablespoons red cinnamon candies, few drops red coloring. Add 8 canned pear halves, which have been sliced lengthwise into 8 pieces each. Simmer 10 to 15 minutes, or until pears absorb the pink color. Chill.

What a joy to watch your hungry family dig into such a healthful, milk-and-eggs dessert—*extra* good because it's made with honest to goodness, real, genuine Minute Tapioca. For "country kitchen" goodness no ready-made dessert can match, get a supply of Minute Tapioca today!

REAL TAPIOCA! MINUTE BRAND TAPIOCA

FULL OF COUNTRY-KITCHEN GOODNESS!



Did you know that Minute Tapioca makes the best possible thickener for fruit pies? If your recipe calls for cornstarch, substitute the same amount of Minute Tapioca. If it calls for flour substitute slightly less.

FREE! Over 50 recipes for pies and other delicious desserts made with Minute Tapioca. Send your name and address to Minute Tapioca, Box 815, New York 46, N. Y.

Offer expires Oct. 1, 1951. Good only in U. S. A. Product of General Foods

You Want a Beauty Soap for a Beauty Bath!



YOUR BATH BECOMES A BEAUTY BATH—when you change to proper cleansing with Palmolive Soap! Doctors have proved that regular cleansing with this beauty soap brings most women lovelier complexions in only 14 days!

So to help soften and smooth your skin *all over*, use Palmolive Bath Size . . . always! Nothing could be finer in your bath to cleanse, refresh, relax you. Palmolive brings you *fragrance*, to safeguard your daintiness—your charm. *Mildness*, to keep your skin smoother, softer-to-the-touch. *Purity*, to give your entire body the gentle beauty care it needs.

Yes, you should use a *beauty soap* for a *beauty bath*. So get Palmolive Bath Size today. It's big. It's thrifty. And so mild, so pure, so right for *all* of you!



Use Only Palmolive To Give Your Skin This Lovely Charm... All Over!

loved someone once, that was sure, and been cut off by duty to her mother. She didn't complain and her prim little voice made no tragedy out of anything. But Webster went back to his own rooms filled with gentleness toward her, pity for the nothingness of her dull life. The next day he took several books in to her. She was pleased and that night brought him some homemade cake and ice cream. She lingered, then said:

"That biography—I wonder if you'd mind if I lent that to Mary Lord. She's always liked biographies."

"Do, of course, if you'd like to," he said.

He was moved, because he saw that she had taken her courage in her hands to make that request, even to consider going with book in hand to Mary Lord's house. He didn't believe she had ever been intimate with Mary Lord, nor did he think she was going now out of curiosity. He'd made Miss Everts into a caricature of a small-town old maid with delusions of elegance when he'd written of her to Jane, and he was ashamed of those letters

The days passed somehow and it was January twenty-first. The day of doom. Burrell came to the office early and Webster was already there.

"Wish it were over," Burrell said. "Ready?"

"Do you think that there'll be a crowd?"

"No. Penner's kept quiet about it. Never do have many for these probate hearings. Public, but no one comes, except the ones concerned."

They went out and along the side of the square toward the town hall, where Penner held his small court.

"I hope I keep my head," Burrell said. "I've never had anything hit me quite so hard in all the years I've been practicing."

"You'll keep your head. You always do," Webster said. "Will Mrs. Lord come?"

"I don't know. I don't know what's going to happen. You might think Francis would have confided in me a little, but not Francis."

They went into the town hall and up the stairs in silence. Their feet made too loud a noise on the stairs. Webster said to himself, *This is it. I feel numb.*

There was no crowd. Jeff Beals, the sheriff, sat near the door, and Pete Jenkins was there. Miranda and Francis, but not their mother, and Frank and Jennie Lord, and a girl who acted as Penner's secretary when he needed one. Pinzo, the lawyer Frank had, and a young man who might have been a reporter, but was unknown to Webster.

JUDGE PENNER entered the room. He was embarrassed and seemed almost at a loss as to how to start proceedings. But he sat down behind the table he used for a bench, opened the court, made a small, mumbling speech of explanation as to the purpose of the hearing and asked the gentlemen concerned to please come forward. Burrell was already forward, but Pinzo rose and Frank Lord, too, and walked to the front of the room. And Francis came also, though he looked like a casual visitor, not like someone making his bid for a good deal of money. It was strange seeing the two Lords almost side by side, Frank so stiff and tall and gray-faced, Francis so languid and elegant. Webster gave a quick glance toward Jennie, wondered who was staying with Chris, then turned his eyes from the look in Jennie's eyes, faced Judge Penner.

"This seems to be a matter of establishing identity," Judge Penner said, his face red, his smooth hair rumpled by a nervous movement of his old hand. The peak of hair stood up, giving him a distracted appearance. Webster had an impulse to get up and smooth the lock down. "Have you gentlemen anything to present at this time? . . . Mr. Pinzo?"

Pinzo fidgeted, half rose, but before he was on his feet Frank Lord stood up and said, "Mr. Pinzo has no proof and neither have I. I was advised to enter my claim and did. I am Francis Lord, that is all I know. I have my birth certificate which says I am the son of James and Cassie Lord. The only evidence I have is that my parents were unfriendly toward each other and that they moved away from Stony Lonesome right after I was born. That is all." He sat down.

PETE JENKINS made little scratches on his pad and Webster said to himself, *The blocks—you might have told that, Frank.* But he had said that was all and sounded as if he meant it.

"I wouldn't say that constituted evidence," Judge Penner said. "Aren't there any friends of your mother living? Relatives? Someone who would be apt to know more about the matter?"

"No," Frank Lord said.

Pinzo said, "Your Honor, there is more evidence, but it is all somewhat circumstantial at this point. We do have some important information, but we need a little time to authenticate it."

Webster saw Frank turn and stare at his lawyer, but he said no more.

"Mr. Burrell?" Judge Penner said then.

Francis gave Burrell an odd look. Was it scornful or pitying? Francis said, "Since this seems an informal meeting, Judge Penner, I might as well say I have a birth certificate too. Son of Edward and Mary Lord. Does that mean anything? I am Francis Lord, as you know. I have no proof that this estate belongs to me. But it might, mightn't it?"

His voice was almost conversational and it was plain that Judge Penner, who was always a stickler for the amenities of court procedure, was annoyed. But he had let Frank Lord interrupt, so he listened till Francis was done, then said "Mr. Burrell?" again. Pete Jenkins was grinning, writing very fast.

"I haven't much at this time, your Honor," Burrell said.

Judge Penner folded his hands, unfolded them. "I will adjourn the court till one week from today, then, when I will expect you to bring such proofs as are obtainable. Or do you want longer, gentlemen?"

"It is a difficult matter to establish identity," Burrell said cautiously.

"Naturally. Naturally. But this estate is not going to be settled without some difficulty. If you want six months, say so."

Frank Lord said, "I haven't the kind of money that hires a lawyer for six months, Judge Penner. Let's get it over as soon as we can."

"That may be true for you, Mr. Lord. But there is another claimant."

"Any time. Any time at all," Francis said too politely.

"Court adjourned till January twenty-eighth. Same hour," Judge Penner said shortly.

Webster made himself go over and say "Hello" to Miranda, but she merely nodded. He turned to Jennie and said, "Who's staying with Chris?"

"A neighbor," Jennie said. She was dressed plainly and looked more like a countrywoman than she did when at home. Webster had an embarrassing thought—if Frank's mother was like Jennie, it would have been very easy for Zachary Thorne to fall in love with her.

Everybody began to move out of the room. It was all anticlimactic, and yet it was dramatic at the same time. Instead of anything's

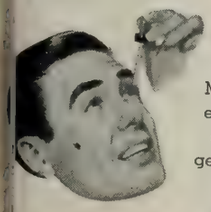
One day when I was expounding to undergraduates Tennyson's Locksley Hall Sixty Years After, in which he lamented the loss of female reticence, reverence and modesty, for the "maiden fancies" were "wallowing" in "Zolaism," I threw out the general query, "Why is it that the older generation have always thought the younger generation were going to the devil?" and one of the students replied, "Perhaps the younger generation would have gone to the devil, if the older generation had not always thought they were going there."

—WILLIAM LYON PHELPS: Autobiography With Letters (Oxford University Press).

HOW TO GIVE
QUICK REST
TO TIRED EYES



YES TIRED?
Feel as if you can't work, can't enjoy yourself? Then give them a quick rest—



PUT TWO drops of gentle Murine in each eye. It cleanses and soothes as gently as a tear.



IN SECONDS, your eyes feel rested. Murine's seven ingredients help your eyes feel good.



MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES



AMAZING CREAM REMOVES UNSIGHTLY HAIR *QUICKLY*, SAFELY

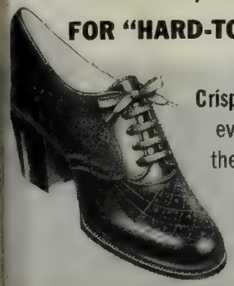
Acts Below "Razor Line" Without Cutting or Scraping Legs

The modern way to remove ugly hair from your legs is with *Neet*® Cream Hair Remover. It works deeper than a razor, below the surface of the skin. Safer too from razor cuts and scratches. Neet leaves tender skin soft and smooth, free from razor stubble. Just apply Neet like any cream, then rinse off and hair disappears like magic.

Joyous Walking Ease!



FOR "HARD-TO-FIT" FEET



Crisply smart—yet every inch of their design is scientific!



If your feet hurt—or are "hard" to fit—Dr. Scholl's Shoes will give you glorious walking ease—free of painful friction and pressure points on your feet and toes. Their style gives no *outward* hint of their foot-comforting, foot-coddling design.

Dr. Scholl's Shoes are made in all sizes for *all types of feet*—Women's some styles, 2½ to 13 AAAAA to EEEEEEEE; men's, 5½ to 16, AAA to EEEEEEE. *Expertly fitted* at Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops and Shoe and Dept. Stores in principal cities. If not obtainable in your city, write for catalog. Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago 10, Illinois.

By the Makers of DR. SCHOLL'S Foot Remedies

Dr. Scholl's SHOES

being settled, it was just an order to go on holding your breath a little longer.

Pete Jenkins got into his jeep and went off noisily. Webster suddenly saw Mrs. Lord walking slowly a little way from the town hall. Had she been waiting? For Francis? For what? Miranda caught up with her.

With a start, Webster heard Burrell say, "Well, I didn't expect much more. Have to warm up to it, I suppose. Think I'll go home till after lunch."

"All right. I'll hold the fort."

At that moment Jennie ran past him, caught up to Mrs. Lord, put a hand on her arm. "Mrs. Lord—Mrs. Lord," she said. "You know—you're the only one who really *knows*. You've got to *say*. It's wicked not to say—it's wicked to spoil all our lives this way if you *know*. Don't you know what horrible things it's doing to all of us?"

"Jennie!" Frank Lord said harshly, pulled her away.

"Oh, I don't care—I don't care!" Jennie said. "It is wicked—it is—it *is!*"

There was an instant when Mrs. Lord had looked straight at Jennie with something of shock in her dark eyes, then she and Miranda went on. They walked separately, not clinging. Everyone else had vanished.

BURRELL said, "Well, that was wicked anyway. What do they think Mary can stand?"

"No, I don't think it was wicked," Webster said. "It was honest and open. We ought to have a little more of it. It was true enough, wasn't it? And is it any worse to hurt Mary Lord than it is to hurt Jennie? I don't think so, Mr. Burrell. After all, Mary Lord *does* know. Couldn't she have stood up and said so—if she wants this money that much, that is? What was she doing there waiting anyway? If she wasn't willing to give them some proof? I like her, understand, but I don't like all this false pride, this inhibition business. I like Jennie too. This is going to spoil her marriage, and it was a good marriage. From all I hear Mary Lord's marriage was spoiled to start with. Everybody admits Mr. Lord was a stuffed shirt. But if she wants this money—well, it's a nasty business."

"It's that all right. But you make it simpler than it is. You couldn't help that, I suppose. Mary's devilishly proud."

"But proud of what? If it's true, and Francis is Thorne's son, then it won't hurt her to lower her pride a little. If it isn't true, then she might establish that too—give the Frank Lords a chance. Do you think Francis is enjoying this?"

"He didn't act very disturbed."

"Oh? He was in hell—just in hell, that's all."

Webster sat alone in the office. . . . If only Francis and Miranda could take a leaf out of Jennie's book! What was it in civilized people that cut off the fount of naturalness, directness? Well, Jennie was civilized too—and the fount of directness had dried up in her when it came to approaching her own husband. Though she had tried—it was plain she had tried. But how could there be any hope for the human race when people in the same house couldn't speak together of what was nearest the heart? He felt terribly grateful to Jennie Lord for crying out to Miranda's mother as she had. Why *shouldn't* the whole thing be just that simple?

Three days went by then, three days when nothing much happened and yet when everyone in town was keyed up to a tension that showed in faces and voices. Pete Jenkins made as much of the hearing as he could for his paper, but that wasn't much. Pete hadn't, thank goodness, heard Jennie. The thing was copied by other papers around the state, across the country, for it was an interesting situation. Webster was invited to the Joneses' one night, but he didn't go. He angered Marjie Jones, he knew, and yet he couldn't go. He made an unnecessary trip to the shoemaker's to have shoes repaired because Mr. Patrelli had said once, seeing Francis passing, "Nice boy. He come to my shop ever since he was so high—he never come home from his school, he don't come in and see Patrelli."

(Continued on Page 191)



EXQUISITE FORM BRASSIERE, INC. New York 16 • Los Angeles 14 • Toronto, Canada

Brilliant new fragrance idea!



• lasts longer than toilet water
• less costly than perfume extract

TOILET ESSENCE
in Tweed or Repartee

A REMINDER THAT YOU WERE THERE.. AND MAY COME BACK AGAIN



2.50 PLUS TAX
2 FULL OUNCES

Lentheric
PARIS LONDON NEW YORK

Only One Margarine carries this Seal

DURKEE'S OWN AA GRADE

Your Symbol of Unvarying Highest Quality

—made possible by Durkee's leadership in food research!

To give your family the best in margarine, look for Durkee's own Grade AA seal. Every pound must qualify to *exacting specifications* of uniformity, quality, flavor, and purity—specifications that are constantly checked by Durkee's nation-wide research and control laboratories.

For natural flavor, freshness and nutrition, Durkee's Margarine is unexcelled. Each pound contains 15,000 units of Vitamin A; has smooth texture for spreading; excellent for flavor-frying; and makes pies and cakes extra good.

Ask your grocer for the best—Durkee's own Grade AA Margarine.



QUALITY Glidden PRODUCTS

DURKEE FAMOUS FOODS **QUALITY PACED BY RESEARCH**

© 1951, The Glidden Company


SPICES


MAYONNAISE


EXTRACTS


WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE


FAMOUS DRESSING


COCONUT


SALAD DRESSING



SHORTENING

OUTSTANDING FLAVOR AND QUALITY DISTINGUISH THIS FAMILY OF DURKEE FAMOUS FOODS

(Continued from Page 189)

He went to Doctor Bell's and played a game or two of cribbage with him. Doctor Bell steadied him, never going into personalities much, but still holding all of Trigo in some warm place in his mind, loving the town as a whole and resenting anything that disturbed that warmth.

After the games were finished, the doctor said, "Ten years from now—no, less than that—all this will be forgotten. What people are counts still in Trigo."

"I wonder," Webster said.

"You needn't. I tell you it does. I'm an old man and I've seen scandals come and go. People make mistakes—but they establish some kind of character all the same and sometimes the character's bigger than any mistakes. When it comes right down to it, you will see that Trigo doesn't want to make a sinner out of Mary Lord. And why? Because she's not a sinner. All these years she's led as virtuous a life as any saint, and people know that. She'll never take to sackcloth and ashes—nor does anyone want her to, unless it be some of the new upstarts who want to reign in her stead. But Trigo's still strong enough for them. . . . And Francis is like his mother, no matter whether he's like his father or not. He's been the first boy of Trigo ever since he's been born. He hasn't done a thing since the war, but he's still the first boy of Trigo. The Ransomes have tried hard to be important, but they know they're not as important as Francis, for all their success. . . . I can see his business worries now, boy. But it will be forgotten."

Webster's fingers closed round the cribbage board. "I will not forget it," he said.

The old doctor looked at Webster with great kindness though with some humor. "Well, I hope you don't. Perhaps you won't. . . . If it had been Miranda, now, that all this hullabaloo was about, I would have understood it better. Miranda has always been an outsider. She's stayed right here, but she's never seemed a New Englander born and bred. She's forever trying to be herself, but she's a Lord, too, and she'll probably never escape now. She'd like to be outgoing, she'd like to throw off all her repressions, but the pattern's been made for her. I like the girl, understand. She's got spirit. Well, all the Lords have—but Miranda wouldn't hesitate to be different if she got the chance. She just doesn't get the chance. . . . There, I've talked enough about the Lords."

WEBSTER walked home through the bitter cold, remembering how Miranda had tried to learn typing. That pitiful, abortive effort. And somewhere he had heard that she painted. But not enough, apparently, not successfully. He couldn't imagine the creative impulse having much chance in that house like a museum. But that must have been one of her efforts at escape from the pattern. The not bothering about clothes must have been not inverted snobbishness, but another attempt. The going to Jennie's must also have been an effort—a deliberate stepping out of her place in Trigo. It might have been very difficult for her to go with him that day. *I will never understand her*, he thought. *Probably not ever.* But the thought, though hurting, was somehow good too.

The next day he phoned Miranda. He didn't ask her to go anywhere, do anything with him. He just said, "How are you?"

"All right," she said.

"Are you really?" he asked more insistently.

She hesitated, then said, "No, of course not. But I'm bearing up."

"Just wanted you to know I was thinking of you," he said.

"Well, thanks," she said.

They hung up. It had been awkward, a small, awkward little conversation.

The next day when Burrell went out to lunch he called again. Francis answered the phone. "Is Miranda there?"

"She's here, but not available at the moment," Francis said. "Who's calling, please?"

"John Webster. I'll call later," Webster said. "She isn't ill, is she?"

"I don't think so." Francis hung up.

WEBSTER was infuriated by that conversation. Didn't think so, eh? Didn't he know? Didn't anyone in that house know how the others felt, what the others did? What did he mean—she wasn't available? Was she taking a bath—did she have callers—didn't she want to answer the phone? *What?*

In an hour he called again. This time Miranda answered. "Called you before," he said. "Just wanted to know if you were all right."

"Of course. Why all the solicitude?"

"Have you on my mind," he said shortly. "But you know that. Suppose I wangled some time off—would you like to take a long walk out into the country?"

"Is this what is known as moral support?" she asked. It was like her old tartness.

"No," he said. "I've told you what it is. Could you come?"

"I'm afraid not. Some other day, maybe."

"I'll remember that," he said.

Afterward he said to himself, *Dogged does it*, but he didn't know whether doggedness would succeed or not.

Then it was the twenty-seventh. Nothing had been done. Nothing would be done by Burrell, that was plain.

"It's up to them," Burrell said. "They haven't asked for my help—they don't give me any help. And I will not ask them."

But they were due for a surprise, for a shock before the day was done. About half past four Mary Lord walked into the office. She looked just as always. She was thin, but she had always been thin. Her face was colorless, but she had always had a very white skin. She wore one of her atrocious dowagerlike hats and a fur coat that she might have had twenty years, so styleless was it. She nodded to them gravely, but did not sit down. She walked over to Burrell's desk, put a small packet down on the desk and said, "I will swear to the fact that I wrote or received these, tomorrow, James," nodded again in a gracious way and walked out of the office.

Burrell picked up the packet, put it down. Webster could see beads of sweat standing out on the older man's forehead. The silence lasted a long time. Then Burrell stood up.

"I can't read those letters," he said. "It's my job, but I can't do it. Will you? We have to know where we stand, but I can't do it."

"They'll be read in court," Webster said.

Burrell reached quickly, picked up the letters, walked toward the stove.

"*No!*" Webster said sharply. "No! You can't do that, Mr. Burrell!"

Burrell hesitated. "No, of course I can't," he said. Then he went on more quietly: "Will you read them, John? I cannot do it."

"All right," Webster said, though he felt almost exactly as Burrell was feeling, that he had no right or desire to read these letters, to intrude into the private life of Mary Lord. It was not a case at all. It was something quite different.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

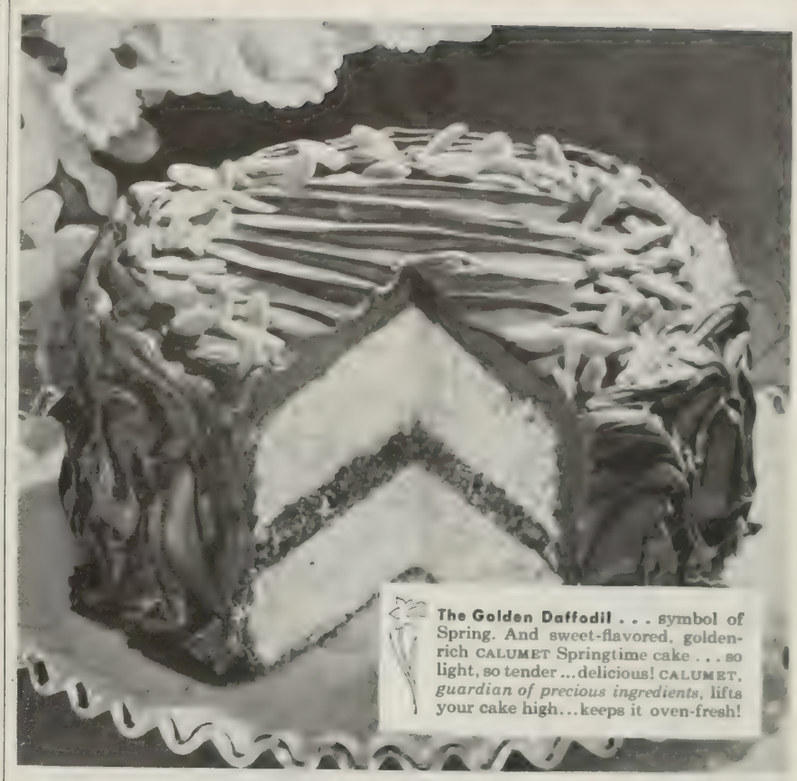
Communication

By Elizabeth McFarland

Needing a little more to say
Of what one has
And gives away,
Wanting to trifle less to show
Something your midnights
Surely know,

A poise like flowers in a vase
Arranges my
Disordered face
The while my hand—immoderate,
bare—
Presses the curvings
Of your chair.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



The Golden Daffodil . . . symbol of Spring. And sweet-flavored, golden-rich CALUMET Springtime cake . . . so light, so tender ... delicious! CALUMET, *guardian of precious ingredients*, lifts your cake high... keeps it oven-fresh!

NEW, EASY RECIPE FOR A

"Daffy Down Dilly" SPRINGTIME CAKE

Chosen from 63,000 recipes to be the CALUMET Cake-of-the-Month

"Daffy Down Dilly" Springtime Cake

2¼ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2½ teaspoons CALUMET Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup shortening
1½ cups sugar
2 eggs, unbeaten
*Milk (see below for amount)
1 teaspoon vanilla

*With butter, margarine, or lard, use 1 cup milk. With vegetable or any other shortening, use 1 cup plus 2 tablespoons milk.

Note: For the most DELICIOUS cake you've ever baked... protect precious fresh ingredients with CALUMET. Its ***Double-Dependable*** Double Action guards you against baking powder failure. For, by using the exact amount of CALUMET specified, you can count on exactly the right amount of leavening first in the mixing bowl, and later in the heat of the oven for truly glorious cakes, muffins, biscuits, waffles, pancakes, coffee cake. No wonder more published recipes specify CALUMET than any other brand of baking powder! And no wonder . . .

TWICE AS MANY WOMEN USE CALUMET AS ANY OTHER BAKING POWDER!

Method. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating very thoroughly after each. Then add flour mixture, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla and blend.

Baking. Turn batter into two round 9-inch layer pans, 1½ inches deep, which have been lined on bottoms with paper, then greased. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Cool.

Frosting. Spread Chocolate Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Garnish with toasted sliced almonds.

Chocolate Frosting

Combine in saucepan 4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, ¾ cup firmly packed brown sugar, ¼ cup butter, ¼ cup water, and ¼ teaspoon salt. Place over medium heat and stir constantly until chocolate and butter are melted. Then simmer gently about 3 minutes, or until mixture is blended and slightly thickened, stirring occasionally. Cool 5 minutes. Then add 2¼ cups sifted confectioners' sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Add 1 unbeaten EGG and ¾ teaspoon vanilla; beat well.

In Baking Your Best Bet is—

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

DOUBLE-ACTING

A Product of General Foods





At maple-sugaring time folks head towards the sugar camp for "sugar-on-snow."

Pancakes and Vermont Maid Syrup

Real Old-Time Treat!

For Vermont Maid Syrup our skilled blenders select maple sugar that is unusually full-flavored; then they blend it with cane sugar. This blend gives you, at moderate cost, real maple sugar flavor that is uniformly rich and delicious—everybody's favorite!

• • •

Your grocer has Vermont Maid Syrup in attractive glass jugs, ready for your table. In the big, generous 24-ounce size—your family can pour all they want on their pancakes or waffles. Also in handy 12-ounce size.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc.,
Burlington, Vermont.

Made by the makers of My-T-Fine Desserts and Brer Rabbit Molasses.



© 1950 Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc.

Burrell went home and left Webster alone with the small packet, tied around with a bit of thread. Suppose, Webster temporized, that he didn't read them? Suppose he just presented them to Penner and let him take the brunt of that first reading? Had Burrell hoped that Mary Lord would never admit to this? Had he thought her pride invulnerable?

It was nearly six before Webster slowly removed the thread, opened the first letter.

At eight o'clock, anyone looking through the window of the office could have seen a young man with head down on his desk in an attitude of despair. At nine o'clock, anyone would have seen the young man in the same place. But at a few minutes past nine, the young man reached for the phone, called Burrell.

"There's no doubt, no doubt at all," he said simply into the phone.

He wanted to call Jennie Lord, but he was too much a lawyer, even yet, to do that. But he hated giving them this one last bad night, for nothing.

Then he called the Trigo Lords. "Miranda?"

"Yes."

"I love you."

The operator was probably taking that in, but he didn't care. He didn't care at all.

"Did you hear me, Miranda?"

"Yes, I heard you."

"All right. That's to sleep on. Good night."

Her voice saying "Good night" was faint, almost as if she were crying.

Then there they all were in the small room in the town hall again. Almost the same people as before, though with a few additions, and a small group sitting near Pinzo, who might be witnesses. Witnesses of what? Webster would have said that the whole town would have turned out for this hearing, that the room could not have held the curious ones of Trigo. And yet Trigo wasn't there. Mrs. Jones, and the wife of Fred Ransome, and three or four others of that bridge-playing, drinking crowd were there, looking self-conscious but agog. Pete Jenkins and three other reporters. But Trigo, the old Trigo, was absent. It was, Webster thought, as Doctor Bell had said—Trigo did not want to make a sinner of Mary Lord. They could be as curious as anything and still not intrude. It was the New England way. Something eased in Webster, as if he had found some sort of safety. But he didn't look young any more. His fine, poetic face had lines in it that had come in the space of a few months. He saw the Frank Lords sitting side by side, grave and remote. He saw Miranda sitting by her mother near the front of the room this time—Francis was several seats away from them. Yes, it was different, because Mary Lord was here.

Judge Penner called the court to order, turned first to Pinzo.

The more wit you have, the more good nature you must show, to induce people to pardon your superiority, for that is no easy matter.
—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Pinzo, looking somewhat complacent, said he would like to call three witnesses to establish the fact that Cassie Lord had known Zachary Thorne intimately. The reporters sat up. Frank Lord looked grim and gray.

Webster was astonished and chagrined at the same time to discover that Cassie Lord, then Cassie Moore, had worked for three months in the office at the powder plant just before her marriage. He was also chagrined to discover that Thorne had a number of times walked home with Cassie after work, that three times were testified to as to witnesses having seen Cassie and Thorne walking in the Mill Road together. It was also affirmed that Cassie, after marrying Jim Lord, had often come into town of an afternoon and was in the habit of stopping outside the plant when people came out. Mrs. Courtney testified as to the time the Lords had moved, telling much the same story she had told Burrell. Pinzo also made it significant that the boy was named Francis.

Everyone in the room was excited now, except possibly Burrell, who sat with head bent and said "No questions" over and over in a dull voice.

It could be a real case, Webster knew. He had never liked Pinzo, but he had to admit that this lawyer had drummed up a good deal of information that he himself had missed. And yet it wasn't going to be a real case. It was almost a pity.

It seemed to go on for hours, with the reporters taking it all down word for word. And then Burrell got up quietly and said, "May I call Mary Lord to the stand as witness?"

"Mary Lord, come forward, please," Judge Penner said.

Mrs. Lord rose, walked forward steadily, was sworn in as a witness, sat down. It was not a regular courtroom. All was informal in setting and tone. The witness chair was only an old kitchen chair with round arms.

Burrell took the letters from his pocket, said, "Will you please have these marked as evidence?"

Judge Penner, whose salary did not run to a clerk, marked the letters himself and then Burrell handed them to Mrs. Lord.

"Mrs. Lord, will you identify these letters?"

His voice was not especially kind. It was distant, almost formal, but Webster knew that that was only because he had to keep it formal or break down.

"Yes, I do identify them as having been written by me to my mother, or written to me by Zachary Thorne," she said clearly.

"When were they written?"

"In nineteen hundred and eighteen. One, I believe, in nineteen hundred and forty-four. They are postmarked." Her voice was even, too, as if this were a matter concerning other people.

Through Webster's mind went visions of an endless trial, with handwriting experts like locusts, accusations of forgery, all that. Would it come to that? But no one was objecting. The room was very quiet.

"This is your signature?"

"Yes."

"And you swear this is the signature of Zachary Thorne?"

"I do."

"Mrs. Lord, I am going to ask you to read aloud from these letters, not all of them, but such bits as appertain to the matter in hand."

Webster could not look at her. He looked instead at Jennie Lord and saw that she was crying. Her eyes met his and he saw such compassion there that he looked away. Jennie, too, was knowing that this was not simple for Mary Lord. Francis was looking away from everyone, out the window toward elm branches rimmed with snow.

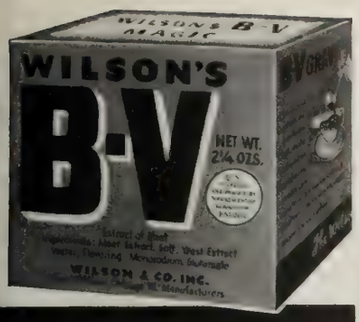
Then he heard Mrs. Lord reading. Her voice was not loud, but it could be heard. "'Mother, I do not want to come home, but I cannot have the baby here. There is no knowing what I might say under stress. It is all wrong. It will not be a happy baby, but it should be. A divorce could not be worse than this. It could not be, mother. It has been wrong from the beginning. You know that. Oh, why did you let it happen? I belong to Zachary and always will.'" Her voice was thin and small, but still it could be heard. "Is that enough of that one?" she asked.

"Yes, Mary," Burrell said, forgetting formality.

"This is also to my mother, after my son was born: 'The baby is well but I am not. No one knows, I am sure, no one but you and me and Zachary, but I know and will always know. It is an awful thing to be a Rockford, married to a Lord. There is a family will on both sides that bends you and you cannot escape it. I am a coward too. But Francis shall not be a coward, that I swear!'"

"That will be enough of those. Will you read one from Mr. Thorne, please?"

Now Webster looked at her hands. Were they trembling on the letter? They seemed steady—it might be only the fog in his own mind that made them seem to waver faintly. Would this never end?



for the BEST SOUP you ever tasted

B-V NOODLE SOUP

To 6 cups boiling water, add 3 tbsp. margarine or butter and 1 cup noodles. Cook until noodles are tender. Then dissolve 4 tsp. WILSON'S B-V in the boiling mixture. Salt and pepper as needed. A delicious soup that is hearty and nourishing. Ample for six.

The Wilson label protects your table

Earn an Electric Mixer...

ONE of the best-known makes in the country, by selling sixteen 2-year *Ladies' Home Journal* subscriptions or eight 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions, new or renewal, sold to persons living outside your own home. (2-yr. *L.H.J.* $5.00; 2-yr. *S.E.P.* $10.00.) Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper, with your own and mail with check or money order in the full amount to address below. Mixer will then be sent you, all charges prepaid. Offer good in Continental U. S. only, until June 30, 1951. No mixers may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
420 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

RITZ CLOTHS



won't Stretch or Sour

ITEM SHOWN
Ritzie
3 for 75¢

RITZ
Since 1892

There's a Ritz Cloth for every household cleaning purpose at your local department or hardware store.

JOHN RITZENTHALER, 73 Franklin St., N. Y. 13

IF YOU CAN BOIL WATER you can make the finest JELLY

MAKE JELLY NOW!



USE NO FRUIT
1 PKG SPREDON +
2 CUPS WATER +
3 CUPS SUGAR =
5 GLASSES JELLY

4 PKGS. $1 Postpaid CHOICE OF 7 FLAVORS

AT YOUR GROCER'S ... if not send his name and receive your FREE sample
Write CALFRUIT Pasadena 3, California • Dept. C



NON-CLOG, SANITARY TRIGGER-ACTION
SUGAR DISPENSER

Most economical way to serve sugar! Plastic-clear, polystyrene barrel, clean and dust free, because it's airtight ... sugar can't get lumpy! Press the trigger and trouble-free plunger dispenses exact amount wanted.

$1. POST PAID

GAYLORD DEPT. LD-11 FIFTH & HAMILTON PITTSBURGH 6, PA.

Send___ Dispensers @ $1 ea. Postpaid. ☐Check ☐M.O. Money Back Guarantee. Print name and address in margin.

"'My darling: So you do not dare? It means more to you to be a Lord than it would to be my wife. Your mother has had her way, as she has always had it. But at least you have loved me enough to give me a son. If you could only love me enough to come to me. I do not stop hoping. You will come someday. Zachary.'"

She picked up another letter slowly. *She knows them all by heart,* Webster thought. She did not have to fumble with them, pick out the right ones.

"This was written in nineteen forty-four," she said. "'Mary: I am waiting for Francis too. And I am waiting for you. I thought you would come when Ed died. But you do not come. I have made a house for you, Mary. I am waiting. Zachary.'"

"That will do," Burrell said. "We submit these as proof of Francis Lord's right to the Thorne estate, your Honor."

Judge Penner ran his hand through his hair. "Let me have them, please," he said.

"Your witness," Burrell said briefly to Pinzo.

Pinzo turned and whispered to Frank and Frank said something to him. Pinzo said then, with great reluctance, "No questions."

Judge Penner dismissed Mrs. Lord, said, "In that case, and if there are no more witnesses, we will adjourn this hearing and I will take the matter under advisement and inform you of my decision."

There seemed to be no more witnesses. There was only silence.

Then Judge Penner said, "Court dismissed."

Webster saw Pete Jenkins' eager, inquisitive face in the doorway. He wanted to kill Pete Jenkins. Then his anger subsided, for he remembered when he had thought this an "intriguing case," when he would have been amused to see it spread over the front pages of newspapers.

THE small crowd began to go out and down the stairs. Webster heard Mrs. Jones laugh, but for the most part people did not talk.

Now I—what do I do? Do I walk home with Miranda? Do I congratulate Francis? Do I leave them all alone? . . . Yes, leave them alone. They want to be left alone. In spite of all this, it is a private matter, he said to himself.

He saw Mrs. Lord stand, saw Francis make a movement toward her. But she seemed not to notice Francis. She walked directly to the door, looking neither to right nor to left, disappeared. Miranda paused at the doorway, looked back at Francis as if she must say something to him, then she too disappeared.

"Well, Francis?" Burrell said at last. "Shall I congratulate you?"

"Oh, by all means," Francis said. "It's a red-letter day, isn't it?" Then he, too, was gone.

"I'm glad I'm not in his shoes," Burrell said.

"I don't know," Webster said. "I think I'd like to be like Francis, Mr. Burrell."

"I've never seen such an exhibition of heartlessness."

"Nonsense. You know you're very fond of him, still. You just can't take it when he doesn't come up to scratch. But how do you know he hasn't?"

Burrell walked along the street beside Webster, his rugged head bent against the wind. "Yes, I've always been fond of him—been proud of him—up to now," he confessed.

"Well, keep on. He's going to need it."

"I'm fonder of Mary," Burrell said. "What a crucifixion that was!"

"Yes, it was horrible."

"And all for some dirty money."

"The money's all right. It's clean enough money."

"Nothing's clean when it does that to people who want it."

Burrell went home, but Webster went to the office. The Frank Lords were sitting there waiting for him. Webster said, "Hello," and Frank Lord said, "I'm not much on apologies, Webster. 'Never explain, never complain,' my mother used to say, and I agree. But I've behaved badly all through this mess and I wanted to say so."

Wake Up to the Preferred Pancakes

Aunt Jemimas—the only pancakes that give you lightness *plus* . . . Aunt Jemimas' FINER FLAVOR!



Know why folks prefer Aunt Jemimas? It's because these long-time family favorites give you lightness and superb flavor! Yes, Aunt Jemimas give you both! All the tender, fluffy lightness you could wish for plus . . . that heavenly, delicate flavor no other pancake has ever been able to copy!

Get Both Kinds

If you haven't served America's best loved pancakes lately—get some. One taste will tell you why folks vote Aunt Jemimas the "lightest, the most delicious pancakes you can make."

The red box for flavory-light pancakes

The yellow box for tangy buckwheats



See for yourself why . . .

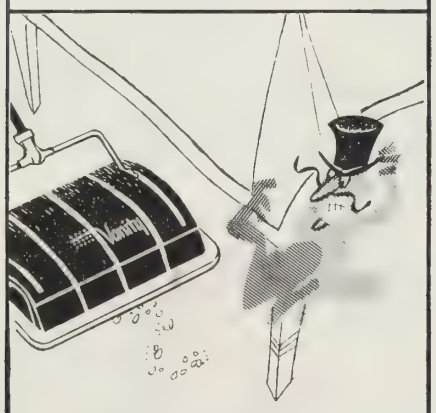
MORE WOMEN PREFER AUNT JEMIMAS

than all other brands combined!



WATCH ME!

I'M THE RUG-A-BOO! I'M GOING TO TRAMP THOSE CRUMBS RIGHT INTO THE RUG—AND STAIN IT BEFORE SHE VACUUMS TOMORROW!



HEY!

WHO BOUGHT THAT #!!© BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER? IT'LL GET UP EVERY CRUMB BEFORE I GET IN MY DIRTY WORK! HELP! HEL...P!



MY BISSELL® IS SO HANDY FOR QUICK CLEAN-UPS! THAT "BISCO-MATIC"* BRUSH ACTION GETS THE DIRT—WITHOUT BEARING DOWN ON THE HANDLE AT ALL! EVEN UNDER TABLES AND CHAIRS!

DON'T LET THE RUG-A-BOO GET YOU!
GET A "BISCO-MATIC" BISSELL



Only $6.95 up
A little more in the West.

BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.

"No, I don't think you have—considering that it wasn't your mess after all," Webster said.

"But I knew that. I knew it all the time."

"I don't know how you could have known. You certainly had a right to put in a claim. More of a claim than I realized."

"No. Everything considered, I didn't. It—it wasn't Thorne my mother wanted to see at the plant. But I kept thinking ——"

"I know. You kept thinking you needed the money. You kept thinking of how hard your wife worked and of the operation that's coming up and what you'd like to do for Chris. And you thought your wife held it against you not to try for it. That's the only place where you behaved badly, Lord—not trusting your wife to stand by you whatever you did. That I think you might have known. . . . I'm not preaching—there's lots I didn't have sense enough to know, either. And I'm the one who got you into this, where you never belonged. I'm responsible for any unhappiness you may have had over it. And now you don't even get any money out of it. Or in all probability you don't."

Jennie said, "We can borrow the money for the hospital. We've always got along."

"You can borrow it from me, if you want to. I've a few hundred saved up," Webster said.

"You're kind," Jennie said. "You've been kind right along. Well, we'll go now, Frank. I don't want to be away too long." But her face seemed to say that she had not said all that was in her heart.

Webster said it for her, not knowing he was going to. "The trouble is, isn't it, Mrs. Lord, that it can't all be wiped out of the heart, can it? When loyalty fails, or when things get said that shouldn't be said—they can't be taken back. Things are changed and we can't help it. I don't know any answer for it, either. None at all."

FRANK LORD'S troubled face said he loved Jennie and yet that this was the truth. It was going to be there in their lives forever and they couldn't take it back. They might grow so that it was unimportant, and yet they would have to grow to make it so. They had grown apart for a little, not over money but over a common faith.

"I would like to have told her I was sorry," Jennie said. "It was so much worse for her than for us."

"I don't know as to that," Webster said. "It was bad enough. . . . I hope you won't mind if I come to see you now and again? I like to come."

"Any time," Frank Lord said gruffly.

After lunch Mrs. Burrell called and said her husband had had a little attack—it wasn't much, but he'd have to stay in bed for a day or two.

And now what? What next? It was over, wasn't it? What was there to wait for? Everybody had been hurt to the limit of hurt. There couldn't be any more hurt now.

But there was. There was more hurt to come. Webster was just going to close the office when the phone rang.

"Oh, Mr. Burrell—Mr. Burrell!" Miranda said.

"This is John Webster. What is it? Burrell's sick."

"Oh, will you come? I can't get the doctor. I've got to get a doctor."

"I'll get one."

HE ran without hat or coat down to Bell's house.

"Come—Gregory's away. Something's happened at the Lords'. You'll have to come."

"Not practicing," Bell mumbled.

"Come anyway. You'll know what to do. I don't know who 'tis."

He couldn't slow down to Bell's pace, had to keep waiting for him.

Miranda came to the door, before they had rung. "Oh, thank God!" she said. "Hurry. I think he's dead."

He had certainly made a try for death, Francis Lord. He had taken a great dose of sleeping pills and lay as if dead on his bed in his elegant room. It was a nightmare of a night, but he did not die. No one thought of food. The hours went by. Walking, walking Francis up and down, up and down. Webster was ready to drop with fatigue but he did not stop, nor did the doctor nor Miranda nor Mrs. Lord. They took turns walking with him.

Once Webster and Mrs. Lord were outside the room, sitting on the top step. Mrs. Lord leaned her head suddenly against the top post and John Webster leaned toward her, drew her head back against him as if she were his own mother. Only his great fatigue let him do it.

"Rest for five minutes," he said gently.

"Yes, I am tired," she said. And she rested there, not moving. It was strange.

Finally he said, "Mrs. Lord, you know, don't you, that Francis only wanted you to love him enough to tell him? He didn't want the money—not for himself, only for you and Miranda. He thought you didn't love him."

"Didn't love him?" she said. "Didn't love him?" She got up at once, went back to Francis' room.

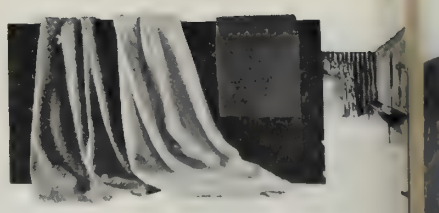
At one o'clock in the morning they sat downstairs at the breakfast-room table drinking coffee. Francis looked gray and ghostly, but he drank coffee too. Black and strong. Doctor Bell sat with elbow on the table as if the table were his cluttered old desk at home.

Mary Lord said suddenly, "Children ——" then paused.

(Continued on Page 196)



"He's going to be a southpaw!"



These Fine Stores Carry
Martex Towels
In 18 "*Concert Colors*"

Albany, N. Y.....W. M. Whitney & C
Atlantic City, N. J.....M. E. Blatt C
Baltimore, Md. Hochschild Kohn & Co., In
O'Neil
Boston, Mass.....R. H. Stearns C
R. H. Whit
T. D. Whitn
Chestnut Hill, Mass.....R. H. Stearns C
Chevy Chase, Md.....Woodward & Lothro
Bethesda Chevy Chase Sto
Chicago, Ill.....Carson Pirie Scott and C
Clayton, Mo. .....Famous-Barr C
Cleveland, Ohio.....The Halle Bros. C
Dallas, Texas.....Titche Goetting
Denver, Colo.....Daniels and Fish
Des Moines, Iowa.....Younkers of Io
Detroit, Mich.....The J. L. Hudson Compa
Fresno, Calif.....E. Gottschalk & C
Greensboro, N.C.....Ellis Stone C
Greenville, S.C.....Belk Simpson C
Greenwich, Conn.....The D. W. Rogers C
Harrisburg, Pa.....Bowman's Dept. Store, In
Hartford, Conn.....G. Fox & C
Houston, Texas.....Joske's of Houst
Lev
Sakowitz Br
Indianapolis, Ind.....L. S. Ayres and Compa
Kansas City, Mo. .....Mac
Lincoln, Nebr.....Miller & Pa
Los Angeles, Calif.....J. W. Robinson C
Milwaukee, Wis.....T. A. Chapman Compa
Minneapolis, Minn. .....The Dayton Compa
Rothchild-Young Quinlan C
Morristown, N. J. .....M. Epstein, In
Newark, N. J. .....L. Bamberger & C
New Orleans, La.....D. H. Holmes Co., Lt
Maison Blanc
New Rochelle, N. Y.....Greentree Line
Haas Line
Kashar and McCou
New York, N. Y.....Fertig's Fifth Avenue, In
Macy
McCreery
Stern Bro
Norfolk, Va. .....Ames and Brownley, In
Omaha, Nebr.....Thomas Kilpatrick & C
Pasadena, Calif.....T. W. Mather Compar
Paterson, N. J. .....Meyer Brothe
Peoria, Ill. .....Bergner
Philadelphia, Pa. .....Gimbel
Lit Brothe
Strawbridge and Clothi
John Wanamak
Pittsburgh, Pa.....The Joseph Horne C
Pittsfield, Mass. .....England Brothe
Providence, R. I. .....The Shepard C
Reading, Pa.....C. K. Whitner Co., In
Richmond, Va. .....Miller and Rhoads, In
Roanoke, Va. .....S. H. Heironimus Co., In
Rochester, N. Y. .....B. Forman C
Sibley, Lindsay and Curr C
Rockford, Ill.....D. J. Stewart & C
Sacramento, Calif. ....Weinstock Lubin & C
St. Louis, Mo. .....Famous-Barr C
Scruggs Vandervoort Barney, In
Stix Baer & Full
St. Paul, Minn. .....The Emporiu
Salisbury, Md. .....Benjami
San Angelo, Texas .....Cox Rushing Greer C
San Antonio, Texas .....Joske's of Tex
Scranton, Pa.....The Globe Sto
Seattle, Wash. .....Frederick & Nelso
Sioux City, Iowa .....T. S. Martin C
Springfield, Mass.....Albert Steiger C
Stockton, Calif. .....Smith & Lang, In
Trenton, N. J. .....Nevius-Voorhee
Tulsa, Okla. .....Seidenback
Washington, D. C. .....Woodward & Lothro
Yonkers, N. Y. .....Kashar and McCou
Youngstown, Ohio .....Strouss-Hirshberg

Need help to plan your bathroom decor? Ask your local store for the MARTEX "COLOR-CORDION" or write Martex Towels, Dept. L, 65 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.

Martex
18 "CONCERT COLORS"





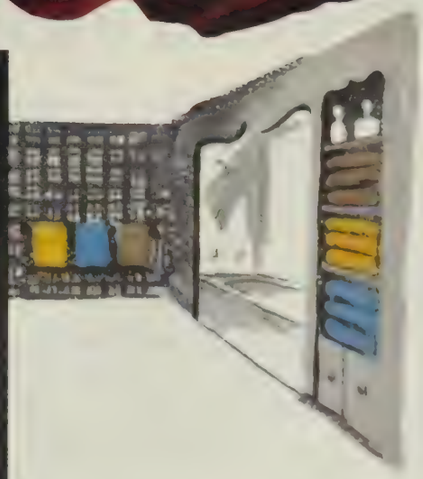
wonderful solids





tone on tone





or mix and match

Whether you're looking for the *one right color* to accent your bathroom decor—two or more tones of a basic color—or want to mix them imaginatively to your own queenly taste—Martex is the palette to pick from. For every one of the eighteen is color coordinated to live together smartly. At leading stores everywhere . . . partial listing on opposite page.

A PRODUCT OF THE WEST POINT MANUFACTURING COMPANY — WELLINGTON SEARS COMPANY, SELLING AGENTS, 65 WORTH ST., NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

Martex®

18 "CONCERT COLORS"



Too bad! This child's mother was "too smart" to believe the ads that told her...

Amm-i-dent Helps Prevent Cavities!

"Just another exaggerated claim," the mother thought when she read that Amm-i-dent ammoniated Tooth Paste could reduce tooth decay. She didn't even call her dentist, who could have told her about Amm-i-dent. She just kept buying the tooth paste with which her family had been brushing—and having cavities—year after year.

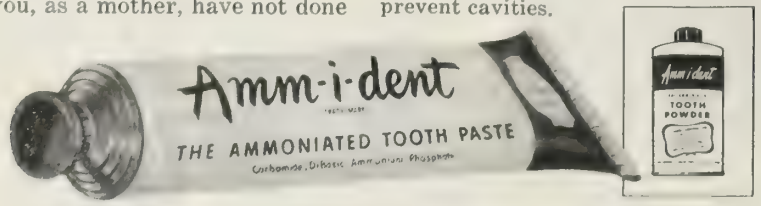
More dentists recommend Amm-i-dent

And now she's sorry. At her child's regular dental check-up—*more cavities!* She wishes she had followed the advice of the dentists of America. They recommend Amm-i-dent ammoniated Tooth Paste and Powder more than any other dentifrice.

If your family is not using Amm-i-dent, you, as a mother, have not done all you can do—all you should do—to help them to have strong, healthy teeth. You can prove it to yourself. Were there any cavities in your family last year? What did you do to help prevent those cavities?

Does Your Present Tooth Paste Do Anything To Help Prevent Cavities?

No ordinary tooth paste, without ammoniated anti-decay ingredients, can do much to help prevent cavities—beyond what the simple act of brushing will do. But Amm-i-dent supplies *for many hours* the ammonia content found lacking in the mouths of people who suffer from tooth decay. And you don't have to change your brushing habits. Regular brushing at your regular time, with Amm-i-dent, helps prevent cavities.



(Continued from Page 194)

Miranda put out a hand and touched her mother's arm. "You don't have to talk."

"I'm afraid I do. Even at this hour. At this time," Mary Lord said. "It seems this is all my fault. I have something I must say, and now. There has been too much silence—if it could lead to this. Francis, son ——" She paused again, then went on more calmly. "I thought of the future, of how little money there was, of how necessary it was that you have a chance to get away, to live your own lives. Of how necessary it was that Francis have time to get on his feet. And I knew we had to have the money. I thought—forgive me—that you wanted it. I am not ashamed that you are Zachary's son, Francis. I am glad. I loved him very much, long before I ever saw Edward Lord. But he was from what my mother called the wrong side of the tracks. I was brought up—well, you know how I was brought up. You know your grandmother, what she was like. I was timid. I did not dare defy her. We used to go skating and Zachary came to the pond, in a plaid Mackinaw—but we won't go into that. . . . Zachary went away and I thought it was done and over. So I married, and it was a good marriage, from worldly standards. Then Zachary Thorne bought the powder plant, and . . . you do not need to know all the details. I was young. I suffered, but that was just enough, that I should. I tried to escape my marriage, but I was not strong enough. I thought I might atone by being an exemplary wife, in the Lord tradition. But I know that that was no atonement. I tried to make you children strong, but not in my image. When Miranda came home to live, I was disappointed. I wanted her to go, be an artist or whatever she desired, a typist if needs must be. But you came home, Miranda, as if you had to follow the pattern also. Francis, you have never been of the Lord mold, no matter what you look like. But you have been through a bad time—and you needed time. I did not trouble about your future, except that you needed time. When one is past sixty, time begins to lessen. I did not know how much time there would be."

Francis was looking at his mother as if he had never seen her before.

"Why didn't you marry him—afterward?" Miranda asked suddenly.

Mary Lord looked around at them all and for the first time she seemed old, old and broken. "May God forgive me for that," she said. "I do not forgive myself." But she did not answer the question other than that.

WEBSTER could see the pattern though: she was too old now—she would look foolish—she might think he was asking her out of duty. No, she did not think that. She knew he had loved her always, as she had loved him. She just could not change now, that was all. And she had to live with the truth that she had not been able to. She had to live with the knowledge that for six years she could have lived with Zachary Thorne in the house on the hill that he had made ready for her—and she had not. She had to live with the knowledge that Zachary Thorne had last fall stopped hoping that she ever would. Too late, she was being honest—and for the children's sake, not her own. So that they could have money that they could have got along without. But she was being honest and he knew he would never forget her sitting there by the table, looking so old and tired, but with her eyes upon Francis with love in them.

"You see, I never knew why you loved Francis best," Miranda said.

"Best?" Mrs. Lord said. "No, not best, Miranda. Not best at all. I love you both. But love can never be perfect when it is built on a lie, can it? Now let us lie no more."

FLASH IN THE PAN

In the days of Daniel Boone, when flintlocks were common, the expression "flash in the pan" came into prominence to account for something of which great things were expected but which came to nought. The gunpowder was the explosive force that fired the ball, and a small quantity of it was placed in a shallow dishlike receptacle called the *pan*. When the powder flashed from the spark provided by the flint but failed to fire the shot, it was described as a "flash in the pan." Today the phrase means short-lived brilliance with no permanent results.

Francis rose and said shakily, "Mother, g to bed. You're dead tired. I'm quite all righ and I won't be that kind of a fool again. I'm quite all right." And he bent and kissed her

"If I were you, boy, I wouldn't go to bed right away," Doctor Bell said. "Take a turn in the air before you turn in at least."

"Very well," Francis said.

DOCTOR BELL shook hands quite formally al around and took himself off. Miranda sa quite still at the end of the table. All the de fiance had gone out of her and she looked younger than she was, and vulnerable.

"He is all right," she said suddenly. "He really is all right."

"Yes, I think he is."

"Only—I don't know how he could have thought mother and I wanted the money How he could have thought it would be any good, even, without him."

"He has been ill. . . ! As your mother said love cannot be perfect if it is built on a lie. It wasn't the sleeping pills—it was a broken heart. He is really all right now."

"I don't suppose you'll believe me, but I'm glad. I'm almost happy."

"I do believe you."

"We seem like human beings at last—like Frank and Jennie. I'm twenty-five years old and I've never been a human being before. All this time she's wished I'd go away and be one. All this time. You wouldn't believe I never knew that, would you?"

"I told you I believed you."

"You've been kind," she said.

"Kind? No, no kind at all. I've loved you. . . . But I didn't know how much there was to loving when I began. It's simple, I suppose—and yet it does seem to be very complicated too."

"How terrible for him—for Mr. Thorne—never to have had her for his wife," she said irrelevantly. Or was it irrelevant?

"Yes. It doesn't bear thinking about. For him or for her. It was a waste."

"Francis did go out, didn't he? Shall we go and meet him?"

"All right."

She picked up a jacket and they went out together, down the side of the square, met Francis. But to Webster's surprise Miranda hardly paused when they came to him, except to say, "I'll be in soon—sleep well!" After they had gone past she said, "I didn't want him to think I was worried. I'm not."

When they came to the darkened office, he stopped. "Miranda, let's not waste our lives too. Let's not."

"No, John—let's not," she said.

Which seems a good place to leave a tale that can never be fully told, a tale that is not even a love story in the boy-meets-girl sense. But it is a love story all the same, of love for wife and child, for brother and sister, for home and town and name. And it has no end, because love has no end, but grows as long as men and women grow. And when John Webster looked out his window on Sunday morning and saw Miranda and Francis going toward the Congregational church with Mrs. Lord, he was aware of how love had grown in him. They were his people, his family, and their mistakes and loves and sorrows were a part of him forever. And little Chris and Frank and Jennie were a part of him, and Miss Everts and Mr. Patrelli and Jake Rivers. And Trigo was a part of him, and the old doctor and the Burrells. The doctor's yellow house and that lonely house on the hill where Zachary Thorne had waited in vain and the office with the too-hot stove and the roll-top desks and the probate court in the town hall and the restaurant where he ate and these rooms. These snowy streets, the elms in the square. The brash young man who had dreamed of Merriweather & Brace was gone. It was enough for a life, here. THE END



He depends on you to keep his thinner skin from harm

Treat his thinner skin with gentle care



You want to spare his thinner skin discomfort, so you carefully check his bathroom tissue for 3 "tender skin" qualities. "Old linen" softness that doesn't chafe. Quick absorbency for immaculate cleansing. And just the right strength to resist tearing or shredding.





ou use a special brush for his baby hair—one iat is fine and whisper-soft. His skin is so tender, so asily irritated, a grownup's brush could scratch and hurt" it. Your baby's skin is thinner than yours, ou know—modern skin studies show it can be njured more easily. From his head to his tiny toes, our baby's skin needs your constant care.

ScotTissue's special "tender skin" qualities make it the ideal bathroom tissue for your baby. And you will find too that ScotTissue's greater value makes it the perfect choice for the whole family. You get 1000 generous full-size sheets to a roll. ScotTissue goes further, lasts longer.

Trade Marks "ScotTissue," "soft as old linen," Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

1000 Full Size Sheets—Soft As Old Linen



©1949 St. Marys Woolen Mfg. Co.

"You know what a lamb's dream of heaven is, don't you? To grow up with fleece fine enough for a St. Marys Blanket. Cloud chasing won't do it. It's nibbling makes your coat deep, dense, springy, soft and strong . . . the only fleece the St. Marys Man will buy.

It's sun and dew and the rich, sweet meadowlands of Spring that put bounce and beauty, sun-warmth and specialness into your wool.

"Now, get over here. Never to be a part of a St. Marys Blanket . . . there's not a cloud that flirts in Springtime worth that, Ophelia!"

ST. MARYS BLANKETS

ST. MARYS, OHIO

ST. MARYS BLANKETS • ST. MARYS BABY BLANKETS • ST. MARYS ROBES • ST. MARYS FABRICS • THREE WEAVERS HANDWOVEN THROWS



"We haven't much to show a visitor," Eledith Peters says. "But we think it has been worth while." Last year one sixth of their income went to keep the children in school. James earned $3176, Eledith "about $300" ($7 a day) as substitute teacher.

WHAT WE BELIEVE IN

"We have always tried to treat our children as partners. As soon as they were able to understand, we explained to them just how little money we had and how many things it had to do. We taught them that they mustn't expect life to be a flowery bed. So they helped by saving some of their allowance money against college. They got themselves jobs, when they could, and saved that money too. We always paid them a little for the jobs they helped with around the house. Our dream for our children is that through education and getting to know how much good there is in white folks, they'll be able to live in a world less full of hate for other people because of their religion or the color of their skin."

"Our children are going to college"



"A financial break."

"Sometimes a beautiful dream, often the solitary rock to cling to." The James Peterses, of Baltimore, Maryland, make a twenty-year dream pay off.

by CHARLES SAMUELS

IF you drive any morning through the older home neighborhoods of Baltimore, Maryland, you will see, on street after dusty street, scores of housewives scouring their front steps, each down on her knees and scrubbing away vigorously with soap, brush and, sometimes, pumice as well.

Among the most fiercely faithful of Baltimore's daily step scrubbers is Mrs. Eledith Peters, a small and exuberant Negro housewife, who lives with her husband, three children, her widowed mother and married sister in the red brick row house at 1635 W. Lafayette Avenue. It's the center house of eleven, all alike, in a part of the northwest colored section where there is little else but row houses. The Peterses have owned it for twelve years.

"It's only since last September, though, that I've had to scrub my steps," says Mrs. Peters. "Before that my son James always cleaned them for me. But since last fall he's been in Kenyon College, in Ohio, where he has a grant. And Dolores Leone, my eldest child, is a junior at the University of Wisconsin—on a Maryland State scholarship. Carolyn Jean, the baby of the family, is only sixteen now, so she's still in high school—but she wants to go to college too." Mrs. Peters' neighbors often say that any conversation you start with either her

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MUNKACSI

To Eledith "one in a million, interested only in his house, his children and me." Farm-born James, 44, a Pullman porter 22 years, does not smoke, drink "or talk much—except about the kids' progress."





"James, Junior, is in Kenyon College in Ohio. He has a grant." At 18 he's on the freshman basketball team, works during his vacations, will be a doctor.



James admits he got off to a slow start at Kenyon. "But I'll make it, even medical school. I've got to after all my parents have done." He saved $250 toward his freshman year.

"The goal we kept through all our troubles each

or her husband is likely to be turned in this way into a discussion of their children's educational progress.

Eledith's husband, James Peters, Sr., is a tall, dignified man who last year earned $3176 as the "in charge" Pullman porter on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad's night run between Baltimore and New York. He is 44, a year older than his wife. Mr. Peters does not drink, smoke or gamble, and talks much less than his wife. On the subject of his children, however, he can, if encouraged at all, become quite eloquent.

The couple are considered a remarkable pair by most of the people who know them. For more than twenty years they have dedicated themselves to one ambition—four years of college for their youngsters.

It is, of course, no new idea among colored people, particularly those in the South, that only Negroes with college educations have much of a chance at economic security.

"Neither of us ever discussed race prejudice with the children when they were little. How could we expect to be able to explain what we've never understood ourselves?"



"Since last fall I've had to scrub my own steps." Eledith took over chore—daily one for Baltimore housewives—gladly when son James left for college.





"And Dolores, my eldest, is a junior at the University of Wisconsin." Twenty-one, she is "best student in the family—but not as careful with money as James."

lay brought us closer and closer together."

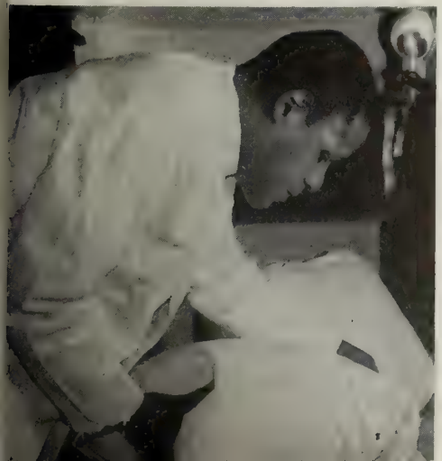
With the Peterses, the college idea has been an all-absorbing passion, a tough old dream indeed, one they started talking about even before they were married in 1929. Eledith Peters describes it as the beautiful dream that grew during the depression into the solitary rock they found it possible to cling to.

"Somehow it always buoyed us up," she says. "It kept us afloat and looking ahead all through the bad times when it seemed our troubles could never end. During the depression one of our children was born paralyzed, born an 'invalid child' and died in infancy. There were other deaths, too, on both sides of the family. And my husband was 'furloughed' by the Pullman Company for five long years. He was out of work for a month, then had to take a ten-dollar-a-week job as an errand boy. This with two babies to feed. There were times when we didn't know how we'd ever pay our rent, how we'd get enough food for all of us. Sometimes I feel we just never could have gone on if we'd ever given



Dolores sometimes forgets to write, "endangers the budget" with long-distance phone call. As children, all got 50¢ a day for lunch, bus fare, pocket money.

here are worse things than coming up the hard ty." James works 50 hours a week as "in charge" rter on night run between Baltimore, New York.



James' biggest tip: $5 "for your kids' education." Tips are not large on the night run, "just about cover expenses when I lay over in New York." First aim—the ministry.





Luxuries: $10 piano (Dolores had lessons, James, Jr., studied violin), radio-phonograph "the youngsters wanted very much—then forgot." Carolyn, 16, is plagued by allergies herself, wants to be a dermatologist.

"A partnership—no boss, no fights, respect for each others opinions."

up hope that someday our babies would go to college, and have a better life than ours. And when things at last got a trifle better we found that college for our kids was the big thing we were living for."

With Dolores in Wisconsin and Junior at Kenyon, the Peterses' lifelong dream is started on its way to fulfillment.

The $3176 Mr. Peters earned last year was salary. Like many other Pullman porters, he refuses to reckon the tips he gets as pay, claiming that these barely cover his living expenses while he's traveling.

However, the couple has two other small sources of income, besides what the children earn. Mrs. Peters is a graduate of the Indiana State Teachers College and for the past two years she has been working occasionally as a substitute teacher in the Negro grammar schools of Anne Arundel County. She gets $7 a day for this work. Last year, she says, she made between $250 and $300. In addition to this, her sister, Mrs. Eleanor Randall, who lives with them, pays her $30 a month for room rent. She is also a schoolteacher and is married to Joseph Randall, who has a Government job in Washington and gets home to Baltimore only on week ends.

The Peterses' boy, James, Jr., 18, worked for a Baltimore cafeteria chain when he was in high school and *(Continued on Page 204)*



Avoid Costly Baking Failures—use GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

E cost of the flour in any recipe is only a few pennies. if you use a less dependable flour than Gold Medal... it makes even *one* baking fail . . . many expensive in- dients may go to waste.

he baking qualities of Gold Medal Flour are carefully rded—kept *uniformly superb*. Each cupful always acts ctly the same—gives you complete assurance in all r bakings.

ood cooks know what this means, in uniformly fine re- s. No wonder more sacks of Gold Medal "*Kitchen-tested*" iched Flour are bought than the next 5 brands combined! et Gold Medal. Every sack contains six ccess-tested" Betty Crocker recipes . . . valuable silverware coupons. Use Gold dal Flour for everything you bake!

COCONUT CHIFFON CAKE

Delicate As Angel Food—Rich Tasting As Butter Cake

(MAKE ONLY WITH GOLD MEDAL FLOUR)

Preheat oven (see pan sizes and corresponding temperatures at right). Sift an ample amount of GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Enriched Flour onto a square of paper.

LARGE CAKE . . . *Makes 16 to 20 Servings*

STEP 1 . . . Measure (level measurements throughout) and SIFT together into mixing bowl:

2 cups *sifted* GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Enriched Flour (spoon lightly into cup, don't pack)
1½ cups sugar
***3 tsp. baking powder**
***1 tsp. salt**

Make a well and add in order:

½ cup cooking (salad) oil such as Wesson
7 unbeaten egg yolks (medium-sized)
¾ cup cold water
1 tsp. vanilla
1 tsp. almond extract

Beat with spoon until *smooth*.

STEP 2 . . . Measure into *large* mixing bowl:

1 cup egg whites (7 or 8)
½ tsp. cream of tartar

Whip until whites form *very stiff* peaks. DO NOT UNDERBEAT.

STEP 3 . . . Pour egg yolk mixture gradually over whipped egg whites—*gently*. Folding with rubber scraper, cut until blended. DO NOT STIR.

Fold in . . . . . **¾ cup shredded coconut**

Pour into *ungreased* pan immediately.

BAKE

10-in. tube, 4-in. deep . . 325° . . 55 min.
then . . 350° . . 10 to 15 min.
13 x 9½ x 2-in. oblong . . 350° . . 45 to 50 min.
. . . or until top springs back when *lightly* touched.

Immediately turn pan upside down, placing tube part over neck of funnel or bottle to resting edges of oblong pan on 2 other pans. Let hang free of table until cold. Loosen from sides and tube with spatula. Turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen. Spread with Blush Pink Butter Icing. Sprinkle top and sides with coconut.

"If you use Gold Medal Self-Rising Flour, sold in part of the South, omit baking powder and salt.

[illegible] Betty Crocker, General Mills Minneapolis 1, Minn. [illegible]

BLUSH PINK BUTTER ICING

Cream together **2 cups *sifted* confectioners' sugar**, **¼ cup shortening (part butter for flavor)**

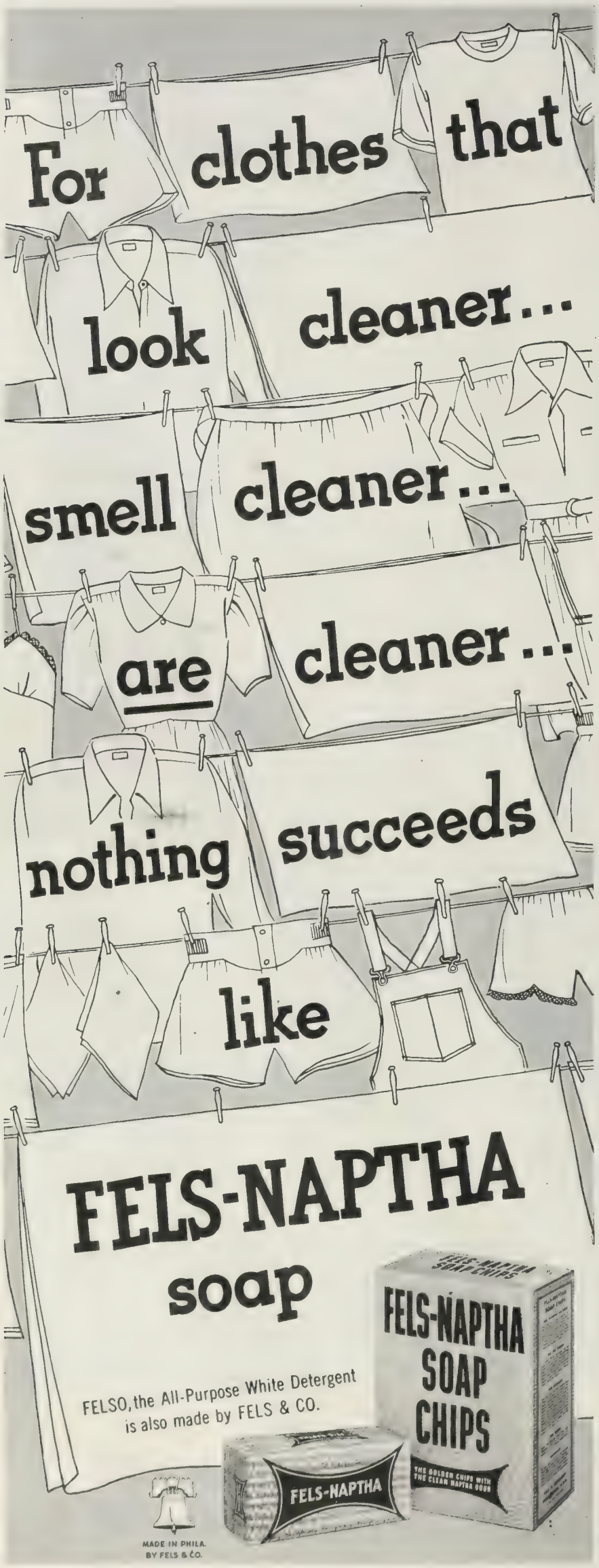
Stir in . . . . . **2½ tbsp. maraschino cherry juice**, **1 tsp. vanilla**

Add additional cherry juice if icing appears too thick. *Fine* [illegible] *ingredients.*

"Betty Crocker" and "*Kitchen-tested*" are reg. trade-marks of General Mills.



IT MUST BE BETTER— . . . women buy more sacks of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour than the next 5 brands combined



(Continued from Page 202)

in a recreation camp last summer. This enabled him to bring $250 to Kenyon for his freshman year. The grant awarded him by the college amounts to $150 a semester. Nevertheless, his parents had to help him out with $160 last fall. James is a bright-faced, sensitive-looking youngster eager to do his share. He hurried home from college last Christmas so he could get a job as a mail carrier during the holiday rush season, thereby earning between $80 and $90 that he could use for college. He makes the little spending money he requires doing odd jobs around the campus.

James, who wants to be a doctor, admits he got off to a slow start at Kenyon, but he's been working hard since to make up for it. When anyone points out to him the difficulties he faces during the long years demanded by the study of medicine, Junior's brown eyes glow with anger behind his spectacles and he clenches his fists.

"I'll make it," he says, "I just *gotta* make it after all my parents have done to help me."

Mrs. Peters thinks Dolores Leone, who is 21, is the best student in the family, but points out—with a sigh—that she is much less careful with her money than her brother. This is Dolores' first year at Wisconsin, even though she's a junior. After graduating ninth highest in the 1947 class of 194 boys and girls at Frederick Douglass High School, Dolores spent two years at Morgan State, the Negro college in Baltimore. She had a better than B average there. During the summer before last, Dolores took French and psychology courses at Columbia University in New York, getting B in both. She is rated a good student at Wisconsin except in mathematics, for which she got a dismal F. Her math instructor said this was due to "sickness and lack of effort on the girl's part."

Maryland, which for years has fought the efforts of colored students to enter its state university, maintains a fund to help Negro youngsters who want to go to college outside the state. Dolores gets $225 a semester from this scholarship fund.

Dolores had $200 saved up last September from money she'd earned, working as a bus girl in the Baltimore Sunpapers' restaurant and in the same summer camp—it's at Catonsville, Maryland—as James. But her parents had to contribute $150 to her tuition fees at Wisconsin and have been sending her $20 more each month for incidental expenses.

"Dolores occasionally endangers our budget," says her mother indulgently, "by making long-distance calls home. Then she writes me afterward to ask, 'Do you think I'm extravagant, mother?' Dolores has always been like that, the only one of my children who is any problem at all."

In an attempt to teach her children to save, Eledith gave each one, as he entered junior high, 50 cents allowance each school day, or $2.50 a week. Out of that each child had to pay 15 cents for the hot lunch served in school, 10 cents (then the round-trip bus fare for school children) a day for transportation. What was left of the remaining $1.25 a week, after paying for movies and candy, they were expected to put in the bank. The cost of everything, including bus fares for children, which are now 14 cents a day, having gone up, she gives Carolyn Jean, a pert, sweet-looking child with her mother's chipper spirits, 54 cents a day allowance.

Carolyn has always suffered from various allergies that have caused her to lose much time in school. She is now in the 11-A at Douglass, and wants to be a dermatologist.

Tuition at Morgan for Dolores last spring came to $60. Counting in that, Carolyn's weekly $2.70 allowance and the sums to help out the two other children, the Peterses spent last year almost $600, or about one sixth of their entire annual income, to keep their youngsters in school. Both of the older children were away from home only since September in 1950, so keeping them in college will be twice as costly this year.

Dolores is eager to stay in school until she gets her Ph.D., but Mrs. Peters says she intends to help her and the other two only through the first four years of college.

"I do think that's quite enough for us do for them," says Eledith. "After tha they'll be on their own."

The Peterses say that the biggest financi break they ever had came in 1939 when th were able to buy their row house from t HOLC for $2000. They paid $200 down a cleared off the last of the mortgage two yea ago.

The Peterses had just $10 left over wh they first moved into their W. Lafayet Avenue home a dozen years ago. It h seemed to be in perfect shape when th looked it over, before buying. But when th got their furniture in, they suffered a shoc The previous occupants, incensed at havi to get out, had splashed bright red paint over the walls. The couple spent a bac breaking week scraping it off.

Today they still own little furniture th isn't essential. There are no books, few pi tures, only a handful of ornaments.

The couple never entertain, but when t older children were home they gave the share of parties. Eledith always managed provide cookies, fruit and candy.

The only two objects in their home th anyone would describe as luxuries are a se ondhand upright piano and a radio-phon graph. They got the piano for $10 so Dolor could take music lessons at $1.50 per lesso At the same time the couple had Juni taking violin lessons that cost the same.

The radio-phonograph, purchased sever years ago, cost $126, paid in nine month $14 installments.

The couple say that practically everythi in the house was bought on the installme plan, and point out that poor people "ju couldn't buy anything at all if they had to it any other way."

Like most of the rooms in the house, t front parlor is very small, but it has o attractive feature, a white marble mante piece on which is arrayed most of the trea ured souvenirs of their twenty-one years marriage—a few fancy sea shells, a twiste starfish a relative sent them from Florid an electrified candlestick, a blue vase and dainty china inkstand, also two photograph

The floor is bare, but highly varnished. Th Peterses until last winter had a few wool rug but put them away when clinic doctors warne that Carolyn Jean was allergic to any ma terial with wool in it and would break o into a rash whenever exposed to it. So M Peters hired a sanding machine for a fe days and refinished and varnished the floo that aren't covered by linoleum.

The kitchen, largest room on the floor, ha no new utilities. The burners on the gas stov are charred and blackened by long use. Th most recently acquired utilities are a $10 washing machine and a $214 refrigerato which were both purchased on the instal ment plan about fourteen years ago. The are five bedrooms and a bathroom on t two upper floors; all have Venetian blinds.

There is a miniature wooden porch behin the kitchen. Steps from it lead into Eledith back yard, which, in the summer, is full flowers. There are a honeysuckle vine, fi rosebushes, a chrysanthemum clump and dozen or more dahlias.

Eledith estimates her family has save thousands of dollars because James, Sr., wit her and Junior's help, does all the wallpape ing, painting and plastering and much of th repair work. During the twelve years they' lived in their row house they've had to spen only $300 on jobs—such as cementing th cellar floor and putting in new kitche drains—that had to be done by professional

James Peters was averaging only $69.50 month when they were first married. He wa hired as an "extra man"—a porter who sub stitutes when a regularly assigned man sick or doesn't show up. Mr. Peters retaine the "extra man" status until 1946, bein paid on an hourly basis.

"Pullman porters never died or retired, says Eledith. "At least they never seemed t in Baltimore until the retirement age was se some time ago at sixty-five, with a provisio that they can continue working if able unti seventy. That meant that until five year ago I seldom knew when my husband woul

me or how much he would earn in any
nonth."
e couple met for the first time the eve-
in 1927 that Eledith Bell arrived from
Haute, Indiana, to teach in a rural
l for Negroes near Lothian, which is
five miles from Baltimore. She was 19,
ecently graduated from teachers col-
and this was the first job she'd ever had.
at day she'd had two unpleasant sur-
s. The first came on a train in Maryland
the conductor ordered her to a seat in
ar of a car. She'd lived all her life in the
n—born in Carma, Illinois; her family
noved to Terre Haute when she was 11.
e second shock came when she arrived
e farmhouse where she was to board
working at her $65-a-month job. It had
door plumbing, central heating or run-
water, no screens on the windows. In
Haute, her parents, John Henry and
Bell, had always owned the six-room
alow they lived in and it had electric
, a bathroom and a furnace.
the train from Indiana, Eledith had
too excited about getting her first job
t the lunch her mother had packed for
But there were so many flies around the
of the boardinghouse that she couldn't
inner, and burst into tears.
ere were two other schoolteachers in the
linghouse. One of them felt so sorry for
ne invited Eledith to come along for a
hey were taking that night with three
to Annapolis to make arrangements for
ool entertainment.
nes Peters, the son of a local farmer, was
g the car, and Eledith
the front seat next
m. Neither of them
ver had a date before,
ter that night, James,
ost quiet boy in the
neighborhood, came
d to see her every
ng.
s father, William
s, a trustee of the
school board, also called on her one day.
s is not an official visit," he said. "I
anted to see what kind of girl could get
on James out of his home at night."
Peters, a widower who was growing
y tobacco on his 300 leased acres, ex-
ed, "James is the only one of my five
who is willing to stay on the farm and
me with the crops. He is a good boy,
ed to be a preacher. I don't know how
ep up my farm if he ever left."
nes kept coming around. Often he'd
the little schoolteacher for a ride in his
r's car, or they'd go walking in the
s and talk about the stars.
hat was the first thing that attracted
him," says Eledith. "I had studied a
astronomy in school and I was surprised
ew so much about stars and flowers and
James had only finished his second
n night school because he had to work
rd on the farm."
nes was one of eleven children, three of
had died in infancy. He lost his mother,
om he had been deeply attached, when
s 12, and his wife thinks this made him
reserved than his brothers, "all of
liked to have a good time."

s was a good baseball player, pitching
uniformed team that traveled around
g other good amateur colored teams in
Arundel County. His grandfather and
-grandfather had been preachers and an
had offered to educate James. But his
r, though a religious man, insisted he
d his son to work on the farm.
dith thinks this was the reason he made
s mind when young that if he had any
en they'd have their chance at college.
ad decided the same thing, she says,
se she'd wanted to continue her educa-
after finishing the two-year course in
ers college.
ey'd known each other for a year the
James said, "I think I would like you
my companion. What would your par-
say if we got married?"
'll have to think it over," she told him.
night, lying in bed, she thought wist-
fully of how hard her parents had worked to educate her. Her mother, Susie, for years had been a cook for white people so Eledith and her sister Eleanor could stay in school. Both the older Bells had had a dread of their daughters' working in service—"so many hours for so little money."

One of her chief childhood memories was seeing her mother get up at three in the morning to cook a big, hot breakfast for her father and put up his lunch sandwiches. "There'll be no sandwiches made up the night before for my John Henry," Susie had always said.

HER father worked in a steel mill, where his job was to line with clay the big ladles used to move the molten steel from the blast furnaces. Always he had come home tired and worn out.

For a year Eledith had been thrilled because she could send some money home each month, after paying $20 board at the farmhouse. The next time she saw James Peters she asked if he would mind if she continued teaching school after she was married.

"Yes, I would," he told her. "I'm marrying to have children and I think you should stay home to take care of them."

Nothing could shake him from that stand and on February 2, 1929, Eledith went with him to Baltimore, where they were married at the home of the Rev. M. N. Carroll, a retired preacher related to the groom's family. Eledith's wedding gown was a red dress and she wore a little white flower in her hair. James' brother John and his sister-in-law, Mozelle, were their only witnesses.

Education commences at the mother's knee, and every word spoken within the hearing of little children tends toward the formation of character. —HOSEA BALLOU.

James had already sent in his application for employment to the Pullman Company. "It's not that I'm interested in traveling," he told Eledith. "But I'm not going to stay on the farm. I want to get some of those large sums of money I've seen advertised in the correspondence-school ads in the magazines."

James' father died, however, shortly after the wedding and the couple remained on the farm until James, with the help of a brother, could get the crops in and sell the farm implements.

The youngsters in the family went to live with relatives. James and his bride returned to Baltimore to live with John and Mozelle until they could swing a home of their own. James spent two weeks commuting to the Pullman school for porters, in Washington, before he got his appointment. They had a little over $100 to start life with.

Though she had said nothing to James about it, Eledith had determined to resume teaching the first chance she got. She didn't like living with her in-laws.

Dolores was born eleven months after their marriage, on January 1, 1930. Eledith says, "I took one look at that lovely child, and decided to forget all about resuming teaching. I just couldn't have let anyone else take care of her."

It was several months, though, before she could talk James into setting up their own home. "I had to threaten to leave him before he agreed. He wanted to get together a little more money first. I said, 'We'll never have anything, no money, no home, nothing, if we wait. You can go your way and I'll go mine.' I had a real temper in those days."

Soon afterward the Peterses rented a four-room apartment for $6 a week. They bought only furniture they absolutely needed. All of it was secondhand, except for a $159 bedroom suite purchased on the installment plan. Eledith got a table for $5 and two chairs for $1 each. She was delighted when she picked up for $3, at an auction, a job lot that included a crib, an icebox and a high chair. She also bought two spoons, two knives, two forks and a handful of dishes, a spoon and a baby plate for Dolores.

The depression had started by then, and by the following Christmas her husband had so few assignments that he'd been saving pennies for months to buy a pair of badly needed shoes. Instead of buying the shoes,



(Model kitchen used by "Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air," New York City)

Make your kitchen a model kitchen with plastics tops by General Electric

TOPS WITH THE EXPERTS! Architects, decorators, home economists choose General Electric Textolite tops—the plastics surfacing *you* can have in your home. These experts *know* G-E Textolite tops are a *wonder* for *service*, a *treat* when it comes to good looks!



TOPS FOR KITCHENS, DINETTE TABLES, TOO! G-E Textolite tops are heat-, scratch-, and stain-resistant. They come in loads of new patterns and colors. See your appliance dealer or ask your contractor to use G-E Textolite tops in *your* kitchen. And be sure to *ask* for G-E Textolite tops on dinette tables, to *look* for the G-E Textolite label.

Write for FREE new pattern sheet in FULL COLOR

See *all* the new G-E Textolite patterns and colors. Get full information about G-E Textolite tops. Fill in coupon, clip, and mail.



General Electric Company
Chemical Department
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Please send me free new pattern sheet showing all the G-E Textolite patterns and colors.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

You can put your confidence in

GENERAL ELECTRIC





Gentler bleaching action.....

added protection for linens! It's a wise mother who makes white and color-fast cottons and linens snowy-white, color-bright, with Clorox. For Clorox *conserves* linens, too . . . it's free from caustic, *extra gentle* . . . thanks to an exclusive formula protected by U. S. patent. So for lovely-looking, long-lasting linens, launder with Clorox *every time!*



Greater disinfecting efficiency...

added protection for health! A sanitary-clean bathroom is important to family health! That's why millions of women always include Clorox in routine cleaning of wash basin, tub, toilet bowl and tile. For Clorox does a better job of disinfecting these home germ centers . . . actually *kills germs quicker* than any other product of its kind! Directions on label.

CLOROX AMERICA'S FAVORITE BLEACH AND HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT

though, James took the money he'd been hoarding and bought with it a little table Christmas tree, lights and ornaments.

He had to save for six months more before he had enough for a pair of new shoes. That was the real beginning of the marriage, Eledith says: "When I saw the little Christmas tree I realized for the first time what sort of a man I had married. I began to want to be the kind of wife my mother had always been. I'd enjoyed a happy childhood because she and my father never quarreled. I had already begun to curb my temper because my husband would never answer back. He'd say, 'Let's each of us say a little prayer, dear, and then sit down and talk it over.' How can you argue with a man who won't fight back? I don't think we've had one argument in all the years, bad and good, since."

Naomi, their second child, was born in 1931 with a "spinal knot" that prevented the flow of spinal fluid downward. She never developed from the waist down and Mrs. Peters said she was relieved when that "invalid child died, because she could never have been normal or happy."

By then the depression was really clawing at the Peterses, along with millions of other American families. Railroads all over the country were taking trains off their schedules and in October, 1931, James Peters, by then getting $74 a month, was laid off. "Put on furlough," the Pullman Company termed it.

Each day for a month he tramped the streets searching for work. The $10-a-week errand-boy job he finally got was in a candy store. For three years Mr. Peters could get no more profitable work, but when the NRA law was passed, his employer raised him to the $13-a-week legal minimum wage.

At one time their plight became so desperate that their landlord voluntarily cut their rent from $6 a week to $3. "I don't think it's right," he said, "that fine people like you should have so many bad things happen to you."

It was in this poverty-racked period that Junior was born. And the next year Mr. Peters found a job as janitor of an apartment house. It paid $14 a week, and sometimes James could make a little extra money by running errands for tenants, mopping their floors and washing their windows.

It was at this time that Eledith took out tiny endowment-insurance policies—for $100 each—for Dolores and Junior.

"We may have to borrow against those policies when they are in college," she often said to her husband when they sat alone at night in the kitchen.

"Sure," said James, "they *must* go to college. I'd hate to think of them going through all this like we're doing."

Eledith says she doesn't know how they could have got through this period at all if she hadn't had $300 saved toward a down payment on a house when James was laid off. The money carried them for a long time.

"I was so worried all the time that I was sick. I got down to eighty pounds," she says.

Her husband just grins when she talks like that. "I don't remember, dear, that you were so ill. All I ever had to go on with was knowing for sure that each night I would come home to a smile of welcome and a kiss."

He was still on furlough in 1935 when Carolyn Jean was born. But the long layoff ended the next year when he was restored to duty with a salary of $94 a month. The pay raises he has received since he credits to his union, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

When the children started going to school, Eledith gradually took out more $100 endowment-insurance policies. She now holds $1000 worth of this protection.

Thirteen years ago, with the two older children in P.S. 132, Eledith decided to join that school's Parents' Education Class. It has been her pet organization ever since and she feels it has helped her immensely in bringing up her children intelligently. For some time she has been the group's secretary-treasurer.

The class is sponsored by the Baltimore school board, which furnishes it with child-training movies, paid teachers and lecturers, and trips to other schools, museums, hospitals and other institutions.

"Among the things I learned in that class was to treat my youngsters as human beings, as equals," she says. "When we have money to spend on anything we all sit down and discuss the purchase. Each of the children has a vote on food I'm to buy, and everything else.

"Then there was the time Dolores suddenly shot up tall. She was in the sixth grade and her teacher told me Dolores was developing a little bit of an inferiority complex because she was the tallest girl in her class. She was slumping down in her seat so as not to be conspicuous, and getting very bad posture."

Eledith took this matter up in the Parents' Education Class and was advised to take Dolores to the downtown stores and show her that all the wax models in the windows were taller than average.

"She was impressed," Mrs. Peters says, "when I explained that all the famous girl models were very tall. The other women had advised me to dress Dolores more attractively. I did, though it ruined me. That helped too. She became convinced there is nothing shameful about being too tall. And the next year all the other girls in the class caught up to her in size and the problem was solved for good."

During World War II the Peters family enjoyed their most prosperous years. Mr. Peters worked mostly on troop trains going all over the country. Sometimes he got home for only a few hours each month. He says he loved working with the young soldiers. One of his most precious possessions is a large copybook containing thousands of the autographs signed by his wartime service passengers. One carload of Army Intelligence men he served on a trip to the Coast was so impressed by his devotion that they all signed a letter commending him, and sent it to the Pullman Company.

With him away so much of the time, Eledith began joining clubs and organizations affiliated with churches, hospitals and the schools. All had to do with the betterment of the neighborhood and interracial relationships. She is now a stewardess of her church, the Payne Memorial Afro-American Methodist Episcopal Church, has been president of two P.T.A.'s, those of P.S. 132 and Frederick Douglass High School. She is on a committee that helps needy patients of Provident Hospital. Both she and her husband are active members of a community co-operative group and also the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

She says, "Living as we do, in a colored neighborhood, we and our children seldom come into much social contact with white families. The only white people who live in my neighborhood are Jewish storekee and our children always played peace with theirs. It is not the white children have prejudice against us, I think, but parents.

"So we never talked about it. But one when James, who is crazy about basket was sixteen, he came home in a sta bewilderment. He told me that a police had stopped him from playing baske with some white boys in a park. The p man said it was against the law for hi play with white children. 'Why did he that, mother?' he asked me. 'I didn anything.' I didn't know what to tell

"And in September, when James starting off for college, he wanted a pa ular kind of wallet. I went with him downtown haberdashery where I knew had them. For a long time we waited in middle of the store and nobody waited o Then a girl clerk did and she threw wallet down on the counter for us to exan When we came out with the wallet, my looked at me. He said, 'Mother, that didn't want to wait on us. Why did she us the way she did?'

"I told him, 'It isn't the store, son. D you notice how nice the other people we us when we went to the cashier's desk t for the wallet? Maybe it isn't the store just that one girl.' I don't know wh he believed me or not."

The instance of racial hatred in Balti that most shocked Eledith Peters she about a couple of years ago in the local papers. A little colored boy about eight old had slipped into a downtown depart store and got into the line of white chi waiting to see Santa Claus. He was st line when department-store employee ticed him for the first time. They pulle out of the line, and put him out of the s

Nevertheless, Mrs. Peters points out during the twenty years she's lived in E more there have been no race riots. "The trouble like that came when Negro fan tried to move into white neighborhoods boys threw rocks through their windows since the Supreme Court ruled that restrictions were unconstitutional, there are lots of better neighborhoods where p of our race can move—if they can afford higher prices charged Negroes for homes."

Mrs. Peters feels that the lot of the N in the United States has improved recent years, though as a member of National Association for the Advancem of Colored People, she realizes that e mous changes have to be made before race can enjoy anything like equality.

Her children are not too enthusi about the rapidity of this progress. All have told Eledith that, when they grow they have no intention of living or wo in their home town.

"I feel a little better up in Kenyon in Baltimore," James Jr., says, "but still aware every day of discriminatio around me. There is nothing particular a general attitude that's hard to desc When I finish my studies I plan to li the West or Middle West, where p don't make it quite so tough for Negr

Junior, a brilliant basketball player made the Kenyon freshman five. He sh a room with a white student, whom he His expenses at Kenyon amount to $5 semester—$410 when you subtract the lege's $150 grant.

Dolores' parents are delighted with marked improvement in her attitude to life since she transferred to the Universi Wisconsin. Baltimore's restrictions had her to an increasing degree while she w Morgan State. What she seemed to obje most was her inability to attend con and opera performances in Baltimore.

"If she wanted to hear good music, w she loves," says her mother, "all she c do was borrow operatic records from public library and play them on our r phonograph."

In Madison, Dolores attends with white friends she has made at the unive

(Continued on Page 208)

NEXT MONTH

". . . report for active duty."

"I CRIED when Bryant's orders came this time," Mary Reed says. But there wasn't time for tears, only decisions. Should she—with Roger, 2, and baby Marcia—stay on in the new town where they hadn't lived long enough to make friends, follow Bryant to his assigned base (he might be transferred any time), or take the children and go home where family and friends might make the separation easier for them all? Meet the Bryant Reeds, of Newton Highlands, Massachusetts, in

SECOND CALL

By Roger Butterfield

HOW AMERICA LIVES
in the May LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

The greatest features in automatic washing...combined exclusively in

the wonder-working **Whirlpool**

the only washer that gives you...



1. Suds-Miser AND THE Seven Rinses

SUDS-MISER *stores suds while clothes are rinsed. Re-uses suds for next load. Saves soap, saves hot water!*

SEVEN RINSES *get clothes truly Clinic Clean! 4 pressure sprays, a deep agitated rinse, then 2 more pressure sprays remove every trace of soap and dirt.*

2. FAMOUS Agiflow Action

Unique Whirlpool agitator design vitalizes every drop of water—surges clothes up and down as well as 'round and 'round—gets clothes cleaner, faster—without twisting, without "balling-up."

3. SANITIZING Ultra Violet Lamp

Sends pure, sun-fresh germicidal rays through suds and clothes. Keeps clothes sweet and clean.

4. STEP-SAVING Cycle Tone Signal

Pleasant tone signal tells you when washing is done. Eliminates watching—saves you time and energy.



ALL THE WASHING DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD!

With your beautiful Whirlpool comes the thrill of knowing you own the finest automatic washer modern engineering can perfect, its life-time performance *built-in* by skilled craftsmen! To time-tested principles of fully automatic washing Whirlpool has added *special* features possessed by no other washer—and they bring you cleaner, faster, more thorough washing that's extra gentle with your nicest clothes.

In store for you are generous savings—in soap and hot water, in maintenance cost, in precious time—when you own a Whirlpool!

Homemakers everywhere are praising Whirlpool . . .

"I never dreamed there could be such a wonderful machine without any work attached to it. I love my Whirlpool."
. . . Mrs. Ben Schifman of Kansas City, Mo.

"Whirlpool's agitator system and Seven Rinses get my clothes cleaner than any other washer I have ever used."
. . . Mrs. Jack Cruickshank, Royal Oak, Mich.

"It's a beauty and so completely automatic, too. I just set the dial and my Whirlpool does the rest. I wouldn't be without it."
. . . Mrs. E. J. Albee, Dallas, Texas.

plus **proven features so vital to automatic washing . . .**

COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC *Set the dial . . . relax and smile. Whirlpool takes over the job. It washes, rinses, damp-dries, shuts off, notifies you when washing's through.*

FLEXIBLE TIMING *Control your own washing time. Start, stop, repeat, omit or change any operation. Add or remove clothes any time.*

9 LB. CAPACITY *Launders lots of clothes at one time. Saves frequent loading and unloading.*

TOP LOADING *"Table Top" convenience. No bending or stooping. Just touch the Finger-Tip Door Control.*

5-Year Warranty on Transmission

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



. . . and if you want complete freedom from washday worries—you're ready for a

WHIRLPOOL AUTOMATIC DRYER

Dries clothes fast—leaves them soft and fluffy. Ask your dealer for a Whirlpool Dryer demonstration.



WHIRLPOOL CORPORATION, ST. JOSEPH, MICHIGAN • For Over 50 Years Manufacturers of The World's Finest Washers, Dryers and Ironers



NO FEAR OF SMEAR...Gone is that untidy lipstick trail on glasses . . . cigarettes . . . silverware and people. Lenthéric's creamy lipstick has color cling and color beauty. Alluring new shades. In sleek golden cases.

© 1951, LENTHÉRIC, INC.

(Continued from Page 206)

all the musical events staged there. With twenty-nine other girl students she lives in the middle of the student housing district, in a privately owned home. There are in this group two Chinese, one South American and several Jewish girls, Dolores being the only Negro student in the house. With a Norwegian-American girl named Barbara Peterson, she shares a living room and bedroom. The rooms are nicely decorated and the girls keep them neat and clean.

Dolores' best friend at Wisconsin is Barbara Levine, a Jewish girl from New York. She attends the meetings of the university's Socialist Club and the Hillel Foundation, a Jewish organization.

Dolores' teachers say she was a good student during her first semester at Wisconsin despite that F in mathematics—a study which, her mother says, "has always been her Waterloo in school." The other subjects she is taking include second-year French, psychology and physical education.

Carrying the standard black suitcase, Mr. Peters usually goes by bus to the B. & O. Railroad yards, at Gilmore and Lanvale avenues, to report to the Pullman official there who gives him the list of reserved accommodations. Then James picks his way across the tracks and gets into his car. In the car, he puts on his black uniform coat and porter's cap, then tidies up while the car is being hauled to the Mount Royal station.

The conductor arrives at the train at ten o'clock, though it doesn't pull out for New York until two A.M. Passengers can get on, though, any time after ten. If you take a ride in James' car you would see why he asserts his tips seldom exceed his small traveling expenses. There are usually only three or four passengers in the car, sometimes one. And the average tip is still a quarter.

Mr. Peters says women now tip as well as men. The biggest gratuity he ever received was a $5 bill a passenger gave him after hearing James talk about his children.

"That's for your kids," he told the porter, "and their college education."

The train arrives in the B. & O.'s Jersey City depot at six A.M., but passengers can sleep in their berths until eight. After the last one leaves, Peters removes the bedding and locks up the berths that have been occupied on the trip. He takes the ferry across the Hudson River, landing in lower Manhattan, where he eats breakfast at a cafeteria. Then he takes the subway to the Pullman men's dormitory, adjacent to the company's offices, in Sunnyside, Long Island. He usually arrives there by noon, sleeps until four, then starts back to Jersey City, stopping in another Manhattan cafeteria for a light dinner. The return trip operates on about the same schedule.

On both trips he is allowed three and a half hours to sleep on the train while a substitute answers the passengers' bells for him. That means he sleeps, usually, almost from the time the train starts from one city until it arrives at the other. But he is up in time to shine his passengers' shoes, use the whisk broom on their clothes and collect his tips, if any.

"He's a funny man, my husband," explains Eledith, with a pleased smile. "One in a million, he's interested only in his home, his children and . . . me."

James Peters admits he can never get home soon enough to hear whether there's been a letter from Junior or Dolores, or what's new with the group of ten girls that little Carolyn Jean pals with.

He loves to hear Carolyn complain, "Mother won't let me stay out after ten o'clock. I haven't even got a particular boy friend. How can I call any boy my boy friend if I can't go out with him—except with a crowd of other kids?"

This, the letters, the news from Kenyon and Wisconsin, the kiss and the smile of welcome from Eledith are all James Peters asks of life now—and tomorrow.

Sometimes, just before he goes to bed, he says to his wife, "I guess there are worse things than coming up the hard way, Eledith. It's something to have had troubles, to struggle with them. But a fellow sure feels pretty good—when he gets a little ahead of those big, ugly troubles."

How the Peterses Spend Their Money Each Week

Food	$28.00
Clothing	4.50
Fuel	2.00
Personal Care	3.20
House Repairs	6.00
Children's Allowances (including college expenses)	10.50
Insurance	1.75
Telephone	1.41
Church and charities	3.00
Electricity and gas	2.75
Taxes and ground rent	4.00
Newspapers	.75
Total	$67.86

OLD ENOUGH TO FIGHT

(Continued from Page 67)

is good, you like to eat. Your senses of taste, touch, sight, smell and hearing are all exceptionally acute. Your sensual appetites are at their sharpest—for girls or chocolate cake. You are eager to get on to your visions: college, a job, prestige and possessions, perhaps even marriage and children. But there's a blank—Uncle Sam wants you. You are waiting. . . .

Miss Witcher pronounces another word: "*Obdurate.* Your commanding officer might be *obdurate* in his demands."

Chuck writes the word and his definition of it, then looks off into space again.

You want to be a commanding officer yourself. You are smart enough to be one. You won't get the chance if you don't have a couple years of college. You will probably be drafted soon. You can't tell what is going to happen. You are waiting. You don't like to leave the things you know. You don't want to leave this place, especially when you don't know where you're going. . . .

Chuck Norman was born, grew up, lives and dreams here. Everything in this "little old Oklahoma town" of 13,000 is deeply familiar to him. On the highest spot in town, a flat half mile from the school, stands the water tower—a dull gray mushroom on stilts. The tallest structure on the sky line, it bears the sign: EL RENO. Enthusiastic pranksters long ago daubed on a cheer for the basketball team that can still be seen a mile away. There are the geometric shapes of grain elevators and the flour mill, for this is wheat country. Trees are stubby and few.

Across from the high school in the center of town is the First Baptist Church—Chuck's church—a spireless, brick building crowding the edge of the street. With his mother, he sings in the choir. There are twenty-two other churches in town. Sure of the church he attended from babyhood, Chuck became a member of the First Baptist Church when he was nine years old and never misses Sunday school. The church is almost as familiar to him as his home. He knows just when to duck a low-hanging light globe at a turn on the stairs of the Education Building.

Above the stairway leading to Sunday-school classrooms is the sign: EVERY BAPTIST A TITHER. In the basement of the Education Building there are two tennis tables and a television set for the entertainment of the young people of the church. There is another sign: FAMILIES WHO PRAY TOGETHER STAY TOGETHER. Chuck says he will never marry a girl who is not a Baptist.

MEMBERS ON THE ROLL	781
ATTENDANCE TODAY	465
OFFERING TODAY	$471.20
ATTENDANCE RECORD	617

He has no doubts about his religious beliefs. He experiences no conflict between the commandment, "Thou shall not kill," and the necessity to kill the enemy in battle, for he feels that would be in defense of his church. As for himself: "I don't want to be killed in a war, but if I am, it's okay. I'm not afraid to die. I'm prepared. I'm not exactly a fatalist, but I have a feeling it's all planned—not necessarily the exact day we die, but if we die, it's all right." In his personal life, Chuck has tried to make use of the Sermon on the Mount to the extent of turning the other cheek—giving a soft answer to someone giving him a bad time. He says it seems to work—"I would like to try it on a real big deal sometime."

When Chuck passes his old grade-school building, now used for high-school shop classes, it reminds him of the time he shinnied to the top of the thirty-foot flagpole in the schoolyard. ("You can do those things when you're a kid," he said. "I couldn't do it now—not with my size-twelve feet.") The flagpole swayed in the wind, giving him a delightful airy-stomach feeling. He held on with one hand and waved at the kids below. Everybody looked pretty small down there. Everybody was looking up at him, including his teacher and principal. "Chuckie, come down," the principal called softly. "Come on down now," his teacher said sweetly. He thought he had better do as they asked. "*Zoom* I went down—and backed right into the paddle. They really laid it on—I'll tell you that for sure. They'd paddle your behind for doing anything the least bit dangerous."

In Chuck's first-grade class there was a little boy named Jimmy Flanagan. Chuck heard that he was killed last August while fighting with the United Nations army in Korea. "It gave me an awful silly feeling when I heard that," Chuck said. "He was just my age and sort of a timid little kid."

The Rock Island Railroad overpass above a main street in town was Chuck's favorite battle station during World War II. He would climb up there with a gob of licorice in his mouth and spit-bomb automobiles passing below. He aimed for the windshields. "It took timing," Chuck recalls, "it took skill." He got so expert at making direct hits, the police had to talk to him about the evil of his ways and take him home.

The house Chuck lives in is a square white cottage on shadeless South Miles Street. His mother has lived there since she was ten years old, and Chuck was born "in the front bedroom." Bud, his dad's old bird dog, races madly behind the back-yard fence if anyone comes near. Chuck sniffs the good smell of home-cooked food when he opens the front door. He likes to gulp bites of raw biscuit dough, but favors fried chicken and grandma's chocolate cake for real eating.

Chuck enjoys an adult, easygoing comradeship with his family. He and his young mother (she celebrated her fortieth birthday in January) both work at his uncles' popular IGA store. Chuck's father is a barber with his own shop on one of the town's two main streets. He signs his name G. L. Norman, and Chuck loyally refused to reveal what the initials stand for (Gurney Luther). Most of his dad's friends call him "Pete" or "Pedro" and Chuck does, too, occasionally. Pete is mad about hunting, an enthusiasm Chuck does not share completely. "He will walk your legs off even if he doesn't get a shot all day—I'll tell you that for sure." Recently Chuck's father has started shaving him on Sunday mornings.

Chuck is an only son, but even grandma—*especially* grandma—has tried hard not to spoil him too much. Grandma tells him she is sure she hasn't succeeded—she remembers a few incidents which make her doubtful. But his mother doesn't think he is spoiled.

Chuck's mild feud with his grandmother dates back to 1936, when he was almost three

(Continued on Page 211)



Community

THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

PATTERNS TO LIVE WITH . . . PATTERNS TO LOVE

Have you picked your pattern? There are four so perfect you'll find it hard to choose in famous Community,* the world's most popular silverplate. Four patterns happily at home—for your table-for-two or guests-for-dinner. Four patterns wear-protected for extra life with Community's own "Overlay" of precious solid silver. Four patterns at your jeweler's at the budget-low price of $53.75, for a dinner service for eight places.

*TRADEMARKS OF ONEIDA LTD., ONEIDA, N. Y. COPYRIGHT 1951, ONEIDA LTD.

You'll enjoy LIBBY'S Hawaiian Pineapple Juice!

Sweetened by tropic sun!



e *"Liquid Sunshine"*—this sparkling *ural* juice pressed from Libby's digreed pines" in Hawaii. Enjoy its pic tang as a starter to breakfast, cheon, dinner. Have Libby's, with its energy-giving *natural* sugars, as a luscious between meal pick-up drink. You see, *Libby's* Pineapple Juice is sweetened by Hawaii's sun! It's luscious, and good for the whole family.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago 9, Illinois

LIBBY'S CRUSHED PINEAPPLE

...IT'S SO GOOD SO MANY WAYS!



Hawaiian Sundae. Dr crispy Libby's Crush Pineapple with the *pe flavor* goodness Libby's famous for. Heap it, an few nuts, on ice cream an easy *treat* dessert. U Libby's Crushed Pineap in puddings, too; with ha and in gelatin salads. glamorizes meals.

(Continued from Page 208)

years old. He got mad at his baby-sitter and decided to leave home; he mounted his red-and-white tricycle and headed for grandma's house, six blocks away. He meant never to return and he trusted grandma to keep his whereabouts a secret, but she betrayed him and wheeled him right back. He didn't get spanked.

Shortly after grandma came to live with them, when she was in her sixties and Chuck was stretching up to his sixth year, the two got into an argument that made Chuck furious. "I felt I just had to hit grandma. I just had to hit her. I swung at her but I missed—then I ran out of the house and down the alley with dad hot behind me ——"

GRANDMA interrupted his story: "Boy, have I ever seen the time you needed a spanking! But I told Virginia she'd better run out and save your skin."

"—— Dad was shaking me like a towel. 'You don't sock grandma,' he kept saying; 'you don't swing at your grandmother.' Mom came up then and rescued me. 'Ooooh, my poor baby,' she says, 'oh, my poor boy.'"

"I did nothing of the kind," Mrs. Norman said. "When you deserved a spanking, you got it." According to his philosophy of parenthood, parents must first set an example of honesty—and all other character traits they want their child to have—in private as well as in public. "Then you have to expect the best of them, let them know you expect it, and trust them." She admits this simple formula requires constant attention. She lets Chuck know she approves of him. She sees no reason to pretend she likes the idea of military service for her son, but—"I have always thought that Chuck had a future. I think he has still."

Grandma, now past seventy, views the present mobilization with wary eyes. She thinks we should not have demobilized so completely after World War II. "Anybody could see the attitude of Russia before the last war ended. Now all those millions of Russians and all those millions of Chinese—you might say we're in a bad spot." She believes the people of the United States do not understand the people of other nations well enough. "It wouldn't hurt us to bend a little—but you hesitate to criticize our leaders when you think of what a job they have."

"Grandma and her talk," Chuck scoffs. "I get tired of hearing all the talk—I'll tell you that for sure." He believes a major war with Russia is inevitable. He doesn't like the thought of it, but "isolationism is out."

Chuck is one of about a million males in this country who will reach the age of eighteen in 1951. He has heard that eighteen-year-olds make the finest combat soldiers. Jobs with a future are hard for them to get, because the draft is at their necks. Even educators speak of them as a commodity in short supply. Some of Chuck's friends feel they have nothing to say about their own destiny—they are not old enough to vote. As one boy put it, "Sometimes I feel like an empty sack of wheat."

Chuck hates most to be separated from the friends he knows so well. After graduation from high school, he, Jim Weed and Bob Standifer plan to enlist in the Air Force together—if they can get in. All three would rather go to college, which Chuck believes would get them a better deal in military service later on. But Jim, who enlisted in the National Guard when he was fourteen and served three years, says he wants to get into training again as soon as possible. "The more training I can get, the better. If I am going to fight, I want to be trained to fight." Both Jim and Chuck are avoiding serious affairs with girls because they "don't want to have that to give up too." Chuck believes he is not old enough to support a wife, even if conditions were favorable.

Bob is a little quieter on this subject—and most others. They say he is in love. He has heard something about World War II from an uncle who was a prisoner from the time of the fall of Corregidor until the end of the war. But he hasn't heard much, because his uncle, who still suffers from a back injury inflicted by a Jap with the butt of a rifle, doesn't like to talk about it. He says his cousin who was a paratrooper refuses to talk about the war at all.

Chuck says, "Nobody wants to go—we remember the last war too well. Boy, I'd give anything in the world if I could go to college for four years, get into some kind of business and then get married and settle down and have a couple of kids. I guess that's the biggest thing anybody could ask for right now, and the most impossible to get. I don't know what you can do about it. Just make up your mind to it, I guess, adjust the best way you can, and hope to go on with your plans when you come back."

On El Reno's roster of servicemen in World War II, there are 1500 names. Thirty-eight former students of the high school were killed in action. Chuck's 1950 high-school annual, the Boomer Collegian, has a page of messages to the students from members of the faculty which reflects keen awareness of current tensions. Rose Witcher chose the war song of Chief Sitting Bear, whose descendants still live in this region:

I live, but I will not live forever.
Mysterious moon, you only remain,
Powerful sun, you alone remain,
Wonderful earth, you remain forever.

Superintendent Paul R. Taylor's favorite quotation comes from Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower: "The true discovery of America is before us. The true fulfillment of our spirit, of our people, of our mighty and immortal land is yet to come." He believes youth must believe that.

But Chuck and Jim do not think somber thoughts all the time—not while girls exist. Around school they are still talking about the struggle they had to get social dancing permitted. Chuck was a member of the student council when the subject was brought up and enthusiastically supported the cause, although his minister did not. Twice the issue was squelched by school authorities, who knew the Ministerial Association would be against it. Last year the Parents' Club got behind the boys and girls who wanted to dance in the high school, and the school board agreed to permit parents to vote privately on the proposition by mail. The Ministerial Association promptly formulated a resolution against social dancing in the public schools, expressing the view that it would only serve to develop new patrons for undesirable night spots, and its members voted 10 to 2 in favor of the resolution. Several churches placed ads against dancing in the local newspapers: "Drinking and dancing are inseparable," said one. (Oklahoma is officially a strictly dry state, except for beer.) THE DANCE IS A DEVICE OF SATAN, headlined another; "In the modern dance no boy's manhood and no girl's virtue is safe." By a vote of 413 to 143, the parents decided it was safe enough and social dancing is now permitted in El Reno High.

Like his family and his church, the high school Chuck attends aims at "wholesome Christian living." There are frequent devotional assemblies with a robed choir and a service of worship which Principal Marsh says is "as formal as any church." But the boys still chuckle about one assembly program put on by a troop of college students from Oklahoma A and M, the college Chuck hopes to attend. There was a young magician who said he was going to "make a girl." He started a fire in a small brass bowl, dropped in some foo-foo powder and clapped on the lid. Then he invoked "the spirits of Schenley, Four Roses, Seagrams, and Park *and* Tilford." After making contact with the spirits, the magician removed the lid and drew forth a pair of gossamer white panties, saying, "Well, she *was* here." Girls in the audience tittered and heads craned to see how the teachers were enjoying the performance. They were not, so the boys stopped guffawing. After the program, Principal Walter Marsh, with some of the kindly, loose mannerism of Will Rogers, sternly rebuked the young magician and apologized to the audience—then he himself led the school in cheers for the team.

On the basketball court, Chuck is graceless—all feet. Flunking basketball is a severe handicap for a boy in this self-acknowledged basketball capital of Oklahoma (winner of seven state championships), but Chuck hasn't suffered by it. It will be a sad day for him when he is graduated from high school in June. "Probably never see all those kids again," he mutters. Students and teachers like him; his grades are all close to the B bracket. He has worked at the Stevenson IGA store since he was old enough to be any help; half the people in town know him by his first name. He never has to hunt for dates or the money to finance them; dad usually comes through with the car. It's a good life, with good friends.

CHUCK, Jim and Bob all like to go hunting now and then, and all are familiar with the use of guns—Jim having fired several types of rifles and mortars while in the National Guard. But they are the sort of boys who would run a skunk down and catch it by the tail. Chuck wasn't in on Jim's famous skunk-hunting expedition, but he got wind of it later.

"Maybe this you don't know about skunk huntin'," Jim said. "If you run a skunk down and catch it by the tail and lift it so it can't get its feet on the ground, it can't squirt you. Well, my buddy caught one that way and I tried to help him, but somehow we let the skunk's feet touch the ground. He squirted us both, then turned around and bit our fingers. Boy, it was awful! For weeks after that every time I got hot I smelled like a skunk."

"I can tell you that for sure," Chuck said.

Jim said stopping communism was pretty much like catching a skunk—and it's almost impossible to catch a skunk without getting to smell like one yourself. THE END



"Now, for heaven's sakes, don't be perfectly frank!"

3 easy ways to edge a pie crust – differently

a pie-baking hint from MARIE GIFFORD, *Armour's famous home economist*



1. To put a high fluted edge on a pie crust, cut pie dough off ½ inch beyond pie tin. Then crimp dough between the knuckle of your left forefinger and the thumb and forefinger of your right hand.

2. You can make a different edge that's decorative, too, using the tines of a fork to press the edges together.

3. Or, press the edges together with the tip of a teaspoon to form an attractive scalloped edge.



And here's the easy way to have flaky, tender pie crust every time. Use Armour Star Lard! It's America's perfect pie lard—the lard of pie-baking champions. Marie Gifford's famous 5-minute pie crust recipe is printed on both the handy self-measuring carton and the new 3-lb. tin. Armour Star Lard makes wonderfully tender hot breads and biscuits, too.

Free Recipe Booklet. Marie Gifford will send you an interesting booklet of her favorite baking recipes—free! She will also answer any questions you may have about pie-baking. Send a card or letter to Marie Gifford, Dept. 455, Box 2053, Armour and Company, Chicago 9, Illinois.



Armour Star Lard

the all-pure lard that stays fresh without refrigeration. Remember, lard saves you money, too!

In early fall, delicious and decorative cherry tomatoes cluster the low wing that separates the flower-garden side from the food garden here in the foreground, with its plants of parsley, chives, mints, its rhubarb, carrots and onions. Under the "flying" wing for vines, past the fruiting crab apple, is the barbecue garden.

Three-way Garden

By RICHARD PRATT

WE wanted an easy-to-build and inexpensive garden structure that would bring all-out aid to owners of small plots of ground; something that would start them off in their efforts to transform an ordinary yard into an attractive place of many pleasant uses. The result, this ingenious open fencing which creates three partitioned garden areas: one for quiet sitting and flowers; one for preparing outdoor meals; and one for growing salads, seasonings and various vegetables. You find that you have suddenly achieved privacy without closing yourself in, that you have protection from wind and sun, and an effective three-way garden setting for year-round enjoyment. On the average plot of ground the ideal location for the structure would be about twenty feet from the rear of the house near the center of the property, but there are other position possibilities, too, and an instruction sheet (No. 2546) showing how to make it, and a variety of ways to place it and plant it, can be had for 25c from the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Reference Library. Use order blank on page 26.

A serving table swings on an end post of the high wing between the barbecue garden and the flower garden. Shelves in the angle of the "flying" wing hold tableware; cooking tools hang from hooks. The California charcoal brazier is both handsome and efficient.



Alternating boards, letting through light and air, form a "flying" wing, a high wing and low wing, make three garden spaces, out from which the planning of your plot develops.

The flower-garden side gets the most seclusion and should have the pleasantest exposure, for the welfare of both plants and people. Here in early summer, single peonies provide the splendor, with the serving table swung into position from the adjoining barbecue garden for delightful outdoor dining



DESIGNED BY JAMES C. ROSE, LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT. PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRATT



KVP Paper Maids for Neater, Easier Living

Keep Foods Fresher with KVP Heavy Waxed Paper

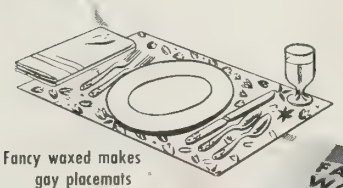
Food costs so much — paper so little — the extra protection of KVP *Heavy* Waxed is real economy. You can *see* the difference — *feel* it, too. Standard width or big 15-inch width for large roasts, cakes, etc. Look for the handsome *red* box. KVP Fancy Waxed in gay colored designs makes your sandwiches look even more appetizing.



Keeps Lunches fresher, tastier



Protects Leftovers



Fancy waxed makes gay placemats



Paper Maids Save Time—Save Work

Shelf Papers • Freezer Papers • Heavy and Fancy Waxed • KVP and Mrs. Hayward's Dusting Papers • Pie Tape • Baking Cups • Place Mats • Cookery Parchment • Pressing Parchment • Kalacloths.

Your Guarantee of Quality

Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Co. Parchment, Michigan

America's most versatile cheese for cooking!



KAUKAUNA KLUB Cheese foods

CHEESE COOKING . . .
a la Six Kaukauna Klub Flavors

Onion . . . grated over soups
Garlic . . . shredded over salads
Port Wine . . . melted in a sauce
Appetizer . . . spread on snacks
Hickory Smoked . . . melted in a sauce
American, or any of the above . . . in dozens of cheese dishes . . . all in . . . .

The NEW "Series 2" Kaukauna Klub Recipe Book

Write for Mary Irene Hart's new edition of the famous Kaukauna Klub Recipe Book.



Always fresh, in the refrigerator, at your favorite food store.

KAUKAUNA DAIRY CO.
280 South St., Kaukauna, Wis.

The Nation's Cheese Treat from America's Dairyland

JOLLY TIME POP CORN ALWAYS POPS BETTER

CAN-WELL CANNER



WITH RACK AND INSTRUCTIONS

COLD PACKING AND PRESERVING

FLETCHER ENAMEL CO. DUNBAR, W. VA.



"MEXENE GIVES FOODS WONDERFUL FLAVOR"

Says
Mrs. Albert F. Ebken, Sr.
of Seattle, Washington

When you season with Mexene you'll agree with Mrs. Ebken that this marvelous all-purpose seasoning adds unusual flavor to all foods. A piquant blend of rare peppers and spices, Mexene is ideal for adding appetite-appeal to meats, spaghetti, soups, vegetables, and seafoods.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



Walker's AUSTEX Chili Co.

CHILI • TAMALES • BEEF STEW
BRAISED BEEF HASH • SANDWICH SPREAD
SPAGHETTI and MEAT BALLS

BETTER LIVING FOR OLDER PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 25)



The Community House is the center of activity at Roosevelt Park Colony.

it in shape is no burden to Marian. Jim's flowers in front are just as bright, the vegetable garden in back as productive. Best of all, their financial problem is settled forever. The proceeds from the sale of their home, invested in annuities, will see them comfortably through the rest of their days—and even provide for what are euphemistically called "terminal expenses." But that is possible only because of the Roosevelt Park setup. Tulip Cottage costs the Barkers only $8 a month, including utilities.

The story back of that $8-a-month rent is the story of Roosevelt Park Colony for the Aged. It is a story that goes back to the dark days of the depression, when Mrs. Effie Morrison, now superintendent of the colony, was deputy director of the Cumberland County Welfare Board. In 1932, New Jersey established Old Age Assistance. It was Mrs. Morrison's duty to help the aged in her county to live on the paltry funds supplied them. She saw too great a proportion of these funds go for rents; saw clients gradually forced into meaner living quarters, many eventually into institutions, or grudgingly taken in by relatives, husband and wife often separated. Why, she wanted to know, couldn't there be established a cheerful village of small homes where aged couples with limited incomes—even no more than Old Age Assistance—could live together as independent householders, respected members of a happy community of people like themselves?

The project she envisioned required a sizable piece of ground. On the outskirts of Millville was a tract of some 300 acres of sandy-soiled scrub-pine land, its title clouded, left over from a defunct circulation scheme of a newspaper, likewise defunct. Could the city fathers of Millville clear its title, and would they turn it over to an organization for the purpose Mrs. Morrison had in mind? They could, and they would.

THE next step was a trip to Trenton. Governor Moore liked the idea, but asked, as a responsible executive should, "Where's the money coming from?" Dr. Howard Johnson, social-service representative of the State Housing Administration, recommended the village as a WPA project, but Millville's city officials were not interested. Finally, through the efforts of Governor—now U. S. Senator—Moore, WPA appropriated $30,000 for the creation of a "sunset-of-life" village: $25,000 for the erection of buildings, providing work for skilled craftsmen in the building trades; and $5000 for gas, electricity, water and sewer facilities. Thirteen homes, each about 20 by 20 feet, containing living room, kitchen, bedroom and bath, were built on lots 100 by 125 feet. A community house completed the project, which was finished—the WPA phase of it—in October, 1936, when Roosevelt Park Colony was dedicated.

In the meantime, interested people throughout Cumberland County had been busy. A nonprofit organization, Colony for the Aged, Inc., Millville, New Jersey, was set up, and after its dedication Roosevelt Park was turned over to this group for operation. Mrs. Morrison, still on the Cumberland County Welfare Board, offered to resign her position and take over the management, salary-free, of the colony. A fifteen-member "board of control" was chosen from among the m bership of the corporation. This board, up of farmers, housewives, doctors, law ministers, and so on, drew up qualifica for admittance to the colony, fixed rents in general stood by to help solve any lems.

These "entrance qualifications," Jim Marian Barker found out, were—and are—simple. Applicants—who are care investigated—must be over 65, in health, of high moral character and operative disposition, and possess a m income. (At present, one widow is livi happy, healthful life there on $45 a mo an elderly couple has a $190-a-month inc These are the extremes.) Rents, so bur some an item on low-income budgets, fixed at $8 a month, including utilities cottages with full-sized kitchens, $6 for with kitchenettes. These low rents are p ble only because the colony is classified tax-exemption purposes, as an "institut in Millville's books. The city also prov free of charge all municipal facilities.

But it is only in those tax books that word "institution" appears. There is n ing institutional about Roosevelt Park ony. Its people are from many diffe walks of life and cultural and financial b grounds, but they have two things in mon: "an almost painful sense of indep ence," as one colonist phrased it; a spirit—discernible by even a casual visi of wholehearted co-operation. "There is one rule here," Mrs. Barker says; "the Go Rule." The only thing which distingu



New homes, built by their occu pants, may not exceed $5000 in cos

the colony from any other suburb is absence of young people—although, as 93-year-old woman said, "They shoul call this a colony for the aged. We don't h any aged people here—just some of us getting along a bit in years." But the year-old man next door was beginnin look old, she felt.

Roosevelt Park Colony now contain homes (two more are in process of erecti The growth is the result of the natural de opment of the idea. There was plenty of l but not enough cottages to take care of applicants for admittance. For elderly ples who wished to build their own ho and join the colony, tracts one third o acre in area were made available, tax-f subject to two qualifications in additio the personal ones: a top limit of $5000 been set on cost of construction; and u the death of the builders, title to the pr erty reverts to the community, and the ho will be rented to other applicants.

The first restriction was imposed to p vent too great disparity in the homes in community. The original cottages w soundly constructed of clapboard, well in lated, with complete bathroom and kitch heat and hot water supplied by the kitche coal-burning range; today, with the $5 limit, few frills are possible. Mrs. Lill Hoffman, who built one of the more re homes, has a gas range instead of coal, oil-burning stove for heat, an attached gara and-storage-space, and rooms "large enou for my nine-by-twelve rugs—I couldn't g them up." Her home cost $4500. She pays taxes—one of the reasons for the second

(Continued on Page 216)

Steal the show with the magic spoonful!





RECIPE

CIRCUS PARTY CAKE with flavor that won't bake out!

2½ cups sifted cake flour
1½ cups granulated sugar
3 teasp. double acting baking powder
1 teasp. salt
½ cup emulsifier type (quick method) shortening
⅔ cup milk
1 teasp. vanilla*
⅓ cup milk
2 medium eggs (⅓-½ cup), unbeaten
(Have eggs, milk, and shortening at room temperature.)

Heat oven to 375° F. (moderately hot). Line 2—9" layer pans 1½" deep, with waxed paper on bottom; grease paper. Sift flour, sugar, baking powder, salt into mixing bowl. Drop in shortening. Pour in ⅔ cup milk, then vanilla*. Beat briskly with spoon—300 full strokes or 2 min.—counting only actual beating strokes or time. Add ⅓ cup milk, eggs. Beat with spoon 300 full strokes, or 2 min. Pour into pans. Bake at 375° F. 30-35 min., or until done. Cool on wire rack 10-15 min.; remove from pan, remove paper. Make 7-min. frosting; tint half of it pink with McCormick or Schilling Pure Food Color. Use some of pink frosting to fill between layers; white frosting over entire cake. Then, use rest of pink frosting in pastry tube to decorate as shown in illustration; top with Circus Cake Kit figures.

* **McCORMICK OR SCHILLING PURE VANILLA** has the richer, fuller flavor that won't cook out, bake out, or freeze out! It's the "magic spoonful" that adds the "magic touch" to every dessert you make . . . just as McCormick or Schilling Pure Food Colors are color magic in making food look as wonderful as it tastes! Buy these fine products at your grocer's today—McCormick in the East —Schilling in the West—depending on where you live. And try McCormick Tea, too. It's world-famous for its flavor!

McCORMICK
PURE VANILLA
IN THE EAST

Schilling
PURE VANILLA
IN THE WEST



Send for your **CIRCUS CAKE KIT** today!

Ringmaster and 9 colorful circus figures, with blank bases for names, and full directions for decorating cake. Just mail 10¢ in coin to McCormick or Schilling, P. O. Box 930, New York 46, N. Y.

East or West—
the same
pure vanilla—
only the name
is different



McCORMICK & CO., Inc.

The World's Largest Spice and Extract House





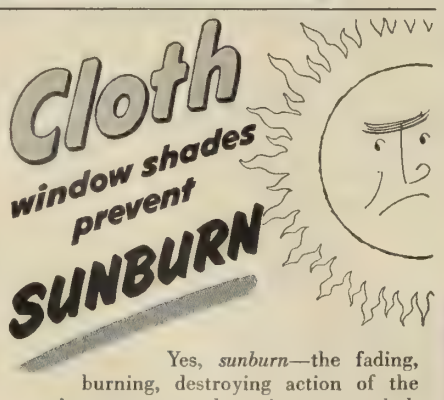
For this special purpose!

Don't use "anything handy" to clean the toilet bowl—only Sani-Flush can do it right. For Sani-Flush is made for this one special purpose. It not only cleans chemically *without scrubbing*, but disinfects—and removes the germy film that gathers in all toilet bowls even though you can't see it. Just follow directions on the familiar yellow can. At all grocers. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.



Sani-Flush

PERFUMED with a mild, fresh fragrance



Yes, *sunburn*—the fading, burning, destroying action of the sun's rays on your draperies, rugs, upholsteries and fine wood finishes. *Sunburn* continues all year long, winter and summer, yet you can stop it completely—and so inexpensively—with **CLOTH** window shades. Made with a tough backbone of firmly woven cotton fabric, "armored" with a coating of oil paint or plastic, **CLOTH** window shades are built to take the sun's punishment year after year, shielding your furnishings from costly damage. Trim, crisp and straight-hanging . . . out of sight when not in use . . . **CLOTH** window shades are in perfect taste with *any* decorating scheme.

Valuable book free! Plain facts about window shade quality, with *actual samples* comparing **CLOTH** and cheap substitutes. Write Joanna Western Mills, Dept. **A**, 1351 Merchandise Mart, Chicago 54.



JOANNA WESTERN MILLS CO · CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 214)

striction—nor will those who occupy it after she no longer needs it. Future occupants of Hoffman House will pay $10 a month rent, plus gas and electricity.

Mrs. Hoffman formerly lived at Riverton, New Jersey, in a home much too large for her, especially after Mr. Hoffman died. Her taxes were close to $200 a year. She sold her Riverton home, and built her present cottage. Now, because of her freedom from housework, she has the time she always wanted to devote to her work with the Girls Friendly Society of the Episcopal Church. And part of the $200 that formerly went for taxes will provide a happy summer for some needy girl at the society's Holiday House at Island Heights.

Across the street from Mrs. Hoffman, at the corner of Lafayette and Narcissus avenues, live the Butterworths. Mr. Butterworth, a retired railroad man, and his wife had sold their New Jersey home and were living in Florida. But Jerseyites don't transplant easily. They heard of the Roosevelt Colony. They came, they saw—and were conquered. "Now," says Mr. Butterworth, spading in fertilizer against spring planting in his flower garden in front of his white-shingled red-roofed cottage, "we're really living!" They do go down to Florida each winter for a month or so—"But I'm always glad to get back home," says Mrs. Butterworth.

The Roosevelt Park colonists are proud of their community. Their homes are well kept up. They vie with one another to possess the best-trimmed lawns, the prettiest flower gardens, to grow the largest tomato. And upkeep costs money. But the board possesses the happy faculty not only of stretching pennies but of making dollars grow where no one expected to raise pennies.

For instance: a year or so ago the board was concerned about the peeling paint on the rented cottages. The total income from these houses was $110 a month, out of which utilities charges must be met. In addition, the colony raises money each fall from sales at its birthday party—in 1950, $189 was realized. (Outside of the initial $30,000 WPA appropriation, not one penny of Federal, state, county or municipal funds has been received.) The offering at the annual Thanksgiving union service of the Millville churches goes to the colony—around $200. Also, "association members"—people from all over the country who are interested in the colony—c tribute between $1500 and $2000 annua That's all—and it does not add up to coats of shiny outside white and trim, interior pastels, for fourteen or fifteen hor A letter to a large paint manufacturer w factories in New Jersey produced eno paint to do the job. And one of the colon who had just received an unexpected $4 bequest immediately "tithed" his windf and provided $400 to pay men to put paint where it would do the most good.

But when an organization in Millv wanted to come in and "beautify" the ony, the residents turned the proposit down. They wanted to retain the natu beauty of their community, with its clea homesites among the pines, its gravel-surfa streets, the informal flower gardens in fr and vegetable patches in back of the hou The only thing which might be called "f mal" at the colony is the planting of ev greens around the Community House. If a "beautifying" was to be done, the colon said, they'd do it. Recently, when So Security payments were raised, several r dents offered to increase their rent to prov additional funds for community purposes

The Community House is the heart activity in the colony, though not of its l "Life" resides in the individual heart of e of the colonists. Carved in the mantel of fireplace at one end of the assembly hall the words, "All to the glory of God," a below, on a plaque, "Dedicated to thos the twilight of life who seek Peace, Harm & Contentment."

Here the daily mail is distributed; here Thursday nights entertainment is provide movies, plays, concerts, and so on—follo by refreshments paid for out of the 25 cen month Community Club dues each colo pays. Here, also, on Sunday afternoons n sectarian services are held. Formerly, past of Millville churches conducted these se ices, but some of the sermons didn't go do so well: "We don't have to be talked different because we're old folks," Mrs. Bark said. Now Mrs. Morrison leads—"Usuall just read a sermon I find in a newspaper somewhere"—the Episcopal Church pray book is used, and all join in singing the hymns they love. Here at other times co nists come to borrow books from the we stocked library, or to sew together, or pl dominoes or pinochle, or just to gossip. M Morrison has her apartment in a wing of t

pictures on the level

• Have you ever visited places where all the framed pictures hung so askew you felt seasick? The Journal Workshop has straightened out this whole business, once and for all. First, it suggests that large pictures, especially wide ones, stay put when they are hung from two hooks instead of one.

• For mirrors or pictures, there are small corner tabs made of foam rubber. You stick them on and the adhesive back keeps them right there and they keep the pictures level. Another idea is to use moleskin or masking tape; you can cut it into triangles and fasten to the corners of the backs of the pictures. The Journal also tried, and liked, small sections of sandpaper glued with household cement to the lower corners.

• Cellulose tape or masking tape over the spot where you plan to drive a hook or nail will help keep old plaster from crumbling away.

Community House, so she is always on tap. Here, too, is the community telephone over which food and other orders to Millville stores can be given, and by which, on rare occasions, a doctor can be summoned.

Strangely, for a community of the elderly, health is no problem here. "The people here don't get sick—they just die," Mrs. Barker says. "In the past thirteen years no one has been sick longer than three weeks. Our philosophy prevents some illness: 'Eat well, keep busy, don't worry.' Our healthful climate and the pine trees help. But occasionally someone just decides that he's come to the end of the trail, and there's nothing you can do. He just dies. Not often—most of our people feel the way Jim does: that if they live another hundred years they still won't have time to do all the things they've planned."

"But the colony does need a small nursing home," Mrs. Morrison says. "When folks our age get sick they ought to be where someone can take care of them." The board is aware of this need, and when funds are available will supply it.

What bothers Roosevelt Colonyites most, apparently, are the mosquitoes—but after all, this is New Jersey. Mosquito Control does a good job with its "smogging" program, and all front porches and windows are well screened, but on summer evenings the air at Roosevelt Park is apt to be somewhat redolent of citronella. However, as one resident said, even mosquitoes serve a purpose: "If it weren't for the pesky critters, what would we have to complain about?"

Teased about her determined unmarried state by an often-wedded friend, Marie Corelli, the British novelist, retorted: "I have really no need for a husband. At home I have three pets who answer the purpose. I have a dog who growls all morning, a parrot who swears all afternoon, and a cat who comes home late at night."

"Complain" is a word that seems to be missing from the vocabulary of the colonists. Recently a person-by-person poll elicited just two complaints: the sparsity of telephones in the community, and the difficulty of summoning help if a person were taken ill or suffered an accident in his home. The latter was taken care of immediately: a police whistle now hangs beside every front door in the colony.

But "co-operation" looms large in the life of these people, if not in their talk. If Mrs. Butterworth is driving up to Millville to shop, she'll take along a neighbor or two whose food shelves need restocking. If Mrs. Hoffman is planning a trip up to Island Heights to look over the Holiday House, she'll ask Mrs. Sanders or someone if she wants to go along for the ride. If Mr. Walters gets a hankering for fish fresh caught from the ocean, there's room in the back seat for anyone who wants to wet a line at Cape May.

Because of the colony's location on a main Philadelphia-to-the-sea highway—N. J. 49—it has many visitors, whose attention is caught by the sudden sight of a homelike community carved out of the surrounding pines, and by the corner plaques. One such visitor spent several hours looking the place over and talking to the superintendent. Many months later, Mrs. Morrison received a letter from a firm of Pittsburgh lawyers: the visitor had recently died, and in his will had directed that his estate of $40,000, after the death of a niece who was to receive the income, should go to the Roosevelt Park Colony for the Aged, for the erection of additional cottages to be rented to elderly couples.

Another visitor drove in, looked around, and asked a colonist, "Is this the place they call Happyland?"

Happyland? It is. Remember the plaque on the fireplace—"Dedicated to those in the twilight of life who seek Peace, Harmony & Contentment"? These people have done more than seek these things—they have found them.

THE END



"For seeing the country, Greyhound is tops!"

—says Mrs. E. L. Wiedemann's family of Dallas, Texas

"We have just returned from our first Greyhound bus trip. My daughter and son and I wanted to go to Connecticut for a vacation. When we learned that a round-trip ticket to New York cost little more than fifty dollars, we decided to do it. We are looking forward to many more trips by Greyhound. For seeing the country it's tops, for comfort it's first rate, and for economy it can't be beaten."

GREYHOUND

A LOT MORE TRAVEL FOR A LOT LESS MONEY!



Springfoot Sox

for

Active Young Men



Young men, and men who want to stay young, "go" for the smart patterns and gay colors of fashion-right SPRINGFOOT SOX. For good looks that wear and save darning care - - you're wise to select SPRINGFOOT SOX.

Other popular styles of SPRINGFOOT SOX — sizes 6 to 13 — at 39c to $1.00 a pair. For the name of your nearest dealer write:

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — SUBJECT ONLY TO REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

COMMENDED BY PARENTS' MAGAZINE

THEY WEAR WELL!

WILMINGTON HOSIERY MILLS, INC.
WILMINGTON 17, DELAWARE

Perfume That Clings

Q.—Dear Penny: I adore perfume, but for some reason or other its fragrance just does not last on me. I have told several of my friends that I want a new perfume, but first I must find out about a lasting one.—Mrs. A. W.

A. A particularly good idea for women who claim that perfume does not "stay with them" is a Liquid Skin Sachet. It smooths on the skin very easily, and lingers longer because of its sachet base. It has a slower rate of diffusion and evaporation than any other type of fragrance. Try this Houbigant Chantilly Liquid Skin Sachet. Only $1.85 plus tax at better stores.

Your Fashion Shows

TO BEST ADVANTAGE

IN

Miracle-Tread

SMART SHOES FOR GRACEFUL POISE



It's nice to know that your footwear is showing at its fashion finest . . . smartly styled with a flattering touch, beautifully crafted in every detail — and ever so comfortable with every step. The quality shows — they're *Miracle-Tread!*

$7.95 to $9.95

Some Styles Higher

DISTANT POINTS SLIGHTLY HIGHER

The Speeder

Write for Name of Nearest Dealer

MIRACLE-TREAD DIVISION *Craddock-Terry Shoe Corp., Lynchburg, Va.*



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K

BRECK HAIRDRESS HELPS KEEP HAIR SOFT AND IN PLACE

Breck Hairdress helps keep your hair in place without giving an oily appearance. Breck Hairdress is a liquid cream hairdressing containing lanolin. It offers you the easiest, quickest and best way to care for your hair. Breck Hairdress gives body and elasticity to your hair. It is especially helpful when hair has dry, split ends and is over permanented. It can also be used diluted as a cream rinse. Breck Hairdress leaves your hair fragrant with a natural softness and lustre.

Breck Hairdress in the 2½ ounce, 4 ounce and 16 ounce sizes is available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.

JOHN H BRECK INC · MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS · SPRINGFIELD 3 . MASSACHUSETT
NEW YORK · SAN FRANCISCO · OTTAWA CANAD

A STARLET'S FIVE-PIECE WARDROBE. $111.85

Jeanne Bal, 22 years old, of Santa Monica, California, dances in a well-known Broadway musical and understudies a singing part. "Pretty clothes plus singing lessons take a lot of planning," she tells us, "or the checkbook doesn't balance." She likes a cotton or rayon suit, a shantung dress that goes everywhere, a coat with glamour, and always a white evening dress. Jeanne lives at the Rehearsal Club in New York, expects to go on tour this summer. • By ANNE LINCOLN

Lace dress	**$35.00**
Coat and dress	**21.95**
Shantung suit	**14.00**
Cotton dress	**14.00**
Shantung dress	**17.95**
Piqué hat	**3.95**
Calfskin handbag	**5.00**



Navy-blue linen coat over a white piqué sheath dress.



When the cast is entertained, Jeanne wears a short white cotton lace with the full skirt she loves. By David Klein.



Natural rayon shantung suit for town or travel. Calfskin bag, chalk beads.

JACK BODI

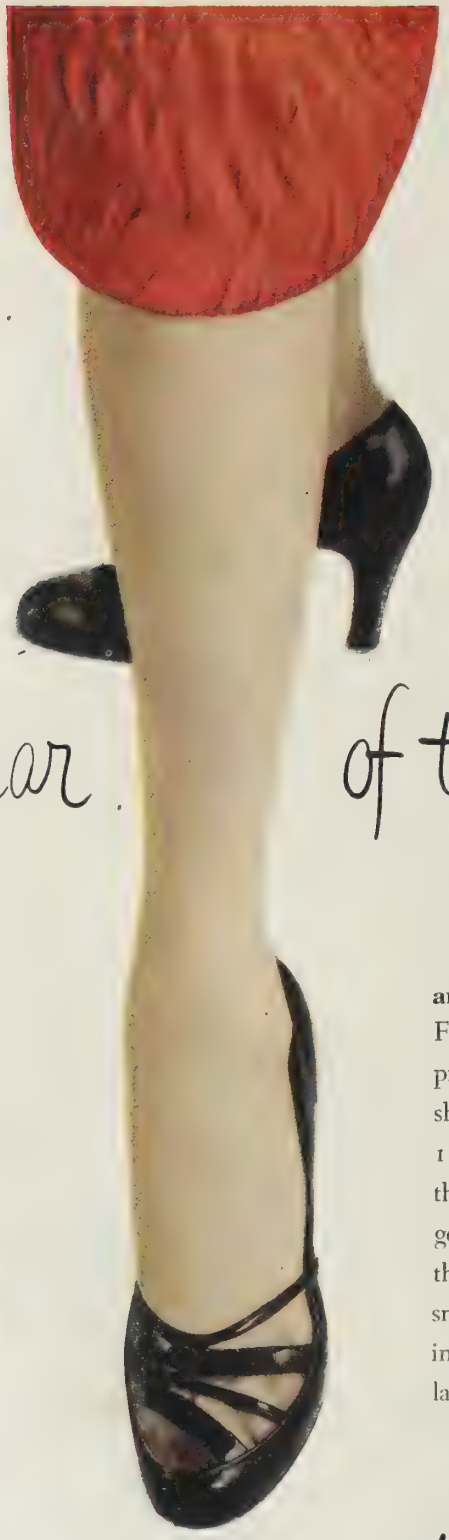


Dressed for an audition or lunch date in bright yellow shantung. By Gizele Klein



Town cotton in dark plaid by Bee Calish. Can be worn with white accessories.

This is the year of the pretty leg





and of Berkshire's 60 gauge stockings.
For many a pretty leg is winning pretty compliments with these sheer sheer Berkshires. These are the 15 and 20 denier, 60 gauge nylons with the fabulous look of luxury, the genius for moulding prettier curves, the remarkable resistance to snagging . . . stockings so good in every way they're signed with the label that won't wash off!

sheer sheer
Berkshire
stockings MADE TO FIT **YOU**

Stocking color ***"Pretty Taupe"***
Costume by Jo Copeland of Pattulo
Shoes by Newton Elkin

THE MAN WITH THREE FACES

(Continued from Page 44)

lting brown eyes, fixed on her as though y had been there for some time, the lean, ent face and wide shoulders. She looked riedly away again

The novelty number finished in a burst of zy, and after a moment of silence, the me song came on again. Francie, stirring coffee, felt her face grow warm. It was y—just because two people happened to the same song! The music, violin and er, sweet and melancholy, wove about m. Her profile was still resolutely turned, l yet she felt that she and the young man e being pulled together, were communiing in some way. Between them, the buzz voices continued; it was as though everyelse in the restaurant were tone-deaf.

HE music stopped, she moved and looked her watch. The young man blundered ough the center tables and came to her oth. He stood above her, unsmiling, somev formidable.

'I see you are about to leave. I said to self, 'It's now or never.'"

She looked up and met the shock of those wn eyes again. He looked as if he'd been a fight. There was a taped bandage on his temple and the skin around it was discored

'I don't understand—now or never at?"

'To find out what else we have in comn." He slid into the seat opposite and gan to talk rapidly. "Look—I know it sn't mean a thing. Two people say 'I'll e vanilla'—does that make them soul tes? No. Let's accept that and go on from re."

There it was again, the big, beautiful ze, the swelling sense of achievement, of ng singled out . . . and she didn't know at to do with it. She saw herself going back the office, breezing in as Lil Beecham uld, and crowing, "Well, kids, I've made a quest! Wait till you see him—definitely am stuff!" Because he *was* attractive, nest too—no pretending they'd met be-e, no pretenses at all.

But all the time she was saying, "I'm ry. I'm afraid it doesn't mean anything. t even as a starting point. And you're ht—I *am* about to leave. But it was nice hear the piece again. Even—even, not aning anything."

'Look," he said again, "credentials, birth tificate, letters of recommendation, loyalty oath." He was spilling the contents of his wallet onto the table. "I arrived here last week, and I've got a wonderful job, and I've just found a place to live, but you couldn't say I was at home. Not for one minute have I felt at home until I saw you walk in here and sit down. *Then* I felt at home. With a girl like you living in this city, I was okay."

"You're making a mistake," Francie said. "In a way, it's my fault because of how I look; I don't look competent. People think I'm just a girl to have fun with, a cute trick, but not to take seriously. Maybe you thought that. But the truth is, I'm a career girl, and serious about my job. And late getting back to it."

She rose and blindly picked up her check. She felt that it was important to get out of here as soon as possible, before he could think of something else to say.

"Good-by," she said, and added out of a remote courtesy, "I hope you like our city."

At the cashier's desk, she discovered that she had picked up a scrap of paper with her check. Perhaps her shopping list; she wouldn't stop to look at it now. She hurriedly dropped it into her handbag, and walked out onto the street without looking back.

At closing time, in the office washroom, she found the scrap of paper. At once she saw that it was nothing of hers. One side of it bore a curious diagram of spirals and arrows, with a center square labeled Scope.

She turned the paper over. Four names were scrawled on the other side, two addresses and a telephone number. Clearly, the paper had come from the young man's wallet. She read the names—Doctor Henshaw, Miss Teasdale, Ed and Sally Cunningham.

Maybe the paper was important. Maybe she should try to get it back to him. He had said he was a stranger in the city—these people might be important new contacts. There were two things she could do: return the paper to the restaurant on the chance that he would go back for it, or call the solitary phone number under Miss Teasdale and ask where it could be sent. It would certainly be awkward not even knowing the young man's name.

Or there was a third thing. She could crumple the silly paper into the wastebasket and forget it. He had probably committed the whole thing to memory, or if not, the telephone book could supply the missing information. That was it—she would look up the names in the phone book; if they were all there, she could throw away the paper with a clear conscience.

She went out to the telephone directory. She found the doctor's name, and the Cunninghams, but no Miss Teasdale was listed. Yet Miss Teasdale must have a phone—there was the number in the young man's handwriting, with a city exchange. Then it must be a private number. Why? Francie couldn't help speculating. Was Miss Teasdale rich, famous? He could certainly locate her, if it was important.

But she didn't throw away the paper. There was still that mystifying diagram.

She was so absent-minded at the family dinner table that her mother decided she was coming down with a cold.

"No," Francie protested, "I just have something on my mind."

She would have told her mother about it, except that her father and young brother were there, and she guessed they would tease her unmercifully about putting the young man in a freezer and then walking off with his property. They would accuse her of doing it on purpose.

Later, she lay in bed and went over the conversation in the restaurant as though she were listening to a recording. "Two people say 'I'll take vanilla'—does that make them soul mates?" and "I never felt at home here until you walked in and sat down."

What kind of man would say things like that? A wolf with a new approach? But he had been so straightforward; there had been nothing flippant or practiced in his manner. She saw the brown eyes again, the bruised temple. How could you tell about people? You couldn't! *Forget it!* she advised herself. Heavens, it wasn't as though this was the first time someone had tried to pick her up. Hadn't boys been whistling at her since she was twelve?

It took some effort to achieve this carefree view of the episode, but with it, she fell asleep.

She woke in the morning with a little cough; she persuaded herself that her throat was sore. Her mother thought she ought to stay in bed.

"Too bad Doctor White's on his vacation," she fretted. "I'd ask him to take a look at you."

"Heavens, I'm all right." She was ready to leave; she was adjusting the crisp piqué collar of her suit. "If it will make you feel better I'll get somebody to look at my throat during lunch hour. There's a doctor that a girl in the office has been recommending to everybody—a Doctor Henshaw."

SHE was astonished to hear that name on her lips, and the glib fabrication about the girl in the office. She swallowed guiltily. There was hardly a trace of the sore throat left; for some reason she had just wished it up. What for?

"Do that, Francie. There's so much flu going around now."

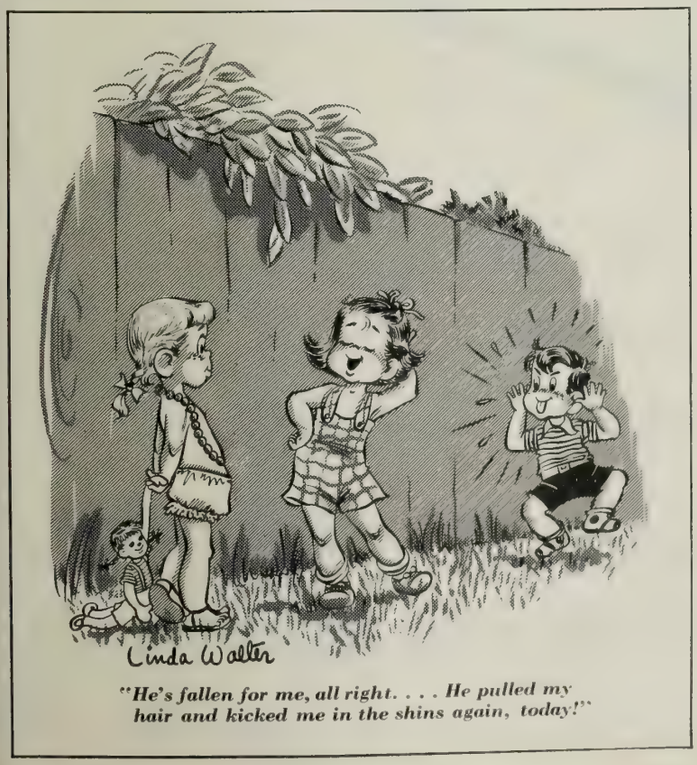
"Well—I'll see how I feel."

Doctor Henshaw's office was some distance away, and it didn't look as though she would have much time for lunch. But she found the address without any difficulty. His office hours, announced on the ground-glass door, were from one to four, and as it was only twenty minutes of one now, she was the first one in the waiting room. The place had a dusty, shabby look; she guessed Doctor Henshaw was not very prosperous.

She waited ten minutes; then a short, thick-set man in a white coat appeared from an inner room. "My nurse isn't in yet, but there's no need your waiting if you want to come in."

Francie put her hand to her throat and swallowed. She felt nothing, only nervousness. "I wonder if you can look at my throat. I think I may be coming down with flu."

(Continued on Page 223)



"He's fallen for me, all right. . . . He pulled my hair and kicked me in the shins again, today!"

Elizabeth Arden



Her name
Her fame
Her genius

Spun-Cream Permanent Wave

Since nothing less than the best ever satisfies this greatest of beauty authorities, there is a distinction to this wonderful home permanent which is recognized, and prized, by beauty-seeking, quality-conscious women everywhere. It is the one permanent wave for home use with oil actually spun into the magic curling lotion.



PIN CURL PERMANENT, fast and easy as setting your hair. Spun-Cream Lotion, special alloy Bob pins, Curlstick, Curlcap, Neutralizer $2

ROD CURL PERMANENT perfect for all types and lengths of hair. Spun-Cream Lotion, Rod Curlers, Blue Grass shampoo, hair pomade, neutralizer, cotton pads, curlcap $3.50. Refills, $1.65

all prices plus tax



No matter where you buy it...
No matter what you pay...
Be sure your cottons never shrink out of fit...

Be sure you see "Sanforized" on the label...
and avoid the woes of shrinkage!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

(Continued from Page 221)

"Got a little temperature, have you?"

"Well, I'm not sure. Perhaps you'd better
e."

With a thermometer in her mouth, her
ind was empty. What was she going to say
ext? But he made it easy for her.

"Don't think I've seen you before. You
ew in town?"

She shook her head. He removed the ther-
ometer, and that surprising glibness came
her again, as though she had rehearsed the
nes. "My own doctor's away, and a friend
mine told me about you. A young man you
eated for a cut—or a wound. Perhaps you
member—it was on his left temple."

He studied the thermometer. "Tempera-
re's normal. We might have a look at that
roat. Feel scratchy?" She opened her
outh and he said, "I remember the fellow.
ot into a street fight. Somebody threw a
one at him, cut his forehead open."

She managed a deprecatory little laugh. "I
now. He's always getting into things."

"Claimed a couple of hoodlums were pick-
g on a smaller boy. It was the little fella
at threw the stone. 'Don't surprise me,' I
ld him. 'If you're going to take sides every
ne you see a fight going on, you're asking
r trouble. Half the time, both sides will turn
id jump on you.'"

"He's the aggressive type," she said with a
int defiance.

"A natural-born scrapper, I'd say." He
t back and scowled
oughtfully at her.
Don't see as there's
ything wrong with
ur throat. Maybe
u're just tired out,
en working too hard."

"I guess that's it. I
ally feel better al-
ady, knowing I'm not
ming down with any-
ing." She stood up.
Could I pay you now
id not bother about
bill? I must get back
my office."

"Well, I haven't
ne very much. Make
a couple of dollars."

"You've relieved my mind. By the way,
you have my—my friend's address? He
ld me he was moving, but he didn't say
here. He'll probably call in a day or so, but
I like to know ——"

"Why, I guess I have." They were back in
e waiting room now. "When my nurse is in,
e always gets the names and addresses.
t's see—that must have been Saturday."
e thumbed back two or three pages in the
pointment book lying on the desk. "David
arks. That's your fellow."

"And—and the address?"

He shook his head. "No address. I re-
mber now, said he was staying at a hotel.
st come to town and wasn't settled yet."

"Thank you." She smiled brightly at him.
Well, he'll call me. I'll tell him what you
id—now he's living in the big city, he'll
ve to learn to mind his own business."

Out on the street she walked two blocks
thout noticing where she was going. David
arks. The name, as she had seen it over the
ctor's shoulder, was photographed in her
emory.

HE went out that evening on a double
ncing date. It was fun, she supposed; at
st it always had been fun. But tonight
th the boys and the other girl, all of whom
e had known since high school, seemed tire-
mely familiar—she knew all their witti-
sms, their families, their jobs. She knew
st the moment, on the way home, when
lis Clark would make his usual, fumbling
tempt at a little back-seat petting.

Tonight she pushed him away impatiently,
d when he subsided good-naturedly, and
clared himself willing to settle for a ham-
rg and a cup of coffee, she thought, with
orn, *An aggressive man wouldn't be so easily
scouraged. If he wanted to kiss me, he would—
d make me want it too.*

They parked the car and went into a diner
hamburgs, and Francie's eyes hurried over the line standing at the counter, looking for wide, thin shoulders beneath a bandaged left temple.

Francie held the telephone as though she were afraid it might explode, and spoke carefully into the mouthpiece. "Miss Teasdale? This is Frances Tabor. You don't know me, but I believe we have a mutual acquaintance in Mr. David Sparks. Could you tell me how to get in touch with him? I have a valuable paper of his I'd like to return."

"OH, my dear, I've been expecting all week to hear from Davey. So he's really arrived! His mother wrote me he was coming, and that he'd call me as soon as he was settled. I want to give a little party for him, see that he meets some nice young people. Davey's such a shy boy ——" The fluttery, middle-aged voice stopped in mid-sentence. "Who did you say this is—a friend of Davey's?"

"Frances Tabor. I'm not exactly a friend. But I've seen him, and I have this paper of his, and if I could just know where to send it ——"

"But if you've seen Davey —— This is all so confusing! I don't hear very well on the telephone—that's why I don't have it listed. Why don't you come and see me? I want to hear all about Davey."

"But I don't really know anything, Miss Teasdale."

But Miss Teasdale was already giving her the directions for getting to her house.

Mark Twain wanted to take Olivia to see Sarah Bernhardt, but when she heard that balcony tickets were three dollars apiece, she raised the roof. "And you're the man," she reproached him, "who told me you couldn't afford to raise our poor maids' wages three dollars a month! You take that six dollars right out to the kitchen and give it to them!" Twain sheepishly did her bidding. The maids added four dollars of their own to the six he had given them, and went to see Sarah Bernhardt—in the orchestra.

"Davey's such a shy, sensitive boy." It was the thing about him that Miss Teasdale was surest of. She and David's mother had been friends since girlhood. Miss Teasdale had never married, and she had loved David as though he were her own.

At least once a year she had visited the Sparks family, and she had watched David grow up. Once she had been there on her birthday, and he had written her a poem—a lovely, delicate thing for a twelve-year-old. And he had a great feeling for drama; he was always getting up theatricals with the neighborhood children. And he played the violin—surely Francie knew about his musical talent?

Francie sat in Miss Teasdale's cluttered, Victorian living room, holding a teacup, entranced and bewildered. Could this possibly be the same David Sparks who got into street fights, and made brash attempts to pick up strange girls?

"No," she faltered, "I've never heard him play. As I said, I've just barely met him. You see, I picked up this paper by mistake, and I thought he might want it back." She fell into silence, feeling that the paper was no longer of any real importance. Even the diagram was probably nothing but doodling. Besides, Miss Teasdale couldn't seem to take in the actual circumstances of her meeting with Davey.

The older woman said plaintively, "I don't see why he doesn't call me. I thought he might want my advice in finding a place to live. His mother wrote that he didn't know anybody else in town except a young married man who went to college with him. Of course, we can always get his address by writing to the family."

"Oh, no," Francie said hastily. "That isn't necessary, I just thought—if you happened to know." She was moving toward the door. "Thanks for the tea. You've been awfully nice—a stranger, barging in this way."

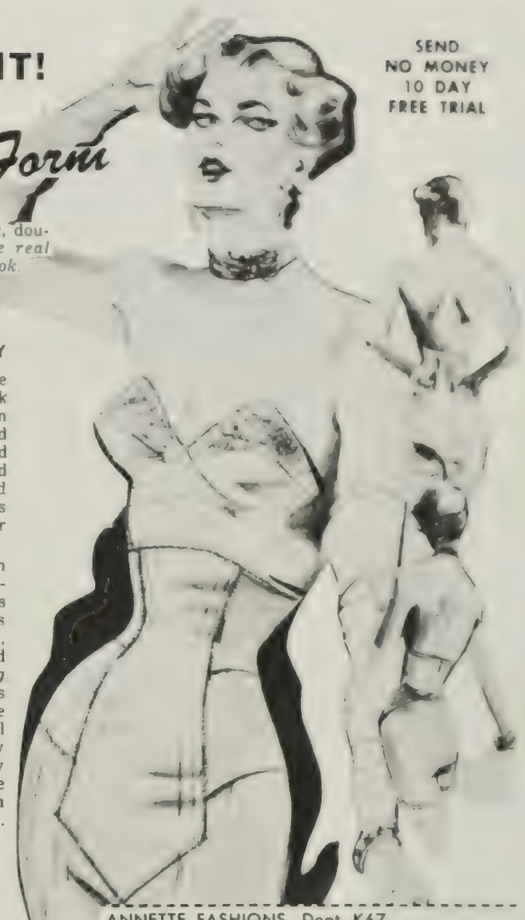
"Now, my dear, no friend of Davey's is a stranger. And remember, as soon as I can arrange it, we're going to have a little party. I know some young people, children of dear friends." She patted Francie on the shoulder. "I declare, it's just lovely—here he's been in the city only a few days, and already he's met such a nice girl!"

NEW! DIFFERENT!

French Form

With the original magic, double diagonal pull. *The real secret of the French look.*

SEND NO MONEY 10 DAY FREE TRIAL



REDUCE 3 INCHES OFF YOUR WAISTLINE INSTANTLY

Corrects your whole silhouette posture . . . makes you look taller! You feel like sixteen again! Exclusively designed double elastic waistband which you just wrap around your waistline and hook closed in the back. French Form is guaranteed adjustable to your exact size.

Like magic, French Form gives instant slenderizing figure control. Your figure is molded into new lines, inches disappear from waist, hips, thighs and all with ease and comfort . . . *standing, sitting* or *stretching*. French Form is guaranteed to keep its shape and its stretch. Will *never* roll or curl at the top. Expertly made of 1st quality 2-way stretch rayon elastic with the finest satin panel. Light in weight, washes like a dream.

In gorgeous shades of NUDE, WHITE and BLUE

4.98 — IN TWO STYLES

Reg. Girdle or Panty Girdle. Panty girdle with removable snap-button crotch and garters.

Small (25-26), Medium (27-28), Large (29-30), Extra-Large (31-32)

Also: "Plus" Sizes for the fuller figure: XX (33-35), XXX (36-38), XXXX (39-40), XXXXX (41-43)

French Form, made for the modern discriminating woman, is way ahead of all other girdles! *Try this girdle for 10 days.* Your appearance must be 100% improved or money will be fully refunded

ANNETTE FASHIONS, Dept. K67
45 East 17th Street, New York 3, N. Y.
Please rush FRENCH FORM on approval. If not delighted I may return it within ten (10) days for refund of purchase price.
☐ I enclose $ ..... you pay postage.
☐ Send C.O.D., I'll pay $ ..... plus postage.
Please Check ☐ Regular Girdle ☐ Panty Girdle with removable crotch
CORRECT SIZE please ..... SEND ME ..... EXTRA CROTCHES @ 49¢ ea
1st Color Choice ..... 2nd Color Choice .....
NAME (Print) .....
ADDRESS (Print) .....
CITY ..... Zone ..... State .....

CONSTIPATED TODAY? After 35, Do This—

Use all vegetable Serutan designed especially for folks over 35. *Serutan is different.* Acts with Nature to give you daily regularity. Results are so pleasant, you'll be reminded of your younger days. What a wonderful feeling to be regular again! Get Serutan at your drugstore today. Money-back guarantee.

POWDER GRANULAR





LAVORIS
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.
MOUTHWASH AND GARGLE

Night and morning when colds are prevalent

Exactly the Right Thing!

How It Acts

Lavoris detaches and removes germ-harboring accumulations from mouth and throat

Lavoris stimulates local circulation and thereby aids the natural resistance of the tissues



Tangy Cinnamon-clove Flavor

DOES A THOROUGH JOB SO PLEASANTLY



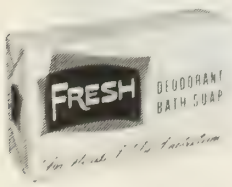
Are you always Lovely to Love?

At important moments like this . . . underarm protection must be complete.

Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be stopped and stay stopped. Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it **really stops perspiration.**

Furthermore, with FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated . . . and start to work all over again at those times when you need protection most. **No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.**





For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap...prevents body perspiration yet mild and gentle...contains amazing new soap ingredient Hexachlorophene, reported in Reader's Digest.

It wasn't, she told herself firmly, that she regretted having brushed off his overtures in the restaurant. No, she had done the only possible thing—no self-respecting girl could let him get away with it. And it wasn't that during the three days that had passed the memory of the thin, determined face and the brown eyes had grown more attractive. No, it was because it was so puzzling, trying to fit together those two personalities—Doctor Henshaw's tough guy and Miss Teasdale's gentle genius. What kind of person was David Sparks?

The question nagged at her, would give her no peace.

Two more days went by while she tried to forget him. On the third, she went back to the restaurant for lunch, with another girl to make it casual. He wasn't there. And then it was Sunday. Late on Sunday afternoon, she took a walk.

She wasn't kidding herself any longer. She knew exactly where she was going. She was going to find the apartment on Forest Avenue where Ed and Sally Cunningham lived.

The Normandy Apartments were in the 400 block on Forest Avenue. Lining both sides of the street, and spilling halfway up a side street, were parked cars. It looked like a party, and when Francie walked into the swank foyer of the apartment house, she was sure of it.

People were moving from the parked cars into the building, expectant, festive-looking people. But none of it meant anything to her until a woman in a pink hat, part of a gay group, said to the elevator man, "Cunninghams—on the third floor, aren't they?" And instantly, the thought struck her like a blow: *If they're having a party, then naturally he'll be there!* He might be upstairs right now, or he might, at any moment, walk into the building.

More people were coming in. Francie opened her purse and felt inside for the paper, as though it were a passport. Then she went across to the elevator, got in with the new arrivals, and was whisked up to the third floor.

"I don't want to intrude," she meant to say, "but I'd like to deliver a message to Mr. Sparks. It's rather important. Then I must run along." And the moment she saw him, she'd walk over with a gracious little smile: "I don't suppose you ever expected to see this again." And she'd hold out the paper.

THERE was no time for more planning. The doors opened; across the hall she heard the hostess' voice: "I know. It's a madhouse! But then, our parties always are!"

The woman in the pink hat, just ahead of Francie, called out, "Don't scold me, Sally, darling—we've brought reinforcements. You've heard me speak of the Albees. They dropped in just as we were leaving, and I cruelly refused them a drink, but I said, 'I'll escort you to the best free drinks in town.'"

And then there was a lot of jolly talk about plying people with liquor, and the Albees' being so pliable by nature, and somebody shook Francie's hand and said weren't Paul's puns nauseating, and she was in.

She stood in a crush of guests, and some one put a cocktail into her hand. He wa definitely not in this room, but there was dining room beyond, and she couldn't be sur until she had looked in that too. Graduall she moved toward the dining room.

THE long table was covered with hor d'oeuvres, and solidly flanked with guests. A one end a man was ladling punch. No on noticed her; she might have been invisible. Sh had a giddy sense of irresponsibility. A tra of canapés halted at the group beside he and into the moment's break it made in th conversation, she slid a solitary question.

"Do any of you happen to know Davi Sparks?"

"Who? Sparks? I don't believe so." Tw others shook their heads. But the fourth, slight young man with an English accent, re membered, "Isn' that the chap E brought around t Barney's last week Classmate of his a college, just arrive in town?"

"Tall, sort of thi face, brown eyes? Francie supplied.

"That's the fellow Lots of fun, told couple of good stories.

"Why isn't he her today? If he was classmate, I shoul think . . . he'd be in vited."

Now they were a looking at her cur ously. That littl break in her voic which she hadn't bee able to help—tha had done it.

Sally, the hostess was steering som late-comers toward the food. "Now eat House rules. No drinks on an empty stomach. These Sun day brunchers who expect to fill up on alcohol ——"

"Sally," said the slight young man "what happened to that chap, old college pal of Ed's, he brought around to Barney's house last week?"

"David Sparks? Oh, him!" Sally was shoving food toward her guests. "He was the most dreadfu disappointment. I thought he was so attrac tive, and it's always such a godsend to ge an extra man in the crowd. But he turned out to be so high-minded and ambitiou about this new job—making radar equip ment or some such thing—oh, dear, Ed and I were just frivolous children!" She popped a cheese titbit into her mouth. "I called him three times this week—a crowd o us went bowling Tuesday, and Friday for dancing, and then for today, and it's always. 'So sorry, I've got to work.' It's a new job. and oh, so vital to national defense, so he works all day and studies far into the night. Well, he's just no *fun!*"

Quietly, with no good-bys, Francie slid out of the dining room, through the crowded, chattering living room into the little entrance hall of the apartment. There was nobody in the hall. A table held a rose-shaded lamp and a telephone, and beside it there was an open leather-bound book, indexed and scrawled with phone numbers. "I called him three times this week," Sally had said.

Hurriedly, but justified now, because, who knows, the diagram might be important to national defense, Francie flipped the pages to S. There it was D. Sparks, and the phone number, a new entry, crowded into a margin. Then she was out of the apartment and running down the stairs, while the number said

And the Place Was Home

By Sara King Carleton

It will be dark in the house when
you come back;
Stand at the gate and look, the
trees will be bare,
The path that your footsteps take
will show no track,
No voice will answer your call,
no one will be there.
If you put your hand to the door, the
door will fade;
If you enter the hall, if you turn to
the left or right,
You will find no window to lift, no
down-drawn shade,
Only a listening shadow, only the
night.

Once on a time the rooms were dark
when you came,
But the gate latch fell with a click,
and your step was heard;
The windows flared as you called a
familiar name,
The whole house sprang into
light at a single word.
Stand at the gate and watch, you will
see it rise,
You will see it there as it was
through the tears in your eyes.

have a chance to cook. Drain. There will be very little liquid anyway. Chop spinach coarsely. Make a sauce as follows: Melt 4 tablespoons margarine; blend in 4 tablespoons flour. Add 2 cups milk gradually and stir until thickened. Add ⅛ teaspoon onion salt, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, and then season to taste with salt and pepper. Remove from heat. Then add ½ cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoonful at a time, mixing well. Lastly, add 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Mix half of this sauce with the cooked and drained spinach. Put in a greased casserole. Open 1 can tuna, drain off oil, and distribute the pieces over the spinach. Top with the rest of the sauce and sprinkle with ½ cup cracker crumbs tossed with 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 25 minutes. Serves 6.

Hamburg, because of its stretchable qualities, is the modest mainstay of many meals on the budget. You've made it into loaves, countless kinds of meat balls, combined it with macaroni, noodles, rice, spaghetti or potatoes. Now, for a change, build it into a casserole with layers of vegetables. It's hearty without being a stop sign to any weight watchers in the family. Coleslaw made with care from cabbage that is young and green is a good choice for the salad. Cost-wise and as a salute to the season, rhubarb tapioca would be a right dessert.

HAMBURG DINNER DISH

Slightly sauté 2 green peppers, sliced, with 1 onion, chopped, in 2 tablespoons hot shortening. Add 1 pound ground raw beef, 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Brown lightly, stirring as you cook. Put 2 cups canned whole-kernel corn or frozen cut corn (thawed but uncooked) in the bottom of a casserole. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cover with sautéed beef, peppers and onion. Top with 4 small tomatoes, thinly sliced, laid neatly over the top so this dish will look as good as it will taste. Sprinkle tomatoes with salt and pepper and about ¼ teaspoon sugar. Toss ½ cup bread or cracker crumbs in 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine. Sprinkle over the top and bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., 40 minutes. Serves 6. When corn season comes along, make this with fresh corn.

Not all casseroles are as quick to prepare as this one. It takes only 15 minutes to put together, 15 minutes to bake. Purée of spinach, flavored with nutmeg, tastes good with this. Skip the salad and have apricot fritters with raspberry jam for dessert.

BELGIAN EGG CASSEROLE

Blend 2 tablespoons flour with a little of the juice drained from 1 No. 2 can tomatoes. Add the tomato pulp, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and a pinch of basil. Cook a few minutes until thickened. Pour into greased shallow rectangular baking dish, about 6″x10″, or 6 individual casseroles. Fry 12 pork sausages and arrange in the sauce. Break 6 eggs into sauce so they come in between the sausages. Season tops of the eggs with salt and pepper. Prepare 1½ cups soft bread crumbs—don't use dry bread for this dish. Sprinkle over eggs. Dot with butter or margarine and bake 15 minutes in moderate oven, 350° F., or until the whites of the eggs set. Serves 6.

Most *risottos* have a broth base and are cooked in a covered pot over direct heat. This one is for the casserole-minded and is truly a hearty meal for an early-spring evening. For your salad, cook 4″ pieces of pascal celery in beef broth or consommé, or use beef cubes or meat paste and boiling water instead. Chill, drain and serve on romaine. Dress with oil and vinegar and black pepper. A fruit tray makes a perfect ending for this type of meal. Bring in some green leaves to put under the fruit. You might even tuck in a twig of forsythia here and there.

RISOTTO

Cook 1 cup rice in boiling salted water until just tender. Drain and rinse with hot water. Add ¾ teaspoon salt and mix lightly with a fork. Grease a shallow baking dish, 7″x11″. Arrange half the rice in the bottom of the dish. Combine 1 eight-ounce can tomato sauce with 1 can spaghetti meat sauce. Pour ⅔ cup of it over rice. Arrange slices of thinly sliced Italian salami and slices of Italian *mozzarella* cheese over top. Add ⅔ cup more sauce, a layer of rice, salami and cheese and end with rest of sauce; ⅓ cup of buttered bread crumbs may be sprin-

A familiar dish with new accessories—macaroni-and-cheese de luxe.





The Best Cooks Use Stokely's Finest Foods



Mrs. Herbert P. Miner, 4508½ S. 6th, Louisville, chosen 'Best Cook' by Beechmont Women's Club.

Mrs. Miner knows this help-yourself way of serving Stokely's Finest Vegetables is like saying help yourself to a "gardenful" of prize flavors. Take your pick! If it's Honey Pod Peas, they're tender, sweet, vine-fresh, the finest grown . . . Stokely's Finest. If it's Small Green Lima Beans or Golden Whole Kernel Corn, they're blue-ribbon quality, picked and packed when flavor's perfect. Enjoy the *finest* . . . reach for Stokely's and *get* the finest.



ON SALE AT ALL GOOD GROCERS!

ANGLO



CORNED BEEF

Rim platter with Anglo Corned Beef, piping hot—then scramble eggs in the savory drippings. Anglo is all solid, lean meat—no bone, gristle or excess fat.





ROAST BEEF

Add ½ cup drained, grated horseradish with dash of cayenne to 1 cup of hot white sauce. Serve on hot Anglo Roast Beef. Anglo is unsurpassed in quality. Makes tasty meat pies, stews and ragouts!



ANGLO IS BEEF AT ITS BEST

kled over top, if desired. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 45 minutes. You'll need about ⅓ pound salami and ½ pound *mozzarella* cheese. Serves 6.

This one says, "Certainly, it's spring." Good other times of the year, since you can always buy frozen asparagus, this casserole is definitely at its best right now in the not-too-lengthy season for fresh asparagus. Serve it with crusty rolls and a simple salad of greens, young radishes and green onions. Might there be strawberries in your market for dessert?

SWEETBREAD-AND-ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

Cook 1 package frozen asparagus or ½ bunch washed fresh asparagus, in boiling salted water until tender. Drain very well. Arrange asparagus in shallow rectangular baking dish, 6″ x 10″ x 1½″.

Slice 4 hard-cooked eggs and 2 pairs cooked sweetbreads. You may know all about cooking sweetbreads, but in case you don't, here's the how to do:

Cook sweetbreads in water to cover, adding 1 teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar, for about 15 minutes. Drain and plunge into cold water. Remove any bits of membrane or tubing.

Arrange in layers over the asparagus, seasoning each layer lightly with salt and pepper. Season 2 cups medium-thick cream sauce with 1¼ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 3 teaspoons grated onion and some black pepper. Pour over casserole and bake ½ hour in moderate oven, 350° F., until bubbly and brown on top. Serves 6.

Here is my creed. I believe in one God, the creator of the universe. That He governs it by His Providence. That He ought to be worshipped. That the most acceptable service we render to Him is doing good to His other children. That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion. —FRANKLIN.

Most of the chicken casseroles in your collection are probably those made with cooked chicken. In this one you are going to cook the chicken right in the casserole with your dinner vegetables. For your salad add Roquefort cheese and grated raw apple to your basic French dressing. Serve on lettuce hearts. For dessert, a very cold mocha-chiffon pudding, garnished with a sprinkling of shaved chocolate, would be just about perfect.

FRENCH CHICKEN AND VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

Cut a frying-size chicken into serving-size pieces. Season well with salt and pepper. Roll the pieces in flour. Cut ¼ pound salt pork or bacon into small pieces. Fry until crisp. Either bacon or salt pork would do, but the salt pork adds just the right flavor to this dish.

Skim out the crisp bits of pork or bacon and brown the floured chicken, a few pieces at a time, in the fat. Place the chicken in a large casserole. Sprinkle with ¼ teaspoon thyme and a pinch of marjoram.

Prepare 1½ cups raw sliced carrots, 1⅓ cups raw peeled small white onions and 1½ cups diced raw potatoes. Mix with 1 small can mushrooms and put in casserole on top of the chicken. To 1½ cups boiling water add ½ bay leaf, crushed, 1 sprig parsley, 1 clove garlic, minced, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and the crisp bacon or salt pork. Pour over the vegetables. Cover casserole and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 1¼ hours or until chicken is tender when tested with a fork. Serves 4–6. THE END

I've got the sweetest refrigerator

IN HALF THE TIME WITH SODA!



No more "icebox odor!" Soda sweetens as it cleans. Just sprinkle on damp cloth, wipe inner surfaces. Spots and odors disappear!

Soda emulsifies greasy film, cleans without scouring. And there are no suds, no grit to rinse away. Wash ice trays in soda solution. Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda is pure Bicarbonate of Soda, U.S.P. Couldn't be safer and **costs less than ½¢ a week.** Soda is the cleanser recommended by 22 leading refrigerator manufacturers.

Write for FREE COOKBOOK. Church & Dwight Co., 70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.





2 in 1
COOKING—REFRIGERATION COMBINATION
Saves Space
Saves Dollars

Perfect for the small kitchen, guest house, recreation room or den, bachelor apartment, office, etc. Combines electric refrigeration with high-grade cooking top, either gas or electric (110 volt or 220). Requires only 4.1 square feet of floor space. Sold under guarantee. See your local dealer or write direct for complete information, including prices and where-to-buy.

GENERAL AIR CONDITIONING CORP.
4540 EAST DUNHAM ST., LOS ANGELES 23, CALIF.



INSTANTLY! Just sugar . . . hot water . . . Mapleine. Directions on bottle—at grocers. Mapleine flavors desserts, too. Free recipes. Crescent Mfg. Co., Dept. H., Seattle, Wash.

NATIONAL DEFENSE CANNOT BE INTERMITTENT

(Continued from Page 14)

urth, and conceivably at widely separated oints simultaneously.

Let us take a purely hypothetical (but conivably possible) situation.

Suppose that simultaneously Communist hina should attack India (a member of the ritish Commonwealth); Bulgaria, Hungary nd Rumania attack Yugoslavia; Poland, zechoslovakia and East Germany attack 'estern Germany; and a communist *Putsch* pulled off in Iran—and Russia not enter *ny* of the widely separated wars. The Rusan planners would be masterminding them l, but the Soviet Union could not, under ny existing definitions, be termed an aggressor! Where, then, would our armies be nt? To the four corners of the globe? And ppose, then, at that moment, Russia decided to "take back" Alaska, in "precautiony self-defense"?

Russia's strength, as I see it, lies in her beg able to stir up wars, north, east, south nd west, while reserving her own forces un—as Stalin himself put it, in 1939—"the al and decisive phase of the conflict."

It should seem obvious, I think, that if the nited Nations, or, in fact, one part of the nited Nations, consisting of states widely parated geographically, wish to create a stem of collective security, it must be cred on a regional basis—Asiatic states to defend Asia, and so on. And if there is to be a United Nations "police force," on call for the defense of any nation attacked, it must be what it is called: a professional volunteer army, recruited and paid by those United Nations countries who are combined in a system of collective security, and not the forces conscripted by the separate members from their own citizens. It should be an army extremely well paid, superbly equipped, and stationed on various spots throughout the world, where its weight could immediately be thrown into any conflict. Otherwise nations who have sent off their troops to defend others may find themselves weakened against an attack on their own soil!

It is preposterous, furthermore, that any state should be able to vote this country or any other into a position which implies war, without the compulsion to bear its proportionate part of the burden—in lives and in money.

If no such regional defense, or volunteer professional army for international service, can be created, then, as I see it, the United States *must* limit its commitments. For no country, however strong, can plan a reasonable military policy for a program involving completely unforeseeable developments anywhere on the planet. And certainly not one with only 6 per cent of the world's population.

HUSBAND AT HOME

(Continued from Page 72)

Reagh turned from his chair. "If that's you can talk about, I've got dishes to ——"

"Look"—he smiled brightly—"you ought have one of those sink disposal things. It uld make dishwashing easier."

"What things?" She looked at him suspiusly.

"You know; you have them installed in ur sink, right in the drain. Ends garbage isance, according to the ads. It grinds up ything—orange peels, eggshells, even old nes—and they just wash away down the ain. So all you'd have to do when I'm . . . ne ——"

"Ben!"

"I only wanted to make things eas——"

"All right; that's enough."

"I simply ——"

"That's *enough*, now." She tucked the col- of his robe snugly around his neck, then ned toward the kitchen. "Anything you nt?"

"Well"—he leaned over the arm of his air, looking back at Reagh—"what's there drink?"

She stopped. "Ginger ale? More orange ce?"

"No. Something hot, maybe. I feel an inctive need for something hot; it might st save me."

"Tea? Coffee?"

"Either one."

"Well, if you don't really care. I'll make it ; it's easier."

"Fine. Why is it easier?"

"You just drop a tea bag in a cup of hot ter. Making coffee's a nuisance for just e cup."

"Well, tea's fine." He pulled a tissue from e box beside him and blew his nose.

the kitchen, Reagh put a small pan of ter on to boil, then stacked the breakfast shes on the drainboard. She wrapped the d around the toaster and put it away, efully removed a toast crumb from the face of the butter, covered the dish, and t it into the refrigerator.

"Reagh?" Ben called from the living room. When's the mail come?"

She stepped to the doorway. "About ten ten-thirty."

"Well, it's after ten now." He looked at r questioningly.

"It'll be here soon." She nodded toward e living-room windows. "You can usually see him; he comes down the other side of the street."

The water boiled and Reagh turned back into the kitchen, got out cup and saucer, and made Ben's tea. Then she carried it out to the living room, walking cautiously across the rug, balancing the filled cup on its saucer. Ben was leaning forward in his chair, looking down at the street.

"Here's your tea," she said. "There's sugar already in it."

"Oh, thanks." He turned and took the cup, then nodded toward the window. "Look at that guy; all the time in the world."

Reagh glanced out the window to see the mailman talking to a doorman down the street. "What's your hurry?"

"No hurry." Ben smiled and took a sip of his tea. "I just like to get my mail on time, that's all; I'm a taxpayer and citizen." He set his cup on the table and slouched down in his chair, hands clasped over his stomach. "Fact is, I'm expecting mail from all over the world. Big fat envelopes covered with rubber stampings in several languages. Odd-looking inscriptions. Foreign stamps. *Interesting* mail, that's what I need today."

"From where, for example?" She sat down on the arm of his chair.

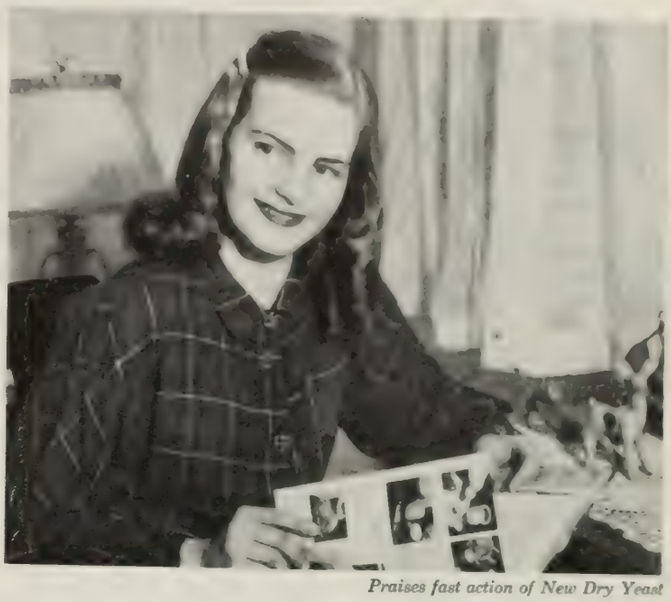
"Rangoon. From Sir Henry Chumley, pronounced Cholmondeley, MP, and colonel in His Majesty's Rifles. He's one of my chess correspondents." He looked up at Reagh.

"Okay," she said, "you've got a cold; I'll stooge for you. What's a chess correspondent?"

"Master chess players always ——"

"You couldn't beat a four-year-old at Chinese checkers."

"Master chess players have trouble finding decent competition. So they play by mail with experts all over the world. In a special room of the house, never to be disturbed, they keep a board set up for each game. A few rare masters like myself dispense with that, simply keeping the board arrangements in our heads. You exchange moves by air mail. Just now, in addition to old Chumley, I am playing chess with an Oxford don, professor emeritus of Sanskrit, a Russian cavalry officer in Vladivostok, the ship's physician of a famous luxury liner, a railroad-crossing watcher in Mill Valley, California, and a lifetermer at Alcatraz." He leaned forward to look out at the street again. "Look at that guy; yak, yak, yak, all day long."



Praises fast action of New Dry Yeast

Young Missouri Cook Winner of More Than 200 Blue Ribbons

Swimming, tennis and cooking are favorite hobbies with Mrs. Murl Howard. And her big collection of ribbons shows how successful she is at the latter! In 1950 this young Kansas City homemaker won 11 awards at the Missouri State Fair.

Mrs. Howard thanks Fleischmann's New Improved Active Dry Yeast for helping her get such good results. "This new dry yeast is faster rising," she says. "It's easier to use—dissolves so quickly!"

It's true! Yeast-raised treats are delicious and nourishing. Nothing can top their rich delectable flavor — nothing makes more of a hit with the menfolk either.

When you bake at home—use yeast—Fleischmann's New Improved Active Dry Yeast. It's the best ever . . . easier to use, faster dissolving, faster rising. Buy several packages today—when you bake at home, delight your family with delicious yeast-raised goodies.

PERSONALIZED STATIONERY

Your name and address printed on 100 sheets of fine Atlantic Bond Stationery plus 75 personalized envelopes **FREE** with each order. 50 personalized sheets of note paper. All enclosed in beautiful leatherette folder. PAPER COLORS: Blue, chartreuse, gray, white. Indicate 2nd choice. Entire set only **$1.75** postpaid. No C.O.D.'s. Immed. Deliv. **Dept. L.**

Darcy-Posner Ptg. Co., 220 5th Ave., N. Y. 1

WRIGHT'S

ENRICHES SILVERWARE AS IT CLEANS!



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

America's Largest Selling Silver Cleaner

PRIZE RECIPE

"PARTY" HAMBURGER

1 lb. chuck beef, ground — *2 tablesp. minced onion*
1 teasp. salt — *¼ cup water*
1 tablesp. LEA & PERRINS Worcestershire Sauce

Combine all ingredients. Ground beef is best handled lightly —otherwise cakes become too compact. Shape gently into 6 cakes. Sauté in a little hot fat in a skillet for about 3 min. on each side, or until of desired rareness. Makes 6 servings. Nancy Sasser says that the success of this prize recipe depends on LEA & PERRINS Sauce, the *original* Worcestershire.

Whenever recipes call for Worcestershire, you can be almost certain that the experts who write the recipes mean you to use LEA & PERRINS Sauce. Always ask for it by name.

FREE **RECIPE BOOK.** Write Lea & Perrins, Inc. 241 West St., New York 13, N. Y., Dept. L-4.



"I've always known that corsets are made with LASTEX yarn (bless Lastex) . . .



"And that most swimsuits owe their fit to LASTEX yarn . . .



"And that the tops of socks are knit with LASTEX yarn . . .



"But did you know that you yourself can mend, sew, shirr, ruffle, knit and crochet all manner of things with

Lastex

the miracle yarn that makes things fit

Ask for **HIAWATHA**® Elastic Thread of **LASTEX** Yarn at Notions and Needlework Depts.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Rockefeller Center • New York

"He probably has two ads for us and some soap coupons addressed to 'The Occupant'; you can't expect the pony express for that." She stood up. "Drink your tea while it's hot, now. You want some nose drops?"

"No."

Reagh went out to the kitchen, filled the dishpan, and began washing dishes.

After a few minutes, Ben called to her, "Anything to read around here?"

Holding her wet hands over the sink, Reagh leaned toward the doorway. "There's a new magazine on the coffee table."

There was a silence, then, "Where?"

Reagh shook the suds from her hands and stepped to the doorway. She glanced at the coffee table in the living room. "Right under the books where we always keep magazines."

"Oh." Ben reached out to the coffee table and moved several books aside. He took a magazine from the stack and held it up. "This one?"

"Have you seen it before?"

He glanced at the cover. "No."

"Then, yes. That one." Reagh went back into the kitchen. She washed the glasses and cups, then dropped the silverware into the dishpan, and added more hot water.

"Reagh!"

She stepped to the doorway. "Yes?"

"Listen." Ben turned in his chair, the open magazine in his lap. "I just thought of a cartoon idea; see what you think of it. You have a drawing of a mailman; Rural Free Delivery. His truck is stopped at a crossroad, and there's half a dozen of those tin mailboxes set up on posts; you know how they have them in the country?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's just put the mail in the boxes, and all those little red flags are up, one on each box. That's how they do in the country; the mailman pushes the little flag up to show the mail's come."

"I know; I've been in the country. I've even seen a cow."

"Well"—Ben smiled—"the last box in the row is different. It's not like the others, it's a little miniature house, a very fancy mailbox. You've seen them like that. And next to the little house is a regular little flagpole with a little American flag; very fancy. Well, there's some mail in the little house, and you show the mailman in the act of raising the little flag. He looks kind of annoyed, and he's holding his hat under one arm and saluting with the other. And the mailman is saying"—Ben grinned—"'I'm as patriotic as the next one, but this sure slows up my schedule!'"

Reagh looked at him for a moment, then frowned. "Sounds silly to me; a little house with a flagpole, just for a mailbox."

"Well"—he looked at her helplessly—"of *course* it's silly; that's the *idea*. Every time he delivers the mail, he has to raise the American flag and salute." He studied her face. "Don't you get it?"

Reagh shrugged. "Well, yes. I guess so. I don't think it's particularly funny, though."

"Well, it's as funny as some of these"—he slapped the magazine with the backs of his knuckles, annoyed.

"Okay, okay." She smiled and stood looking at him for a moment. "Sure you don't want any nose drops?"

"*No.*" He turned toward the windows again.

Reagh resumed her dishwashing, piling the dishes in the wire drainer at the side of the sink. Presently she finished the dishes, rinsed them with a pitcher of hot water, and began to wash the pots and pans. She was scrubbing the last of them with steel wool when Ben appeared in the doorway.

"What you doing?"

Reagh lifted her head to look at him for a moment. "I'm washing dishes," she said dryly.

"Oh." He brought out a handkerchief and blew his nose.

She glanced up again. "Now, don't you get cold."

"I'm not." He tightened the cord of his robe, then leaned against the doorjamb.

"What time is it?"

Ben glanced at the clock on the refrigerator. "Eleven-twenty-four."

"Oh, nearly eleven-fifteen. Time for my program."

Ben shook his head. "No; eleven-twenty-four. Nearly ——"

"That clock's fast."

"It is?" He looked interestedly at the clock, then walked toward the refrigerator. "Well, I'll fix ——"

"No, don't," Reagh told him; "you'll throw me off."

"Throw you *off?*"

"I always have it fast."

He looked at her. "What for? Why have it fast, when ——"

"I don't know, I just do. Now, leave it alone. Turn on the radio or I'll miss my program."

Ben shrugged, and switched on the white-enameled radio beside the breadbox; the set began to hum. Very faintly, a station identification sounded from the speaker; there was a long pause, then a burst of low, ominous chords from an organ.

"That's it," said Reagh.

The organ music receded to the background and a man's voice said, "Destiny's Children, the real-life story of Cynthia Arden. Can a woman in her thirties, divorced and alone, find a place in today's society?" The organ music came up again.

"That what you wanted?" Ben looked at her curiously.

"Yes." The commercial began and Reagh turned from the sink to glance at Ben. "How do you feel?"

"Not too bad." He pulled out a kitchen chair and sat down, straddling it, arms and chin resting on its back. "Only the temporary illusion of well-being, however, just before the coma sets in."

They waited in silence till the commercial ended, Reagh washing a skillet. Then the organ sounded again from the radio, and over this sound the announcer said, "And now—Destiny's Children. Today, back at her job once more, Cynthia wonders: *does* Steve have secret information about Royce's former marriage? And if he does, can she ever again believe in Royce's sincerity? Now, caught up once more in the busy routine of fashion adviser to a huge department store, Cynthia tries to work. But with a part of her tormented mind she asks herself again and again . . . is there anyone, anything, she can trust?"

"No," said Ben. "My advice to you, honey ——"

"Ben, hush; I want to hear this."

The organ stopped and a woman's voice faded on, crisp and efficient. "—— thereby giving us exclusive rights to all your stylings," she was saying, "for a six-month period. Yours truly, and so on. Type that up right away, please, Jeanie." "Yes, Miss Arden," a girl's voice replied. There was the scrape of a chair, footsteps, then a door closed. A moment's pause, then the sound of a phone picked up, the sound of dialing, then the phone crashed back into its cradle. "No, I will *not* call him," the first speaker said. Her voice broke. "Oh, Royce, *why* don't you phone? Why, *why?*" A pause, then, "I don't believe it. I *won't* believe it. And yet ——"

"You really listen to this stuff?"

Reagh shrugged. "Sure."

"What's eating her?" He nodded at the radio.

"Well"—Reagh rinsed the skillet under the hot-water faucet and laid it on the drainboard—"she's been divorced but she's still pretty crazy about her husband. He'd marry her again, too, probably, though he's been seeing someone else lately." Reagh emptied the dishpan and began to wash out the sink. "But Cynthia can't quite bring herself to forgive him."

"What'd he do?"

"He'd been married before and didn't tell her about it."

"Couldn't she overlook a little thing like that?"

"Well, it wasn't that so much, it was the deception." Reagh hung the dishpan under the sink and began to rinse out the dishcloth. "It showed their marriage wasn't founded on mutual trust."

"It did?" He looked at her wryly.

"That's what she thought at the time. Now, she's sort of changing her mind." Reagh hung up the dishcloth and leaned back against the sink, folding her arms. "Her father says she's never learned to allow for human beings' being human. He says a marriage is founded on mutual trust, all right, but you can't expect to start right out with it; it has to grow and be tended like a plant."

"Certainly. And with plenty of fertilizer. Well, why doesn't she marry him again if that's what she wants?"

"Because," said Reagh patiently, "Steve—that's the one she almost married just before she met Royce—Steve has found out something *else* about Royce."

(Continued on Page 232)

Ask any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

It isn't that a man's opinions are actually any better; it's just that his deeper voice makes them more forceful, in the way that printing adds strength to script.

One trouble with the modern child is that he's never tanned by anything except the sun.

Gardening: Woman's annual effort to reduce.

Gravity is a *law* in too many homes.

It seems that what worries the college girl most is her "steady" schedule.

To the true teacher, ignorance is never bliss.

As brief as a telephone conversation when your child is paying for the call.

The advantage of several children is that you can always find one who will eat up the mistakes.

For bachelors only: Go nest, young man!

Dear Aunt Jane! Her first question upon seeing us was, "Are your knees hard with prayer?"

Like an attic, her mind was filled with the past.

——as sober as a budget.

Young daughter: "She's such a good teacher you can't help learning no matter how hard you try not to. Margaret tried all one day not to learn anything, but by night she'd learned precadites."

He who sings self-praise sings a solo.

My mother held anger no longer than a playground slide holds a child.

Twelve-year-old daughter: "When I stood up in school and told the room I got a doll for Christmas, all the other girls admitted they got dolls too."

The billion dollar gift...



Restoration to health is in reality a gift without price. A billion dollars is a low estimate of its value. This gift is bestowed so frequently by members of the medical professions, without regard to race, condition or creed, that the immeasurable values thus conferred are often forgotten . . . except by mother and daughter . . . or father and son. For them, the figure of the doctor assumes lofty proportions.

Surgical infections have, as a result of research during the past decade, lost most of their terrors for parents . . . and also for surgeons! The sulfonamides and the antibiotics, combined with improving surgical and anesthetic techniques, have greatly lowered mortality and given a freedom of action to doctors and surgeons that spells defeat for those killers of yesteryear . . . streptococcus . . . staphylococcus . . . pneumococcus . . . and many other microscopic invaders.

The Lederle organization has developed for daily use by physicians such outstanding therapeutic agents as sulfaguanidine, sulfadiazine and aureomycin, the latter the most versatile of the antibiotics. Within the framework of the most successful economic system yet devised, we have brought health and happiness to millions throughout the world

Through research, they live who would have died!

Lederle

(*Pronounced Led'-er-lee*)

A Division of American Cyanamid Company 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.



of all growing things,

the most important



No *other* "growing thing" needs so much care, such constant watchfulness, as your child! Sharing your responsibility, STRIDE RITE makes shoes *especially* for your child; protecting those active little feet as they grow . . . and permitting normal, healthy foot development!

So that fitting can *always* be correct, your STRIDE RITE dealer carries a complete range of styles, sizes and widths . . . each one offering the fine leather, carefree comfort, gentle support and growing room that young feet deserve. See him soon.

GREEN SHOE MFG. CO., Boston, Mass.







THE STRIDE RITE SHOE





(Continued from Page 230)

"What? A prior conviction for mopery?"

"No. Royce's little niece who lives with his sister—the child he *says* is his niece, that is—is really his daughter by this first marriage. He kept *that* quiet too."

"Yes, that follows, I'd imagine."

Reagh shrugged. "Of course it's just Steve who says all this. He keeps hinting about it, anyway. Though why she listens to that Steve all the time is beyond me. But it's probably true. Royce is weak, you know. Nice, but weak."

"He sounds like the only nonpsycho in the bunch to me. Why doesn't she just ask him about all this?"

"I don't know; they never do."

"Well"—Ben nodded at the radio; Cynthia was talking to Steve on the phone—"don't let me keep you."

"Oh, I've been listening. There's nothing new happening so far." Reagh opened the refrigerator and peered into it abstractedly. "What would you like for lunch?"

"I don't know. Anything. Is it time yet?"

"Pretty soon." She brought out several jars and a carton of milk, and closed the refrigerator.

Ben yawned and stood up, stretching his arms. "You know, this is the craziest place in the daytime. Clocks all wrong because if they weren't you wouldn't know what time it really is. Then I find that my wife—*my wife*—listens to that stuff."

Reagh opened the breadbox. "What do you think there *is* to listen to on the radio; serials by George Bernard Shaw? Anyway, it's not such a bad program."

"Okay"—Ben walked to the doorway, then turned—"but if you secretly sniff nose candy while I'm at the office, I don't want to know about it." He went out into the living room.

For a moment longer Reagh listened to the radio, then she snapped it off, opened the jars she had taken from the refrigerator, and made a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich. She took a bite, laid the sandwich dow opened a can of chicken soup and put it on heat. She opened a package of macaroni a put water on to boil. Occasionally, as s worked, she took a bite from her sandwic

She prepared a lunch of hot soup, mac roni and cheese, and a glass of milk. Wh it was all arranged on a tray, she added neatly folded paper napkin, popped the l of her sandwich into her mouth, and took t tray out to Ben.

"Here's your lunch," she said.

"Oh, thanks." He smiled at her and to the tray, glancing at it. "Looks goo Where's yours?"

"I've had mine." She turned, walking t ward the front hall.

"A decent lunch?"

"Yes. Enough, anyway." In the hall s opened the front door. "The mail's here she called. "Want to help me carry it in?"

He smiled. "What came? Anything?"

Reagh returned, two envelopes in h hand. "A fourth-class letter addressed 'Mr. Bennet B. Nell.' It says, 'Save Money in the corner of the envelope."

"I've been waiting for that."

"And another stimulating issue of yo alumni magazine." Reagh tossed the env lopes onto Ben's table. "I'll be in the spa bedroom if you want me; I've got son ironing to finish."

Reagh went to the kitchen, got out h iron and ironing board from the broo closet, took a green plastic bag partly fill with dampened clothes, and carried them o through the dining room to the spare be room.

As she passed the living room, Ben turn in his chair, his soupspoon raised halfway his mouth. "Have we got a funnel?"

"In the big drawer. Where the silverwa is." Reagh walked on into the bedroom. S set up the ironing board, plugged in the ir and began to sort out the clothes.

Presently she tested the heat of her ir with a moistened thumb, then began to iro



WRINKLE-FREE as can be... Curity DIAPERS



Curity Baby's delicate skin deserves the tender touch, the comfort-fit of Curity Diapers . . . because *only* Curity Diapers are woven to resist the harsh after-laundering wrinkles and size distortion of machine washing. The exclusive woven-in-the-fabric *Foldlines* identify Curity Diapers for you . . . label unmistakably the world's leading gauze diapers that . . .

Wash Easier — Their open weave permits quick, thorough cleansing in the suds of pure Ivory Flakes, Ivory Soap or Dreft.

Dry Faster — Indoors or out, drying air acts faster on their open weave.

Absorb Fully — Their thirsty surgical weave always assures maximum absorption.

You'll find Curity Diapers at your favorite infants or department store. The nation's leading diaper laundries use them, too. And don't miss the new pastel Curity Diapers in gentle pink, blue, maize or mint green . . . charming for Sunday-best, grand for gifting!



NURSERY PADS • BIBS • FLUFFS • MASKS
PAT. NO. 2,145,187

MAIL THE COUPON

KENDALL MILLS — Division of The Kendall Company, Walpole, Mass., Dept. J41

Enclosed is 25c (coins only) for full-size Curity Diaper and literature on Curity Nursery Products. (Only one diaper to a family.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Good in Continental United States and Hawaii

She worked steadily for a time, laying each finished piece on the bed beside her. Once Ben appeared in the doorway asking for the roll of cellophane tape, and she told him where to find it. After a while she finished the last of her ironing, turned off the iron, and walked out of the bedroom. She glanced into the living room; it seemed very quiet.

Ben Bennell sat hunched forward in his chair, a small aluminum funnel cupped in one hand. In the other hand was a teaspoon heaped with dry coffee grounds. His face intent, eyes narrowed in concentration, he was pouring coffee into the funnel, some of it spilling down onto his robe.

"Ben, what in the *world* are you doing?"

He looked up, his eyes eager. "Come here." He held up the hand with the funnel, exposing a paper tea bag in his palm, the funnel protruding from a small slit in the paper.

Reagh walked over; on the table beside Ben, in addition to spilled coffee grounds, lay a little heap of dry tea leaves, an opened tin of coffee, several kitchen knives, her manicure scissors and a roll of cellophane tape.

BEN gestured with the tissue-paper sack in his hand. "I'm making a coffee bag. Took out the tea and filled this with coffee." He examined the bulging little sack. "Should be enough. Now, the big test." He looked up at Reagh, his face eager, excited. "Mind boiling me a cup of water?" Picking up the roll of tape, he tore a piece off, bent over the little sack, and began carefully fastening the transparent tape over the slit he had made in the paper.

Reagh went out to the kitchen, turned the hot-water faucet on full, got out a small pan, filled it with water, hot and steaming from the faucet, and put it on the stove to boil.

Ben appeared in the doorway, grains of coffee clinging to his robe, happily swinging the little white sack by its string from a finger. "Nearly ready?"

"Almost." Reagh nodded at the pan on the stove. "It'll boil in a minute."

"Fine." He glanced around the kitchen. "Where's a cup?"

"Right beside you; on the cup hooks."

"Excellent." He took down a cup. "And the sugar?"

"In the bowl there. The spoons are in the drawer underneath."

"Good." He took out a spoon, dipped it into the sugar bowl, and turned to Reagh. "One spoonful enough?"

"Yes. You mean I'm the guinea pig?"

"You are indeed to have that honor. You will take your rightful place in history as the first human to taste delicious coffee prepared from the revolutionary new coffee bag." He poured sugar into the cup, then dropped the little sack in, its red paper tag dangling over the rim of the cup. The water began to boil and he took the pan from the stove and filled the cup. The water turned a faint brown, and Ben stirred it vigorously. It quickly turned a darker brown and the fragrance of hot coffee spread through the room. Ben grinned happily. "You like your coffee strong?"

"Fairly." Reagh stepped closer to the stove and looked down into the cup. "That looks about right."

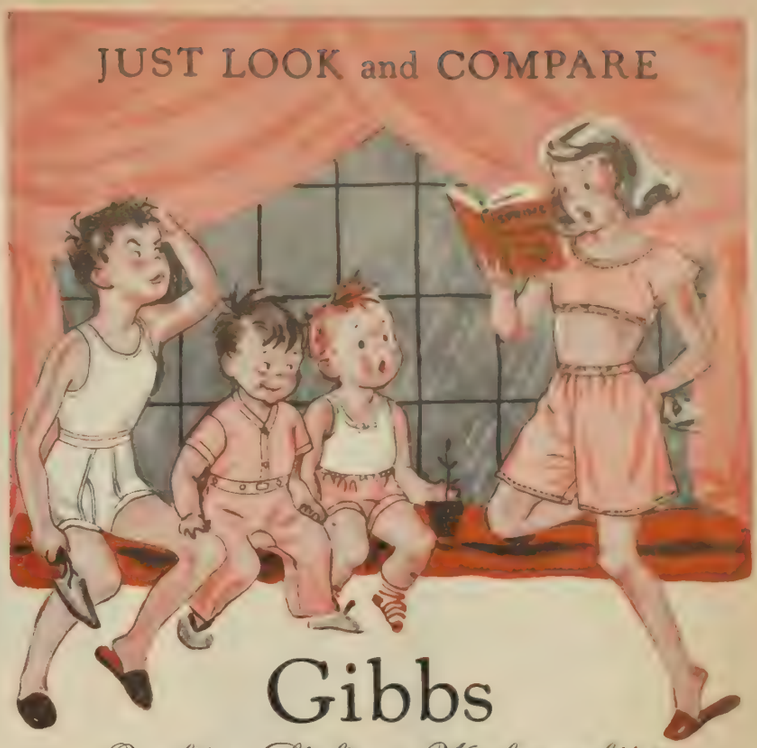
Ben removed the dripping sack and laid it on top of the stove. He handed the cup to Reagh. "Here you are; history in the making. What hath God wrought?" He watched anxiously as Reagh tentatively sipped the coffee. "How's it taste?"

Her brows raised in surprise. "Not bad at that." She took another sip. "Little weak, though."

"Weak? We'll soon fix that." He took her cup and dropped the coffee bag back into it. With the spoon he squashed it vigorously against the side of the cup. The cellophane tape slid off, the paper widened at the slit and the bag parted, filling the cup with grounds. He glared at Reagh. "The way they make these bags!" He tasted the coffee, then removed a ground from his lip with a finger. "It's not bad, though. Little weak, maybe, but not too bad." He set the cup on the stove. "This is percolater grind, of course. If you used drip grind, I imagine it would work out fine."

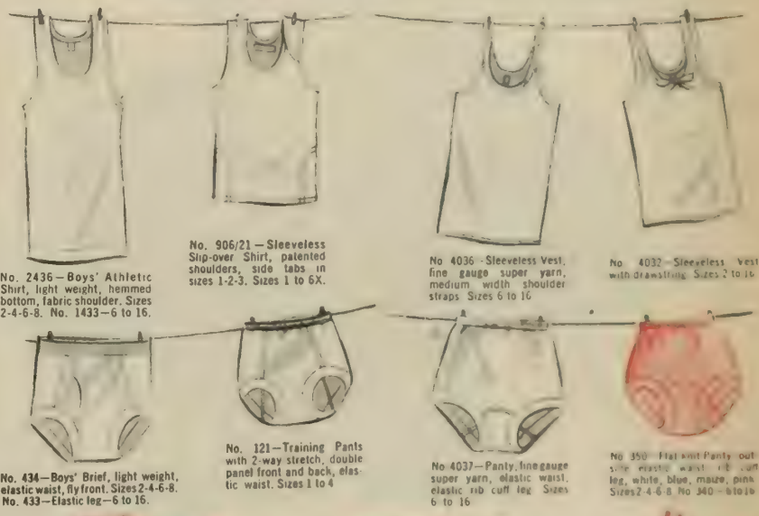
(Continued on Page 235)

JUST LOOK and COMPARE



Gibbs

Quality! Styling! Workmanship!



No. 2436—Boys' Athletic Shirt, light weight, hemmed bottom, fabric shoulder. Sizes 2-4-6-8. No. 1433—6 to 16.

No. 906/21—Sleeveless Slip-over Shirt, patented shoulders, side tabs in sizes 1-2-3. Sizes 1 to 6X.

No 4036—Sleeveless Vest, fine gauge super yarn, medium width shoulder straps Sizes 6 to 16

No 4032—Sleeveless Vest with dramatizing Sizes 2 to 16

No. 434—Boys' Brief, light weight, elastic waist, fly front. Sizes 2-4-6-8. No. 433—Elastic leg—6 to 16.

No. 121—Training Pants with 2-way stretch, double panel front and back, elastic waist. Sizes 1 to 4

No 4037—Panty, fine gauge super yarn, elastic waist, elastic rib cuff leg Sizes 6 to 16

No 350 Flat knit Panty out [illegible] leg, white, blue, maize, pink Sizes 2-4-6-8 No 340—6 to 16



No. 095S—Shorty Pajama of cool, comfortable, finest quality run-proof Tricot Rayon, trimmed with multi-colored thread, white, pink, blue and maize. Sizes 4 to 16.

No. 525/2—Summer Sleeper—2-way stretch, gripper fastened, blue, maize, pink, mint Sizes 1 to 4 No 525 1 sizes 4 6-8, crew neck, elastic waist in pant

No 071 Finest quality run-proof Tricot Rayon Slip, Val lace trimmed, white, blue, maize, pink Sizes 1 to 4, 2 to 8, 10 to 16 No 081 Sizes 9 to 17 with adjustable shoulder straps

Polo Shirts—Wide stripes and solid colors. Made of plain combed or Durene yarns, regular or interlock knit. Sizes 1 to 4 with gripper shoulder. Sizes 2 to 8, and 8 to 16 with plain shoulder

No 067 Finest quality run proof Tricot Rayon Panty, outside elastic waist, elastic leg trimmed with [illegible] Val lace, white, blue, maize, pink Sizes 1 to 4, 2 to 8, 10 to 16

Gibbs Underwear Co. Mills: Philadelphia • New York: Empire State Bldg.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — COMPARE Gibbs VALUES — COMMENDED PARENTS

For long wearing T-shirts that really look keen

Be sure to look first for the label DURENE



Falling in love at first sight is ver-r-ry good sense . . . if it has the Durene label on it! And that goes for T-shirts and socks, underwear or baby knits. In fact, you can't mention anything made of Durene mercerized cotton that isn't absolutely top quality! Things made of Durene yarn look yummy because they take dyes so beautifully . . . have the nicest lustre you ever saw. They take away your worries about washing, sagging, stretching, shrinking . . . and they couldn't be more comfortable! Think of the wonderful quality you get in every garment labeled Durene . . . your budget will love it!



Protects your purchase. Polo shirts, socks, underwear, baby things—everything labeled "Made of Durene yarn" is subject to Durene's Quality Control Plan. Not only must the yarn meet high quality standards . . . but the merchandise itself must be able to pass workmanship and performance tests! That's why—if the garment you're looking at is marked, stamped or labeled Durene, buy it! You'll be glad you did!

(Continued from Page 233)

Maybe. Though I doubt it, somehow."

Don't know why not. You don't have , do you? Drip grind?"

No."

Well, let's get half a pound. Make up a ch of these and really try them out." He ked to the doorway, then turned. "Good , don't you think?"

Sure."

Wonder if they'd deliver some drip coffee e phoned?"

Not today," said Reagh hastily. "They er deliver in the afternoon."

You're not going to the store or any- ng?"

No."

Well, we'll do it tomorrow, then, if I'm feeling better." He pulled out a handker- f and walked out toward the living room, ving his nose.

AGH removed the burst coffee bag from cup with a spoon, dropped it into the page pail, wiped off the top of the stove, ed out the cup, put away the little pan, replaced the lid on the sugar bowl. Then, ing out various ingredients and im- nents from cupboard shelves and the igerator, she deftly, rapidly prepared a it loaf and, adjusting the temperature on the oven, put it in to bake, glancing at clock on the refrigerator. She went to spare bedroom, picked up the stack of hed ironing, and put it away in the front- linen closet. On her way back through living room, she stopped at Ben's chair. was staring absently out the window, she put a hand on his shoulder.

How do you feel?"

le looked up at her and grinned. "The end ear. No use trying to hide it; I'm in the ight of my years."

Do you want anything? Quinine? Nose s? Sympathy?"

Sympathy and plenty of it." He frowned. u know, I've been thinking. It's pretty ul to realize that when you're gone, the ld will go on; birds singing and flowers ming without you. There's a craving for ortality in each of us, I guess, and I've lly figured out the answer. Forget the dermy; it's too impermanent. I want you ave me bronzed."

Bronzed?"

Like a baby's shoe; you've seen the ads. have the baby's shoes bronzed and use n for book ends. Well"—he grinned— st have me bronzed all over like a baby e. And install me in the living room for some equally useful purpose. Maybe put a clock in my stomach. Have the dates of my birth and untimely demise inscribed on my chest—'Be your own memorial and be useful besides.' I could have one hand extended which would hold an ash tray, or even *be* an ash tray, and ——"

"I guess you're okay; a little bored, maybe." She looked down at him thoughtfully. "If you feel like company, we could ask the Everetts over tonight."

"Why the Everetts?"

She shrugged. "We haven't seen them for a long time."

"We haven't seen Pretty Boy Floyd lately, either. Or the Hermann Goerings."

"I just thought it might do you good."

"Well, I'm not that sick. Let's hold off with the Everetts till I'm really sick; preferably delirious."

Reagh shrugged again. "Suit yourself." She started to turn away.

Ben smiled and reached out and took her hand. "I'm really a trial to you, aren't I?"

She smiled. "Not too bad. You're sick, after a fashion, so I guess you're entitled to a little humoring."

"You know"—he pulled her gently down to the arm of his chair, putting an arm around her waist—"I don't deserve a wonderful helpmeet like you. A veritable Florence Nightingale."

Reagh smiled and kissed the top of his head.

"I don't deserve to be immortalized in bronze; I think the sink dispos——"

"Now don't start that again."

"Okay." He grinned at her affectionately, then his smile faded. For several moments he sat looking at her face and his eyes became very gentle and tender. Then he said quietly, "You know, Reagh, there's something I really would like you to promise me."

She stroked his hair gently, her eyes widening. "Whatever you want," she said softly.

"I want you to promise"—his head dropped to his chest—"that when I go, you'll marry again."

"Ben, sick or *not* sick, I swear I'll crown you! Now, I mean it!" She pushed his arm from her waist and tried to get up, but Ben held her to the chair.

"When you have me bronzed," he said rapidly, "be sure they put a benign and approving smile on my face, faintly sad but brave, and with just a touch of fatherly concern. And with my hands upraised in eternal blessing"—Reagh struggled wildly, but Ben held her to the chair—"so that when your future husband comes acourting ——"

"All right, I will." Reagh relaxed and sat back on the chair arm.

"Will what?"

"Marry again. In fact, I can hardly wait."

"Is that so?" He looked at her coldly.

"Yep." Reagh clasped one knee in her hands and gazed up at the ceiling. "I wonder what he'll be like? Someone not too tall and thin this time, I hope. No more bony knees. Maybe just a shade taller than I am. Sort of plump and"—she smiled down at him sweetly—"cuddly."

"Sounds like just what you deserve. I hope he smokes cigars. Big fat ones. And moist."

"So do I." She sighed. "There's something so masculine about a cigar smoker."

"I promise that the whole enormous bronzed weight of me will fall smack on that squashy little potbelly of his, and ——"

"On the other hand"—Reagh stared absently ahead at the windows—"he *might* be even taller and slimmer than you are. And blond, this time. That would be nice for a change; I always did like blond men. I'll shop around, take my time, be more selective ——"

"All right," said Ben, "I give up. I surrender. I'll live to be ninety if it kills me."

"You mean I'm stuck with you?" She looked at him forlornly. "You raise my hopes, then ——"

"I *said* I give up." Ben's voice was testy. "You win, you win."

She smiled sweetly. "I was only agreeing with you."

"Well, you don't have to run it into the ground."

"Not mad, are you?" she said softly. "Or just a little jealous, maybe?"

"Of course not; I simply ——" Ben looked up and saw that she was shaking her head in amusement. For a moment he looked at her, annoyed, then he smiled. "Okay. That'll teach me to get smart with you."

"Honestly"—Reagh shook her head again—"if you ever thought for a moment that I could possibly marry anyone else after you ——"

"Well"—Ben shrugged—"you should, of course. Certainly wouldn't have any trouble, either." He grinned. "Since you'd inherit all my money."

"Well, I wouldn't; I wouldn't even want to go on living." She was silent for a moment, then she frowned. "Ben, would you—I mean if I ——" She stopped. "Oh, this is silly."

"No," he said, "I wouldn't. I'd never marry again."

Reagh smiled wistfully. "Well, it's wonderful that you think so; I certainly wouldn't want you to feel any other way. But of course you would. In time. And I'd *want* you to; I really would."

"Well, I wouldn't, I can tell you that. Why, I've never even *seen* another woman who could even come close to ——"

"You'd find someone, though." She stared down at him for a moment. "Or she'd find you, that's more like it. You'd be a very eligible young widower, you know. I'll bet that What's-her-name, that girl you were seeing just before we met, would be around again before the flowers wilted. I'll bet — —"

"Look—should we solve this problem right now? In the only possible way? We'll go out to the kitchen, seal the doors and windows, turn on the oven ——"

"Oh, the meat loaf!" Reagh jumped to her feet and ran to the kitchen.

IN the kitchen she looked at the meat loaf, lowered the oven temperature a little, then set out a package of frozen strawberries to thaw. She stood fingering her chin absently, then went to the spare bedroom, collapsed her ironing board, and carried it out toward the kitchen.

His voice a little muffled, Ben called from the front-hall closet, "Reagh, haven't we got some India ink someplace? And where's that old reel of fishline?"

Reagh set the end of the ironing board on the floor. "They're both in a box in the big bureau drawer."

"What kind of box?"

She sighed and picked up her ironing board. "Wait'll I put these things away; I'll be out there in a minute." THE END

JENNIFER



GROVER

"But I did go to mother—and she said the very same thing—'You know who's got all the money around here!'"



ORA MESH OXFORD



Spring Has Brought New Edwards Shoes!

Good news travels fast, and this is good news! Edwards stores, all over the country, have the new spring shoes. They're styled right to a young-timer's heart and retain that famous Edwards construction and long wear mother looks for. Your nearest Edwards store has already started to fit them, so take your lucky youngsters there, tomorrow!



GINGER

in RED
BROWN
or BEIGE

Edwards
SHOES FOR CHILDREN

Edwards, 314-22 N. 12th St., Phila. 7, Pa.



Why "carrot" is spelled with an a



This is not a lesson in spelling, but one in nutrition. That "a"—did you guess it?—stands for Vitamin A. Carrots have what it takes to help babies and adults get this important vitamin.

Another "a" that rates with us is the one found in "ah!" How we love to hear small babies say this sweet syllable. We coax it out of them every chance we get by making our Vegetables, Fruits, Meats and Desserts as pleasing as possible. But it isn't always easy!

We wish you could see our vegetables as they come in from the gardens. Wonderful to behold because they were grown from selected seeds in special soils under ideal conditions. Here at Gerber's we can actually predict the flavor of our carrots *before* they are processed and packed. We can do it because making baby foods is our business, our *only* business.

Next time you shop, linger a while over the baby foods section and see how completely Gerber's fill your baby's needs from Starting Cereals through Junior Foods.

Our latest is Rice Cereal. Ask your doctor if your brand new baby is ready for this new "starting" cereal. It's precooked and strained, has the true rice flavor all babies enjoy.

Babies are our business
...our only business!



Gerber's
BABY FOODS
Fremont, Michigan

Bringing Up Baby

HINTS COLLECTED BY
Mrs Dan Gerber
(MOTHER OF 5)



Mrs. Dan Gerber

When Baby start taking the spoon i his hand, watch ou for flying food Remember tha warm or boilin water will remov most fruit stains cold water, mos meat or egg stain

Sweet 'n low. No need to tiptoe an whisper when Baby is asleep—or awak But high-pitched voices are jarring to baby's nervous system. The guest wh screams with delight at the sight of new baby is apt to make him cry!

* * *

Bath tip. Don't try to wash Baby's fac and head at the same time. To prevei soap from getting in Baby's eyes, wash and dry his head first, then wash an dry his face. Now Baby's ready for th tub—and a splashing-good time!

* * *

Combination lunch. Don't hesitate t mix Gerber's Strained Meats (Liver Beef, Lamb or Veal) with Gerber' Carrots, Squash, Prunes, or any othe vegetable or fruit—if Baby prefers i that way. It will be just as nourishing just as easy to digest, and more inter esting for Baby.

* * *

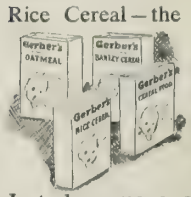
Moreover, all Gerber's Baby Foods ar accepted by the Council of Foods and Nutrition of A. M. A. Look for this seal when you shop for Gerber's.

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

* * *

They all do it. A new baby tasting solid food for the first time may roll i around his mouth once or twice and promptly spit it out. If you are a new mother, this is apt to discourage you. Be patient. In a week or two your to will get the idea and then you won't be able to feed him fast enough!

Free. Has your baby tried Gerber's new Rice Cereal—the one doctors asked for? I'd love to send you this, and Gerber's other three starting cereals—Barley, Oatmeal and Cereal Food. Just drop me a card at Dept. 84-I, Fremont, Mich. In Canada, write to Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Canada.





He learns by repeating what he hears. When he uses "bad words" he needs understanding, not punishment.

Don't Let "Bad Language" Upset You!

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen
President, Chicago Board of Health

SUPPOSE every mother has experienced the shock of hearing her young child use nasty or profane language for the first time. "I can't imagine where he could ever have *heard* such horrible words" mothers have said to me many times. "Certainly they have never been spoken in our home!"

Occasionally, a shocked and self-righteous mother has gone on to tell me she has taken pains to see that the offense will never be repeated—the steps, presumably, being a whipping or a scolding, or that old-fashioned remedy for bad language, washing the mouth out with soap. These mothers are invariably surprised, if not downright indignant, when I tell them they have done the one thing that practically guarantees that the words *will* be used again. If the episode is ignored, I explain, the youngster is likely to forget the words he has repeated and be satisfied to use only the language he hears every day. But if his outburst causes a commotion or brings on some severe disciplinary measure, the experience will be firmly impressed on his memory and the bad words, now taking on the added tang of forbidden fruit, will never be forgotten. Moreover, while it is possible that the child will not repeat the offensive words again at home, for fear of further reprisals, he will certainly try them out on his playmates.

In nearly every group of young children, mothers recognize one or two who are known as habitual users of bad language. Frequently, in my experience, these prove to be children whose parents have dealt with them too severely for early use of wrong words. Sure that he has something sensational to demonstrate, the child who has had such an experience at home is soon to be found in whispered, giggling conference with playmates. Usually, this is the way bad words become known for the first time to the younger children in the group.

Not long ago a mother was boasting to me that when her son, now a man, had first come home with obscene words, she had done her maternal duty and washed his mouth out with laundry soap.

"Did that cure him?" I asked.

"He's about the foulest talker you ever heard," she admitted. "I don't know why."

"But I can't simply ignore that kind of talk!" one mother told me not long ago

DOCTOR BUNDESEN'S booklets, used by many thousands of enthusiastic mothers, cover all phases of baby care. They are:

BEFORE THE BABY COMES (prenatal months), No. 2383, 50¢.

First series of booklets, covering first eight months, 50¢.

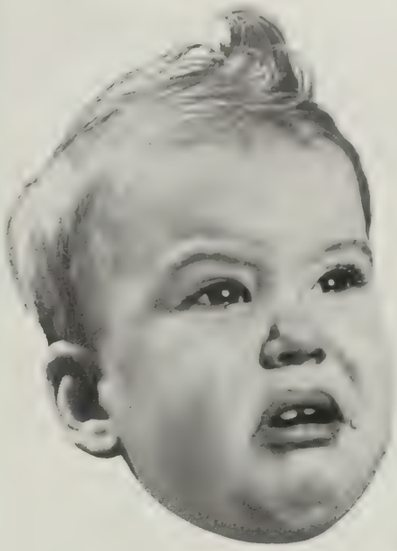
Second series of booklets, covering nine months to two years, 50¢.

DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER (breast-feeding helps), No. 1346, 6¢.

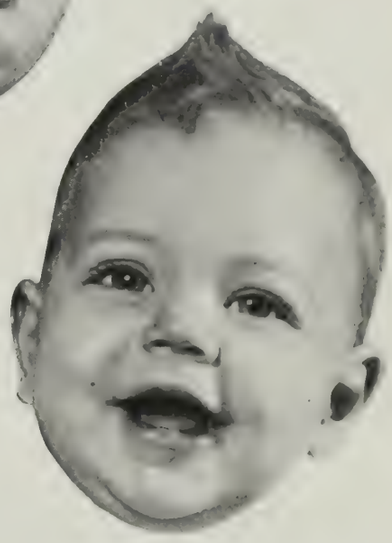
OUR BABIES (complete book and invaluable supplement to the monthly booklets), No. 1345, 50¢.

Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

The difference between this...



and this...



is often this...



JOHNSON'S BABY OIL

Mild, pure, made specially to agree with delicate skin—Johnson's Baby Oil helps prevent irritations, soothe and smooth baby's skin after bath and at diaper changes.

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Silky-soft, with a fresh, delicate scent—Johnson's Baby Powder is such a pleasant way to chase away prickles and chafes, keep baby comfy and contented.

Johnson & Johnson

In this first year of life ...
his sleeping hours are building hours

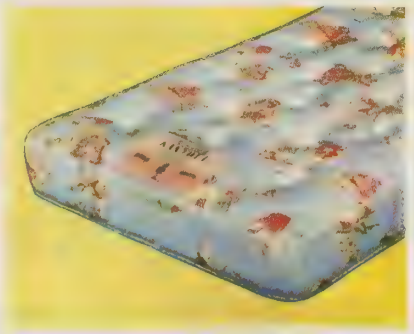


Give him a KANTWET crib mattress
for the posture-building help he needs

The *right* crib mattress *now* means so much to your baby's posture! More mothers, more doctors, more stores recommend KANTWET because it gives your baby the restful comfort and permanently firm, straight-line support that pliable young bones require. KANTWET is the original posturized crib mattress... first to bring you all these important posture features:

IMPROVED DORSAL CONSTRUCTION — greater firmness, greater resilience, greater posture help. Better by actual test — feel the difference!

- BUILT-IN straight line support!
- FLEX-O-LOC INNERSPRING — lasting firm resilience!
- DOUBLE-SEALED TUFTS — keep filling in place, keep moisture out!
- WETPROOF, WASHABLE COVER — stays sweet, clean, sanitary.







good posture
good health

THERE'S A KANTWET PAD FOR EVERY NURSERY NEED

when we were discussing this problem. "If I don't do anything at all, how will he ever learn that it is wrong to use such words?"

My answer to this is that it is wiser to ignore the first few episodes of this kind completely. Of course if an offensive word is repeated again and again and shows signs of becoming part of the child's regular vocabulary, something must be done about it. In this case, the thing to do is to tell the youngster what the word means and suggest that he use the proper term instead, explaining that most people do not like to hear the word he has used and asking him not to repeat it—out of consideration for others. If this is done in a calm, matter-of-fact way, without giving the child a feeling of guilt or blame, he will usually get the right idea, and the experience will not be emphasized too strongly in his mind.

I think it is important to avoid giving the young child, especially, any feeling of guilt in connection with the use of bad language. The youngster is innocently repeating something which he has heard—a natural part of the learning process. There is nothing wrong about this. And if the youngster is reproved or punished for repeating certain sounds, his sense of justice is likely to be outraged and he will be understandably bewildered and discouraged from further learning by imitation.

Particularly in connection with words describing bodily functions or having to do with sex, it is unfortunate to let any feeling of guilt develop, because when the child finds out what the words mean the sense of wrongness will be attached to the act or thing that is described as well as to the word itself. It is wholesome for the child to think and speak naturally and frankly about the body's parts and their functions, and I believe it is a serious mistake to let him get the idea that there is something bad about them. How co it must be, for example, when the your is given the feeling that it is not nice i tion the process of elimination—a func is trained in and urged to perform day! Established in early childhood, habits of thinking about the body functions can lead eventually to serio tional upsets in the older child.

By the time the child reaches schoo has developed a sense of social taste, conversation can be managed fro standpoint of acceptability rather t the basis that it is wrong or bad to tall body processes. This is an important tion, for the child's normal curiosity terest in his own body can never be d aged or turned into wrong channels v serious loss.

When older children persist in the bad language in spite of the parents' to correct the fault in the manner th been suggested here, it is frequently a some rather deep-seated emotional d ance. The language, in these cases, is a tom rather than a cause. The child i this means of expressing antisocial fe or of calling attention to himself to pensate for some inner sense of inade What is needed instead is not punis but a full measure of love and under ing. If necessary, the family docto psychologist or psychiatrist, will help and correct the underlying cause.

Of course the child who hears profa home is certain to repeat it; no amour fort can ever overcome the handicap example. But when parents practice t sideration for other people that is the tion of good manners and clean speec need not worry about any outbursts language on the part of their child. trivial episode and it can safely be i

ONLY MONEY

(Continued from Page 48)

being badgered for raises . . . and he's right. Of course if I don't get that raise, that'll be another matter.

There's that dental bill, he thought. His own bill and Madge's didn't come to much, but Margaret and Helen had each made three visits, and there were more to come. He hadn't realized that dental bills for kids started before they lost their baby teeth, before they might need braces. And then Fenton's. They'd traded there for years, but he didn't like to owe them for any time and it was a pretty big bill. And the kids would be looking for summer clothes soon, bathing suits and summer shoes and other things.

He drove without thinking, as a man does a familiar route, his mind seeing the pile of bills, balancing those which had to be paid right away with the amount he knew without looking was in his bank account.

To judge human nature rightly, a man may sometimes have a very small experience, provided he has a very large heart.

—BULWER-LYTTON.

Interspersed with the worries about money were other problems. Madge had said that she didn't like a spot on Helen's chest. He wondered if it were something contagious, and could picture it spreading from Helen's five-year-old class to Margaret's seven-year-old class, and thus through the school, via sisters and brothers. The spot didn't sound serious, but he'd meant to ask Madge to look out for impetigo; one of the men at the office had been telling him about his son having it; maybe it was going around. He might phone Madge as soon as he got to the office, and ask her.

But he didn't. When he got to the office there was the usual rush of minor matters that had to be attended to, and the morning was mostly gone before he had time to think of it again. And as he was about to phone Madge his phone rang.

"I was just about to call you," he said. "Just reaching for the phone."

"Good," said Madge. "Listen, Jim. I don't want to disturb you, but they just sent Margaret home from school. They think she looked well, and the nurse s has a sore throat and a fever."

"Oh," he said. "What was her te ture?"

"The nurse said it was a hundr two," Madge said, "and that isn't s Helen can run that much cutting a t

I know that, he thought. *But th Helen, this is Margaret, who doesn't eve fever.*

"So when I took it when I came with her it was over a hundred and Madge said. "And she's so hot and c And her throat looks awful."

"The doctor ——" he began.

"I called Docto dergast," she said. away on vacatio member? And the his office suggest other pediatrician, Williams, but he c located."

"Where's Bixby said.

"So I called Bixby," Madge said. "And he's ou but his nurse expects to hear from hi and will send him over. I also got thermometer; I didn't think her te ture could go up two degrees b the time the nurse took it and I g home. But the new one said a hundr four, too, almost a hundred and four half."

"I'll be home in a few minutes," h

"Can you?" Madge sounded re She had sounded panicky before, whi most unlike her.

"I've got a lunch date that isn't tant," he said. "Just give me time t it and I'll clear out."

"I called Tina," Madge said, "b wasn't in."

"Your mother's never home in the ing," Jim said. "But you'd better ke ing, as you'll want to send Helen o

(Continued on Page 240)

Biggest baby news in years!



the new "DREAMLINER"* Carriage Stroller

The only combination ever made that gives your baby tip-proof, draft-proof safety!

It's new! Now, for the first time, a full-length carriage that actually *grows up* with your child! Lower the boot, raise the adjustable back rest and it's a smart stroller that gives you added years of use. Well-made with chrome-plated† tubular gear and quilted body in army or navy blue or duchess gray.

It's safe! Unlike a reclining stroller—where baby's unbalanced weight can cause a spill—the "Dreamliner's" longer wheelbase makes it truly *tip-proof*. Special hood welting, upholstered body rail and snug-snapping boot eliminate drafts. Safety stand works automatically with brake.

Exclusive features! Only Thayer gives you the "Trigger-Touch" lock that makes the "Dreamliner" easy to open or fold for storage. Or the "Squeak-Proof" wheel bearings that never need oil and "Steer-Easy" tires that take curves without lifting off the ground. See the "Dreamliner"—and other Thayer carriages from $15.95 to $74.95—at your favorite store.

Dental Research Indicates You Can Help

Prevent Tooth Decay With COLGATE

Ammoniated Tooth Powder



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Yes, Colgate's Great Dentifrice Gives Extra Protection As It Cleans Your Teeth—and Breath!

1 REMOVES ACID FILM usually associated with tooth decay! Laboratory tests indicate that when you use it regularly as directed, Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder may help you avoid pain, worry and expense of needless tooth decay.

2 TEETH LOOK CLEANER, feel cleaner immediately. That's because Colgate's foamy cleaning action removes dulling film so well teeth get naturally, sparkling clean.

3 CLEANS BREATH, TOO . . . Removes tiny food particles that cause much bad breath. Has a minty, mouth-refreshing flavor that even children love!

Get Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder today for the whole family. Available at any toilet goods counter.

4 oz. 47¢ 2 oz. 27¢

With A Flavor The Whole Family Will Enjoy

Treatment NOW—



near as your purse or pocket!

New DeVilbiss Pocket Atomizer Just The Thing For Cold or Hay Fever Sufferers! Why suffer while you're on the job . . . at school . . . on plane or train? The new, handy DeVilbiss Pocket Atomizer slips right into your purse or pocket. It's leak-proof, sanitary, inconspicuous. And, remember—you may recover *quicker* if you can keep up the regular applications your doctor has recommended. Ask for the DeVilbiss Pocket Atomizer No. 33 at your nearest drug counter. Only $1.50. The DeVilbiss Company, Toledo 1, Ohio and Windsor, Ont., Canada.

DEVILBISS ATOMIZERS

THE NAME YOU KNOW BEST IN ATOMIZERS, NEBULIZERS, VAPORIZERS

(Continued from Page 238)

stay with her until we find what this is and how contagious it is."

But Tina wasn't around by the time he got home, and Margaret's temperature was still up, and Doctor Bixby hadn't been heard from.

"This isn't just a sore throat," Madge said, and he knew she was frightened. "A child doesn't run a fever like that for just a run-of-the-mill sore throat."

Margaret was lying in bed, her cheeks flushed, her eyes too bright, her breath coming in short gasps. She looked lively, but she wasn't interested in anything, even greeted Jim with a listless smile. "I don't feel well," she said. "My throat hurts."

There wasn't much to do while waiting for the doctor. Madge went around picking things up and putting them down again, and running up the stairs to Margaret's room every few minutes. Dora was going through the motions of straightening the house; her eyes were red and she was trying to be unobtrusive and at the same time stay close to the Nicholsons to see what they thought.

"Don't you want some lunch?" Madge said.

"I'm not hungry," Jim said. And then, "Strep throat?"

"I was wondering that," Madge said, "and sort of hoped that was what it was. It isn't serious any more, or not the way it used to be, now that they have sulfa and penicillin and some of the other drugs."

By the time Doctor Bixby came they were both so nervous they didn't know what they were saying. The doctor gave them a quick hello and went upstairs. Madge and Jim followed him and watched, trying to read his thoughts from his expression and his actions. He listened to Madge's report, took Margaret's temperature himself, listening to her breathing, looked at her throat, gave her a couple of pills, patted her on the shoulder, and started back down the stairs on the run, with Madge and Jim at his heels.

He wrote out a prescription, and said, "Look. I don't know just what this is. Here is something that should bring her fever down and make her feel better, also feel sleepy. Watch her temperature. I'll be back by tonight."

"You were bending her neck," Jim said. "And it seemed to hurt. Is it polio?"

"I DON'T know," Doctor Bixby said. "I wish I could tell you. It's just a sore throat with a high fever, which could be any number of illnesses, including polio. And it hurts to bend her neck, as you noticed, which is one of the symptoms of polio—but I'm not at all sure that it is. But I can't say it isn't, either, right now."

"How about Helen?" Madge said. "Shouldn't we keep her away? Shouldn't we send her over to Tina's?"

"Your mother won't be in any condition to take her for some time," Doctor Bixby said.

"What do you mean, won't be in any condition?" Madge asked.

Jim realized it was one of the few times he had ever seen Doctor Bixby flustered. His round red face grew even redder, and his white hair looked whiter, and his usual bluff, confident manner deserted him for a minute.

"I wasn't supposed to tell you," he said. "But I wasn't thinking about your mother at the moment, I was thinking about Margaret, upstairs." He put his hand on Madge's arm. "Your mother came to see me a couple of weeks ago about a tumor. I removed it an hour ago. I don't think it will prove malignant, but I can't say for sure until the laboratory gives me the results of its examination. She didn't want you to know anything about it until it was all over, and I said I wouldn't tell. She is fine—and you'd do me a great favor if you didn't go rushing over or act as though you knew anything about it. She'd never forgive me for it—and why did that pediatrician have to be out on his vacation right now when your kid is sick? I stopped taking care of children when Doctor Prendergast moved to town—and then when Doctor Williams came, and there were two of them here, I thought I'd be done with whooping cough and measles for good and all."

Madge was just standing there.

"You're sure Tina's all right?" Jim asked. "You're sure there isn't anything we can do for her?"

"Best thing you can do, as I said, is stay away," Doctor Bixby said. "You couldn't go see her now and not tell her about Margaret. She'd only have to look at you to feel that something was wrong, and she'd know it if you spoke to her."

"If she thought we were worried, she'd figure we were worried about her," Madge said. "And we would be too. I'd like to see her as soon as I can."

"YOU have a sick child here who needs care and attention," Doctor Bixby said. "And you have a mother in the hospital, where she is getting care and attention, and where she thinks she is doing something good for you by not having you worry about her—so don't go spoil her pleasure when it can't do any good."

"You're right," Jim said.

"I'm also late," Doctor Bixby said. "I'll drop this prescription off at the drugstore and have them send it over. And I'll be back as soon as I can." He said something vaguely reassuring, and left.

Madge sat down and said, "Well." Jim started toward her, when he remembered something and went out the door after the doctor. He came back in a minute.

"He never got to answer your question about Helen," he said. "So I asked it again. He doesn't know, but he thinks it is probably best for Helen to come home after school, but to keep her away from Margaret as much as possible. He figures that if it is contagious, Helen has already been exposed. And until he knows what it is, he doesn't think she should play with any of the other children or go back to kindergarten. But he doesn't think she should be brought home from there now—it would just alarm the other parents, and she's due home soon."

"I'll have to go get her," Madge said. "Margaret usually brings her home."

"I'll get her," Jim said.

"You'll have to go back to the office," Madge said.

"I'll wait until I pick up Helen," Jim said.

He knew they were both avoiding the issue, both talking about how Helen would get home from a place three blocks away as though that were the important thing, when their thoughts were on Margaret upstairs, and Tina in the hospital.

"You'd better eat now," he said.

"I'm still not hungry," Madge said. "But I'll get you something."

"Good. I could stand a little food."

He didn't know if he could eat, but he thought some coffee or tea, something warm, would be good for Madge, and that if she saw him eating she might take something. She went off to the kitchen and then went upstairs. When she returned, her face looked a little better.

"She's asleep," she said. "And I think her temperature is down a bit, but I couldn't take it. She certainly felt better to the hand, and she was breathing better."

"Good."

"I wonder how long she's been worrying about that," Madge said, and it took Jim a second to catch up with the sudden change of subject.

"I don't know," he said. "But you know your mother—she looks frivolous and empty-

THE FOURTH ESTATE

The three estates of the realm in England were the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal, and the Commons. Carlyle credits Burke with saying that there were "three estates in Parliament; but, in the Reporters' Gallery yonder, there sat a Fourth Estate, more important far than they all." Today the expression refers universally to the men of the press.

et The Best — Ask For Evenflo!

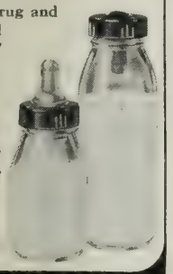


4 oz. Evenflo for newborns; later for water and juices.

or a Smooth Start in Life--

In the hospital a mother gets a thrill
t of feeding her baby for the first time.
ke many others, this young mother
using a 4-oz. hospital size Evenflo
urser recommended by doctors and
rses for newborns because its twin-
lve nipple provides *smooth* nursing
d helps baby finish his bottle better.
enflo, with its nipple, bottle, cap all-
-one is handier to use at home or
hile visiting.

Get 4 & 8 oz. Evenflo Units
r 25c at baby shops, drug and
pt. stores. Economical
-costs less than 1c a day!



Evenflo®
America's 25c
ost Popular Nurser

enflo Gift Layette —
mplete 33-pc. essential
ding set—only $2.25.

T BREATHES AS IT FEEDS"

ONE MINUTE of Simple Care in Minor Injuries

CUTS, BURNS May Avoid Terrible Infection

t risk lies in neglected small cuts, burns,
ches, scalds as germs may multiply by millions.
y tested Oil-O-Sol at once. This germ-arresting
eptic helps control infection, ease pain, speed
ng. A favorite in first aid for 50 years. Mosso's
-Sol — today at your drug store.

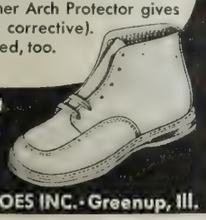
Step Master SHOES FOR CHILDREN

The ONLY Shoes With Air Holes in the-Lining—



So That Little Feet Can BREATHE!

Active little feet stay dry, fresh and com-
ortable in STEP MASTER Shoes. The
mooth one-piece lining of genuine leather
sures against chafing—gives added com-
rt... Pliant leather Arch Protector gives
a gentle lift (not corrective).
Budget-priced, too.



rite for Illustrated
aflet and
me of
orest Dealer

EP MASTER SHOES INC. · Greenup, Ill.

headed, but she does a lot of thinking and gets a lot done. She might have worried about this for a long time, or she might have just come across it in a routine checkup."

"If Doctor Bixby had said some more, I would have felt better," Madge said. "But he was just so matter-of-fact."

"What would you expect him to say?" Jim said. "He wouldn't talk without the evidence. He is not a doctor who believes in alarming his patients, you know that—but he never soft-soaps them either; he always lets them have it straight out if he thinks they can take it. So he just said the truth—he didn't think it was anything; but he wouldn't be able to say for sure until he heard from the lab."

"I should call Evalyn," Madge said. "I should let her know."

"Evalyn can wait," Jim said. "She's twelve hundred miles away, and there's no sense in her worrying there when she can't do anything about it, and she couldn't come because your sister, for all her virtues, is a poor dissembler, who wouldn't fool your mother for a minute."

They were trying to talk composedly and quietly, but each jumped when the delivery boy from the drugstore rang the doorbell. It woke Margaret, who called, "Who's that?" and stayed awake long enough to take the medicine.

By the time Jim left for the office, she had gone back to sleep, and her temperature had gone back to a shade under a hundred and two. He knew Madge felt relieved, but he had noticed that Margaret's neck was still stiff, and she protested when he asked her to bend it. Madge, he knew, had noticed it too, but neither of them spoke of it as they went to call for Helen. Picking her up came about simply: he drove Madge to the school on his way to the office, and she walked Helen home.

His secretary gave him a quick look when he came in, asked if Margaret was better, and then, with the routine office messages, said a Mr. Klaag of the FBI had been in looking for him, and would call back. "My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure," he cracked, but he wondered why any FBI man should be looking for him. He didn't have to wonder long, as Mr. Klaag phoned him almost at once, and on hearing he would be free, said he'd be right over.

He realized that he had never met an FBI man before, that his picture of them came from the movies, and that Mr. Klaag looked and acted as little like a movie G-Man as his friend Allison on the Argus resembled a movie newspaperman. Mr. Klaag looked a good deal like an office-supply salesman who stopped in every couple of weeks, and except for showing a leather wallet with his credentials instead of a business card, he could have been any office visitor. He was blond, snub-nosed, rather stocky, very quiet and very polite.

"This is just a routine call, Mr. Nicholson," Mr. Klaag said, and then stopped. He was obviously about to say something else, but he kept looking at Jim, and finally said, "I hope you don't mind—everyone must tell you this, but you know you look to me rather as Abraham Lincoln must have looked when he was in his early thirties."

Jim laughed. If it was a line to put him at ease, it was a good one. "Lots of people remark on it," he said. "I don't look like him at all, but I'm tall and thin and I guess I look worried. That's all there is to it."

"If you lived in Illinois, near Springfield, you could give many a person a surprise," Mr. Klaag said. "I don't want to take up too much of your time—the resemblance to Lincoln startled me, that's all. I came, as I said, on a purely routine call because I understand you are friendly with Fred Kinsella, and as a friend of his, and a loyal citizen, we know you'd like to help us."

"Fred isn't in any trouble?" Jim asked.

Mr. Klaag smiled. "You mean, has he kidnaped someone or otherwise run afoul of the law? No, of course not. You know him too well for that. As you know, Mr. Kinsella had a rather important job in Washington until the end of the last war. He is being considered for a much more—shall we say

Most make-ups shout: "Made-up!"—
Magic Touch whispers: "Natural beauty"



Replace that heavy "made-up" look with natural-looking loveliness by using Magic Touch. No puff, no sponge.



43c and 1.00—6 magic shades ... a CAMPANA product

Magic Touch is NEW ... a *tinted cream* make-up so sheer your skin glows through! ... yet it hides each tiny blemish while it smooths and softens and adds glorious color.... Apply with fingertips (with or without powder)—so quick, so easy, so *naturally lovely!*

small bust?
in-between size?



if your bra looks like this ... you need

PETER PAN

Hidden treasure
"for fuller measure"

no pads! no puffs! the contour's built right in!

Now in fashionable plunging neckline!
The one bra that adds fullness to your bustline without "falsies" or gadgets! What a lovely difference it makes in your figure! Retains its glamorous contours —washing after washing! Regular, plunging, and strapless. 3.50 to 5.00



P.S. Extremely small bust? Ask for Peter Pan Tripl-Treasure. Permanent inner-pad construction. Concealed, natural contour pads can't slip out of place.

PETER PAN FOUNDATIONS, INC. 512 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 2
MERRY-GO-ROUND OF CANADA, 3643 ST. LAWRENCE BLVD., MONTREAL, QUEBEC

•PATENTED •® U.S. Pat. Off.

NULLO
NEW PILL
KILLS
Stops all fear of offending in close contact
BODY
Take it like a vitamin
ODORS

BAD BREATH, TOO!

TAKE one or two Nullo tablets daily! Then no amount of rushing or nervous excitement can produce the slightest body odor. Women's special odor problems—during the menstrual period, for instance—are stopped! Even your socks and underwear carry no odor. Your dresses and sweaters never pick up a trace of unpleasant perspiration odor. That's because you have no odors when you take Nullo regularly.

Easy to Carry! Easy to Take!

For bad breath, chew Nullo. Even garlic, alcohol, and tobacco are no match for Nullo. Try it today! If not delighted, your money back! Nullo is clinically tested . . . absolutely harmless.

THE DE PREE COMPANY, Holland, Michigan
Established 1906 • Manufacturers of Nurse Brand Drugs and Wheatamin Vitamins



ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS!

It contains only an ingredient you eat every day in green vegetables—nature's chlorophyll specially processed by Dr. F. Howard Westcott's formula to safely control breath and body odors. Nullo is as safe as a lettuce leaf!

Featured in READER'S DIGEST



nullo
IT REALLY WORKS!
New Pocket Size 29¢
30 Day Supply $1.25
Economical Family Size (100 tablets) $2.95
1951

critical or sensitive?—job now, and we are just giving him a routine check. How long have you known the Kinsellas, and how well do you know them?"

Jim answered quickly, but at the same time he started to grow wary. *That's interesting*, he thought; *at first he wanted to know about Fred, but now he is asking about them as a couple.* He went on answering the questions perfunctorily—they were perfunctory questions—and then, while one side of his mind was answering the questions and searching his memory for facts, the other side of his mind was considering the Kinsellas and their problems as they related to him.

In particular he was thinking about Mary Kinsella, because that change in the question, from Fred to the Kinsellas as a couple, had given him his clue. The Kinsellas had moved to town a few years before the war. Fred had come in to manage the big grain elevator out by the depot, and he and Mary had taken their place as a pleasant young couple in the town's society. They had no children, and probably because of that they were a bit more inclined to stay out late and to drink more than some of the others.

Fred was a big, somewhat reserved man, with a slow sense of humor and a nice disposition. He was a good golfer, he danced fairly well, and he paid enough attention to the other wives to flatter them, but not enough to make their husbands jealous, or to make Mary jealous, and that was something he was careful of.

Mary was thin, dark, intense, lively, and very much in love with her husband. She was the center of a sort of intellectual and artistic circle in the town, and liked to start discussion clubs and get groups together to take up painting, sculpting, or making baby clothes for a mission in China. None of the groups lasted very long, but Mary was just as enthusiastic about the next one she started.

Jim had got into political discussions with her. He realized now that Fred had always stayed out of them, had acted in a way as a bystander and a protector—as though he didn't agree with Mary's views, but he wasn't going to let her get into any trouble about them. Not that Mary needed any protection she had a quicker mind than Fred's and was at least as well informed as most of the people she argued with. But there was no question but that her political beliefs were a good deal farther left than those of most of their set. He remembered some of their discussions, and how he had teased her about being a Communist, and he squirmed as he remembered them, and wished fervently that Mr. Klaag had never come to ask him questions.

Now he wasn't paying enough attention, as Mr. Klaag had to repeat a question, and he knew that soon a question would be coming: whether or not Mary was a Communist. And he realized he didn't know. He would have sworn she was not, but he had no reason for that belief; it was just a feeling because she was a friend, because he had never pictured her as a Communist. It was not, he felt, something that was until this moment any of his business. If she were a Communist or a nudist, a Buddhist or a vegetarian, a Democrat or a Friend, it made no difference to him—until now, when it might suddenly be of interest to the Government. He had heard many arguments as to whether the Government had a right to know, but he knew that the arguments had nothing to do with his answer right now, that if he were asked he would answer as honestly as he could.

He remembered Mary and the arguments he had had with her, he remembered the things he had called her, the way he had teased her. He remembered her raising funds for the families of striking workers somewhere—and he remembered the sewing for the mission in China, and the fact that when someone got sick, when there was trouble of any kind, the first person to do something helpful was Mary Kinsella. He remembered the way she had acted when Margaret had been hit by a car, and what Mary had done when the Larrabees had been burned out of house and home, and he suddenly got angry. Partly it was anger at himself, for having had doubts about Mary just because there was some question about her. And then the question came and he was a little bit surprised at the form it took: did he have any doubts about the loyalty of either of the Kinsellas to the Government? He realized with a rush of relief that he had no doubts, and said so. The other questions along the same line were answered equally firmly. Mr. Klaag thanked him, talked a little about conditions in general, and left.

Last Load

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

July leaned his white and thundery head
High over the high last hayrack going in,
The wheels, the horses' tails were lost in sweet,
On the edge of the world was the low thundering;
The boys were flattened pants on a moving world,
The farmer stood wet bronze in clinging clothes;
This was the year's last load, and on the gold
Between his feet lay the branch of pink wild rose.

Great-grandfather's father put the rose there first,
The blossoms had crowned each last load since his day;
There was no reasoning a habit like this one out,
Like youths making love like men, things were this way;
Though wits, if wits worked hard, would work it out:
Hay to be housed its thrifty sweetest must
Be in before the last wild brier rose
Had shed and was a cup of golden dust.

It might be this would be the last rose there
And this the last load of last loads for good;
The farmer wore deep winter on his hair,
The farm was being crowded by wild wood,
Boys were looking townward, and machines
Were pushing horses and hand-farming so
A year might see kingdoms of sentiment
Crumble like all kingdoms of long ago.

The first thing he did was call Fred and tell him.

"I know, Jim," Fred said. "He's going all over town, talking to everyone I ever met."

"You're not worried?" Jim said, because Fred sounded as though he were.

"No," Fred said. "It's not that. I've been asked if I'd take a job in Washington, and it's a pretty big job and I think I'd like it—but I don't like this fellow going around asking questions. They ask about our drinking and they ask about our honesty, and they ask about our sex life, and even if everyone should think we are just dandy, they'd start to wonder after a while just what was wrong that made them ask so many questions."

"I wouldn't worry about that if I were in your shoes," Jim said.

"If everyone were like you," Fred said, "I wouldn't have to."

Jim knew what he meant the minute h hung up. There were a few people in tow who did not like the Kinsellas: some of th older younger marrieds who thought th Kinsellas were a little fast, who thought the lived too well, who thought Mary spent to much money on her clothes, who were jealou of them or resentful of them, or just plai disliked them for reasons of their own.

He tried to put his mind back on his work but he knew he was waiting for the phone t ring, that his mind was only partly on h business, that the rest of it was waiting t hear something about Margaret, about Tin and was disturbed about the Kinsellas. An when the phone did ring, it didn't relie him much—it was Madge calling to repo that there was nothing to report, that Ma garet had awakened, had gone back to slee her throat still ached, her neck was still stif her temperature about the same.

And then Mr. Brown called him in. "He there's an FBI man about," he said.

"Yes," said Jim. "Looking for me."

Mr. Brown did not look amused. "Not i any trouble, are you, Nicholson?"

"Me?" said Jim. "No, they were just ask ing questions about someone else, someon who gave me as a reference, I guess."

"All right," Mr. Brown said. "Don mean to pry. Just don't want any troub around here. Don't like it."

JIM started to shake when he sat dow again at his own desk, not from fright, fro anger. *Why, the old so-and-so,* he though *He's trying to frighten me, he's trying to tell m to watch out and not get into anything he'd n like or I can start thinking about another jo The guy who talks so much about tolerance an Americanism and democracy and equal o portunities.*

He was surprised to find that it wasn't th middle of the afternoon, but time to go hom that the office was closing. He called Madg quickly, to see if there were anything sh wanted him to bring, and started back to h house. Helen ran out to greet him, as she a ways did, and he was surprised and pleased as he had been before, to see the way childre shook off their troubles. Helen was worried little because Margaret was sick, but no worried that it was anything serious—the had been sick before, they had got well again Helen didn't like it because the grownup were serious and somber and quiet, and he best playmate was upstairs in bed, but sh ran down the walk with her hair flying an her feet twinkling, wearing the same smi with which she always greeted him. He go out of the car and swung her up to his shou der as he always did, asking, "How's m girl?" and she said, "Fine," just as she a ways did, and used his ear as a handle to hol herself on.

Doctor Bixby came in a few minutes aft he did. "Just had to stop in," he said, an ran upstairs talking to Madge. He came bac down in about one minute. "Wanted to te you a couple of things," he said. "Margar seems to be doing all right. With both pedi tricians out of town—Doctor Williams wen off to a state medical convention should hav been back last night but he had car trouble he'll be in late tonight—I've had all the sic children in town, or that's the way it seem to me. There are at least ten cases of this I've been called for. They all seem to be followin the same course."

"It could still be polio, couldn't it?" Madge said. "That often goes in spurts, an takes different forms, I've heard."

"Could be." Doctor Bixby said. "I sti wouldn't say it isn't—but I'm less inclined t believe that it is. Got no particular reason just a hunch. I just stopped by and saw you mother, Madge, and she's doing fine. Neve saw a woman of her age come through a operation like that any better. You did a right, Jim; these Crosbys are good, toug specimens."

"I wish you wouldn't talk about my wif as though she were livestock," Jim said.

"She is, my boy, she is," Doctor Bixb boomed. "And mighty pretty too."

"You haven't heard from the lab yet?" Madge asked.

(Continued on Page 245)

"The bonds William and I bought for our country's defense helped build a house for us!"



HOW U. S. SAVINGS BONDS PAID OFF FOR MRS. ROSE NYSSE OF BRISTOL, PA.

Making her yard a garden showplace is the rewarding hobby of Mrs. Rose Nysse. "There's nothing more wonderful than a house and garden of your own," she says. "And there's no surer way to own one than to save for it through United States Savings Bonds!"



Mrs. Rose Nysse says, "It seems only yesterday, that day back in 1942 when William and I started making U. S. Savings Bonds a part of our plan of financial security. I joined the Payroll Savings Plan at the Sweetheart Soap Co. where I'm a supervisor, and began buying a $100 bond each month. What a relief it was to William and me when bond buying took the saving worries off our minds!"

Bond buying through Payroll Savings is one of the surest of all savings methods. It's an automatic, systematic, and "painless" way to build a substantial cash reserve.



"Savings Bonds alone made a $5,000 down payment on our house!" says Mrs. Nysse. "Altogether, we've saved $8,000 just in bonds bought through Payroll Savings, and we're keeping right on with the plan. In these critical times, we believe bond buying is patriotic as well as practical. And when we retire, our bonds will make the difference between comfort and just getting by."

Whatever your goal—a new home, better education for your children, financial independence—you'll reach it faster with the help of U. S. Savings Bonds!

You can do what the Nysses are doing —the time to start is now!

Maybe you can't save quite as much as William and Rose Nysse, maybe you can save more. But the important thing is to *start now!* It only takes three simple steps.

1. Make the big decision—to put saving *first*—before you draw a single penny of your pay.

2. Decide to save a regular amount *systematically*, week after week or month after month. Even small sums, saved on a systematic basis, become a large sum in an amazingly short time!

3. Start saving automatically by signing up *today* in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. You may save as little as $1.25 a week or as much as $375 a month. If you can set aside just $7.50 weekly, in 10 years you'll have bonds and interest worth $4,329.02 cash!

You'll be providing security not only for yourself and your family, but for the blessed free way of life that's so important to us all. And in far less time than you think, the financial independence the Nysses enjoy will be yours to enjoy as well!

FOR YOUR SECURITY, AND YOUR COUNTRY'S TOO, *SAVE NOW*—THROUGH REGULAR PURCHASE OF U. S. SAVINGS BONDS!

Your government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.



"IMAGINE! 5 SCHOOL DAYS--STILL FRESH AS NEW-MOWN HAY!"



Never did I dream there'd *ever* be anything as marvelous as this new Dan River Wrinkl-Shed® cotton. As clean and crisp and fresh as the very first day!

Doesn't pick up dirt, for *days* on end.

Hardly a wrinkle, and I haven't even touched an iron to it.

Why—it even *smells* fresh—and that's really something, isn't it!



Just think of all the hours of drudgery I've saved because of Wrinkl-Shed. Just wait 'til *you* find out how Wrinkl-Shed comes to your rescue on washdays.

Don't starch these cottons ever.

They come clean so much more easily.

Hang dry in almost no time.

Hardly ever need ironing.

I simply can't imagine a woman bothering with any other cottons when she can get Wrinkl-Shed!

There is only one Wrinkl-Shed—Dan River's. Not just another surface "finish," but a new kind of cotton. Look for this label . . .

IT'S A DAN RIVER Wrinkl-Shed® COTTON

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

DAN RIVER Wrinkl-Shed®

DAN RIVER MILLS, INC.—*First in fashion . . . foremost in research*

Makers of Dress Fabrics • Wrinkl-Shed® Cottons • Stormwear Fabrics • Shirtings • Rayon Suitings • Yard Goods • Sheets and Pillow Cases

(Continued from Page 242)

'Of course not," Doctor Bixby said. "If had a report, don't you think I would 've told you about it by now?"

They both felt a little better about Mar- et, maybe just because Doctor Bixby med more cheerful, but dinner was still a m meal, relieved only by their attempts to be too glum before Helen. Margaret ke up and called once, had some tea, and nt right back to sleep. Her temperature s down to a shade under a hundred and e, which they felt encouraging, as they had th mentally discounted the usual evening nperature rise.

'Doctor Bixby is wonderful," Madge said, er Helen was safely tucked in bed, "but I'd l better if Doctor Prendergast were here."

"You'd probably get the same place with her. But with Prendergast you'd get there ter, just because he specializes in chil- en. But you don't have to worry about argaret's being in good hands."

"Oh, I'm not. And certainly about mother . I just wish I hadn't promised Doctor xby not to call her. I can't help but ink of how she must be feeling."

"And how much worse she'd feel if she ew Margaret were sick and she couldn't helpful?" Jim said.

"I suppose so," Madge said.

E wondered whether there was room for o equal worries in her mind, or whether, as his, they went in order: Margaret, Tina, e Kinsellas. Margaret was an all-pervading e; Margaret was sick, Margaret might ve polio—it kept going through his head, loring his every thought.

Behind that was a feeling of sympathy for na—she was a nice woman, a man couldn't k for a better mother-in-law. He liked her d admired her, and he wished fervently, r her sake, for Madge's, for the children, at she would be all right.

And then there came the worry about the insellas, an odd, brotherly sort of worry, t only the worry about a friend, but worry out a fellow man, about newspaper head- es' being brought home.

He told Madge about it, about his inter- ew with Mr. Klaag, about his worries er it. For some reason he did not tell her out Mr. Brown calling him in. In a way, lling Madge about the Kinsellas was a help both of them. It was an added worry, but added a different kind of worry. Madge said e thought she'd call Mary, but he said no, t tonight, not for a day or so. Madge went pstairs to look at Margaret again, and came down with a piece of needlepoint, and started to work at it. Jim knew how nervous he felt, and although he didn't need any proof, the sewing Madge brought down showed him how nervous she was: that little design she was working on was brought out only when she was nervous and had to do something with her hands. He had teased her about it once, saying that if they went through enough crises she might finish it, but he thought it would be cheaper and easier on the nerves to hire the most expensive worker to do it for them.

He tried to concentrate on the paper, but he realized he wasn't making much headway. He scanned the same story for the third time and knew he still wasn't taking the words in. When the phone rang, he and Madge both jumped for it and he let her answer. She handed it to him with an odd look. "It's Mr. Klaag," she said.

Somehow, although he had been thinking about the Kinsellas, that was the last person he expected to hear from. Mr. Klaag must have known it, too, as he said, "Mr. Nicholson, I'm not supposed to do this. But you gave me a good deal of your time and thought this afternoon. And your remarks showed a great interest in the subject. And, of course, I am only one investigator, and I'm not quite through with this case, although nearly through. But I thought you would like to know that as far as I can see there will be nothing adverse in my report on Mr. Kinsella."

"I'm very pleased," Jim said. "And it was very good of you to tell me."

"You realize, as I said, this is most unprofessional of me," Mr. Klaag said. "But you were the next-to-last person I saw about Mr. Kinsella, and I am leaving tonight, and I realized you were very disturbed about him."

"Thank you," Jim said. He found he was talking in the same stiff, stilted way Mr. Klaag spoke. "It was most thoughtful of you. I hope all of you investigators are as thoughtful and kind."

"I'm sure they all are," Mr. Klaag said. "And thank you."

Madge had gathered the sense of the talk from hearing his side.

"He didn't say I shouldn't tell Fred," he said, "so I think I'll call him. If I could, I'd go over and see him, but I don't want to leave the house."

Madge protested, but her heart wasn't in it; she didn't want him to leave either. And the telephone worked just as well. He was still talking when Doctor Bixby came in.

"No wonder I couldn't get you on the phone," he said. "I've been trying for the last twenty minutes, and all I get is a busy signal. So I thought I could come over faster."

Jim hung up. He knew there was no bad news by Doctor Bixby's voice, and the look on Doctor Bixby's face. Or could he tell? The doctor wouldn't look so cheerful if he had bad news—or was he trying not to alarm them?

"I've got the report from the laboratory," Doctor Bixby said, "and everything is all right. And Margaret will be all right too."

Jim could see the weight lift from Madge's heart, but the doctor was still talking.

"The laboratory has done everything they're going to do," he said, "and everything is fine. In the odd language of our craft, it is what is called a benign tumor, which doesn't mean it is beneficial, it just means that it isn't malignant—and by that we mean the patient doesn't have a cancer. I told Tina and she's as perky as a three-year-old."

Jim wasn't paying too much attention to the words, he was taking in his relief.

"As for Margaret, I've talked to Doctor Williams—he'll be in town later tonight. By tomorrow noon her temperature will be down to normal. By the following night, if she has no more fever—and she shouldn't—she should be able to get up."

"Then it isn't serious?"

"It isn't polio, as far as they know," Doctor Bixby said. "It seems that Doctor Williams went off to a state pediatricians' convention and all they talked of was this bug that's been going around. The feeling is that it is a virus of some sort, that it has many of the symptoms of polio but isn't polio, that everyone recovers completely within twenty-four hours, and that it is, in effect, a bug that must run its course. By pure dumb luck the medication I gave Margaret is exactly what they are prescribing."

"There's no need to be so modest," Jim said. "We know you too well. Could be that you gave the right prescription because you're a good doctor?"

"WITH all the things a doctor knows," Doctor Bixby said, "when a doctor gives the right prescription for a disease he isn't sure of, it is just pure, dumb luck, and don't tell me it isn't. The only saving thing for most of us is that if we give the wrong prescription the patient doesn't know it and will probably recover anyway. We just take credit for what Nature does, and blame Nature for our failures. And that's a good deal of a speech for me. I think I will call up the two parents I haven't reached yet, and go home and see what Mrs. Bixby has been doing all day."

"And what have you been doing all day?" Jim said to Madge a little later. The light was off and she was lying next to him in bed, and he knew she was lying still and quiet, wondering whether he was asleep or not.

"What?" she said, startled.

"I was thinking of Doctor Bixby, that's all," he said.

And I was lying here worrying about money, he thought. *I was wondering whether we should keep Dora. I was wondering whether I would get a raise in a few months, and how we could pay the dentist, and whether we could afford the new things the kids would need this summer.*

"You know something?" he said, and put his arm around her.

"What?"

"I love you," he said. "You're my darling and my life, and we're the luckiest people in the world."

"I am," she said, "because I have you. But why you?"

"Stop fishing," he said. "Because I was lying here worrying about money—loving you and worrying about money—and I suddenly realized that was all we had to worry about . . . and that makes us the luckiest people in the world."

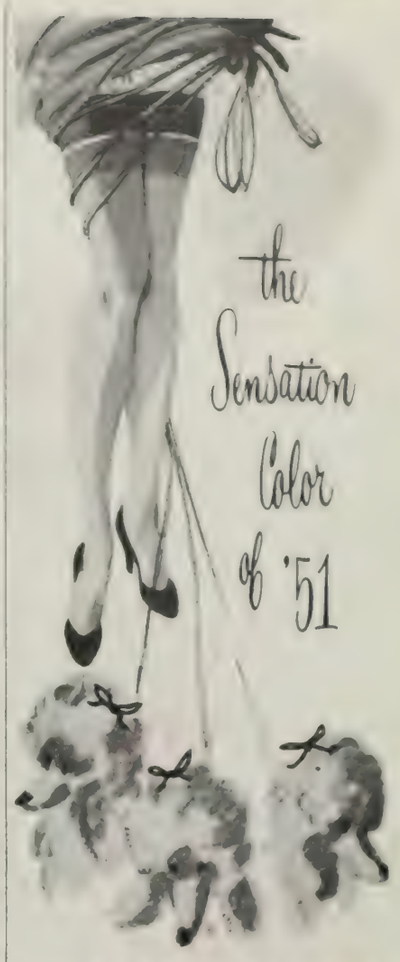
"You may be right," she said. "But you're a little slow. I've known it for years."

He listened to her go to sleep and remembered the spot on Helen's chest. *I'll tell her about it in the morning,* he thought, and fell asleep himself.

THE END



"If you want to make Jerry feel real good, just mention how nice his shirt looks. He pressed it himself."



GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE

*Cheesecake

"Cheesecake"... Gotham's exciting new sunlit-beige... gossamer as a shaft of light... perfect for Spring and Summer Fashions..."Cheesecake" is the most traffic-stopping, camera-clicking nylon stocking color in America!

*"Cheesecake"—photographers' term for lots of leg, lovely in Gotham's new sunlit color.

GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE
BEAUTIFUL STOCKINGS







←BEFORE

the Living Side

Fresh apple-green walls, home-sewn draperies and slip covers do over a living room at moderate cost. Rearrangement and a few new accessories bring the room up to date.

the Dining Side

Decorating the dining alcove to match the adjoining living room gives pleasing emphasis to the color scheme. Matching linens and accessories carry out the ensemble idea.



HAROLD BOWLER

Dear Miss Murdock: Can you suggest a color scheme and do-over decorations for our living room, keeping the cost under $200?

I can sew, and the men of the family paint and paper if coaxed a bit, but I need help in planning an all-over job. Just where do I start, and can I be sure to keep within my budget?

TO answer this and thousands of similar letters that turn up regularly in our JOURNAL mail, we have decorated an actual room in a reader's home, carrying out all our recommendations. Using the room as a guide, you can plan similar decorations for your own living room and see beforehand what a limited budget will do. *(Continued on Page 248)*

"$200 to make my Living Room over"

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK

INTERIOR DECORATION EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL



Newly-wed or not . . . enjoy

Trousseau Luxury

Be a bride all over again . . . where your linen closet is concerned. Don't wring the last ounce of wear from tired, bedraggled linens. Have a soft, white snowdrift of a bed-spread. Have towels and sheets and blankets as petal-soft and garden-gay as any trousseau.

Fieldcrest loveliness is loomed-in at the mills and meant to pamper your budget.

Look for this new Fieldcrest Colonial bedspread, Concord pattern, in your favorite department store. Its exquisite design is taken from a hand-loomed coverlet the proud possession of the Cooper Union Museum in New York.



Fieldcrest

BEDSPREADS

Sheets • Towels • Blankets • Bedspreads
Electric Blankets • Karastan Rugs • Lace
Tablecloths • Curtains • Hosiery • Rayons

FIELDCREST MILLS, DIVISION OF MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, INC., 33 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK





CHASE THE "Ghost of the Past"
OUT OF YOUR BATHROOM

Don't give this daily menace house room another minute. Rout him with fresh, fragrant VANISH that

- **Goes to work the instant it hits the water**
- **Cleans with a fast agitating action**
- **Releases an air freshening fragrance on contact with water.**

Open VANISH with a flick of the finger with its new Expellid Opener —easy, quick, no fuss or muss. Get this bathroom necessity from your grocer today.



Double-Action VANISH makes bathrooms fragrant as it cleans

Ask your dealer for ELF, sensational new drain opener and deodorant

Make More Money
SELL WOMEN'S WEAR
Up-to-minute styles—DRESSES—street—house—DRESS GOODS—cotton—rayon—HOSIERY—LINGERIE—APRONS—TOWELS—STATIONERY—GREETING CARDS—Beautiful Free Samples Make Easy Sales—GOOD PROFITS—without experience. Exclusive. Be First. Write Now.
MITCHELL & CHURCH CO.
Dept. 38 Binghamton, N.Y.

KILLS ALL MOTH LIFE!
Protects against future damage
APEX
MOTH CAKES Two Sizes 25¢ 39¢
MOTH CRYSTALS AND NUGGETS 79¢ $1.49
MOTH VAPORIZER for large closets 89¢
A CLEAN HOME PRODUCT
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

COVER UP UNSIGHTLY CRACKS—
LOOSE PLASTER!
Have lovely crackproof ceilings! Only a matter of hours and you have a beautiful patterned ceiling that is forever *crackproof*. Apply sturdy Upson Kuver-Krak Panels —right over old plaster. No visible nail heads. No fuss or muss. No delays. Hundreds of thousands of Upson Ceilings now giving lifetime satisfaction. *Send for practical booklet!* 32 pages in full color. Shows beauty of Upson Ceilings. Arrangements by leading decorators. Scores of ideas. Sent postpaid—10c. *Use coupon.*
UPSON KUVER-KRAK PANELS
THE UPSON COMPANY
934 UPSON POINT, LOCKPORT, NEW YORK
I enclose 10c. Send me your practical 32 page idea booklet, "New Interiors For Old."
Name
Street
City State

(Continued from Page 246)

No labor costs have been included in the budget—assuming that the man of the family can apply ready-mixed paint and you will sew the draperies and slip covers. Illustrated booklets with helpful pointers on making draperies and slip covers can be picked up at the counter where you buy your fabrics.

Begin by choosing your color scheme. Assuming that you already have a rug, the new color scheme will be planned to harmonize. The rug in our sample room was rich green, and since many of the new schemes use variations of the same basic color for all backgrounds, we chose apple green for walls and ceiling. Here is a word of caution: for the average room, choose a soft, rich color, not too dark. The darker colors show damage easily, and of course cut down the light quality.

Paint for our large room, including the dining area, cost $15.00; 4 gallons were sufficient for two coats, with a bit left over for retouching in case of mishaps.

The four windows required 6 yards of fabric each, and since we wanted one chair slip-covered to match the draperies, we added 5 yards extra for that. The total yardage for both draperies and slip cover was 29 yards. At $2.49 a yard, the total cost was $72.21.

In choosing your drapery fabric, remember that its color and design supply the main accent in your room and will dominate it. For this reason, make sure that you choose a pattern which is as attractive when hanging in folds at the windows as when spread out on the counter; otherwise you might be disappointed in the results.

The rose-patterned fabric in our sample room is rayon faille, 48" wide, and soft and easy to handle. This fabric comes also in tea-rose, gray or green grounds with harmonizing colors in the design.

The sofa slip cover is tailored, with self-welting. You know, of course, about the sewing-machine attachment that enables you to stitch close welting inserted in slip-cover seams. With it you can do a really professional job. Fourteen yards of pla fabric, 48" wide, will slipcover an avera sofa, but you should allow about 2 yar more if the design is to be centered o back and cushions. At $2.29 a yard, t fabric for the sofa slip cover shown co $32.06.

Since our budget room shows both a win chair and the usual club type, the yarda differs. For a wing chair no larger than our allow 5 yards of 48" material. For a reall big wing chair, add 2 yards more. A clu chair requires 5 yards of plain fabric and or 2 additional yards if there is a large repea which is to be centere or matched.

Lamp shades hav a way of dating th same as hats. Large ones with straight side are now being used and when made of plas tic or paper can b painted to harmoniz with any scheme.

Don't overlook th important part playe by your accessories Don't include as par of your new scheme any articles that don't har monize with it. Giv special attention t your pictures. If your room has a mantel buy a really good print that ties in with you colors.

For our rose-and-apple-green room w selected Rousseau's The Cataract, whic shows a bold pattern of tropical foliage an figures with rose-red accents. The frame i natural wood, sawed to size and joined i the home workshop.

Here is the materials budget for the roo in the photograph:

Paint, 4 gallons, @ $3.75	$ 15.00
Draperies, 24 yards faille @ $2.49	59.76
Wing chair, 5 yards faille @ $2.49	12.45
Sofa, 14 yards textured cotton @ $2.29	32.06
Club chair, 5 yards textured cotton @ $2.29	11.45
1 lamp and shade	33.50
1 new lamp shade	3.50
Rousseau print	24.00
Molding for frame	4.50
	$196.22

A neighbor's young son, back from two weeks at his first summer camp, was excited about ribbon badges awarded him for the greatest improvement in swimming skill and for naming the most birds. His mother saw that there was another ribbon.

"Aw, I jus' got that for havin' my bag packed neatest when we started home," he said.

"Why, that's fine," she told him. "I'm proud of you!"

"Aw, I hadn't never unpacked it," he explained. — MRS. ROY GANNON.

Back and Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 64 & 65

Vogue Design No. 7351. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7357. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7275. "Easy-to-Make" chemise dress and detachable overskirt; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.
Vogue Design No. 7360. One-piece dress and jacket; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 7358. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 40. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7345. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6724. "Easy-to-Make" blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 40. 40c.
Vogue Design No. 6769. Skirt (halter included in pattern); 12 to 18, 30 to 36. 60c.





7:35



8:10





10 till 5



6:30

10:59

Ah-h-h! To sink down, at last, in the silken smooth . . . the cool, caressing, smooth comfort of Supercale sheets. No moment is so welcome. No sheet so welcoming. For Supercale is made by* **WAMSUTTA,** *the name that means the most luxurious thing in this nerve-jangled world . . . deep, satisfying sleep!*



Never correct your Child's English

It don't make no difference if the kid does make a few mistakes.
You done worse, probably, when you was his age.
Besides, there ain't nothing you can do about it noway.

By NORMAN LEWIS

To your growing child, this world is sufficiently confusing and insecure—don't add to his troubles by censoring his speech. From the day he utters his first syllables, he will be making man-sized attempts to imitate the language he hears in the family; and as he becomes more sophisticated in the use of words his speech will naturally fall into the patterns of communication which he observes all around him. Talk baby talk to him—and he will eventually talk baby talk right back at you. Address him fairly constantly in nervous, querulous tones, in rushed, garbled sentences, and his own speech will follow suit. It has to—up to the age of five or six, a child's talk is almost pure imitation, and highly susceptible to good or bad influences.

Of course, he'll do some improvising. He'll say *comed* and *spended* and *growed* and *eated*, even though such barbarisms never occur in the speech of your household. When this happens, as it does in the language of every normal child, ignore the errors. To you, the past tenses of English verbs may be simple enough. To the child learning to talk, they can become another one of life's many difficulties—if you start emphasizing correctness and incorrectness. When your youngster starts adding *-ed* to his verbs, he is taking a linguistic step forward, and in speech children take one step at a time; it may be some while before his mind is ready to distinguish between regular and irregular formations of the past tense. In the interim, if you constantly correct his lapses, you are presenting him with problems too complex for his tender years. And if you laugh at his childish ignorance, you may begin to build up in him a certain amount of unconscious resentment or a certain amount of unconscious fear that he cannot express himself in a way to satisfy adult ears.

Your child will go through other normal speech phases. He will use nouns earlier than pronouns, and will say *Johnnie wants supper* before he learns to say *I want supper*. For more complex thoughts, he will usually prefer *me* to *I*—he will say *Me and Margie are going outside* in preference to *Margie and I are going outside*. He will venture to use new words he has heard—often in wrong context and with ludicrous effect. Accept his contribution gravely. Don't laugh—he is not trying to amuse you. Don't correct him—he is not looking for criticism. He is making an experiment in communicating an idea; and unless you are intent on wrecking his self-assurance, accept his idea and his new word with dignity and keep your superior knowledge to yourself.

Your child, in his continuing attempt to express himself in language, will probably go through a developmental phase which may make him sound as if he is beginning to stutter. Don't express concern. Do not ask him to talk more slowly or more clearly. The less attention you pay to his apparent "stuttering," the quicker he'll grow out of it.

Dr. Wendell Johnson, Director of the University of Iowa Speech Clinic, made an investigation of the fluency of children between the ages of two and six. Doctor Johnson reports, in his book, People in Quandaries: "....Young children speak in such a manner that from 15 to 25 per cent of their words figure in some kind of repetition. The initial sound or syllable of a word is repeated, or the whole word is repeated or the word is part of a repeated phrase. . . . In addition, there are frequent hesitations other than repetitions.

"These repetitions and hesitations are not accompanied by any apparent tension or anxiety on the part of the child. They seem to occur somewhat more frequently when the child is 'talking over his head,' when he lacks sufficient knowledge of what he is talking about, when the listener does not respond readily to what the child says, or his vocabulary does not contain the seemingly necessary words."

Such nonfluency is almost certain to be intensified by parental criticism, scoldings and corrections, because these produce in the child a sense of shame or a feeling of guilt. If you begin to notice symptoms of what you consider "stuttering" in your child, it may be time to correct your own attitude toward him, instead of correcting his speech. Are you showing him enough love, giving him enough security, paying enough attention to what he wants to communicate? Are you, perhaps, making it too plain that you are worried about his speech? Doctor Johnson, studying a group of 46 stutterers, discovered that they were all normal up to the time when "someone, usually parents, first regarded them as stutterers."

"The more anxious the parents become," Doctor Johnson concludes, "the more they hound the child to 'go slowly,' to 'stop and start over,' to 'make up his mind,' to 'breathe more deeply,' etc., the more fearful and disheartened the child becomes, and the more hesitantly, frantically and laboriously he speaks—so that the parents, teachers and others become more worried, appeal more insistently to the child to 'talk better,' with the result that the child's own evaluations become still more disturbed, and his outward speech behavior becomes more and more disordered. It is a vicious spiral, and all the factors involved in it are closely interrelated."

As you can see, this is merely an extremely conspicuous result of one form of speech correction. But any *(Continued on Page 252)*



BY APPOINTMENT
PERFUMERS
TO
H.M. QUEEN MARY
YARDLEY LONDON

fresh from the English countryside

...the lilting fragrance of Lavender is brought to you by Yardley. Subtly blended with precious oils, there is only one Yardley Lavender. Though it's luxurious beyond compare, you will want to use it as generously as toilet water. It's right for all your doings. Enjoy this unique fragrance, too, in creamy-lathering Lavender Soap.

Yardley English Lavender from $1.75 plus tax
Dusting Powder $1.65 plus tax
Lavender Soap $1.35 (box of three)
Bath size, 75c a tablet

YARDLEY

English Lavender

...ley products for America are created in England and ...ed in the U.S.A. from the original English ...lae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. ...ey of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.



Now You Can Have

A PLASTIC MAGIC FLOOR

Here, at a price you can afford, is colorful floor covering loveliness with beauty locked-for-life in rugged vinyl plastic.

Sandran needs no pampering. It cleans as easily as glassware . . . grease, mud and dirt wipe off with a mop. And, Sandran wallops wear with a surface so tough even lye can't hurt it.

Install Sandran yourself. It lies flat without fastening, or can be cemented if you prefer. Choose from rug sizes, and also 6 and 9 foot widths, any length. $1.89 a sq. yd. in most areas. See Sandran today in leading floor covering departments.

SEALS IN BEAUTY!
SEALS OUT WEAR!
SHEDS DIRT!

SANDRAN®
The Floor Covering of Irresistible Beauty!



FREE! Write now for descriptive literature on Sandran floor and wall coverings, two products that bring new beauty and leisure to your home. The Sandura Company, Inc., 1423 Architects Bldg., Phila. 3, Pa.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

You have to see Sandran's beauty to believe it! In a wide range of patterns and colors for every room in the house.



(Continued from Page 250)

kind of continued correction is likely to produce the same effect in a child—loss of security. The result may be hidden for many years. It may not manifest itself until your child is an adult and has to visit a psychoanalyst, to get help in finishing "the unfinished business of childhood."

Of course if your child suffers from some definite speech affliction, such as lisping, tongue-tiedness, cleft-palate speech, spastic speech or aphasia (total or partial lack of language ability), or if severe stuttering continues without visible abatement despite an improvement in the atmosphere of the home, the earlier you seek competent professional guidance the easier it will be to cure the disorder, according to the late Dr. James Sonnett Greene, Director of the National Hospital for Speech Disorders in New York. (Doctor Greene pointed out, however, that it is unnecessary to worry about a child's not starting to speak if he is less than three years old.) Incidentally, this institution offers free pamphlets to parents on all phases of speech disorders, including lisping, oral inaccuracies, cleft-palate and harelip speech, aphasia and stuttering. Address Speech Information Bureau, 61 Irving Place, New York 3, N. Y.

When your child reaches the age at which he attends a nursery, kindergarten or elementary school, he may pick up a number "bad habits" of speech. He may begin to u grammatical patterns that will shock yo Now is the time for the greatest self-cont on your part. He is not, bear in mind, viol ing the principles of good English just plague you. To react, as I have heard ma mothers do, with "What kind of English that?" or "Where did you learn such E lish?" is obviously not going to make hin happier or better adjusted child. Perha you have never heard of neurotic childr but believe me, they exist. And their neuro are often caused by conspicuous paren anxiety—over their speech patterns or o any other behavior of which the parent d not approve.

What can you do in a positive directi toward counteracting unwholesome spee influences which your child may meet on t outside? Give him, in the home, a good mo of speech to imitate. Read to him from go books. Listen to him attentively and sy pathetically whenever he speaks to you. A swer him with the same respect you acc your husband or other adult members of t family.

And stop correcting his "mistakes." Ne make the mistake yourself of leading him believe that you are more interested in *h* he speaks than in *what* he has to say.

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 8)

Women Help Mental Patients

Baltimore, Maryland

Dear Editors: Thirty young women in Baltimore have formed a group called the "Golden Rule Guild," and they send a treat once a month to our state mental hospital.

If your readers knew the intense gratitude these mental cases show for the slightest sign of human kindness, they would form groups in their own towns and cities, and do their bit for our mentally ill—who still have normal hearts.

Sincerely yours,
BESSIE EISENBERG

Do You Take a Chance on Raw Milk?

Los Angeles, California

Dear Editors: I was warned. I was washing dishes and looking out the window at the city of Los Angeles below our hilltop house and my doctor friend was brandishing a bottle of milk at me as if it were a test tube of virulent poison. It looked so innocent, that bottle of Grade A, raw milk from one of the leading milk companies.

"Don't you know you can get undulant fever from raw milk or its products? One out of every twenty cows has Bang's disease, and if you drink the milk or ——"

"Oh, stop worrying so. I've been drinking raw milk for more than eight years and I haven't caught undulant fever yet. Besides, I like the taste better."

Three months later, I lay in bed, alternating between chills and dripping sweats. My body ached like an abscessed tooth. My joints were stiff with pain and I remembered that warning too late. I had caught undulant fever.

That was six long years ago. Each year has been a decade, the nights an unmeasurable space of time. Some nights I'm brave. I count my blessings, and I think of the fatal illnesses I could have. Other nights, I ask myself if it will ever end; I guiltily remember what a mental as well as physical burden I am to my family, of how they have deprived themselves to finance my medical treatments. Those nights I cry and pray to be healed. I could have prevented the disease. It would have been so easy to change to pasteurized milk. But I was too smart to heed advice.

Some people are cured, especially in the acute stages. My friends constantly call up and say, "Your troubles are over. I've just read about a miraculous new cure." I've tried enough vaccines and drugs for an army, but so far nothing has hit the chronic brucellosis which I have. At least I have seen the laboratory reports and the X rays of my spine which prove the effects of the Brucella germs, but what about the countless thousands of listless children and adults who drag on year after year, not knowing why they are depressed and aching and never seem to feel well? The Geneva Conference of Health in Switzerland recently reported undulant fever to be one of the two greatest menaces to public health in the world—a living death.

It isn't a new disease. Man and undulant fever have probably been living together since the early herdsman stages of civilization. Then why hasn't it been detected and publicized? Because the laboratory tests which detect the acute brucellosis more often give negative results in the chronic cases; because the symptoms are so varied that the disease is often misdiagnosed as arthritis, colitis, sinusitus or one of many other ailments; and lastly because the patient doesn't die. He goes on living, aching, running periodic fevers and wondering if there is no answer.

There is an answer. Don't drink raw milk or its products, work to make its sale illegal and don't contact cattle which have Bang's disease. It's as simple as that. You can help to stamp out this living death.

Sincerely yours,
MARION LLOYD TRIESAULT

Rules for Dating

Dear Editors: Isn't it about time American mothers do something about their sons' morals? Fathers rarely are interested, since they have been victims of the double standard of behavior which never brought any happiness and certainly has wrecked many marriages.

When I read about boys "going as far as a girl will let them" and that it is up to the girls to put on the brakes, it makes me think that American mothers are neglecting their sons shamefully.

My son is "going steady" and has had instructions from his sisters and from me that include: *Never* do any necking at the movies—it is very poor taste. *Never* park your car to "neck up a storm" with your girl. It is natural to kiss your girl, to want to embrace her and to hold her hands and quite right that you should, but see that you do it in her home, while her parents are in the house. *Always* take her to her door.

Above all, remember that any girl you date is in your protection, that her parents have entrusted her to your care during the time she is in your company. Drive carefully. Have fun and be happy!

Sincerely yours,
(Name withheld by request.)

Nice Mess

Lubbock, Texas

Dear Editors: Just read your letter from Dorothy Black, American Men are a Mess. My opinion? They're the best darned "mess" I ever saw and I know a lot of girls who agree. Sincerely yours,
SHEILA RAPP

HOUSE-WORK HANDS?

Try this *different* lotion. A famous Canadian formula that swiftly soothes and softens. Provides beneficial oils and medically proved protective ingredients to help prevent redness, roughness, dryness. Extra rich and concentrated. One drop serves *both* hands.

At cosmetic counters—25¢, 50¢ and $1.00 a bottle

Campana Italian Balm

Don't be HALF-SAFE

by VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you mature. Now, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a new type of perspiration containing milky substances which yellow—if they reach your dress—cause ugly stains and clinging odor.

You'll face this problem throughout womanhood. It's not enough merely to stop the odor of this perspiration. You must now use a deodorant that stops the perspiration itself before it reaches—and ruins—your clothes.

As doctors know, not all deodorants stop both perspiration and odor. But Arrid does! It has been proved that the new cream deodorant, Arrid stops underarm perspiration 1 to 3 days safely—keeps underarms dry and sweet.

Remember this, too. Arrid's antiseptic action kills odor on contact—prevents formation of odor up to 48 hours and keeps you "shower-bath" fresh. And it's safe for skin and safe for fabrics.

So, don't be half-safe. Don't risk your happiness with half-safe deodorants. *Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure.* Arrid with Creamogen will not dry out, and it's so pleasant and easy to apply. Get Arrid today.

RELIEVES PAIN OF HEADACHE · NEURALGIA NEURITIS

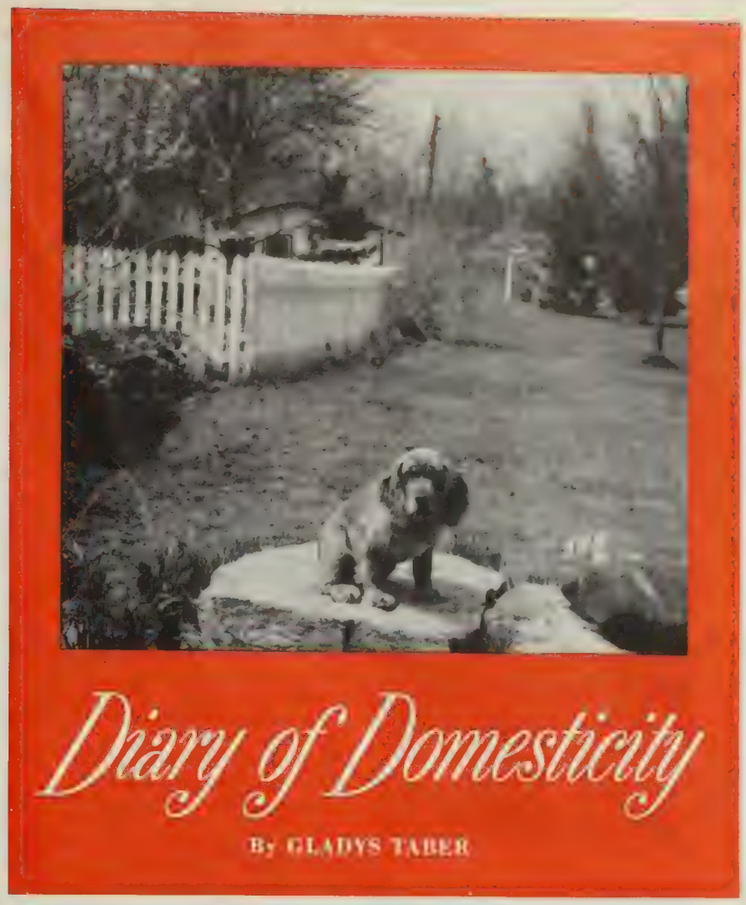
FAST

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend

ANACIN

Anacin® relieves headache, neuralgia, neuritis pain fast because Anacin is like a doctor's prescription—that is, Anacin contains not just one, but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Thousands have been introduced to Anacin through their own dentist or physicians. If you have never used Anacin, try these tablets yourself for incredibly fast, long-lasting relief from pain. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

BRIDAL
Fabrics at Wholesale
Write for FREE catalogue and swatch book
Schenfeld & Sons
97 Hester St. (Dept. L-3) N. Y. 2, N. Y.



Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

April's the time to return to the land, to dig in the garden, to soak up the sun lazily with the cockers.

GEORGE plows about the nineteenth of April. He has been plowing his land and our land and the garden for . . . is it eighteen or nineteen years? And yet every time it is pure enchantment for me, every time it is as if this were the first time the great shining blades folded over the rich dark earth and the long furrows rolled out to the meadow. George loves it, too: he is laughing as he wheels the tractor around and manages to avoid the old asparagus bed by a turn the size of a dime.

A man who plows rides the world. You can feel the great old Mother Earth released from the winter quiet and giving again her richness to mankind. You feel the deep power of growth which so far man has not destroyed. Plant well, says the soil, and I will nourish you yet once again.

The dogs catch the excitement and whirl like dervishes, grab small stones and play tag, rush off with a parsnip leftover from last year.

The two Irishers are crazy with delight. Everybody is outdoors. Tally-ho, they say and sweep past, knocking me off my feet. I am black and blue in several places as they greet the spring. I don't mind, I feel the same way, and only wish I could gallop at fifty miles an hour over the newly turned earth.

Raking the yard for the first mowing is quite an adventure too. There is my bathing shoe that Daphne made off with last fall. There is a ski sock. There is the missing part of the Christmas wreath. There is that rubber the guest left too close to the door. There are the red rubber mouse and the yellow rabbit. There are all the pieces of kindling that the dogs started to carry in and decided against.

In short, it is really spring!

INSIDE the house, every inch of space is filled with seed boxes and seed collections. Jill spends the evenings sorting them in piles, thinking how many rows of chard we need this year, how much lettuce. I am no help, I always advise planting everything, just everything. I think how good the fresh young vegetables taste and I always say we can freeze the extras.

"Well, there is a limit," says Jill, "to how much I can hoe and weed. And remember the time we had a wheelbarrowload of cucumbers?"

Cucumbers have a short span of life. You can eat them cold and hot, baked and simmered with cream or in mousse. But you can't eat them by the dozen, so there is no use raising a thousand.

It pays the housewife, in early spring, to take a day for cleaning the cleaning things. I get energetic on a rainy day and pile the mops and brooms and polishers and wax cloths and dusters in the kitchen, and just go to town on them. The string dusters and mops, if soaked in a good detergent in warm suds, prodded about with a plunger, rinsed and shaken out, will be like new and will really pick up dirt again. Cellulose sponges and mops wash like magic. We have some excellent chemically treated dustcloths. I wash them, too, and they are still useful.

FAVORITE cloths can be run in the washing machine with a detergent. I have a few bits from old winter pajamas that I cherish. They are so helpful with waxing furniture. Brooms get dirty, too, and a quick dip in suds followed by a good airing keeps them in working order.

You can't really clean house with soiled equipment, I have found.

We keep the sacks the dog food comes in and wash them, and find that they are the nicest dish towels and jelly bags and then, in the end, superb cloths for washing the windows.

We always look ahead in the Farmer's Almanac to be sure the weather will be good for the main spring cleaning. "Temperature drop might kill apple crop," says the almanac, and we watch the thermometer anxiously. "Now it clears, let's give three cheers," is a signal for us to begin the inevitable window washing. The old small panes of glass that I am so fond of are



Aching feet can put lines in your face!

● When your feet are sore, throbbing with fatigue . . . your *face* looks tense and tired! . . . And perhaps even worse, those little pain-lines can be the beginning of unpleasant wrinkles!

That's why it pays to rub those feet with Absorbine Jr. at the first sign of ache or fatigue.

First, Absorbine Jr. quickly cools and soothes the sore spots. Second, it counters the irritation that causes the pain with a grand muscle-relaxing effect!

When your *feet* feel better, *you* feel better . . . and *your face shows it!* Get Absorbine Jr. wherever drugs are sold . . . $1.25 a long-lasting bottle or MAIL COUPON TODAY!



"It feels so good!"

Absorbine Jr.

Mail this coupon today

W. F. Young, Inc.
240 Lyman Street, Springfield 3, Mass.

Please send me a Free sample bottle of Absorbine Jr.—Postpaid.

Name_____

Address_____



Shining floors...

Safe from slips!

now yours with

GOLD SEAL

self polishing

FLOOR WAX



59¢* Pint 98¢* Quart

Listed as antislip material by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., under reexamination service. Look for this seal.

AT LAST a wax that shines floors brightly, yet *doesn't make them slippery* — Gold Seal Self Polishing Floor Wax.

TRY IT. Prove to yourself—here's the wax for gleaming floors you can walk on, *run* on, with safety!

ON ANY TYPE FLOOR, Gold Seal adds lustre that lasts. Use on hardwood, linoleum, rubber and asphalt tile—for shining floors, safe from slips!

**Prices Fair Traded where state laws permit.* © *Gold Seal Co., Bismarck, N. Dak.*

really dreadful to clean. Especially since the key windows, the ones near where we sit, have great streaks of spring mud from Daphne's urgent paws.

The only time there isn't a setter looking in the window, I thought yesterday, is when she is already on the sofa inside.

No job seems dull now, everything is bright with the lovely excitement of spring. In the night the peepers sound and I lie awake to listen to one of the sweetest sounds of all. I always remember asking George what those birds were that sang all night. The country was a complete mystery to me then; now it is so dear and familiar, and yet every single day the country dweller finds some new experience.

Nell Adler gave us a cartload of forget-me-nots last fall, and Jill planted them all around the pond. Every time we had a thaw in the winter, I rushed down to look. There they were, the brave things, keeping a tenuous hold with the wild water rushing by. Now the pond is free of ice and the brook flows where it should, and the forget-me-nots have lived!

The water cress fared less well. We have tried three times to get it to grow, and we shall try again. Steve's brook is full of it, and to the outer eye his brook flows the same way that ours does. His never floods out, ours always does.

I love eating gifts from Nature: dandelion greens, wild blackberries and grapes, the sweet wild strawberries, the morel mushrooms that come in violet time.

But we had no luck with fiddlehead ferns. I think we picked them too late. They had a taste a little like the way old rubbers might. A friend who specializes in edible wild food says you pick them just as they poke up from the ground; mine were quite tall and flaglike.

He also says pokeweed greens are delicious. The berries are poison, the stems and roots are also poison, but the young leaves are wonderful. I think I'll forgo the delights of pokeweed. Milkweed pods, sliced and fried, he says, are gourmet food. A little like okra. The Indians used to eat them, and used them for thickening as we might use arrowroot.

There must be hundreds of unsung heroes or heroines who tried eating strange fruits and roots and leaves just to see! Not to mentio the first man who ate a lobster. Who cou possibly expect that dreadful thing to sweet as the honey of Hybla?

We have a very good friend near here, Indian chief named Gray Fox, who runs trading post. He knows just which juice fr which plant will cure ivy poisoning. Som times the new discoveries in medicine tu out to be some old and early remedy. d carded, forgotten and now found once mo I have infinite faith in them, with the exc tion of sweet fern as an ant preventive. least our ants never pay any attention sweet fern, if the whole kitchen is bur in it.

In April, we are tired of winter meals, a not ready for the summer salads and jell things. It is a between season for appeti We like things such as cheese timbales nice meat saver and a very pleasant dish itself.

I use ½ pound of the pasteurized Ameri cheese cut into small pieces. In the top double boiler, I melt this with 1 cup of m When well blended, I remove from heat, 1 teaspoon grated onion, salt, a few gra cayenne. Next I add 4 beaten eggs. I greased timbale molds and place them pan of hot water and bake in a mode oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes or un knife comes out clean when stuck in the ter. I serve with hot tomato sauce asparagus points or fresh peas. Very with mushrooms, too; and add a baske fresh gold corn bread and a dish of cur jelly, and you have a company supper.

The sun rises around half past five in April, and the mornings are incre fresh and clear. I like to get up and dash to the garden to see what's up and the my breakfast in a sunny corner by the w like to eat outdoors even if I have to w sweater.

White clouds scud across the deep sky meadow has a haze of green, the wild p blossoming up the hill. The pure del white blossoms give the look of silver tains in the soft spring countryside.

An April day is a precious gift, hope fo anxious world, new faith for the dou heart.

And elegant for mole digging, sa cockers and the Irishers. THE

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Welcome for a Welcome Third

By MARJORIE LEDERER LEE

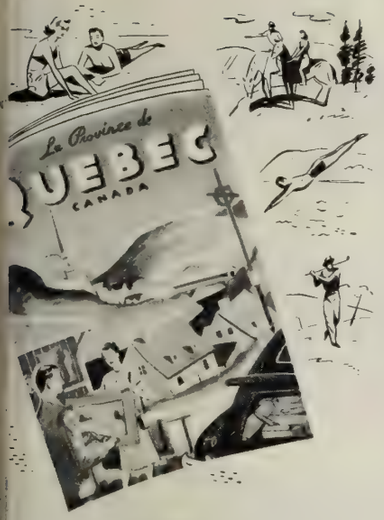
With the first one they offered me
couches;
"Stretch out, you poor dear," they
cajoled.
With the second the males slowly
rose from their chairs;
"You had better sit down," I was told.
But my days in the limelight are
over,
Just a fabulous fable of yore;
And now when I'm out for an eve
at a party . . .
I park on the floor!

For the first one they ordered a
nightie
Made in Paris, all silken and sweet;
For the second they gave us a shirt
and a sack
That they bought in a sale down the
street.
But our days in the limelight are
over,
And although it be terribly hard
We'll be gracious and grateful as
grateful can be
If they send us a card!

Now, the first one was named for
his father,
A Junior: traditional, pure.
And the second was Alison: sligh
too-too,
And a trifle bizarre, to be sure.
But our days in the limelight a
over,
And our energy's starting to
slow,
So don't be surprised if you hear
that the third one
Emerges as Joe!

True, the first's a Mechanical
Wizard,
A clincher for old M.I.T.;
And the second, who shows
Intellectual Genius,
Will probably publish at three.
But our days in the limelight a
over,
Our ambitions more mellowe
and mild,
And we'll sigh with relief if our
precious wee third one
Is only a child!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Let this booklet be your guide to a delightful vacation in the romantic Province de Québec—where all summer sports are at their best —where you will be welcomed with French-Canadian hospitality in comfortable, modern inns and hotels.

LA PROVINCE DE
Québec

Write today for your free copy of this booklet to: The Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

HOW MUCH Is Your SPARE TIME Worth? You can earn up to $1.50 an hour representing Curtis publications and other popular magazines. Write today to CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY, 422 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

Eastern PRE-FAB*

Is the blind YOU designed!



Write for name of your PRE-FAB manufacturer

PRE-FAB Venetians are custom-made for *You* . . . with *All* the features *You* want. 14 colors in *DuPont* Plastic. *PRE-FAB Blinds are custom-made with the equipment and products made by EASTERN MACHINE PRODUCTS CO., Baltimore 30, Md.

"EINSTEIN IS MY FATHER"

(Continued from Page 47)

relationships between time and space, gravitation and inertia, matter and energy, which were eventually to lead to television, and the atom bomb. He was living then in Switzerland, where his father had sent him to study engineering, a profession in which his father hadn't been particularly successful, but which he thought his son should follow. The boy had been born in Ulm, Germany, and brought up in Munich; his family was Jewish, but the children were educated in Catholic schools. Young Einstein's schoolwork was only fair, his interest in sports and physical education almost nonexistent, and had it not been for a chance gift, his childhood might have been quite melancholy. But when he was 10, he was given a book on geometry—which was not in the school program—and liking it so well, he memorized it, and then proceeded to study higher mathematics and philosophy on his own. He especially liked the views of Immanuel Kant and, as he told a friend later, it was through Kant's philosophy that he began to question the truth of generally held beliefs. This, plus his faith in the exact accuracy of mathematics, led him to work out his own original theories.

When he was 15, his father's engineering business failed, and the family moved to Milan, Italy. Soon after, he was sent to Zurich to study at the Polytechnic Institute; in due course, though somewhat tardily, he graduated from it, but not as an engineer, and started job hunting. He had a hard time finding anything, and after nearly starving, he got a routine post as a patent examiner in Bern. It was an easy job for him, however, and he liked it—largely because he was able to do in an hour or two what it took other employees all day to do. This gave him plenty of time to work on his private theories, and to get married. The wedding took place in 1903, and his bride was a girl he had met in his math classes, a young Serbian Catholic. His first son, Albert, was born in 1904. The following year Einstein announced his theory on relativity, and from then on he was sought after as a teacher and lecturer. In 1909 another son, Eduard, was born; in the same year, he got his first professorship at the University of Prague.

His marriage was not going well, however. When Albert was ten the family split up; the wife returned to Zurich, where their second son still lives. Soon Einstein moved again, to Berlin, where his fame had now become so great that his students all complained they could not get into his classes because of the crowds of people. What caused the Einsteins' separation is not known, but things cannot have been easy for the young couple: Einstein's salary, for instance, while a professor at the University of Prague was only $60 a month. Years later, in 1921, when Einstein received the Nobel prize for physics of $45,000, he gave it all to his first wife. By this time he was making $5000 a year and he had married again—to Elsa Einstein, his first cousin, with whom he had grown up as a child, and whom he had now met again in Berlin. She, like himself, was a divorcee, and had two young daughters, whom Einstein henceforward regarded as his own. Elsa Einstein died in Princeton, New Jersey, where Einstein now lives, in 1936, two years after the death of her younger daughter. The elder daughter, Margot, still lives in Princeton.

Although he was German by birth, Einstein let his German citizenship lapse and took out Swiss papers when he was 21. When he went to Berlin, he was given his citizenship back, however, as a special honor. But with the advent of Hitler, he protested the persecution of the Jews, renounced his native state, and exiled himself to America while the Nazis confiscated his home, possessions and bank deposits.

Here, he joined the Institute of Advanced Study at Princeton, as professor of theoretical physics, and seven years later he became

"Naturally...



"When I entertain my bridge club," says Mrs. N. J. Spette of New York, "I get lots of compliments on my new Gas range. The way it looks—and the way it *cooks*. Such delicious cakes and casseroles! They seem *complicated*, but the automatic controls on my Gas range make them just as easy as everything else cooked by Gas!"



"My two teen-agers," says Mrs. Edmund Novak of W. Hartford, Conn., "like to cook. That's why I insisted on getting a new *automatic* Gas range. It lights without matches, even for baking and broiling. Being able to *see* the flame and being able to turn it up or down instantly is another reason I would not consider any other range."



"I'm the new type of Southern belle," says Mrs. Betsy Boggs of Birmingham, Ala. "I do my own cooking and—thanks to my new automatic Gas range—*I love it!* It's so *fast* and holds such *exact* heats. Even bakes spoonbread and cobblers when I'm out of the house. And it's easier to keep clean than any range I've ever seen!"

I prefer a Gas range!"

NEW FREEDOM GAS KITCHEN (R) A. G. A. INC.)



MAGIC CHEF "CP" GAS RANGE IS JUST ONE OF MANY ALL-AUTOMATIC GAS RANGES NOW AT YOUR GAS COMPANY OR APPLIANCE STORE

and there are 26,999,997 other smart women who cook with Gas!

Gas has got it!

FOR MODERN COOKING, REFRIGERATION, WATER-HEATING, HOUSE-HEATING, AIR-CONDITIONING, CLOTHES-DRYING, INCINERATION

See the SPRING STYLE SHOW of NEW GAS RANGES today!

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION



There's a Lovely New Broadloom Rug in Your Old Rugs, Clothing

It's All So Easy! Write today for the Free Olson Rug *Catalog* in colors (with 40 model rooms) that tells how your materials are picked up at your door and sent at our expense to the Olson Factory, where,

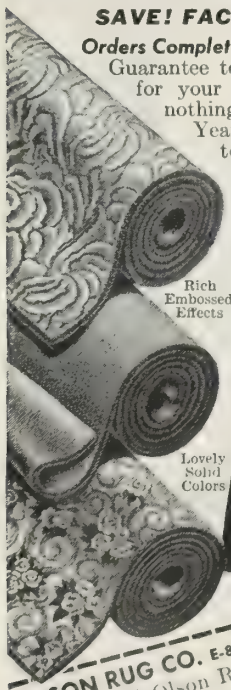
By the Scientific Olson Process
we sterilize, shred, merge, reclaim and separate the valuable wools, etc., then bleach, picker, card, spin, redye and weave lovely, deep-textured, new . . .

TWO-SIDED BROADLOOM RUGS
. . . in sizes for all needs up to 16 feet seamless and any length, in all the newest:

Solid Colors	18th Century	Embossed
Two-tone	Early American	Effects
Tweed Blends	Oriental Designs	Florals, Ovals

SAVE! FACTORY-TO-YOU!

Orders Completed in One Week. We Guarantee to please you, or pay for your materials. You risk nothing by a Trial. Our 77th Year! Over 3 million customers. We do not have Agents or sell through stores. Read praise from editors and customers everywhere.



OLSON RUG CO.
Chicago New York San Francisco

Mail Coupon or a 1c Postcard for—

FREE RUG CATALOG IN COLORS

OLSON RUG CO. E-87, CHICAGO 41, ILL.
Please mail Olson Rug Catalog Free to
Name
Address
Town State

an American citizen. Meanwhile, he reached retirement age, and became a professor emeritus, a position he still holds. In 1950, after 30 years of intensive study, he announced what he called his Generalized Theory of Gravitation—an attempt to explain all the basic laws of nature in terms of gravity, electricity and magnetism. It has not yet been proved experimentally, but it explains gravity, the mysterious force which holds us to the earth, in terms of mathematics, and may one day open the way to inventions even more startling than the atom bomb, television, electronics and other marvels which have grown from Einstein's theories.

Unassuming, thoughtful and, more recently, somewhat frail, Einstein lives quietly on Mercer Street, in a white frame house with green shutters and a vine-covered porch. He is a familiar figure to the people of Princeton by now, with his great shaggy head of hair, his pipe, his baggy trousers and worn sweaters and shoes. A neighbor's child once struck up a friendship with him by giving him gumdrops; a schoolboy involved in an argument on his arithmetic homework got Einstein to solve it. But of adulation and publicity he will have none: his "autobiography," written some years ago, contains 47 pages of thought, but not one mention of his personal life; and though he has always been courteous to the press, he has declined to be interviewed at any length. During the last war, as a special gesture, he wrote out his theory of relativity in longhand (he had thrown the original away after it was published) and allowed it to be auctioned off at a War Bond rally. Sold with a copy of an unpublished manuscript, the two brought $11,500,000 in bon purchases, even though it was stipulate both manuscripts must then be presented the Library of Congress. Earlier, he had al come out of his seclusion long enough write to President Roosevelt that researc had shown that uranium atoms might b split, and that the result might be a powe ful bomb. But by and large, Einstein prefe to do what he did on his seventieth birthda despite the huzza around him—"sit an think."

"For the most part," he wrote some yea ago, "I do the thing which my own natu drives me to do. It is shameful to earn much respect and love for it. . . . I live that solitude which is painful in youth, b delicious in the years of maturity."

FORECAST FOR APRIL

(Continued from Page 70)

absent-minded cook would forget that fact and only a careless one refrain from serving it, in one way or another, with a handsome leg of lamb, roasted to a turn and carved with grace at your own table. True, isn't it?

Mint and fruit with lamb. Here's something that you may not have had, maybe not have found anywhere. Do get yourself some fine canned pears—fruit goes with meat as mint goes with lamb—and try the delicious mint-glazed pears, the next time you set roast leg of lamb before the family and guests.

MINT-GLAZED PEARS

Drain 1 No. 2½ can pears. Put 1 eight-ounce glass mint jelly, ½ cup vinegar and ¼ cup light corn sirup in a skillet. Simmer 15 minutes until the jelly is dissolved. Put in the drained pears and ½ teaspoon mint extract. Simmer about 15 minutes more until the pears absorb the flavor and take on a little of the green tint. Don't overcook or the pears will break up.

Rice instead of potatoes. Good as they are, you don't have to serve potatoes *all* the time. There are other things in the world, and one of the finest to take the place of potatoes is rice. I love rice. Cook it most any way, except the mushy way, and I'll fall for it. Take rice croquettes, for example, the crispiest possible things outside, and inside just beautiful. Soft and creamy with melted cheese stringing out, and delicate seasonings that bring up memories of all the jars and bottles and little cans that used to pack our mothers' shelves. Well, I didn't set out to talk about croquettes, but I could do with a few—smallish ones—right now. But this is right now. And it's pilaf of rice, no less, that we are going to have to go with our roast lamb, and here's the receipt, easy to do and easy to eat:

PILAF

Brown 1½ cups rice in 6 tablespoons butter or margarine until golden in color. Stir as it cooks. Mix in 1¼ teaspoons curry powder. Add 2¼ teaspoons salt, ¾ cup white seedless raisins and 3 cups canned clear chicken broth. Mix well. Cover and cook in a heavy pan over low heat until the rice is tender and all the broth has been absorbed—about 30–40 minutes. Place a clean towel between the pan and lid for a few minutes before serving to help absorb any excess moisture. The rice will be nice and fluffy.

Don't say it. Don't tell me you don't like garlic. If you don't, I shall take you by the hand and lead you into the herb patch, where, braced against the stones—all herb gardens must have stones and *should* have stone walls, you know—you'll find the garlic. It's not one to be despised, nor should it hide its head in shame or deny its name and conceal its history, for it is a noble herb and worthy of regard and respect. And one way to get a pleasurable sensation from the bold little buds is to prepare some garlic bread. This is usually made from the French loaf, but here is a way of making it from a small compact loaf of any good bread:

GARLIC BREAD

Cut crusts off all sides of an unsliced loaf of bread. Cut down through middle lengthwise, but do not cut clear through. Then make 4 cuts crosswise of the loaf to same depth. Cut horizontally part way through the middle of the loaf on each side. In each case, cut easy, as you want to keep the shape of the loaf intact. Melt ½ cup butter or margarine with 3 cloves crushed garlic. Strain out the garlic and brush the garlic butter all over the loaf and between the slits. Toast in a moderate oven, 350° F., until golden brown. Serve hot.

The salad has It. Put the emphasis on *It* this time. If you don't want to go to any bother, make any nice green salad, putting in some tomatoes and scallions and radishes—well, there are a lot of salad materials about. But if it strikes you as a good idea, here's a de-luxe salad that will be a real complement to the lamb and a genuine compliment to the diners, and a new culinary achievement for you. Besides, it makes eating artichokes a simple and delightful undertaking, rather than a major operation. Try to think of more than that to demand of *any* salad—if you can.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Vexation of Spirit

By Helen Moye Williams

I love all worldly things:
  Frocks—blue, white,
Yellow like a tulip,
  Sheer as delight;

Silver grapefruit, figs
  Like drops of purple wine;
Sunset at the window,
  Candles when I dine.

I love the white pear's plume,
  This facsimile of bliss:
White moonlight, a garden,
  My own love's kiss.

I love all vanities:
  Helen, whose face was fair,
Aladdin's magic genii,
  Louis' golden chair!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ARTICHOKE-AND-ONION SALAD

Prepare 6 artichokes by breaking off about 3 or 4 rows of the outside petals that stand out, leaving the fleshy portion at the bottom. Cut around the broken petals with a sharp knife to remove any of the tough portions. Rub the cut portions of the artichokes immediately with lemon to prevent discoloring. Cut off the tough top parts of the leaves about 2" from the stem. Take out the red dish prickly center with a spoon and scoop out the fuzz underneath, being careful not to dig into the meaty flesh of the artichoke itself, which is the best part. Rub all over with lemon. Peel the skin off the stem and cut leaving about ½". Drop artichokes in salted water until ready to cook. Place a small peeled white onion in the center of each artichoke. Place, cut side down, in an enamel saucepan. Add 1½ teaspoons salt, a little pepper, 1 cup water, ½ cup salad oil and the juice of 1 lemon. Cover and simmer for minutes until artichokes are tender. When artichokes are done, sprinkle them with or 3 tablespoons finely chopped fresh dill. Simmer another 5 minutes. Serve cold with lemon-and-oil French dressing. This is on for the book!

Angelic food. My favorite cake—no, *one* of my favorite cakes—is an angel. Some call it angel food, but a cake it started and a cake it shall remain. So, to make the dessert which concludes our dinner, you've got to have an angel cake. There's no getting away from that. I wouldn't want to. And save me piece. I'll take it fixed any way you say—or plain as is. So for dessert we're having apricot angel dessert cake, for apricots are one of my favorite fruits—and besides, this dessert cake uses up yolks that you always wonder what to do with when you've made an angel cake. And next time you're at home I'll make you one. In the meantime, make one yourself, for I am awful busy.

APRICOT ANGEL DESSERT CAKE

Heat 2¼ cups apricot nectar with ¾ cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt. Beat 9 egg yolks well. Stir a little hot nectar into the yolks, then stir the yolk mixture into the rest of the nectar. Place over boiling water and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture coats the spoon—about 10–15 minutes—as you would a nice, smooth, soft custard, you know. Soften 4 teaspoons unflavored gelatin in 6 tablespoons cold water and dissolve in hot nectar. Cool until the mixture begins to thicken. Then fold in 1½ cups heavy cream whipped, and add 6 tablespoons well-drained chopped maraschino cherries. Chill a few minutes longer until almost set. Meanwhile cut your angel cake crosswise into 4 layers and put together with layers of apricot cream between, on top and sides. Decorate top with shaved, unblanched almonds (a nut shredder helps with the almonds) and 2 teaspoons more chopped cherries. This makes a large cake, but it keeps very well in the refrigerator for several days. Serves 12 to 16

I'll be seeing you. It won't be long before inspiration and I will have another date and what results will be set before you, with no holds barred! All of which means that next month, along with the flowers that bloom in the spring, I'll tell you what I've found out—or part of it. So, till that day comes, good-by—I'll be seeing you!

THE END

Yours without rubbing—

THE RICHEST, LONGEST-LASTING WAX LUSTER YOU'VE EVER SEEN ON WOOD!



by the makers of Johnson's Wax



IT'S NEW! A revolutionary discovery that actually *waxes* furniture *without rubbing!* Pride is a free-flowing liquid that embodies the same scientific discovery as Johnson's Car-Plate—the amazing new auto wax you read about in Reader's Digest last year.

You merely spread Pride on . . . let it dry . . . wipe lightly. That's all! You get the richest, longest-lasting wax luster you've ever seen on wood. Your furniture's protected with a solid surface of lustrous wax —a smooth, dry surface that contains no sticky oils to catch dust.

Pride is economical, too. This $1 bottle contains more than enough Pride for all the furniture in the average home. Start using Pride today. It's at your dealer's *now!*

"Car-Plate" and "Pride" are trademarks of S.C. Johnson & Son, Inc.

She wears the cleanest clothes in town

. . . *her mother swears by TIDE!*



She wears the cleanest clothes in town—
So does her little brother.
Their clothes are always washed with TIDE—
They've got a clever mother!

Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!



YES, Tide WASHES CLEANER

. . . cleaner than any other washing product sold throughout America! And we do mean *any* other—*old or new!* Just *try* Tide in your washing machine. Wring out your clothes, rinse them, and, lady, you'll hang up a *cleaner* wash than you'll get with *any* soap—or any other washing product sold from coast to coast! You'll get the *cleanest* wash in town!

NOT ONLY CLEANER—WHITER, TOO! Yes, Ma'am! In *hardest* water, Tide will wash your shirts, sheets, curtains *whiter* than any soap you can name! They'll be so *shining* white . . . so radiantly *clean*, you'll never want to trust them to anything else but Tide!

AND BRIGHTER! Just wait till you see how your wash prints *glow* after a Tide wash! The colors look so crisp and fresh . . . the fabric feels so soft . . . irons so *beautifully*, you'll say there's nothing like Tide! And there *isn't!* Get Tide today —and hang the cleanest wash in town on *your* line!

P.S. PREFER TO SKIP RINSING?

With Tide you *can* skip the rinsing, and save all that time and work. Just wash, wring out, hang up. Tide will give you the cleanest possible no-rinse wash!

MAY 1951

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

25 CENTS

The Magazine Women Believe In

PUBLIC LIB



Undiscovered
AMERICAN BEAUTIES

LEONA COATES
Mesa, Arizona
She's working her way

MARQUAND'S GREAT NEW NOVEL—"Me[illegible] U.S.A."

Stories and Articles by
Harold E. Stassen, Roger Butterfield, Harlan Miller, James A. Michener, Elizabe[illegible]nan

How Sparkling can you be?

What makes her teeth so Sparkling clean?

The answer is **IPANA**!





What makes her mouth so Sparkling fresh?

The answer is **IPANA**!



She's got a date most every night!

The answer is **IPANA**!



The answer is IPANA

for cleaner, healthier teeth!

There's nothing like a sparkling bright smile to give you a confident lift! So start today with Ipana—to get your teeth cleaner, reveal the hidden sparkle of your smile—and help prevent tooth decay! You'll love Ipana's sparkling taste—leaves your mouth fresher, breath sweeter, too. Get Ipana today for your Smile of Beauty!





Remember—to reduce tooth decay—no other tooth paste (ammoniated or otherwise) has been proved more effective than Ipana!

For really cleansing teeth and gums, the answer is **IPANA**!



now...

Kraft brings you its own superfined

Salad Oil

for home use!



In pints and quarts. Bottled in special light-filtering glass to protect its freshness and purity.

It's the most exciting kitchen news in years!

Now you can use, in your own favorite recipes, the same golden salad oil that Kraft perfected to use in Miracle Whip Salad Dressing and other delicious Kraft products!

A special *superfining* process gives this new kind of salad oil a lighter body . . . makes it blend quickly and perfectly with other flavors!

You'll be prouder than ever of your homemade salad dressings when you mix them with Kraft Salad Oil. And you'll also find Kraft Salad Oil just as wonderful for deep fat and pan frying . . . and for use in all your recipes that call for liquid shortening.

Today be sure to add Kraft Salad Oil to your shopping list . . . Kraft Salad Oil.

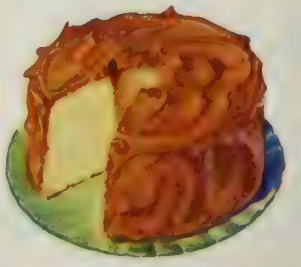
lighter-bodied to blend perfectly with other flavors!



Blends a fresh taste into homemade salad dressings!



Gives tender lightness to fried foods!



Puts a grand fluff into your chiffon cakes!

Journal

VOL. LXVIII NO. 5

Contents

May 1951

Journalities



John P. Marquand

It's not every month we are able to offer the first installment of a novel of the stature of JOHN P. MARQUAND's ***Melville Goodwin, U. S. A.*** (page 34). Before he began using his pen as a scalpel to explore social phenomena of his time, John Marquand was a prolific writer of Mr. Moto mystery thrillers. His high standing in the world of literature was established by his Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, ***The Late George Apley,*** which became also a successful play and movie. The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL published his first novel, ***The Unspeakable Gentleman,*** and his last, ***Point of No Return.*** He has the power, matchless among contemporary writers, to see inside people. ***Melville Goodwin, U. S. A.*** is a timely delineation of what goes on in the mind and soul of a military man. • JAMES MICHENER's ***Mr. Morgan*** (page 58) is another of his "tales of the South Pacific." His book by that name was the basis for the famous, and probably immortal, ***South Pacific.*** During World War II, James Michener was Senior Historical Officer for the area from New Guinea to Tahiti and has since revisited the same islands. He was recently in Korea. • Just to pretend that we have only male stars this month, here is a photo of a bulldog a friend sent in with the note: "If cats can write, my dog can edit them. Here he is—watching a perfect manuscript walk right by his window."

BLACKSTONE



James A. Michener

RUTH ORKIN



Retired Editor

Novel Condensation Complete in This Issue

Maria and the Captain — *Isabel Dunn* — 36

Fiction

Melville Goodwin, U. S. A. (First part of six) — *John P. Marquand* — 34
Aunt Louisa's Windfall — *Elizabeth Dunn* — 38
Small-Town Affair — *Florence Jane Soman* — 40
Mother is a Schiz — *Rita Eng* — 52
The Reckless Heart (Conclusion) — *Catherine Severn* — 56
Mr. Morgan — *James A. Michener* — 58

Special Features

Defense and the Public Schools — *Dorothy Thompson* — 11
Every Day is Mother's Day — 11
Tell Me Doctor—No. 16 — *Henry B. Safford, M.D.* — 31
Nehru—Man in the Middle — *Harold E. Stassen* — 50
There's a Man in the House — *Harlan Miller* — 62
What are People Really Like? — *The Daly Sisters* — 63
How America Lives: Second Call — *Roger Butterfield* — 187
Recipe for a Magic Childhood — *Mary Ellen Chase* — 205
The Make-Believe Twins — *Phyllis McGinley and Roberta MacDonald* — 208
What is This Thing Called? Love? — *Elizabeth Graham* — 254

General Features

Our Readers Write Us — 5
Under-Cover Stuff — *Bernardine Kielty* — 14
No Strait Jackets Now . . . Mental-Hospital Reforms — 23
Where Volunteers Can Help — *Margaret Hickey* — 23
Reference Library — 24
Making Marriage Work — *Clifford R. Adams* — 26
Notes on Necking (The Sub-Deb) — *Edited by Jan Weyl* — 28
Fifty Years Ago in the Journal • Journal About Town — 33
Inattentive—or Hard of Hearing? — *Dr. Herman N. Bundesen* — 117
Ask Any Woman — *Marcelene Cox* — 220
Diary of Domesticity — *Gladys Taber* — 224
This is a Game-Spoiler — *Munro Leaf* — 249

Fashion and Beauty

Lots of Clothes for Little Money — *Wilhelmina Cushman* — 42
Personality Portraits — *Wilhelmina Cushman* — 46
New Ideas for Easy Sewing — *Nora O'Leary* — 54
Alphabet for Monogramming — 165
Week-Day and Week-End Wardrobe — *Anne Lincoln* — 194
Know Your Colors — *Dawn Crowell Norman* — 196

Food and Homemaking

Lilac Time — *Ann Batchelder* — 60
Line a Day — *Ann Batchelder* — 64
The Straight and Narrow — *Gladys Taber* — 126
Making the Best of It — *Louella G. Shower* — 198
Can You Wash a Slip Cover? — 216
Conversation Piece — *Ruth Mills Teague* — 238
Quick and Easys for Two — *Louella G. Shower* — 250
Keen Cutting — *Victoria Harris* — 253

Architecture and Interior Decoration

New Bern — *Richard Pratt* — 48
Country Home — *H. T. Williams* — 96
Friendship Quilt — *Henrietta Murdock* — 108

Poetry

Eunice Mildred LonCoske 69 • Elizabeth McFarland 79 • Joseph Auslander 88 • Norman R. Jaffray 102 • Marion Lineaweaver 112 Eleanor Alletta Chaffee 122 • Walter de la Mare 131 • Jessamyn West 140 • Sally Blanding 155 • Bianca Bradbury 168 • Ethel Barnett de Vito 179 • David Morton 184 • Dan G. Hoffman 214 • Polly Toland 222 • May Sarton 231 • Marjorie Lederer Lee 242 • Yetza Gillespie 244 • Elizabeth Coatsworth 252

Cover Photograph by Bill Tuck



ORY FLAKES

adiant Action

clothes lovely far longer

shed wash- time on a n *you!* For n the most new, wash-

as "Radiant

Action"—an entirely new kind of beauty protection. Now, when you wash your nice things gently in pure, mild Ivory Flakes, they'll keep their radiant, "just-bought" beauty through more wearings and washings than you ever thought was *possible!*

Why take chances? You know [illegible] washables are safe in Ivory Flakes! It's the soap millions of mothers use to keep baby's clothes soft. It's the *only* flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory Soap. So kind to hands in the dishpan, too! Get a box today!

Longer wear for nylons! Change to gentle care and use pure, mild Ivory Flakes. Then you'll keep stocking colors fresh up to twice as long!

If it's lovely to wear... it's worth Ivory Flakes care

99 44/100% Pure!



CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address: LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The post office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Ladies' Home Journal, copyright 1951 by The Curtis Publishing Company in U. S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published on last Friday of month preceding date by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second Class Matter May 6, 1911, at the Post Office at Philadelphia under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters in all stories are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U. S. and Possessions, Canada, Costa Rica, Cuba, Nicaragua, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Panama, Philippine Islands, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America except the Guianas: 1 yr., $3; 2 yrs., $5; 3 yrs., $7; 4 yrs., $9. Other countries, 1 yr., $6. Remit by money order or draft on a bank in the U. S. payable in U. S. funds. All prices subject to change without notice. All subscriptions must be paid for in advance.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

The Curtis Publishing Company. Walter D. Fuller, Chairman of the Board; Robert F. MacNeal, President; Arthur W. Kohler, Vice-President and Advertising Director; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Vice President; Gary W. Bok, Vice President; Lee W. Trayser, Vice-President and Director of Manufacturing; Benjamin Allen, Vice President and Director of Circulation; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Richard Ziesing, Jr., Manager of Ladies' Home Journal. The Company also publishes The Saturday Evening Post, Country Gentleman, Jack and Jill, and Holiday

Kraft

VINK ON MONDAY—

AND CLEAN ON FRIDAY"

super

TOTALLY NEW KIND OF COTTON!"

Right through the week in the same dress
it still has all its pert, cotton freshness!
ver did I dream of cottons that give such
erful *wear*, with so little *care*. Imagine—
wonderful features in Dan River
ed cotton—every one of them permanent!"

Sala

for hom

nkles. 2. *Never needs starch*
*of** for the life of the garment!
ts mildew
ister.



It's the most exciting kitchen news in yea*n*—

Now you can use, in your own favorite same golden salad oil that Kraft perfecte Miracle Whip Salad Dressing and othe*r* Kraft products!

A special *superfining* process gives thi of salad oil a lighter body . . . makes it bl and perfectly with other flavors!

You'll be prouder than ever of your salad dressings when you mix them with Oil. And you'll also find Kraft Salad Oil j derful for deep fat and pan frying . . . an all your recipes that call for liquid shorte

Today be sure to add Kraft Salad Oil t ping list . . . Kraft Salad Oil.

Blends a fresh taste into homemade salad dressings!

is only one Wrinkl-Shed—made sively by Dan River. Not just er surface "finish", but a totally ind of cotton. Look for this label . . .

IVER Wrinkl-Shed®

OREMOST IN RESEARCH

/ Dress Fabrics • Wrinkl-Shed® Cottons • Stormwear Fabrics • Shirtings • Rayon Suitings • Yard Goods • Sheets and Pillow Cases

Our Readers Write us

Hi, Mom!

Dobbs Ferry, New York

Dear Editors: I know there must be thousands of "Undiscovered American Beauties," but I would like to introduce you to an unusual one—my mother.



Mother is love in perpetual motion.

Mother has been a commercial pilot and flight instructor, taught knitting for the Red Cross, and now teaches classes in private schools for Arthur Murray. She has always had time to join us in our varied activities, nurse us when we are sick, and keep house. Sincerely yours,

RICHARD L. GROSS

Who Wants War?

Bristol, England

Dear Editors: Mr. Bertrand Russell tells us in a recent issue of a popular magazine that Americans regard Western Europe as 'expendable.' Is this so? Are we really looked upon by you as just so many make-weights to be thrown overboard when it suits the military authorities?

Last spring my husband and I spent a month in France and Italy. In those two countries conditions are a great deal worse than they are here, but here they are bad enough. Do ordinary Americans realize that we are still rationed for tea, eggs, bacon, meat, butter, sugar and margarine? And that we have hardly started rebuilding the shops in towns like Bristol because we are still trying to rehouse the people who lost their homes or who have never had a home to themselves? In France and Italy the bridges over the rivers are still being rebuilt; the railway stations and public buildings are often still in ruins. And yet apparently Americans do not understand why we cannot enthusiastically support a Third World War.

I think perhaps the reason is that American women do not yet fully realize what another war would mean for Europe. They have seen their husbands and sons march away and watched for the dreaded telegram. Believe me, I sympathize with them, for my husband served through the last war and I lost two of my three brothers. But American children are still safe from war. War still happens for you in a faraway country where heroic battles are fought for high principles. We know a different picture of war, a picture of our children crouching in cellars while the bombs drop. Yours sincerely,

MAUREEN PLUMMER

Divorced Man Makes Good

Roslyn, Long Island, New York

Dear Editors: In a recent topic, Dr. Adams neglected to bring out the fact that the cause of the man's divorce might determine whether he would make a good husband for another wife. I married a divorced man. His first wife was an indifferent homemaker, emotionally immature and unfaithful. Now he loves and appreciates his home, is a marvelous host, an attentive and understanding husband. He probably puts up with some faults of mine that would annoy a man who had no basis for contrast in his experiences.

(Name withheld by request)

Nobody Dates a Lady

St. Louis, Missouri

Dear Editors: I read and re-read in amazement Jim Colvin's letter on silly teen-age girls. I suppose I am one of the few teen-age girls who try not to act silly. I agree with him on every point. But there is one thing I don't understand. The girls that act crazy always seem to have a group of boys around them. Other girls, like me, trying not to act noisy and rowdy, are called the "silent type"—the type that wouldn't go on a date with a boy. So what happens? The "shy and silent" girls are unpopular.

Sincerely yours,

CAROL BAKER

Myth or Mrs.?

Montreal, Canada

Dear Editors: I enjoyed my commanding officer's copy of the February JOURNAL despite an attack of grippe. The first paragraph of Journalities caused my fever to rise, however, due to worry over the marital status of Lois Edwards, who wrote *My Heart in Hiding.* If that poor girl married a "colonel in the Royal Canadian Air Force," it is your duty to break it to her that her marriage is a myth, because there just ain't any colonels in our Air Force. Sincerely,

RICHARDSON PINGUEY

There sure ain't—but that's what the lady said. We hope she was giving the U.S. equivalent for, probably, Wing Commander, but now *we're* worried. ED.

No Gold Bricks

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Editors: The little article, The High Cost of Housing (February) was misleading. First of all the writer says a bricklayer laying 100 bricks an hour *leisurely* could be laying 300 bricks an hour. Did you ever see a bricklayer work leisurely? Today a man laying 700 to 800 bricks in 7 hours is doing a hard day's work and he knows it when the day is ended. Most contractors today are fortunate to average 500 bricks per man per day. Twenty-five years ago men laid 2000 or 3000 bricks a day, *but* then most brick walls were two feet thick, so most of the 2000 or 3000 bricks laid were fill-in bricks, or bricks laid in back of the face work. As a bricklayer for twelve years I believe your readers should be informed of the truth. Sincerely yours,

EDWARD F. McCABE

Schools are No Good

Albuquerque, New Mexico

Dear Editors: This modern education system is a farce, from A to Z, without exception or excuse. Before critics call me a fossil (I agree, if approaching 40 can be called old age), let me set forth facts. When I went to grammar school, we were taught something from the first day. Best of all, we learned our alphabet at the start, not shortly before graduation.

The present so-called advanced and scientific approach of teaching reading is a miserable failure. It is based on memory of word-appearance, without any interest in how a word is spelled, how the letters are arranged, or how the letters are sounded. I am an administrative officer,



New IVORY FLAKES
with Radiant Action
keeps lovely clothes lovely far longer

This summer, your most cherished washables can spend less of their time on a hanger . . . more of their time on *you!* For new Ivory Flakes will keep even the most delicate cottons bright as brand-new, washing after washing!

The reason? New Ivory Flakes has "Radiant Action"—an entirely new kind of beauty protection. Now, when you wash your nice things gently in pure, mild Ivory Flakes, they'll keep their radiant, "just-bought" beauty through more washings and washings than you ever thought was *possible!*

Why take chances? You know your washables are safe in Ivory Flakes! It's the soap millions of mothers use to keep baby's clothes soft. It's the *only* flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory Soap. So kind to hands in the dishpan, too! Get a box today!

Longer wear for nylons!
Change to gentle care and use pure, mild Ivory Flakes. Then you'll keep stocking colors fresh up to twice as long!



If it's lovely to wear...
it's worth Ivory Flakes care

99 44/100% Pure!



no buttons



no bumps

on a Sealy

Sealy has "unbuttoned" a whole new kind of sleeping comfort for you with the superb Sealy Tuftless Mattress...*the* mattress for moderns. How *rest-right* can a mattress be...? Just introduce yourself to the button-free, lump-free sleekness of a Sealy Tuftless...so petal-smooth, so faultlessly firm for really supreme slumbering. It's the kind of mattress you *expect* from the manufacturer who's proved: "Sleeping on a Sealy *is* like sleeping on a cloud!"



666 LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO • FACTORIES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

and it is fantastic to see the originality of spelling and other elements which daily come to me. I know one thing: if it were not required by law our child would *not* be in school. We are desperately trying to find some place, even a private school, where the good old "Three R's" are taught as indispensable fundamentals.

Very truly yours, V. J. R.

Height of Fashion: 1904

Fort William, Ontario

Dear Editors: I am enclosing a copy of a snapshot taken of my mother in the spring of 1904. I believe the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL she is holding is the Easter number. Her clothes were made by a local dressmaker. The man's cap was quite fashionable at the time, but if I remember correctly, the style soon died out. BERYL H. SCOTT



Lady in a hammock with a good book.

▶It's back this year—more or less. ED.

This is the Army

Camp Gordon, Georgia

Dear Bruce: The Third Army is undergoing a general inspection from top to bottom right now, and the extra work thrust on everyone has made the past week very difficult. There is just no time for anything—six minutes to change from fatigues to class A uniform; ten minutes to clean and polish two pair of combat boots and a pair of low-quarter shoes; twenty minutes to dress, shave, and scrub the barracks from top to bottom! Tempers are short, eyes are hollow, and the ratio of obscenity to untainted English in conversation has risen from .6 to .873 to 1. I suppose we'll live through it, though. It's happened (like every unpleasant thing I've endured in the Army so far) to hundreds of thousands of other soldiers before me. I consider myself very lucky, incidentally, to have fallen into an outfit that boasts such an excellent crew of officers and noncoms. Almost to a man they're capable, humane, and thoroughly alert to the comfort and best interests of the "troops," as I'm referred to. This means a lot to me. A couple foul balls put into authority could make life miserable.

It's unexpectedly developed that a telephone lineman's job involves climbing telephone poles. Near the base of the pole, you seem to rise easily, stumping up the pole in short, chopping steps, confident and cocky. Near the middle of the thirty-five-foot stick, you begin to look down at your spurs with each step, assuring yourself the metal is driven firmly into the splintery wood. You're going slowly now, and too carefully, driving your spurs in too deliberately, hesitating to rest your weight on one foot for the next step, holding on too tightly with your hands. You begin to feel that your form is wrong, the angle the spurs are hitting is wrong, and that your footing is insecure. You miss one step now, and pick desperately to secure the loose foot again. But you must go up (it must not be said on OCS application, "Afraid of high climbing") and you go on, up, and up ——

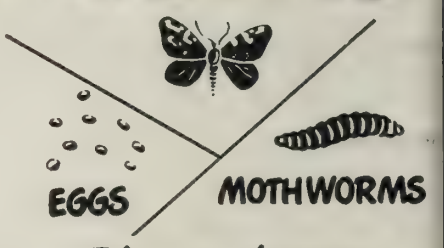
Down below are tiny figures, watching. You're swaying slowly with the pole, above the roofs of the barracks, above the trees. The pole is clean before your face. No gaff marks—this is no-man's land. You look at your feet, sticking out on

(Continued on Page 8)



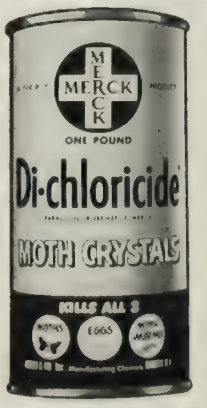
EASIER—SURER PROTECTION AGAINST

MOTHS



Take no chances

KILL ALL 3



Always play safe. Di-chloricide kills all 3—moths, eggs, and mothworms.

←AT YOUR DRUGSTORE

SATISFACTORY OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Di-chloricide®

CRYSTALS and NUGGETS

IN 1-POUND AND 5-POUND SIZES.



When I was 10

When I was ten I lived all one summer
in Grandmother's house in Gloucester.
At night, in my upstairs room, I was a tall princess
with an irresistible smile in a tower by the sea.
I remember the sleepy night sounds—
the tree that brushed my window, and the soft wandering fog,
and the deep old horns of boats in the harbor.
I remember the big, big bed that was my boat
and the smooth, cool sheets that always smelled of sunshine
and felt like summer wind on my skin
as I sailed slowly, slowly to Princess-Land.
Now, in my own house, I have sheets just like Grandmother's,
as pretty, as drowsy-cool, as sleepy-soft as hers were.
They're Supercale by Wamsutta.
And often on summer nights, as I lie inviting sleep,
these memories come back to me, and I think that I must smile in my sleep
as I did back then, when life was always bright and bubbly
and I was ten.

One luxury that is never an extravagance

Supercale

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!



Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!

Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

(Continued from Page 6)

either side of the pole; the gaffs, driven one quarter of an inch into the wood, are *all* that is between you and a long, long fall. The pole runs between your feet, down, smaller and smaller, to toothpick size at the base. Sweat breaks out on the palms of your hands, the soles of your feet crawl, you don't dare move. You have a choice of falling (broken arm guaranteed), sliding (one million splinters to be dredged out of arms, face, chest and thighs), gaffing yourself—or simple electrocution. Every time I see a telephone pole, now, I begin to tremble.

I fell this afternoon, from about halfway. Don't know how it happened—I believe I was putting on my safety belt. Anyhow I tumbled, smashing my left knee into the pole as I hit the deck. It will put me out of action for a few days, I guess. The technical training I'm getting, aside from climbing, is very good, I believe. But nothing exciting seems to be happening, right now. Soon as I've absorbed this stuff, I'll apply to OCS—I'll have a better chance of becoming a Signal Corps officer (if one at all) with this Sig C training behind me. Sincerely,

WARREN BASSETT

Cover Girl a Bride

Hanford, California

Dear Mr. Morris: Our Nancy married Pvt. Donald R. Olson of the Air Force in January. She was a truly beautiful bride—

HARVEY SALE



Cover girl who didn't wait for June.

radiant with happiness. Of course you no doubt realize that I could be "slightly prejudiced," since Nancy is my only daughter. My son enters the Air Force in June, so I shall really be an Air Force mother. Sincerely yours,

MARGARET E. DAVIES

Mrs. Donald R. Olson, formerly Nancy Davies, was our Undiscovered American Beauty cover girl (switchboard operator) last May. ED.

At Home the World Over

Ragbon, New Zealand

Dear Gladys Taber: Do you realize how many women like myself know you so very well? You could step into our home and fit in like a born New Zealander. Delightful to feel this sameness. If all men could only feel this thing, we would have no wars. I love to read about your cockers. I have an old black fellow. Not as agile as he was but still utterly devoted. We also have two orange tabby cats, just as spoilt as Esmé. Scratch Jonquil's tummy for me. Sincerely,

VALERIE PETCHELL

Breast-Fed Baby Fat, Mama Slim

Hopkins, Minnesota

Dear Journal: I am expecting my fifth child, and have yet to sterilize a bottle or mix a formula. Fortunately for me, I never had the slightest trouble nursing my babies. They got as fat as little pigs too. All my friends have envied my not having to bother with bottles. There are at least two other big advantages. Every mother I know who nursed her baby had no trouble regaining her previous girlish figure. Normally my waistline is two inches smaller than when I was in college. The greatest advantage of all is that nursing babies always smell as sweet as they look. There is never a trace of the sour-milk smell I have always found in the inevitable spitting-up of bottle babies. Sincerely,

HELEN C. CARLSON

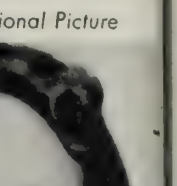
(Continued on Page 213)

Ann Blyth *starring in* "Katie Did It"
a Universal-International Picture



"Ann Blyth's hands get La Cross care

says RUTH COLLINS
Studio Manicurist
Universal-International



"A flawless manicure is the only kind that will pass a close-up screen test. And it takes instruments of La Cross *precision quality,*" says Miss Collins, "to give such a *perfect* manicure." That's why so many *professional manicurists prefer La Cross to any other manicure instruments.* And that's why glamorous stars like Ann Blyth, whose hands get La Cross salon care, choose La Cross instruments for home manicures, too!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

La Cross Professional Triple-Cut File with Cleaner Point...finishes as it files...40¢ Others from 15¢

La Cross Tweezer... swiftly whisks eyebrows to loveliness...50¢. Others from 25¢



La Cross Cuticle Scissors...designed for delicate, accurate cutting...$2.50

La Cross

America's Finest Manicure Instruments Since 1903

SCHNEFEL BROS. CORP., NEWARK 3, NEW JERSEY



Diamonds aren't a Girl's Best Friend . . .

Here she was, bejeweled and exquisite, putting in a completely miserable evening. The man she secretly admired was giving her the brush-off . . . polite but definite. And she didn't know why. It can happen that way sometimes: the very night you want to be at your best you appear at your worst. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) has a way of cropping up when you least expect it. At such a time, diamonds *aren't* a girl's best friend . . . *Listerine Antiseptic is!*

Play It Safe

Why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful *extra-careful* precaution against halitosis*? Simply rinse the mouth with it and lo! your breath becomes wonderfully fresher, wonderfully sweeter. It stays that way, too . . . *not for mere seconds or minutes but for hours, usually.* Don't trust to makeshifts that do less. Remember, Listerine's germ-killing power is the secret of its success against odor-producing bacteria.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning. It makes your mouth feel delightfully fresh and clean, and gives you greater assurance that you are on the agreeable side.

And, of course, before any date—never, never omit this *extra-careful* precaution. It pays off in popularity.

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation and the odors it causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

BEFORE EVERY DATE

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

IT'S BREATH-TAKING

a Honeymoon Complexion!

Your skin looks smoother, softer

WITH YOUR

First Cake of Camay!

She was Eileen Clarence of New York. Now she's MRS. JACK LAWRENCE *—a beautiful Camay Bride!*

Lively, lovely, lovable—that's Eileen Lawrence! Wonder at the sparkle in her bright brown eyes! Marvel at the softness of her exquisitely fair complexion! Eileen's *first cake* of Camay brought her a smoother, softer skin.

Yes, and her lovely face lights up whenever she talks about Camay. "It didn't take long for my skin to look fresher and clearer," she tells admiring, inquiring friends. "When I changed to regular care, my *first cake* of Camay brought new beauty. Camay's wonderful!"

Follow this bride's way to new beauty! Wake the sleeping beauty of *your* skin with your *first cake* of Camay. Change to regular care—use mild, gentle, rich-lathering Camay and Camay alone. Never let a lesser soap than Camay touch your skin—and you can look forward to exciting new loveliness.

A lovelier skin—head to toes!



Give all your skin Camay's fine complexion care—use it in your bath, too. The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings that "beautifully cared-for" look to arms, legs and shoulders. You're lovelier head to toes—touched with Camay's fragrance!



There's no finer beauty soap in all the world!

You'll treasure Camay for its gentle mildness. And the lather it gives is so rich and creamy and fragrant! Camay in the "Beauty-Bath" size is Camay at its best. Big, handy, thrifty—that's the beauty of this larger cake.

Camay

the Soap of Beautiful Women

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould

Editors

Every Day is Mother's Day

The platitude that "a boy's best friend is his mother" has been proved again. Every now and then students of human behavior labor for years over statistics and case histories and eventually arrive at the same conclusions good mothers have always naturally assumed and acted upon. In a recently published report*, Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck, of the Harvard Law School, conclude that the quality of home life, more than any other single factor, determines whether a child will become a juvenile delinquent.

For ten years they tested, tabulated, totaled and studied almost every aspect of the lives of 500 delinquent boys living in the slum areas of Boston, and compared the results with those from a control group of 500 boys from the same area who did not get into trouble. "It is clear," they decided, "that in the home and in the parent-child relations are to be found the crucial roots of character which make for acceptable or unacceptable adjustments to the realities of life in society."

The Gluecks warn that "little progress can be expected in the prevention of delinquency until family life is strengthened by a large-scale, continuous, pervasive program designed to bring to bear all the resources of mental hygiene, social work, education and religious and ethical instruction upon the central issue."

The obviousness of this warning, to most readers of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, is no discredit to the painstaking and exhaustive scholarship of the Gluecks. For many more than ten years, one of the "pervasive programs" of this magazine has been to do just what they suggest. While their study reveals in detail many other facets of the causes of juvenile delinquency, it primarily confirms what most mothers already know—good homes make good people.

*Unraveling Juvenile Delinquency, The Commonwealth Fund, New York.

Defense and the Public Schools

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Whenever a nation makes an extraordinary effort in one direction it has to cut down its efforts in others. Even a country and people as productive as our own can't have everything simultaneously. We are about to draft between 5 per cent and 6 per cent of the working population into the armed forces; to equip an army of 3,500,000 will mean the diversion of some 15 per cent more of the working population to arms manufacturing; we are already establishing priorities on materials for armaments; many forms of construction will have to be postponed.

Any special effort superimposed on normal activity creates competition for labor—and shifts in labor—and competition for materials. So far, no controls tolerable to a free people—or, for that matter, no controls of a totalitarian state—have ever wholly overcome the law of supply and demand.

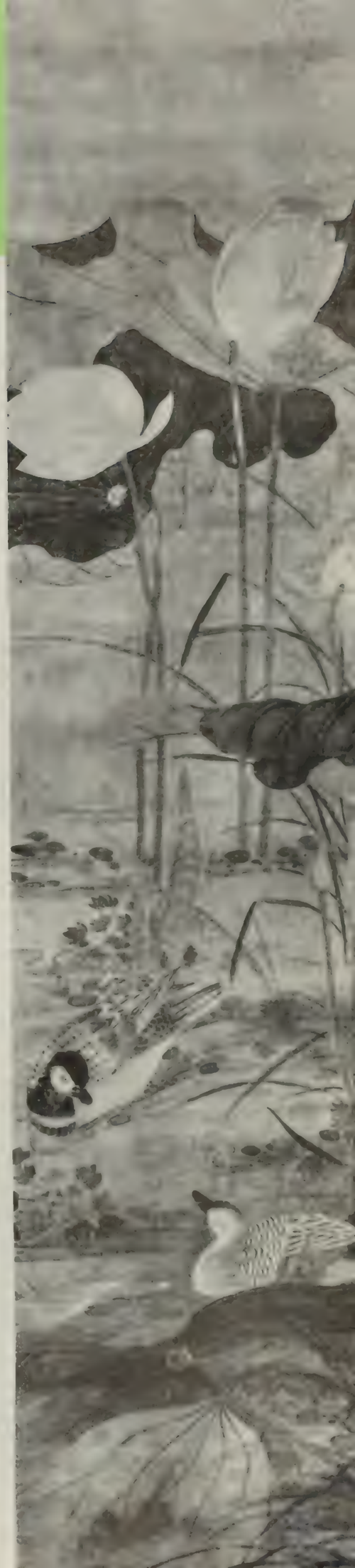
As long as military demands are accorded first place in the economy, civilian projects will have to be reduced or postponed. Every interest, of course, will be busy trying to prove that its own particular project, even if it be a new night club, is "essential to the defense effort." The briefcase march on Washington is under way!

But there is one interest and one social service that involves every family—educating our young. This service cannot even be frozen at its present level, but must expand.

And assuming that our defense effort is to protect the American way of life, the protection and expansion of this particular social service can well be called a first line of defense. I am speaking of the public schools—of primary and secondary education.

It is regrettable that the rearmament program starts when the schools are far from being up to standard. They need more teachers and more buildings. In some places, notably in cities of between 30,000 and 100,000 population, the service is approximately adequate. But in the great cities—those of half a million or over—it is seriously substandard, as it is, to lesser degree, in the smaller communities. On the whole, our school population has been growing much faster than the facilities available. There is considerable irony in

Executive Editor, Mary Bass • *Managing Editor*, Laura Lou Brookman
Associate Editors: Hugh MacNair Kahler, Bernardine Kielty, Ann Batchelder, Wilhela Cushman, William E. Fink, Alice Blinn, Richard Pratt, Henrietta Murdock, Louella G. Shouer, Mary Lea Page, Dawn Crowell Norman, John Godfrey Morris, Joan Younger, Margaret Davidson, Nora O'Leary, Jan Weyl
Contributing Editors: Gladys Taber, Louise Paine Benjamin, Gladys Denny Shultz, Barbara Benson, Margaret Hickey, Betty Jane Kidd
Assistant Editors: John Werner, Charlotte Johnson, Donald Stuart, Ruth Mary Packard, Ruth Shapley Matthews, Alice Conkling, June Torrey, Joseph Di Pietro, Anne Einselen, Glenn Matthew White, Betty Niles Gray, Elizabeth Goetsch, Robert N. Taylor, Elizabeth McFarland, Charles Stryker Ingerman, Elizabeth Crawford
Editorial Assistants: Alice Kastberg, Iris Wilken, Betty Coe, Jeanne Lenton Tracey, Adrina Casparian, Virginia Price, Marion Wilson, Jeanne Stiles, Victoria Harris, Helen Schmidt Kennedy, Cornelia S. McCook, Rosemary Jones, Virginia Carr, Sallie Eager Kubly, Lee Stowell Cullen, Jeanmarie Dunn, Elizabeth W. Graham, Isabel G. Phelps, Pauline Stieglitz, Erma W. Kelley, Janice H. Bauder, Dolores Knapp



DUCKS AND LOTUS
CHINESE, 1640-1650
COURTESY METRO. MUS. OF ART



Tonight! Show him how much lovelier your hair can look... after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

BETTER THAN SOAPS — **Leaves hair sparkling,** starry-bright . . . no dulling soap film with Lustre-Creme Shampoo! And it lathers lavishly even in hardest water.

BETTER THAN OILS — **Leaves hair fragrantly clean,** free of loose dandruff. Unlike many oil shampoos, Lustre-Creme needs no special rinse.

BETTER THAN LIQUIDS — **Leaves hair silken soft, manageable,** easy to curl. Lustre-Creme is easier to use. Contains LANOLIN . . . is not harsh or drying. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo today—be his dream girl tonight!



Kay Daumit's secret formula with LANOLIN. Jars and tubes, 27¢ to $2.

World's finest shampoo—a beauty creme-blend with LANOLIN

the fact that although the national income is the highest in the history of this or any other nation, educational facilities have not kept up—though prosperity is one cause of the increase of school population.

One cannot postpone the school problem, because the school population accumulates—from month to month and year to year. The most conservative estimates predict an increase of 8,000,000 pupils within the present decade. 8,000,000 new pupils mean 320,000 new teachers (if the standard of 25 to a class is maintained, which it presently is not) and 320,000 new classrooms. Increase in classrooms means increase in other facilities for recreation, sports, assembly, reading.

Short of some great national catastrophe, the rate of growth of the school population will not change—except to accelerate. It is due to many factors besides the normal growth of population. It is a description of, and an index to, American life.

America does not permit child or early teen-age labor—and the form of our economy does not encourage it. Despite the high cost of living, family incomes, in terms of actual purchasing power, have more than doubled since the beginning of the century. Infant and child mortality have been startlingly reduced. And even improved roads and means of transportation have a definite effect on school attendance.

At the turn of the century, nearly one-third of American 14- and 15-year-olds were employed or apprenticed. We were still, to a large extent, a craft society. The farm lad often quit school and went to work even earlier than 14. But the advance of industrialization, and changes in its pattern—the mechanization of farming, and the growth of trade-unionism—have increased the manufacturing and decreased the farm populations and greatly decreased the demand for unskilled or unadult labor.

Even were child labor permitted by law, it would find few takers today.

A FARMER, who could trust a 14-year-old to guide a plow behind the old gray mare, will not turn over to him, with the risk to boy and machine, a $2000 tractor or a $5000 combine. Farmers today who want to keep their sons on the farm get them through high school and try to send them through agricultural college—for successful farming now requires less of brawn and more of brain than it did a few decades ago.

The close relation between education and farm income is so recognized by a famous mail-order house serving farmers that it sends 1000 farm boys to agricultural colleges every year—and not as a publicity stunt, but as a shrewd investment.

In our grandfathers' time, the boy who wished to become a cabinetmaker or silversmith could best learn his trade by apprenticeship. Today in America such skills have yielded to amazingly skillful machines.

CONDITIONS in industry are no longer determined wholly by employers; and trade-unions are intransigent against competition by cheaper workers disguised as apprentices.

Therefore, boys and girls go to school longer because there is no place for them, as early teen-agers, in the working world, and whereas many once received their vocational training in shops or on farms, that training today is also partly transferred to the schools.

No country believes so much in education as America. Millions of immigrants came here from the Old World with the dream of educating their young to several steps above themselves. In general, Americans offer their children as much education as they can afford—and some offer them more education than the children can, or wish to, absorb. Sometimes the sacrifices that American parents make for their children, in providing for their maintenance far beyond the age common in other countries, is out of all proportion to the results achieved. But the ambition is American, and every increase in family income means a growth of school population.

We can count on a steady increase of the school population year by year. Yet now, as we go into a great defense effort demanding the diversion of men and materials, we are without adequate facilities for the *existing* student body, even counting plans in progress.

About a year ago, a quarter of a million children were attending school for only half a day. Reason? Insufficient classroom space.

At the beginning of the current school year (September, 1950) 4000 school superintendents reported the need for 37,000 new classrooms. Only about half that number were covered by any existing construction plans. 68 per cent of cities of over 100,000

(Continued on Page 211)



"You said if I got another low report card you'd make me eat it. . . . I ate it."



Modess . . . *because*



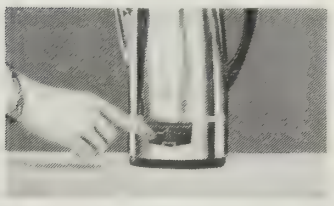
UNIVERSAL

Coffeematic

with the exclusive Flavor-Selector

FOR PERFECT COFFEE EVERY TIME, choose Coffeematic. You just set it and forget it! Select the strength you want, and the wonderful Coffeematic takes over . . . automatically brews coffee to the correct strength and signals when done. Your coffee stays hot, too, cup after cup at perfect serving temperature without increasing strength. And remember, Coffeematic has no bowls or extra, cumbersome parts to remove.

Yes, for features, for flavor and quality of the brew . . . for its completely automatic action, no wonder the Universal Coffeematic is *America's Favorite Coffeemaker.*



NO GUESSING—NO WATCHING

FLAVOR-SELECTOR automatically assures correct strength . . . Mild, Medium or Strong. Just set it and forget it. REDI-LITE shows when coffee is ready.



NO REHEATING—NO DRIPPING

HEAT-SENTINEL automatically reduces current when brewing stops. Keeps coffee "just right" 'til poured. Non-Drip Spout prevents splashing or dripping.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Copyright 1951, LF&C

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.



Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

Texas? No, just one of the cowboys from a Long Island ranch.

THE "mixer" is a popular new custom at Wellesley, we hear, and "I met my fiancé at a 'mixer'" the triumphant cry of many a newly engaged girl. The "mixer" is not a "smoothie," but a social gathering—usually a dance—in which Wellesley mingles with nearby Harvard and M.I.T. The mixing starts with Paul Joneses and Grand-Right-and-Lefts, and ends—if successful—with the little black datebook and an exchange of addresses. If a girl doesn't soon get her Saturday evenings filled, it isn't the "mixer's" fault. All is well chaperoned and the boys come out in busloads. In fact, it sounds like a long time ago.

And speaking of life becoming more normal, we've often wondered how the Bridgeport experiment turned out—the series of six lectures on sex education, to which all the adults of the city were invited. The idea was to instruct the parents how to instruct their children on that touchy subject. Because of the increase of juvenile delinquency, and the obvious need for sex education, and since many Bridgeporters objected to having sex taught in school, a group of parents and the board of education got together to figure out the best substitute system, and this seemed to be it.

Another community enterprise that deserves orchids is the group from Scarsdale ("fashionable Westchester") that gathers every Monday evening to study Latin and Greek. No officers, no dues, no refreshments. The only requisite is a love of the classics and enough knowledge to translate fairly well. Canasta or Pliny, you can take your choice in Scarsdale.

Fashionable Long Island, on the other hand, is reverting to cattle grazing. Real cowboys are riding herd on a two-thousand-acre tract out toward Montauk Point. Texas cattle are imported and fattened up for slaughter, with an average gain in weight of 500 pounds a head. Which only goes to show how New Yorkers can turn their hands to anything.

(Continued on Page 16)

COLLIER'S



"You want to talk to me about the facts of life? You mean like my allowance isn't big enough?"

Honey Pecan Bavarian

1 package Strawberry Jell-O
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups hot water
2 teaspoons lemon juice
⅓ cup honey*
⅓ cup heavy cream
⅓ cup chopped pecan meats

Got a yen for the unusual? Better clip this recipe now! This *newest* of *new* Jell-O desserts is just as luscious as it looks—and bound to be filled with the true taste of dewy-fresh strawberries, thanks to Jell-O's new flavor-formula!

Dissolve Jell-O and salt in hot water. Add lemon juice and honey. Reserve ⅔ cup and chill remaining Jell-O until slightly thickened. Fold in cream, which has been whipped only until thick and shiny, but not stiff. Then fold in pecan meats. Turn into mold and chill. When firm, pour the ⅔ cup reserved Jell-O on top and chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with mint leaves and additional whipped cream and pecan meats, if desired. Makes 5 servings.

*If desired, ⅓ cup sugar may be substituted for the honey. Dissolve Jell-O, salt, and sugar in hot water.

NOTE: For large mold, double all ingredients.



JELL-O BRAND GELATIN DESSERT
SIX DELICIOUS FLAVORS

for Spring-bright beauties!



FOR Red Letter SALADS, TOO!

Molded Maytime Salad

1 package Lemon Jell-O
¾ teaspoon salt
1¾ cups hot water
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 teaspoons grated onion
Dash of pepper
⅔ cup grated carrots
¼ cup finely chopped green pepper

Perk up a lunch . . . a "hurry-up" dinner . . . or Canasta club refreshments . . . with this tangy Jell-O salad. Trust the tart flavor of Lemon Jell-O to tease appetites . . . to taste divine!

Dissolve Jell-O and salt in hot water. Add vinegar, grated onion, and pepper. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in carrots and green pepper. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on salad greens. Garnish with spoonfuls of cottage cheese sprinkled with paprika and additional shredded carrots. Makes 6 servings.

Jell-O Merry-go-Round

Gay as a carnival, this Jell-O *fun* dessert! Youngsters up to ninety enjoy the jewel-bright Jell-O colors, the real fruit flavors! And easy-fixin' Jell-O is so wholesome . . . so easy to digest.

Dissolve 1 package Jell-O (any flavor) in 2 cups hot water. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in 6 marshmallows, cut in half crosswise. Continue chilling, stirring occasionally, until Jell-O is thick, but not set. Spoon into serving dishes so that surface is irregular and marshmallow halves are near the top. Chill until firm. Before serving, make a slit in each marshmallow half and insert an animal cracker. Makes 4 servings.



JELL-O FOR Red Letter DESSERTS

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF [illegible] CORPORATION



Darling—you'll always pass on curves!

Warner's beautiful bras put any lovely at the head of the *upper* class. Wonderful to *know* how lovely they look—how comfy they feel and fit. Wonderful to *show* that new point of view—a *curved, rounded, natural* you! Some are frosted with lace . . . others are *simply* charming in Sanforized cotton. Some come in Warner's breathe-easy all-elastic A'Lure. And naturally Warner's have marvelously fitting strapless bras in cotton, lace or A'Lure. Yours will be *yours alone* in your very own 3-Way-Sizes. Prices from $1.50 to $10. At the nicest stores. Match it with a lovely Warner's girdle. From $3.95 to $27.50.

Your cup size . . . no binding, no ripples. Warner's A to D cup-sizing fits you letter-perfect.

Your band . . . narrow bands, deep bands or elastic A'Lure bands fit snugly, smoothly.

Your uplift . . . whether you like a little lift or a lot, you can have your *own* way.

WARNER'S*
3-Way-Sized
Foundations and Bras

WORLD FAMOUS FOR LE GANT* • WARNERETTE* A'LURE* • STA-UP-TOP* • FREE-LIFT*
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., The Warner Brothers Company
New York 16, Chicago 6, San Francisco 8

(Continued from Page 14)

You can even go to college to learn to be a cowboy nowadays. "Ranch-Classroom course in Cattle Production" has been added to the curriculum of Fort Lewis Agricultural and Mechanical College, Hesperus, Colorado, with "in the saddle" training in branding, dehorning, vaccination and other cowpoke techniques. (We'll bet they don't need "mixers.")

•

The Bach Festival will be held this month, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, as it has been for the past forty-four years. The great B-minor Mass will be sung as always by the chorus of Bethlehem men and women—steelworkers, stenographers, bakers, housewives—who rehearse for it all year, and are probably the most magnificent chorus that ever sings Bach. It is made up of descendants of the Moravians who came into Pennsylvania in the early eighteenth century, and brought their Bach with them, in manuscript.

•

We shall never again be able to feel detached at the circus—after reading CIRCUS DOCTOR by ***T. Y. Henderson*** and ***Richard Taplinger***. In it "Doc" Henderson, of Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus, tells about

EWING GALLOWAY



How young fry go to the circus.

his 700 wild-animal patients, many of which he operated upon and cured during the past nine years, and some of which he watched die.

"I should of stood in bed," was his reaction when on his first day out he faced the big black bear that had something the matter with his liver. But time and experience gave him confidence.

When a lion has sinus trouble and hangs his head low (indicating headache) let him have 30 grains of aspirin with his food. . . . For a laxative, give an elephant a gallon of raw linseed oil. . . . If an elephant doesn't pull out his own hurting tooth (he often does), it's too bad because an elephant's molar is the size of a man's palm. . . . Gargantua, the big ape, was his own worst enemy, Doc Henderson believes, and died of his own cussedness.

But the book is not just clinical. It includes detailed records of animal training (always by kindness!), traveling (in four complete railroad trains), and a dramatic description of the great fire in Hartford, in which the animals, according to Doc Henderson, displayed an inner nobility akin to greatness in man.

•

And if you're interested in freaks and side shows, in fire eaters and sword swallowers, in the fattest woman on earth and mind readers—in fact, if there is a thing you want to know about carnivals read STEP RIGHT UP by ***Dan Mannix*** (who can not only write a book, but can swallow neon tubes that light up inside him). Circuses,

(Continued on Page 18)



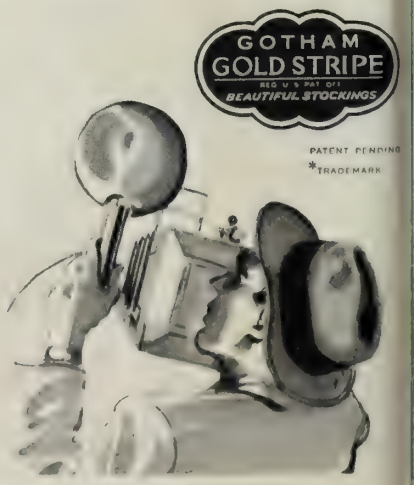
FOCUS ON

GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE

*Fashion Five**

one wonderful stocking with five wonderful features:

1. KRIMP TWIST* NYLON
2. CAMOUFLAGE HEEL*
3. HIDDEN SOLE*
4. SECRET TOE*
5. SHADOW SEAM*



Amazing New Clothes Dryer Outmodes Every Other Method . . .

Hotpoint Automatic Clothes Dryer



Greatest Advance In Clothes-Drying History!
No More Weather Worries! No More Heavy Lifting!
Sealed Chamber Prevents Lint And Moisture From Escaping Into Laundry Room!

THANKS TO THE sensational new Hotpoint Automatic Electric Dryer, you can now dry clothes indoors in a sun-pure, washed-air breeze that leaves them sweeter, softer and fluffier than ever before!

● ● **No Other Dryer Like It!** The *only* dryer sealed to prevent lint and moisture from escaping into laundry room, the new Hotpoint Dryer solves *all* your drying problems . . . *automatically!* Just set the controls and you're free for essential outside duties! Never again must you wait on weather or put up with the nuisance of indoor clotheslines! Never again must you strain your back lugging a heavy clothes basket or constantly bend and stretch!

● ● **A Home Laundry Necessity!** Truly, no home laundry is complete without this remarkable dryer. The greatest advance since the introduction of the sensational Hotpoint Automatic Washer, it's a *must* for maximum time- and work-saving efficiency. See this outstanding new dryer at your Hotpoint dealer's.* Ask about the matching Hotpoint Automatic Washer, Rotary Ironers, and Cabinets, too. All are reasonably priced and may be had on easy terms. Hotpoint Inc. *(A General Electric Affiliate)*, 5600 West Taylor Street, Chicago 44, Illinois.

**Hotpoint dealers are easy to find— just look in your classified phone book.*

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Everybody's Pointing To **Hotpoint** Quality Appliances

Look To Hotpoint For The Finest . . . FIRST!

RANGES • REFRIGERATORS • DISHWASHERS • DISPOSALLS® • WATER HEATERS • FOOD FREEZERS • AUTOMATIC WASHERS • CLOTHES DRYERS • ROTARY IRONERS • CABINETS



There's a friendliness to solid cherry which enhances all the intrinsic beauty of our lovely Cherrywick design. The fine traditional styling . . . the characteristic grain and warm beauty of the solid cherry make this fine bedroom group a joy to own.

It is open stock, of course. Choose the pieces you need most now, add others later as your needs change. You'll find Cherrywick at leading furniture and department stores.

Send 25¢ in coin (no stamps, please) for big, beautiful, full color booklet "Your Bedroom and You." Contains a wealth of helpful suggestions on bedroom decoration and arrangement, and care of furniture. Address Dept. J5, Kling Factories, Mayville, N. Y.

KLING BEDROOM FURNITURE

Our 40th Anniversary Year

KLING National Presentation WEEK • May 7-12

Special Showings of KLING Bedroom Furniture at leading stores

KLING MEANS SOLID CHERRY • MAHOGANY • MAPLE

(Continued from Page 16)

Mr. Mannix says, are attended by "respectable" people, but "carnies" cater personally and frankly to the great mass, and give them anything they want—from merry-go-rounds for the kiddies to strip shows for their daddies. It takes all kinds to make a world, but we never before knew how many kinds there were!

REPRINTED COURTESY OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Doesn't he know anything besides The Flight of the Bumblebee?"

Do Not Awake Me, and Other Poems, by ***Marion Edey,*** is the soul of a woman in the later years of middle age—a privileged woman of fine intellect who has lived a stimulating personal life and whose sharp-seeing eye has not been dulled by age or illness. Marion Edey is the sister of Hamilton Fish Armstrong, editor of *Foreign Affairs*, and of two remarkable women, both of whom have recently died—Margaret Armstrong, author of Fanny Kemble and Trelawney, and Helen Armstrong, artist, and designer of stained-glass windows.

•

Russians are good fellows, we always say, in spite of their government. Just because Vishinsky screams and insults us doesn't signify that some of the remaining 192,899,999 of his fellow countrymen can't be good companions and are without a sense of humor. **Bears in Caviar,** ***by Charles W. Thayer, who was with the American embassy before the bad days of the first big purge, supports this theory. This is a lively picture of the earlier and more modest days of the Soviet regime, and makes one ponder on "what might have been."***

•

Then there are the Germans. ***Kay Boyle,*** short-story writer par excellence, who has lived more in Europe than in her native America, has been in Frankfort, Germany, for the past three years. From there she has written short stories for *The New Yorker* that are actually a documentary on the present-day German point of view. She believes that the Germans have learned nothing from the war, she told her publisher, and that our military-government officials who have the duty of dealing with them seem unaware of this basic fact. In the collection of these stories, **The Smoking Mountain,** she describes all types—returned *émigrés*, Jews, ex-Nazis still as Nazi as ever, displaced persons, cultured Germans who accepted it all and aren't too sorry, American GI's and officers, and our occupation personnel. It is a sad picture of an unregenerate country.

•

Almost everybody loves Shakespeare, except perhaps that part of the population that is very young. And now that **An Introduction to Shakespeare** is out, these, too, will be joining the

(Continued on Page 21)



DO YOU KNOW THIS MOVING PICTURE STAR?

★ He's one of the thousands of skilled packers and movers who serve North American Van Lines, America's leading long-distance moving organization. When you move to another city, call your local North American agent. Enjoy this finer service at no extra cost. Better move, the North American way!

NEW! "SURVEY SERVICE"

Get our advance analysis of your move for best results. See classified phone book for nearest agent or write for helpful free booklet, "The Happiest Move We Ever Made."

NORTH AMERICAN VAN LINES, INC.
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
Dept. L1, Fort Wayne, Indiana

North American VAN LINES, Inc.



CALL YOUR LOCAL AGENT

These proud beauties need no pampering



"Toile"—with all the original charm of texture and pattern. Won't wilt or wrinkle, shrink or stretch.

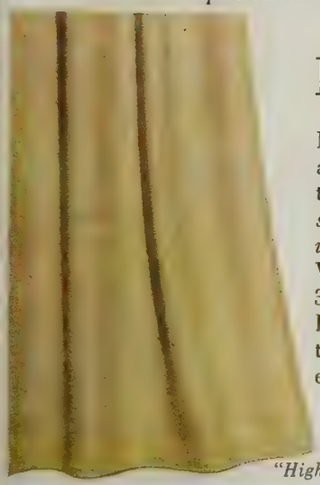


CRAFTSPUN
Draperies by Scranton Lace Company, 295 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"Broadstripe"—soft textury surface with a frosty stripe. Wipe clean with a damp cloth—no ironing ever.



"Hydrangea"—true-to-chintz pattern and surface. Resistant to fading, stiffening, mildew.



"Highland"

Draperies of **VINYLITE** Brand Plastics

Now! Window beauty that brings you all the fashion you could wish . . . traditional, modern, or provincial . . . *in a new soft texture that looks exactly as if it were woven.* It's a new version of VINYLITE Brand Plastics, *formed* for 3-dimensional texture and printed by Decora Corporation. Imagine!—curtains you need never take down . . . never even think of ironing. They simply wipe clean, resist spots, stains, fading, mildew. And the new texture rules out wrinkles and curling edges.

For work-saving wonders like these, shower curtains, upholstery materials, table covers, bedspreads . . . look for the "Made of VINYLITE Brand Plastics" signature. It identifies plastics made by Bakelite, your assurance of beautiful performance.

New textured draperies, printed and formed on both sides for a woven effect, in a wide home-flattering range of high fashion colors and patterns

You know it's right if it's...

VINYLITE PLASTICS

BAKELITE COMPANY
A Division of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation UCC
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York



Corners are mitered and taped for perfect fit.
Shaped tuck-under holds all four sides firmly in place.

Amazing *CONTOUR* sheet won't wrinkle, can't pull out

HE'LL SLEEP LIKE A LAMB on a Pacific Contour* Sheet. He can't hunch it over his shoulders, drag it down to the floor or knot it around his neck. Contour Sheets cling to the mattress, tight as a drum, all night long.

Pre-shaped corners cap the mattress so the sheet can't pull out. A shaped tuck-under anchors all four sides, prevents wrinkling. And when he gets up his bed is half made! No retucking the bottom sheet every morning, not even a wrinkle to smooth!

Contours are lighter to wash, ironing is optional. Won't shrink because they're Sanforized.**

For your trousseau or your sheet replacements, have half your sheets Pacific Contours —the other half, hemmed Pacific top sheets. Available in extra-strength muslin or supersmooth percale for standard twin or double beds, muslin for youth beds, percale and muslin for cribs. Contour Sheets adjust to slight variations in mattress thickness. Try your favorite store or write for folder and name of nearest dealer to Pacific Mills, Dept. DD5, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Worth waiting for!

Pacific Contour Sheets are selling so fast that your favorite store may be temporarily out of stock. We are doing our best to catch up with the heavy demand. Pacific Contour Sheets are worth waiting for! Place your order now.

*TM Pacific Mills **Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

It's a PACIFIC sheet BY PACIFIC MILLS . . . WEAVERS OF FINE COTTONS, RAYONS, WOOLENS AND WORSTEDS

CLOROX...

America's Favorite ...is More than an extra-gentle bleach!



It's a 4 in 1 product!



1 AN *extra-gentle* BLEACH

Millions of housewives rely on Clorox in laundering to conserve their costly cottons and linens. And no wonder! It's *extra gentle* . . . free from caustic and other harsh substances . . . made by a patented formula *exclusive with Clorox!*



2 A *dependable* STAIN REMOVER

The answers to most household stain problems are on the Clorox label! For Clorox removes stains from white and color-fast cottons and linens . . . and from kitchen and bathroom surfaces.



3 AN *effective* DEODORIZER

Used in laundering or in routine household cleaning Clorox deodorizes. As a result, your Clorox-clean linens, as well as kitchen and bathroom surfaces, are fresh and clean-smelling!



4 *In addition* CLOROX is one of the world's great DISINFECTANTS

You give your family added health protection when you include Clorox in routine household cleaning. For Clorox is the most efficient germ-killer of its kind . . . a type of disinfectant recommended by hundreds of Public Health Departments. Directions on the Clorox label.

You get all 4 in 1 with **CLOROX** *America's Favorite*



CLOROX-CLEAN means ADDED HEALTH PROTECTION!

(Continued from Page 18)

fold. This is a book about Shakespeare, the days in which he lived, the theater in which he acted, his fellow actors, *and* the plays he wrote. It is the most intelligent book ever written about that great man, *we* think, except SHAKESPEARE OF LONDON, which was written by the same author—***Marchette Chute.*** Miss Chute writes her book for young people about high-school age. But every mother and father and teacher among us will find it fascinating.

•

Trollope fans will enjoy having THE BEDSIDE BARSETSHIRE beside the bed. It will be fun—if you're a Trollopian—to hunt out the well-remembered towns and villages on the map in the book, look down the list of characters from the six big novels, and read the thirty or more actual extracts. Done up with loving care by ***Lance O. Tingay.***

•

Cheshire cheeses made in England were stamped with the head of a smiling cat long before Lewis Carroll wrote ALICE IN WONDERLAND, or Tenniel

CULVER SERVICE



The Cheshire Cat, by Tenniel

drew the picture we all know so well. (Fact garnered from CATS AND KITTENS, edited by ***Bryan Holme,*** a book of pictures of cats which compares favorably with any art book on the market. The kind of book that passes from hand to hand.)

•

Let us now consider the best novel about a cat ever written. This is THE ABANDONED, by ***Paul*** (THE SNOW GOOSE) ***Gallico***—the story of Jenny Baldrin, who had to make her way against the dangers and vicissitudes of London, a creature of ingenuity and temper and temperament, a striped tabby whose most intimate thoughts and reactions we come to know only by strange chance. A boy who was the victim of a terrible accident was transmuted into a white cat. Abandoned by friends and family, he at long last found Jenny, companion of companions, and this is the tale of their adventures together. It is as thrilling as a gangster story, and romantic, as are all stories of docks and ships. It is Drama in the Great City. Moreover, we feel quite certain that Mr. Gallico was himself once a cat.

•

A diaper service for visiting infants has now been introduced into a New York hotel. Mother checks in with baby, and housekeeper at once appears with the well-known sanitary receptacle and a supply of diapers for the day.

LEWYT

Wins top award!

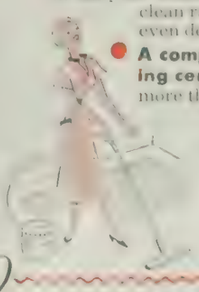
"FINEST VACUUM CLEANER PRODUCED ANYWHERE IN BEAUTY, ENGINEERING DESIGN AND UTILITY"

says American Society of Industrial Engineers



No dust bag to empty!

- **No muss! No fuss!** No dust bag to empty! Simply toss out Lewyt's paper "Speed-Sak" a few times a year!
- **It's quiet—no roar!** Terrific suction power, yet super-quiet! Lewyt's so easy on your nerves!
- **Preserves your rugs!** Famous No. 80 Carpet Nozzle gets embedded dirt ...lint, threads, even dog hairs...*with less rug wear!*
- **3 filters clean the air!** Unhealthy dust can't escape Lewyt's Speed-Sak, Dustalator, and Micro-dust filter!
- **So light, easy to use!** Glides smoothly in any direction—follows you around *effortlessly* as you clean!
- **Sweeps bare floors, linoleum!** Swish—and dirt disappears! No more dust-spreading brooms or back-breaking dust pans!
- **7 work-speeding attachments** do all your dusting, brighten drapes, clean radiators, spray, wax, even demoth closets!
- **A complete home cleaning center,** Lewyt costs no more than ordinary vacuum cleaners! See your Lewyt dealer for a free demonstration!



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Listed by Underwriters' Laboratories

free

DO IT WITH **LEWYT**

TRY THE LEWYT IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Lewyt Corporation, Vacuum Cleaner Division, Dept. 5, 66 Broadway, Brooklyn 11, N. Y.

Without cost or obligation, I would like to try the sensational Lewyt Vacuum Cleaner in my own home.

Name

Address

City

County..... State.....

What a Helper you have in handy Velveeta!





Need budget help? Velveeta gives thrifty, grand-eating main dishes

Whether it's a quickie snack you need or a hearty money-saving main dish, Velveeta is your sure helper! Served hot or cold this top quality cheese food gives the folks mighty important food values from milk and "just wonderful-eating"!

For this Velveeta Star Casserole: Make 3 Velveeta sandwiches. Trim crusts; cut in half diagonally. Using 2 tbsps. butter or Parkay Margarine, 2 tbsps. flour, 2 c. milk, seasoning, make a cream sauce. Stir in ¾ lb. sliced Velveeta with the rich yet mild cheddar cheese flavor everybody likes. When melted add 2½ c. mixed cooked vegetables. Pour half of sauce in casserole; arrange sandwiches in it, points up; add remaining sauce. Bake at 350° about 30 min. Thrifty—but a real treat! And hearty with Velveeta's fine food values from milk.



After-school parties at your house? Give 'em Velveeta Toasties! Toast bread on one side and put a good thick slice of golden Velveeta (full of fine food values from milk) on the other. Toast under low heat until Velveeta is melted. "*Swell* snack, Mom!"





Enjoy the
KRAFT TV THEATRE
Brilliant drama
every Wednesday
evening, NBC-TV.

GOOD FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

- VELVEETA IS DIGESTIBLE AS MILK ITSELF!
- RICH IN FOOD VALUES FROM MILK THAT THE WHOLE FAMILY NEEDS.
- PROTECTED! From fresh milk to sealed package this pasteurized process cheese food is protected every step of the way by strict Kraft Quality Control.

VELVEETA IS THE QUALITY CHEESE FOOD . . . MADE ONLY BY KRAFT

PUBLIC AFFAIRS DEPARTMENT
Edited by
MARGARET HICKEY

No Strait Jackets Now...

Mental-Hospital Reforms

Where Volunteers Can Help

By MARGARET HICKEY

MANY of our mental institutions are overcrowded and antiquated. This has been revealed time after time, but more good citizens must take an interest *and a part* in efforts to improve them. State legislatures will act only when the voters demand action. There is a painful difference between the amount of money actually needed for suitable care and treatment of our mentally ill and the amount most legislatures customarily allot for this purpose.

Needed: Public Education

Here the layman has the important job of educating himself—and others—to the need and the ultimate savings in human resources and money. Most of us find the reports of professionals too technical or too pessimistic. Volunteer workers are better able than technicians to arouse the public to a demand for changes or reform. Volunteers can interpret mental-hospital conditions and needs in words other laymen can understand. The welfare council of Huntington, West Virginia, led by Mrs. Rolla D. Campbell, recently waged an aggressive campaign of public education in mental-health problems. The Huntington State Hospital got the additional state funds it needed for new buildings and an improved program of treatments.

Help Wanted

One of the greatest needs is for trained personnel—psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers, nurses, occupational therapists, attendants. For years to come, volunteers will be needed to supplement short-handed hospital staffs. Even with an adequate supply of trained personnel, there are some services which no paid employee can bring to the patient. Visits of the doctor, nurse or attendant only emphasize to the patient that he is in a hospital. The volunteer visitor helps him to renew his relationship with the community, assists the recovered patient readjust to his home and normal life in ways the professional worker cannot.

Group Interest Grows

Last summer, the American Friends Service Committee obtained 400 workers for 37 hospitals. In the Cleveland (Ohio) State Hospital, where volunteers from eight local organizations help the regular staff, a paid co-ordinator of volunteer services supervises the program. Gray Ladies of the American Red Cross work with patients in practically all our mental hospitals. Careful training is necessary to fit the volunteer for intelligent service with the mentally ill. For those who pass the test, the work proves to be a deeply satisfying and illuminating experience. **THE END**

IN the brightly lighted, gaily painted recreation room at Anoka State Hospital, Minnesota, a bingo game is in progress. The mental patients sit at small tables filling in their bingo cards, smoking cigarettes and chatting quietly. At first glance there is nothing to distinguish them from any mixed group of people enjoying themselves on a Saturday night. The women's hair is carefully combed and curled; they wear powder and rouge and lipstick; their hands are tipped with polish. The men, too, are slicked and shaved, in bright sports shirts and slacks. One woman looks queenly in red velvet and high heels, her white hair beautifully coiffured. Another wears a lovely hand-crocheted shawl.

Upon closer inspection, one notices that some of the women patients are decked with jewelry like children who have emptied their mothers' trinket boxes. Some wear five or six necklaces at once, and ten jingling bracelets; a Mexican woman has five jeweled combs stuck on the top of her head. Some have applied rouge, clownlike, in red circles in the exact center of each cheek.

There is a commotion at the door and in troop a dozen volunteers, part of a group of about 120, all recruited from Minneapolis churches. They are greeted with loud cries of joy from the patients:

"Hello! Haven't seen you since Sunday!" . . . "Look! I got bingo!" . . . "I got your letter this week!"

The volunteers move among the tables, greeting old friends, helping some with their bingo cards. A young woman, a secretary in downtown Minneapolis, hangs back uncertainly; this is her first visit to the hospital.

"Say, you're new, aren't you?" a patient calls to her. "My name is Mary." The young woman smiles; the ice is broken.

The volunteers look over the group and realize that these are the so-called "best patients," who have the liberty of the hospital grounds and live in unlocked dormitories. A few of the volunteers decide to visit one of the cottages for a sing with the patients not well enough to attend the bingo game.

"Cottage" is the euphemistic name for the dormitories housing the 1000 patients at Anoka. There are ten of (Continued on Page 170)

ESTHER BUBLEY



As mental patients learn, with the help of volunteers, to trim their own hats, they regain dignity and self-respect and also develop pride in appearance and accomplishment.

for a

Gala

hair-do



every day

all day

more women use

Gayla®

HOLD·BOB®

bobby pins than all other brands combined

because no other bobby pin

SETS CURLS EASIER

HOLDS HAIR-DOS BETTER



The secret of *new* hair-do glamour...
Wear the *new*, modern

Gayla HAIR NETS

"PERMANIZED" • RUN RESISTANT
(a Gayla exclusive)
Grooms Hair-dos—Saves Waves
Invisible—Tru-Color Hair Shades

© [illegible]

Reference Library

New ideas for improving your garden, your home and you! Other booklets described on free list 2008.

FOR THE GARDENER

1663. How to Prepare Your Garden Soil. The first step in having a successful garden. 10c.

1666. Shrubs and Trees for the Garden. Information on selection, location and methods of planting. 10c.

1662. Your Garden of Annual Flowers. Helpful hints on selecting annuals, and do's and don'ts about planting. 10c.

1664. Your Garden of Perennials. Suggestions for preparation of the beds, how to plant the seeds and care for the young plants. 10c.

1605. Bulbs Before Tulips. Includes list of popular varieties, information on planting. 10c.

1665. Your Indoor Garden. For the gardener who stays inside—all about the care of house plants. Popular varieties listed. 10c.

2099. Geraniums as a Hobby. Detailed information covering the care of this particular plant. 10c.

2209. African Violets as a Hobby. How to water these plants, what to do about pests and diseases—answers to all your questions. 10c.

2575. How to Make Concrete Paving Blocks. Detailed plans for constructing blocks three feet square, one inch thick. Can be used for an outdoor floor. 15c.

2576. How to Build Pool Pans. To be made from galvanized sheet iron. Each pan is three inches deep. 15c.

2577. How to Build a Standard Trellis. Complete diagrams for construction. Variation for design included. 25c.

1883. How to Make Your Own Outdoor Fireplace. Can be made from stone, brick or rammed earth. 25c.

1429. Window-Box Greenhouse. Directions for making a midget greenhouse frame that can be managed indoors through any regular-sized window. 10c.

FOR THE HOMEMAKER

1502. Handbook of Slip Covers. Give your old furniture a touch of spring—make bright new slip covers. 10c.

1348. Spots and Stains. Everything you need to know about removing troublesome spots from clothes, linens, furniture. 10c.

1753. A Plan for Housework. Perhaps a definite schedule will give you the free time you need for yourself. Hints on how to tackle household duties. 10c.

1810. Directions for Bleaching Furniture Woods. An excellent idea for transforming mission oak into modern furniture. 5c.

139. The Bride Equips Her Kitchen. For the new homemaker—lists of necessary equipment included. 5c.

1785. Daily Food Guide. How to plan your meals correctly—what foods are essential to your diet. 10c.

1781. All You Need to Know About Vitamins. Food sources and properties given for all vitamins. Convenient chart form gives common foods with their vitamin content. 10c.

2567. Flatter Your Figure. The new beauty booklet designed to make a prettier you. Exercises and diets included to improve your figure. 25c.

1230. Pore Problems. Effective home treatment for minor skin disturbances. 5c.

1234. Hand Care and Character. Instructions for home manicuring. 5c.

1783. The Hospitality of Your Home. Etiquette rules for entertaining. Covers place settings, table arrangements, invitations, maid service. 15c.

1531. Showers. Planning to entertain for a new bride or expectant mother? Here are lots of ideas. 5c.

1670. Breaking the News. If there is an engagement to be announced, you'll want this booklet of novel ways. 5c.

1512. The Bride. All the "do's and don'ts" involved in planning weddings—for big ones and little ones. 15c.

We will gladly send any of these booklets if you'll order by number. They will be mailed anywhere in the United States and Canada upon receipt of cash, check or money order. Do not send stamped, addressed envelopes. Allow two to three weeks for delivery. Readers in all foreign countries should send International Reply Coupons, purchased at their post office. Please address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Phila. 5, Penna.

ORDER BLANK

BOOKLET NUMBERS	

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____

State_____

BY APPOINTMENT
PERFUMERS TO
H. M. QUEEN MARY

YARDLEY, LONDON

fresh from the English countryside

... the lilting fragrance of Lavender is brought to you by Yardley. Subtly blended with precious oils, there is only one Yardley Lavender. Though it's luxurious beyond compare, you will want to use it as generously as toilet water. It's right for all your doings. Enjoy this unique fragrance, too, in creamy-lathering Lavender Soap.

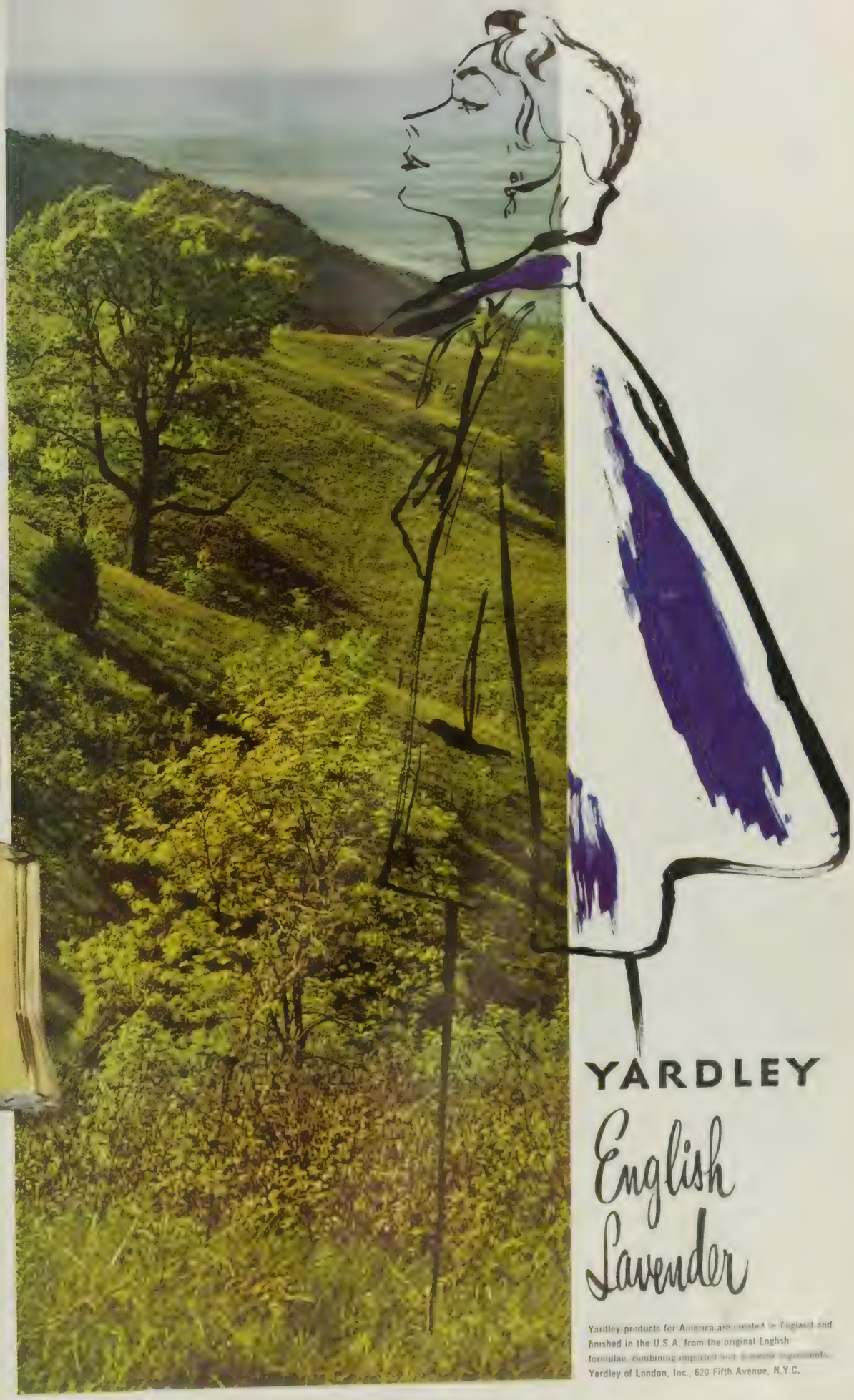
Yardley English Lavender, from $1.75, plus tax

Dusting Powder, $1.65, plus tax

Lavender Soap, $1.35 (box of three)

Bath size, 75c a tablet





YARDLEY

English Lavender

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

the sub-deb

edited by JAN WEYL

Notes on Necking



by Tom Johnson, age 17

"Something's broken."

What is the difference between necking and petting?

Here's how one Sub-Deb answered this question: "Necking is kissing a boy a few times, holding his hand, letting him put his arm around you. Petting means no holds barred." No smart girl pets—but is it wrong to neck? A kiss is an important thing. When you kiss a boy, you're saying, "I like you very much"—and it *isn't* wrong to kiss him good night if this is the way you really feel, if he's a *special* boy in your life. Because a kiss is a perfectly natural way to let him know he *is* special. But if you're the type of girl who likes Jim tonight, Dick tomorrow night, and Tom the night after, take it easy. Pretty soon you won't be kissing just the boy you like—you'll be necking with every boy you date. And that *is* wrong!

Does a girl have to neck to be popular?

If she *does*—it's a confession that she's not pretty enough to rate dates for her looks, or fun enough to rate dates for her personality. She's taking the *easy* way, and for a while she'll probably have lots of dates, too—with lots of different boys. And then suddenly the boys will stop calling her, for that girl has forgotten the fact that anything too easy to get is considered "cheap." True, there are some boys who want to neck with every girl they date, and they won't date a girl who says no. To a boy like this, a girl isn't a person he could learn to know and like. He's merely making a conquest—and it doesn't make much difference to him *who* the girl is. But that's not the type of boy you're looking for anyway. You want someone special, who thinks you're special, too, and that's well worth waiting for.

How can you avoid kissing a boy goodnight?

Your date will take his cue from *you*. If you act as if you *expect* him to kiss you, chances are he will. So set the pace of your evening in the very beginning. Be friendly, be fun, but don't flirt and play up to him by holding his hand in the movies, cuddling up to him when you're having a soda on the way home, or looking longingly into his eyes with stars in *your* eyes. Keep him busy talking about the big baseball season coming up, or that terrific book you were reading last night—anything that interests *him*—and there won't be time for him to think about what he's going to do at your front door!

Remember: when you refuse a kiss that has been offered, you run the risk of hurting a boy's pride by the *way* in which you say no. So later, when you actually reach your front door, don't give him the chance to offer. Get out of the car as soon as you reach the driveway, have your key ready when you reach the house. Thank him quickly *and nicely* for a fine time—but don't linger on the front steps. If you're not fast enough, and he puts the issue to you squarely, be light about it: "Oh, Tim, let's save it for sometime when there's soft music and moonlight, shall we?" Or, if you know him well and are sure his feelings won't be hurt by your being *really* light, try, "I kiss boys good night only when I'm wearing my orange dress—*never* in my green dress!"

What should you say when a boy wants to park?

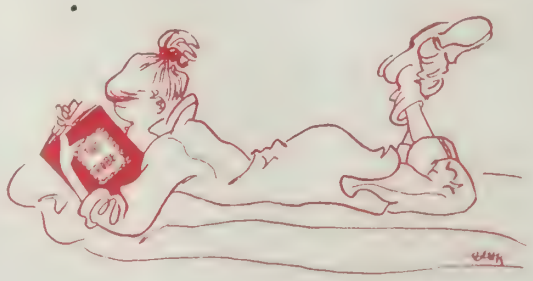
This depends on how well you know the boy. If you've been dating him for some time, you evidently like him, and he likes you, so be gentle: "Say, Jim, we have such a good time together that I never feel we need to finish off the evening with a parking session. So let's not stop, okay?" If he's new and breezy, give him the score fast: "If you're just trying out the brakes, okay, but I ought to tell you that I don't go in for parking. Why don't we go back to my house and listen to my new Ralph Flanagan album?" If you run into the argumentative type, be gentle but firm: "Look, I said I'd go out with you because I like you. Now you show me that you like me and take me home." After you've said no, switch the conversation to *him*, the things he likes to do and talk about. You still like *him*. It's just *parking* you don't like!

Watch what you say! . . .

to your dates, to older people, to strangers. Learn how to weigh your words before you speak. Send 5¢ to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, for SPEAK UP, Booklet No. 2306.

You make so many new friends

. . . and they're all there waiting for you in your own public library. Sub-Debs say their favorite books are Gone With the Wind, Seventeenth Summer, The Robe, Pride and Prejudice, and Letters to Jane. . . . Their favorite authors are Lloyd C. Douglas, Jane Austen and Maureen Daly. . . . They would rather read novels than nonfiction, magazines than newspapers, mysteries than comic books. . . . They get most of the books from the public library, spend from five to ten dollars yearly enlarging their own libraries, do most of their reading on week nights. . . . They *like* to read because "you meet a wider range of characters and experiences than in everyday life" . . . "it's one way to travel and not have it cost you anything unless the book is overdue" . . . "I like adventure, and you find out what other people do and think" . . . "it takes your mind off things" . . . "it's as good as a movie" . . . "it gives you ideas on something to talk about when sports talk wears thin."



by Joyce Behr, age 19

When I was sixteen. . . .



. . . . . Dinah Shore

"I was a cheerleader at Hume-Fogg High in Nashville, Tennessee, and was voted 'Best All-Around Girl' in a Who's Who contest. I had my first date when I was a junior in high school. His name was Elmer. And I was permitted to go out with him because he was the only fellow in the crowd who was perfectly safe. We went out on a houseboat on the Cumberland River. There was a raffle, and I won a set of dishes and a tablecloth—and didn't know what to do with either one of them!"



. . . . . Norman Rockwell

"I was mostly interested in girls, but when I could tear my thoughts away from them long enough, my interest was just what it is now, some forty years later: to be a good illustrator. The girls situation was solved when I got married; I'm still working on the second!"

EUROPEAN



. . . . Margaret Osborne DuPont

"My teen-age years were spent dreaming of winning major tennis titles. I played in my first tournament when I was thirteen, watched all the good players and tried to copy their styles of play and tactics, read every tennis book I could lay my hand on—and practiced incessantly. I didn't want to be a jack of all trades and master of none. I wanted to be a tennis champion."

DANA WALLACE, JR.



. . . . . John Crosby

"I played football, hockey and baseball, owned a model-T Ford, vintage 1923, which I called Jolson, and was pursuing a local chick, who has been married these many years now and has children six feet high, which is two inches higher than I am. My ambition: to be a pilot. I hung around the Milwaukee County Airport cadging rides in Canucks, underpowered (90 horsepower) alarm clocks left over from World War I whose wings—so help me—took off a minute or two before the rest of the plane, and also in a plane called a Standard. It resembled a kite in every respect except that most kites are more sturdily constructed. I also claim to have been kicked by horses more vehemently and more often than any teen-ager alive. My other ambition—the one I got stuck with—was to become a newspaperman."



Doctor —PART 16

"I've always been frightened about Caesarean operations. How do you decide one is necessary? Is it terribly dangerous?"

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

AM glad to see that, Mrs. Doe," said the doctor, noting with approving eye where the registering hand of his scales had stopped. "A half-pound gain in ast two weeks is not bad."

If you knew how I starved myself to , Doctor," the young woman replied, u'd give me a medal."

I'll take that under advisement. Only, t overdo it. A happy medium is what re aiming at."

You had me scared. I could see myself ng as fat as a pig, and then having to a Caesarean section and ——"

You need not have worried, Mrs. Doe. doctor would attempt a Caesarean on a sly overweight patient if he could in way avoid it. I can further assure you you have about as much chance of rgoing such an operation as I have. , you are normal and healthy in every ect and I am making it my business to you so."

I am glad to hear that, Doctor. My in had a Caesarean operation and was e sick after it. Ever since, I have had ed idea that I would have to undergo same experience."

Why didn't you tell me about it be- ?"

I—why, the truth is, I didn't dare."

One of the best things you can do is to ide such things to your doctor. I could reassured you, weeks ago. You can the matter out of your mind this in- t. I am as positive as I can be that you oing to have a normal, easy delivery."

Of course that makes me feel better. I been so fearful ——"

I wish you'd tell me, Mrs. Doe, exactly t you know about Caesarean section."

Why, I know that it was named after us Caesar, because he was the first baby to be born that way; and it's a bloody, al operation; and about half the women have it die. If you get well you always to have Caesareans if you have any e babies; and you can't have a full-size ly because more than two of the opera- s are dangerous; and the mere fact that have to be operated on shows that have something serious the matter with and ——"

Wait a minute!" interrupted the doc- "I've been counting the points you've tioned on my fingers, and I'm running of fingers. Six objections you've made already, four of them completely wrong and two half wrong. I think you'd better stop until I show you how much misinformation you've gathered. Then perhaps you'll be ready to forget the entire subject. No doubt it's Mrs. Gabbler again?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"Well, I counted six points you mentioned before I stopped you. We'll take the first one first, regarding the name. The operation was *not* named for Julius Caesar, nor was he delivered by abdominal section."

"Why, I thought that was a matter of history."

"Indeed, it is not. There is no record that the conquering Julius Caesar came into the world in any manner other than by the common method. Let's go back into the history which any medical student ought to have on the tip of his tongue, and I'll show you how Julius Caesar *couldn't* have been born that way.

"In the first place, it is probable that the operation was known to peoples who antedated the Romans, and there is some evidence that even the ancient Egyptians practiced it. The first Roman allusion to it is known as the *Lex Regia*. This later became the *Lex Caesarea*, by which it was forbidden to bury a pregnant woman without first excising her child. In other words, should a woman die in labor, the Roman law said that her child must be delivered. However it was accomplished, it is known that numbers of such children survived, being known subsequently as *cesones*. The operation was not performed upon the living in Rome. The Roman law was rugged and you may be sure that it was rarely transgressed.

"This was centuries before the time of Julius Caesar, who lived from 100 to 44 B.C. There is evidence that Julius' mother was alive in his middle age. It is obvious, then, that he could not have been delivered by an operation performed post-mortem upon his mother, the only kind which the Roman law allowed."

"I guess it would be hard to get by those facts. How *did* the operation get its name, then, Doctor?"

"Probably from some shading of the Latin word for cutting, *caesus*. The very name *Lex Caesarea* suggests that. As a matter of fact, the term 'Caesarean section' was first used by the Jesuit Theophile Raynaud in his work written in 1637. There is no evidence that the operation was ever done on a living woman in Europe prior to

(Continued on Page 93)

right, 1951, by Henry B. Safford, M.D. This is ixteenth of a series of articles taken from the recently published by Renbayle House, Publishers, Inc., New York, N. Y.



For Father's Day, Daniel Green Slippers for Men!

Now your Hair can look "Radiantly Alive"!



Yes, Prell leaves hair Radiant . . . Softer, Smoother—Younger-looking!

"Radiantly Alive" hair—giving a "lift" to your whole appearance so that you feel really *glamorous!* Yes, after a Prell shampoo your hair looks "*radiantly alive*" . . . and that's because Prell's wonderful patented cleansing ingredient gives amazing free rinsing action. No dulling "film" is left—your hair simply sparkles with lovely youthful radiance, no matter how dull or "lifeless" it seemed before.

"Radiantly Alive" hair—that feels so soft and sets so smoothly! And after Prell, hair has more body and "spring"—holds curl better! You'll love wonderful, *different* Prell, the shampoo for that "Radiantly Alive" look—try it *today!*



Created by Procter & Gamble

Prell

Different! Emerald-clear for that "Radiantly Alive" look!

"congenitally unable to leave things as they were."

50 Years ago in the Journal

IN May, 1901, the gorgeous sextet of the musical Florodora were the darlings of New York. Richard Harding Davis, the famous journalist, was showing off his chow dog, the first ever seen in America. Electric trolleys replaced the cable cars on Broadway, and Winston Churchill wrote a best seller, a historical novel called The Crisis.

"The summer hotel is a necessary evil," writes Editor Bok in the May, 1901, JOURNAL. *"It is necessary because there will always be people who cannot imagine a summer spent elsewhere than at one of these great barn-like and unsightly caravansaries."*

"I know of no prettier summer gown than a 'robe bébé,'" writes the JOURNAL's Paris correspondent. "It is made of flowered taffeta, pink flowers on a white ground, trimmed with puffs of white mousseline de soie, worn over a guimpe of tulle point d'esprit."

"Women's collars are from two to three inches deep. . . . When only one parasol can be afforded, it had better be the sun-umbrella size. . . . The extremely pointed, paper-soled shoe is no longer worn by sensible women."

A five-bedroom house for $2600 was featured in the May, 1901, issue. A coal furnace plus piping costs was figured at $125.

"Calves' liver is rather digestible," concedes food expert Mrs. Rorer, "but I would not call it a desirable food, as it is the internal organ of an animal."

Meals for a family of five for $8.28 a week include this sample day's menus:
Breakfast: *Cereal with hot milk, broiled mackerel, parsley butter, Southern rice bread, coffee.*
Lunch: *Cream of pea soup, toast, cinnamon buns, coffee.*
Dinner: *Clear soup, broiled steak, Béarnaise sauce, baked potatoes, asparagus in ambush, lettuce salad, wafers, cheese, caramel custard.*



A UNIQUE SEED BAG

Beginning a new six-part serial

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

bout what Melville A. Goodwin had until I read of his feat in my own e going on the air one evening in

heon engagement in New York that om the New York studio instead of onnecticut.

studio secretary, was waiting in my

r. Skelton," she said. "It's going to be ry hopes you don't mind."

nt that I was to read the script in the e public could stare through sound- have told her, though I didn't, that it where I read the thing. I had read ikes Peak and from the ballroom of in Tokyo and from the press box in Pasadena. The success of the voice and not my brains, and in owell Thomas I was being turned r who appeared in odd places gather-

I glanced up at the electric clock. It was thirteen minutes after six. "If Mr. Hertz is around, I'd better see him."

Of course Art was around because this was his business. If we were going on in Studio A, I would have to read without glasses, and so I should go over the script carefully.

"Hello, Sid," Art said.

"Hello," I answered. "Let's see what you have."

Art weighed two hundred pounds and was a very able script writer. He was so good, in fact, that it had occurred to me recently that it might be wise, all things considered, if I spent a day in the newsroom myself.

"I think it's all right," Art said. "There's a cute little snap at the end about a Boy Scout in Cedar Rapids in an iron lu

I pic
"Good
"W
war to
"Di
Tim
about
"W

you'd like something familiar for a change." On every Copenhagen square Louella saw men with little white two-wheeled wagons, selling something else familiar—hot dogs; the only difference, the Danes eat the hot dog first, then the roll. And in the newspaper headlines she could figure out the words "Eleven American Journalists," but the first time was startled to see the word "Mad" in front of "Journalists," until she discovered it was Danish for "Food." The "Mad" in Denmark, she said, was marvelous.

A friend of hers (a brunette) was telling ***Dawn Crowell Norman*** *about attending station dances at Prestwick Airport, in Scotland, when it was being operated during the war by the Royal Air Force, and how the station commander there always picked an authentic blonde as his partner for the evening. Few who were picked knew they'd been tested first to be sure they were true blondes. Seems he had a special lamp hidden above the door where he greeted the girls as they came in. From where he stood, if a girl's hair turned a sickly green in the rays of the lamp, he could tell that her hair had been bleached. Which caused our beauty editor to ask a lighting engineer at Westinghouse what kind of lamp would give a girl away in that horrible fashion. "Ultra-violet," he told her. "We use them now to detect all kinds of frauds."*

Expressions of affection are universal, but Americans might find it hard to adjust to the Moorish custom of kissing on the right shoulder, or when leaving, kissing each other's knees. In Africa, certain tribesmen greet by taking each other's hands and pulling the fingers until they crack. . . . A new survey has just showed that the man who whistles at his work does not produce as much as the man who complains. The urge that pushes him to work with more energy is the same urge that causes him to complain about his pay, hours, quantity of work, and so on. . . . It takes 5000 pounds of rose petals to make just 1 pound of rose oil—one of the reasons perfume is expensive.



Speedy sandwich maker in action.

For anyone who would like to hear about making sandwiches in record time, *June Maclean*, with a stop watch, and *Joe Di Pietro* to take a picture, has done some research at a popular little place a few blocks away, where a genius behind the counter, named *Joe Sauss*, has been perfecting his art for the past fourteen years. She ordered an Avocado Pear, Tomato and Water Cress on Whole Wheat Bread. Joe halved the pear, pricked out the stone with the point of his knife, scooped, made seven lightning chops and flared the pieces on a buttered slice of bread; he added four tomato slivers, water cress and another slice of bread. Eighteen seconds. Eating her sandwich and holding her stop watch, June timed Joe on a Lobster on Pumpernickel, seven and three fifths seconds; a Chopped Chicken Liver, Egg and Escarole on Rye, in ten; and a Cream Cheese and Lettuce on Date-and-Nut in five seconds flat. . . . "What's your secret?" she asked. "Practice, and a good sharp knife. Watch!" Joe took a tomato, made a series of flashing cuts, and June counted sixteen perfect slices. . . . Try *that* on your kitchen table.

VAGHAANSSEN



Louella tries out on the lure.

Refusing to say how much she'd gained, ***Louella Shouer*** recently returned by air from Denmark where, with a little group of this country's top food editors, she'd been for ten days the guest of the Danish Ministry of Foreign Affairs—tasting, looking, trying to play the ancient lure horn, and being entertained by ***Mrs. Eugenie Anderson***, our Ambassadress, whom, she says, the Danes adore. It was at the Embassy one day that Louella got her only American meal of the trip (tomato soup, chicken pie and ice cream). "My cook is horrified," Mrs. A. said, "but I thought

Now your Hair can look

"Radiantly Alu

hour and the minute



Melville

"She was a woman" congenitally unable to leave things as they were."

Beginning a new six-part serial

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

I KNEW nothing about what Melville A. Goodwin had done in Berlin until I read of his feat in my own script shortly before going on the air one evening in October, 1949.

Because of a luncheon engagement in New York that day, I broadcasted from the New York studio instead of from my library in Connecticut.

Miss Maynard, my studio secretary, was waiting in my office.

"Good evening, Mr. Skelton," she said. "It's going to be in Studio A. Mr. Frary hopes you don't mind."

Miss Maynard meant that I was to read the script in the studio into which the public could stare through soundproof glass. I might have told her, though I didn't, that it made no difference where I read the thing. I had read it from the top of Pikes Peak and from the ballroom of the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo and from the press box of the Rose Bowl in Pasadena. The success of the program lay in my voice and not my brains, and in the tradition of Lowell Thomas I was being turned into a world traveler who appeared in odd places gathering material.

I was not even encouraged to give much thought to the preparation of the script myself, because it was my voice and personality that they wanted, and Art Hertz, who usually put the piece together for me, knew radio technique. I could trust him for the timing and I could trust his balance of language, too, but still I did like to read the thing first instead of taking it on cold. After all, the latest sponsor was paying close to a million dollars for the program.

Copyright, 1951, by John P. Marquand.

I glanced up at the electric clock. It was thirteen minutes after six. "If Mr. Hertz is around, I'd better see him."

Of course Art was around because this was his business. If we were going on in Studio A, I would have to read without glasses, and so I should go over the script carefully.

"Hello, Sid," Art said.

"Hello," I answered. "Let's see what you have."

Art weighed two hundred pounds and was a very able script writer. He was so good, in fact, that it had occurred to me recently that it might be wise, all things considered, if I spent a day in the newsroom myself.

"I think it's all right," Art said. "There's a cute little snap at the end about a Boy Scout in Cedar Rapids in an iron lung."

I picked up the script. It began with the usual salutation, "Good evening, friends," but the next words startled me.

"What's this?" I asked. "I didn't know we were close to war today."

"Didn't you? Haven't you read the evening papers?"

Time was moving on. There was no time to be ironical about being out of touch. It was six-thirty-three. I read:

"We were close to war this afternoon. The long-dreaded flare-up occurred on the border of the Russian sector in Berlin. We know tonight that war was averted, or at least the incident that might have precipitated war, by the clear thinking of one American soldier. What is this soldier's name? You will hear it everywhere tonight. The name is Melville A. Goodwin, the man of the hour and the minute. Major General Melville Goodwin, whom you might call a GI's general. . . ."

(Continued on Page 66)

Dottie was the most attractive woman in the room, and General Goodwin must have thought so too.



Goodwin, U.S.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY

Maria and the Captain



"I look a hag!" she cried.

"I'm hideous! Oh, Marjorie!"



She had the temper of a bobcat, he said. And bobcats can be vicious when they're caged. Even bob kittens!

By Isabel Dunn

THE JOURNAL'S *COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL*

FOR the first time in his life, the Captain turned to the women's section of his Sunday paper. There was what he was looking for. Gazing at him with that glassy expression peculiar to smart modern photographs was his only child. Nothing would hide the fact that his daughter was a beauty. Grunting, the Captain conceded that point. He read under the picture, "Miss Maria Church Beraud." To the left a headline informed him "Miss Beraud to Make Debut." Under the headline, he read:

Miss Maria Church Beraud, daughter of Richard Hansford Beraud, III, and the late Mrs. Beraud, will be presented to society at a ball to be held at "Retreat," home of her great-aunt, Mrs. Phoebe Beraud Bacon Sutterfield, Saturday, December 24.

Miss Beraud, a graduate of Saint Cecelia's School, and the Holmes Studio of Dramatic Art, is the great-granddaughter of Judge Richard Hansford Beraud, of Norfolk, and granddaughter on the maternal side of Col. P. Cornelius Stanchion Lee, C.S.A., "Upper Station," Princess Anne County.

To the right of his daughter's picture another headline stated, "Miss Marjorie Hansford to be Presented." Beneath this he read:

Miss Marjorie Taylor Hansford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Taylor Hansford, of Redding Farm, Princess Anne County, is to be one of Richmond's debutantes. Miss Hansford, the guest this season of her uncle, Richard Hansford Beraud, III, also will be honored at the Christmas Eve Ball to be held at Retreat.

And to the right of *this* was Cousin Marjorie. Large fine eyes, good straight nose, thin but firm lips, hair parted neatly in the middle and drawn back in a bun at the nape of her neck. Even the Captain could sense that she would someday be an imposing matron. He wished Maria looked just a little like that.

The Captain had all his chips stacked on Maria's debut. For nineteen widowed years he had struggled to make Maria into the anonymous Virginia lady the Family expected her to be. Rarely had he won a single point. Everything Maria did ended in crisis, and not at all as he had planned it.

Yes, life with Maria had always been like sitting on a keg of gunpowder. The Captain was a Virginia gentleman in the truest sense of the word. He knew, of course, that there were persons living outside the state boundaries, and he bore them no malice, but he was aware that they could in no way ever affect the course of his own existence.

It was wonderful, after years of living on the brink of disaster, to know that at last Maria was announced as a debutante. Of course there was no guaranty that simply because Maria was called a debutante, she was going to behave like one.

The Captain sighed and rang the bell. A black face poked cautiously around the doorjamb leading to the pantry. "Yessir?"

"More coffee, please."

The face disappeared, and the Captain sighed again. Lizzie was a part-time maid. In happier days she would have been called Cook, and would have worked *(Continued on Page 131)*

Copyright, 1951, By Isabel B. Dunn. This is a condensation of the novel soon to be published by the Bobbs Merrill Co., Inc.

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

Aunt Louisa's



"It's a funny thing," Candy said,
"but every time money's mentioned, you go kind of crazy".
"I happened," Bill said,
"to marry a woman".

Windfall

by Elizabeth Dunn

CANDY stood before the fire and looked into the three questioning faces: Hope Morgan's ruddy, good-humored countenance (her lipstick, as usual, eaten away); Arabella Bird's golden good looks; and Mollie Belle Campbell's clever, piquant, altogether charming face.

"Ladies," Candy told them, "I am an heiress."

"You mean"—Hope was always thorough—"somebody's left you some money?"

Candy nodded solemnly. "Yesterday morning I got a letter from some lawyers, and they said that my aunt, Miss Louisa Goodwin, being of sound mind ——"

"Was it a *fortune?*" Arab demanded eagerly.

"Heavens, no!" Candy laughed. "But that's not the point. It's *much* more exciting than that. Three hours later Bill got a promotion *and* a raise!"

There was a moment of utter silence, and then Candy's living room sounded like an aviary at feeding time.

"Darling, how absolutely thrilling," shouted Arab, making her voice heard above the din. "Now you can spend it! Your Aunt Louisa's money. You can get a hat from Mr. Christian . . . and *Candy! Now* you can have one of Hilary Lovibond's Dark Dreams!"

Hope looked at her in stunned amazement and Arab rushed on.

"And your sofa—you can have it re-covered! I know a little woman who does just the most marvelous work for absolutely nothing ——"

"Hats—sofas!" Hope roared, outraged. "She's got to get David a pony!"

Candy tried to make herself heard. "Stop shouting at me! It isn't an enormous ——"

"And she can put in that extra bathroom." Arab turned to Mollie Belle. "Aquamarine paper with coral-and-white pagodas."

Mollie Belle sat up straight on the hearthrug, and her voice cut through the others' like a silver knife. "Why does Candy have to *spend* her money?"

In the silence that followed, waves of shock seemed almost audible. Then Arab asked, in tones of incredulity, "You mean . . . *save* it?"

"Why not?" asked Mollie Belle defiantly.

Candy took a long breath. It was all very well to fight off pagodaed bathrooms and ponies for David, but *this* —— She fixed Mollie Belle with a steely eye.

"Do you remember," she demanded, "when Bill found all your family silver buried under a pittosporum bush and you took it straight off to that antique man in Charleston and sold the whole lot? Did you put it in the bank? You did not! You came right straight to New York and bought a black satin cocktail dress from Hattie Carnegie and a nonobjective painting that looked like a blue egg beater."

"Well—but that was different," Mollie Belle protested. "I was unmarried. Anyway, what does Bill say about all this?"

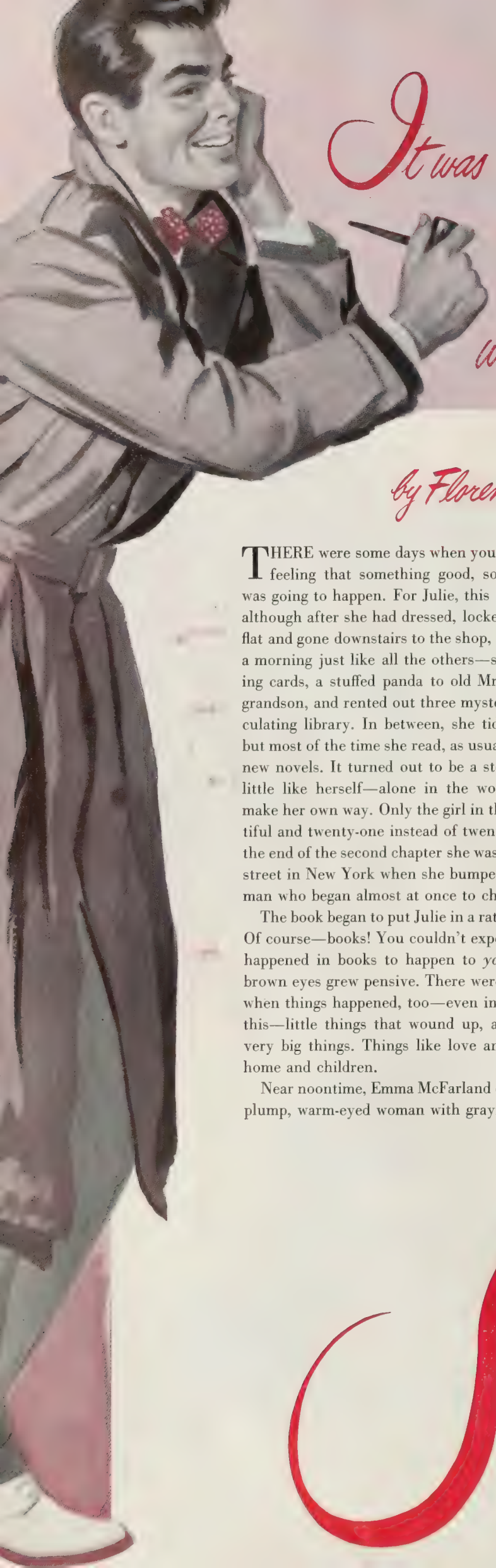
Candy felt all their eyes upon her. She stared at the fire and her face felt hot. Her lips tightened. "Well . . . Bill says we ought to invest it."

"There you are," said Mollie Belle.

"Doesn't he want you to have *any* nice things? Or care how you *look?*" (Continued on Page 243)



ILLUSTRATED BY Clay Whitmore



It was the hat. She felt experienced now... like a woman with a past...

by Florence Jane Soman

THERE were some days when you woke up with the feeling that something good, something different was going to happen. For Julie, this was one of them, although after she had dressed, locked the door on the flat and gone downstairs to the shop, it turned out to be a morning just like all the others—she sold two greeting cards, a stuffed panda to old Mrs. Francis for her grandson, and rented out three mysteries from the circulating library. In between, she tidied up the place, but most of the time she read, as usual, from one of the new novels. It turned out to be a story about a girl a little like herself—alone in the world and trying to make her own way. Only the girl in the story was beautiful and twenty-one instead of twenty-five, and before the end of the second chapter she was walking down the street in New York when she bumped into a dark-eyed man who began almost at once to change her life.

The book began to put Julie in a rather dreamy mood. Of course—books! You couldn't expect the things that happened in books to happen to *you*. Still —— Her brown eyes grew pensive. There were times in real life when things happened, too—even in a small town like this—little things that wound up, after a while, into very big things. Things like love and marriage and a home and children.

Near noontime, Emma McFarland came in. She was a plump, warm-eyed woman with graying hair who lived in the big white house on South Main Street. Every time Julie passed it, she heard sounds from inside—piano music, young laughter, good-natured quarreling sometimes; there always seemed to be people coming and going. The McFarlands were a big family and everybody liked them; they had a lot of friends.

Now Emma balanced her bundles from the supermarket on the sale table and sighed. "Things get dearer all the time," she said. "A dollar has no stretch in it any more." She looked at Julie. "That's what I wanted to talk to you about, Julie. Ted and I began thinking last fall that if we fixed up our attic into a little apartment, we could rent it out and help things along." She shifted her weight and her face brightened. "Well, you ought to see the way those rooms turned out! And the roof is all insulated too. We thought of you right away."

"Me?" Julie said, startled. "But I ——"

"It would be just right for you," Emma broke in. "And you'd have company, too, when you wanted it." She looked disapproving. "It isn't good for a girl to live alone, like you do—always with your nose in a book. It isn't healthy."

Julie looked at her, seeing the McFarland house spilling over with warmth and life and laughter, the front door opening and closing every few minutes. For a moment a kind of eagerness flared inside her, and then it died away. She thought *(Continued on Page 111)*

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM MILLER

Small-town


affair

LOTS OF CLOTHES FOR

the cool . . . the pretty . . . the expensive look





Short-sleeved silk shantung suit, darling of the summertime, has a new-looking skirt with slim stitched tucks, $39.95, by Alan Graham. You can have it in pink, beige or navy. Wear it with a bandeau veil by Therese Ahrens.

Commuter, summer town costume — fashion of black piqué with a white jacket, by Mary Blair; worn with a big black straw hat, by Mr. Alf, $5, straw bag, cotton gloves. Skirt, $14.95; top, $12.95; jacket, $14.95. The two-piece black dress is sleeveless—for afternoon, dinner and the movies.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELM CUSHMAN

LITTLE MONEY

Summer clothes should be the prettiest clothes of the year and the least expensive — these are from fifteen to fifty dollars. Most women want a lot of changes for hot weather without stumbling into the pitfall of a disorganized wardrobe. These fashions, in many instances, are true summer basics — the silk suit, the linen coat-dress, the tie-silk dress, the shantung, the three-piece black-and-white piqué, the wonderful all-purpose rayon coat. Easy to keep, easy to change, clothes like these will be a joy from May to September. • By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal





Natural Irish linen, button-front dress with the big pockets is anybody's summer basic, $17.95, worn with natural or black accessories, small or large hats, multicolor bracelets. Cotton gloves. The linen is washable and wrinkle-resistant — easy to keep fresh and beautifully well-groomed. By Clara Blatt.

Beige and black tie-silk dress, cord-trimmed, is a town or travel or casual fashion by Pat Warren, $39.95. Wear it with a white panama, by Billy Russy, or a black straw, fresh carnations.

The piqué, the linen, the tie-silk dress, and the shantung suit, worn with interchangeable accessories, make a four-piece summer wardrobe, suitable for almost every occasion.

LOTS OF CLOTHES FOR LITTLE MONEY

the cool . . . the pretty . . . the expensive look



Cool silk luncheon suit, $39.95, by Leonard Arkin. Silk shantung gloves.





Packable, wearable, two-piece rayon jersey in tie print, $17.80. Milan hat.

Silk honan evening skirt, worn over crinolines, $49.95. Candy-striped dimity blouse has braid-trimmed piqué collar, flaring cuffs, by Mary Blair.



Belted knee-length linen shorts with a bare-arm cotton shirt, by Clare Potter. Cotton play shoes.

Sleeveless tie-silk summer sheath with big pockets, pearl buttons, $19.95. Add your own wide-buckled belt, and a rope of white beads.





Plaid cotton for city or suburbs, $14.95; Mr. Alf's mesh helmet, with straw flowers.



All-purpose summer coat of rainproof rayon sharkskin, $29.95. Bamboo-handled milan straw bag.



Tucked-top pink silk shantung dress with tucked pockets, $19.95, by Clara Blatt. Also in other pastels.



Country white—an afternoon dress in waffle piqué with medallions, $19.95.

PERSONALITY PORTRAITS

By WILHELA CUSHMAN, *Fashion Editor of the Jou*





Mrs. Winston Guest

of New York likes the fashion of black and white, we
a cool pure-silk print for lunching or afternoon, w
her favorite two-strand pearls, white doeskin glov
Her belt is black velvet.

Mrs. William Blair Meyer

wears a beige, rajah-weave rayon suit that she c
change with hats and jewels for almost any daytime
casion. This pale yellow milan cartwheel is tied wi
moss-green taffeta. Mrs. Meyer lives in Houston, Tex



Mrs. William Blair Meyer,

ho was Sandra Payson, likes skirts and shirts for cas-
l and country wear, collects beautiful wide belts and
eavy bracelets. This skirt is beige Irish linen, the
ouse white linen, the sweater a handmade cable-knit.

Mrs. Henry Ford II

Grosse Pointe, Michigan, and Long Island adores
terly feminine clothes. Her summer evening dress is
nely pleated coral pink chiffon over taffeta, with
weled velvet flowers.



Mrs. Thomas H. Shevlin

of Palm Beach wears a white organza banded with sapphire blue and silver, for summer evening entertaining at home. The long cape-stole is also of the organza.



The beautifully carved mantel in the downstairs drawing room of the Taylor-Ward house on New Bern's Craven Street is flanked on either side by arched reveals that are typical of the town; the one on the right forming a doorway that leads into the dining room. Heirloom brass and priceless tufted armchairs add their richness to the room.

New Bern



What is now the principal bedroom in the Taylor-Ward house, as seen through the piers of the great fourposter, was originally the upstairs drawing room, indicated by the fine carving of mantel and doorways.

TAYLOR-WARD HOUSE



Still as lived-in as ever and as stately simple and finely proportioned as any town house of colonial times.



WESLEY BALZ-JOHN JOYCE, INC.

Colorfully papered and painted and richly furnished in fine mahogany, the dining room opens at this end, between arched alcoves with matching mirrors, into a typical New Bern living-room hallway—as large as the drawing room. If various details have a New England look, trade by sea in the old days would explain it.

Presenting two of the many gracious old houses that make this early colonial capital of North Carolina, christened in 1710 by settlers from Switzerland, a delightful architectural interlude along the low coastal highway. • By **RICHARD PRATT**
Architectural Editor of the Journal

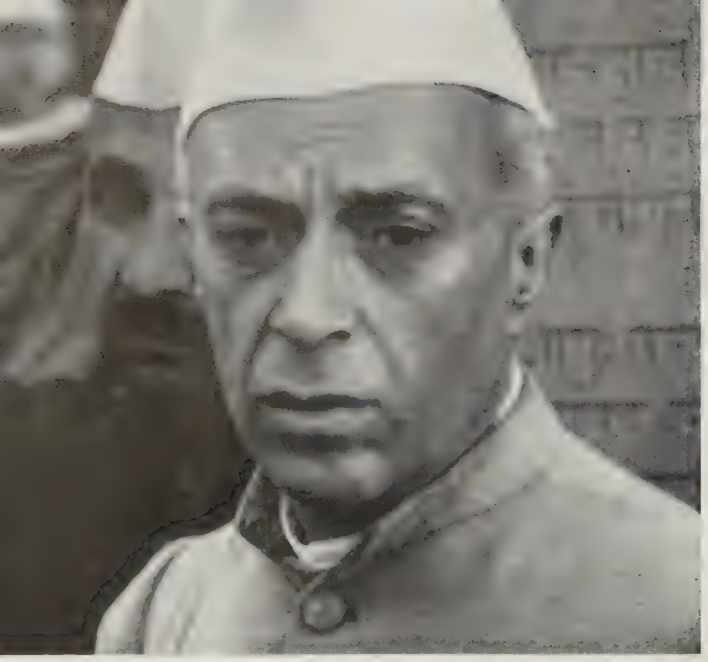
SMALLWOOD-WARD HOUSE





Anyone familiar with the Salem woodwork of Samuel McIntyre in the early 1800's will note the similarity of the carving here in the drawing room of the Smallwood-Ward house, one of our fine American rooms

Here are all the features at their finest in a town of graceful porches, mellow brick, handsome doorways.



The future of India, like the face of its leader, is troubled.

NEHRU—

BY HAROLD E. STASSE
President, University of Pennsylvania

MY recent conference with Prime Minister Nehru in the attractive garden of his official residence in New Delhi, India, confirmed my impression that this leader of 350,000,000 people on the subcontinent of Asia is a supporter of neither Communism nor Capitalism, is a believer in neither Stalin's materialistic ideology of force, nor our Western dynamic philosophy of liberty; that he has not the slightest inclination toward transforming India into a satellite of the Soviet Union or of making it subservient toward the United States.

He is a man who is very difficult for us in America to understand. Recent articles in American publications under titles such as "Nehru the Enigma" and "Puzzle: What Does Nehru Really Want?" confirm this observation. When I appeared in February before the Senate Foreign Relations and Armed Services committees to testify regarding the Western European rearmament program, Senator Tom Connally suddenly shifted the subject to ask whether I could account for Nehru's recent actions toward the United States. The senator's request for information, which was sincere and straightforward, further highlights the interest in Nehru and the difficulty involved in explaining his character and the position he holds in India—in fact, in the whole of Asia.

Nehru is India's Prime Minister, but, more than that, he is unquestionably the true leader of the crowded millions of his nation. Indeed, if it were possible to take a vote among all of the literate and informed people among the billion who live in Asia, Nehru would receive the highest total as the leader of all Asia. He is a great man.

As he approached across the lawn, hurrying a bit because his parliamentary duties had caused him to be somewhat late for luncheon, his thin, slightly stooped figure was not imposing. His smooth-shaven, brown-skinned face, his rather prominent nose, his lips, which are always partially parted—these when taken together are not especially impressive. But when his brown eyes, with their curious combination of distant dreaminess and flashes of burning intensity, come into play, and when his voice, soft but deeply expressive, begins to reveal the depth of his thinking, the firmness of his convictions, and the love of his people, and when his thin artistic hands make their presence known, one of the world's leading personalities is soon recognized.

He is now sixty-one years of age, having been born on November 14, 1889, in the city of Allahabad, which is in Central India at the juncture of the Ganges and Jumna rivers. His father and mother were wealthy Brahmans, the Brahmans being the highest of the four castes of the Hindu religion. He is five feet nine inches in height, and, clothed in the neat Congress Party uniform of white homespun cotton, or "khaddar," he possesses to the full the appearance of vitality that one would expect in a man fond of mountain climbing and riding.

I believe and hope that for the next ten years or more Nehru will be the leader of the people of India not only in office but in fact. It will be a difficult ten years for him, for India, and for the world. Some of the difficulty will be caused by his own hot temper, which smolders beneath the surface and at times breaks out in real turbulence. Kashmir is an example of that. He has an emotional affinity for Kashmir as the birthplace of his deceased wife and as the home of his own ancestors, and he passionately wanted Kashmir to be part of India when that huge nation emerged into independent sovereignty after a century of British colonial rule. But the 4,000,000 people of Kashmir, including Jammu, are 78 per cent Moslem. Its location is far to the north. And thus its logical and natural relationship would have been with Pakistan, the other new sovereign state, which through the partition that took place in August, 1947, also attained national independence from British colonial rule.

Impetuously and angrily, Nehru sent the Indian army into Kashmir and touched off both a local conflagration and a nation-wide tension and bitterness. This in turn, I believe, was a background factor in Pakistan's decision not to devalue when Britain and India and the rest of the sterling area devalued in 1949. A senseless economic isolation was then practiced until recently by both India and Pakistan toward each other—a senseless economic isolation which stopped the jute of Pakistan from coming to the huge jute mills of India, which stopped the coal of India from moving to the factories of Pakistan, which stopped the wheat of Pakistan from moving to the tables and stomachs of India, and which has thus added heavily to the poverty and hunger and suffering of people on both sides of the Pakistan-Indian line.

But this temper is by no means the most important thing we need to understand about Nehru. There is a very great need for a broad understanding of Nehru and India by America and its leaders, and an equally great need for a broad understanding of America and its leaders by Nehru and India.

We in America, by nature and by experience, always think of only two sides in any contest; we are always inclined to ask, "Which side are you on?" We are slow to realize that in the clash of ways of life between the Communist ideology of the Soviet Union's leadership and the free way of life which America represents, neither Nehru nor India can be properly placed on either side, and will not be so placed in the immediate years ahead. They definitely belong in a third position, and they belong there by reason of their age-old religious and philosophic background, by reason of their geographic position, and by reason of their recent experiences.

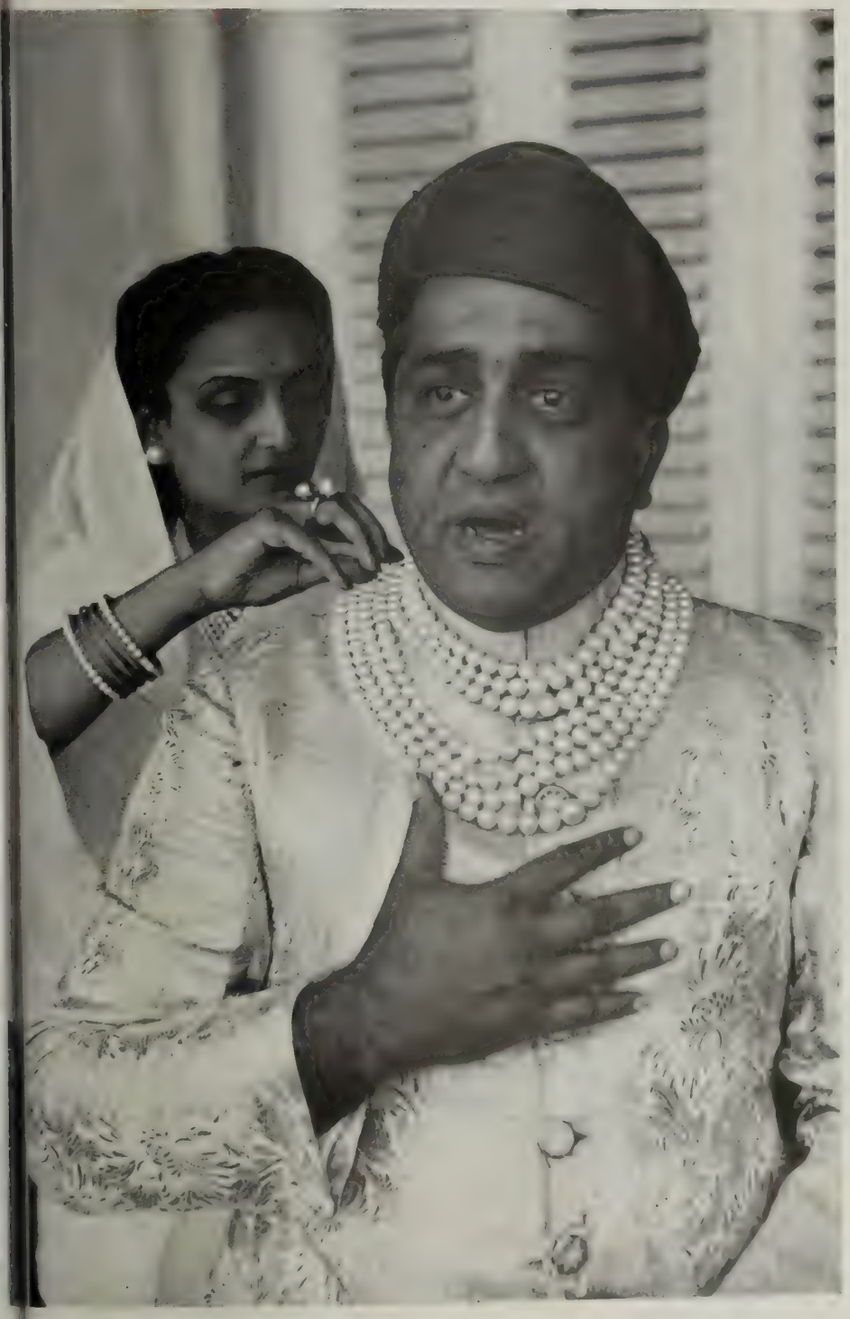
It is well to keep in mind that Nehru, himself, spent many years of his life in jail, put there by the British in the course of the long struggle for Indian independence. Here is the record: December, 1921, to March, 1922, in the Lucknow District Jail for participation in

(Continued on Page 181)

MAN IN THE MIDDLE

Number One target of World Communism, India is as yet neither friend nor foe, neither an echo of America nor a voice of Moscow. The Indian way of life is unique.

The Maharaja of Baroda symbolizes the concentration of great wealth in India. Impoverished millions of Indians have no property and seldom get enough to eat.



The lot of the Indian peasant is one of drudgery and starvation. Many are found dead in the city streets. Great masses of poor live marginal existences, die young.





To have it dawn on one, with all the blinding clarity of a religious revelation, that one's mother was schizophrenic . . . well!

Every daughter, upon occasion, questions her mother's sanity. Ordinarily, this means nothing. But Polly was tortured with proof

Mother is a Schiz

By RITA ENG

IT was during her sophomore year in college that the thought that her mother might be insane first occurred to Polly Murdock. For some weeks now the attitudes, demeanor and behavior of her mother had worried Polly. So it was partly on that account and partly because she wanted her mother's assistance in the shortening of a particularly difficult circular plaid skirt that she decided to go home for the week end of November fourteenth.

Polly's home was only fifty miles from the town in which she went to college, and she was, therefore, able to leave Saturday noon, directly after Doctor Sanders' class in The Abnormal Personality, board the grimy old local and arrive home in plenty of time for dinner. Ordinarily it was a terrible bore to live so close to home, involving, as it did, compulsory attendance at family birthday dinners, among other things. But in moments of crisis it was a comfort.

Certainly, Polly thought as the train lurched to a stop at another small and hooded station, this was the worst crisis she had yet been through. To have it dawn on one, with all the blinding clarity of a religious revelation, that one's mother was schizophrenic—well, one just didn't spend a week end with *that* knowledge, attending the Fall Frolic.

For months, now, Polly's mother had irritated her. She nagged, and she quibbled, and she rattled on about inconsequentials. She was either too gay and sprightly or insufferably morose. Worst of all, she had lost, completely, her sense of perspective. Up until a week ago, Polly had thought it was merely age. After all, her mother was forty-three years old. And she had led a rather dull life, too: the sort of life that might make one quibble about things like square corners on bed sheets or interrupt fascinating conversations to remind one to get bias tape at the dime store. But the day that Doctor Sanders discussed schizophrenic behavior, Polly knew it wasn't age or circumstance or anything else. Her mother was unquestionably a pure schizophrenic type.

She had discussed the situation with her roommate, Beth McGuire, whose father, while not at all psychotic, was definitely a hypochondriac of the first water.

"The thing to do," Beth had said, "is get her into competent hands just as soon as possible."

"But how?" Polly had wondered.

"Very simple, my dear. You're going to be in As You Like It, aren't you? Your mother certainly ought to be interested in seeing her daughter on the stage, shouldn't she? Two and two make four. She comes down for the play. You arrange for her to talk to Doctor Sanders. That will have to be handled subtly, of course. Then he takes over from there. . . . Go home this week end and talk it up."

"Darling, I don't know what I'd do without you," Polly had said. "It's the answer, of course."

When Polly arrived at the station, she was met by her father. "Mother's not feeling too well," he said. "She's been having headaches lately." Then he chuckled and added, "Accompanied by what she calls a shivering scalp."

Polly winced. Headaches! Could it be possible there was some organic lesion? After all, some of her symptoms did accompany brain tumor too. "Dad," she said earnestly, "What's her trouble? She does worry me so."

"Trouble? She has plenty of trouble. The boys have organized a Dixieland band and practice on Tuesdays and Thursdays in *(Continued on Page 98)*

ILLUSTRATED BY

NEW IDEAS . . . *for easy sewing*

This is the time of year, every year, we like to concentrate on **easy** sewing. We show you new fabrics and trimmings along with new ideas for using them. One of the easiest to make is a circular skirt design printed on organdy, wanting only a waistband and a hem. Elasticized fabrics make snug waistbands and a decorative trimming on plain matching fabric. Pleats put in by machine save you considerable time and look very professional. Latticed edgings are not only decorative but can serve as buttonholes on the front of a blouse. The enchantment of smocking lends itself not only to a child's dress and hat but also to a sun dress for mother. We like the idea of an initial or a monogram on a summer dress, and we have prepared a transfer pattern and instructions for easy embroidery. • By NORA O'LEARY



ometimes **two colors** are prettier than one! The half-and-half louse has a mandarin neckline, a pocket slit with an **initialed tab**. he co-ordinated skirt fabric has unpressed pleats measured by the tripes. Blouse and skirt, No. 2686. Alphabet transfer, No. 2687.







Pert cape and hat with a slightly Oriental feeling and an ingenious use of **novelty braid.** No. 2688. Photo: **rickrack** makes an amusing edging for the jacket of pin-wale piqué, an insertion for the matching beret, No. 2689. Gingham beret and scarf with jet trimming, nice with a black sheath, No. 2690. Gloves, No. 2223.

LILLIAN BASSMAN



Ever popular **smocking** in pretty mother-and-daughter gingham sun dresses. Mother's ress including transfer, No. 2691. Child's dress has an enchanting smocked hat. Dress and hat with transfer, No. 2692. Use smocked section on any little school dresses.

Not only are these **striped peignoirs** easy to make but they are easy to launder, pretty to wear. The drawstring necklines are adjustable and the length could be shorter. Ribbon from side seams may be tied in front. Mother's, No. 2693. Child's, No. 2694.

STRAW HAT BY EMILY & ETHERIDGE, STRAW BAG BY JOSEF, BIRDCAGE BY I. C. JEAN



An alphabet for initialing and monogramming

Transfer designs for smocked bodices and child's hat

Machine-pleated skirts save time . . . look professional

Novelty trimmings that simplify sewing

Elasticized fabric for waistlines and trimmings



An amusing idea for trimming an inexpensive **man's shirt** (be sure to buy a small size, or use a discarded one of your husband's) . . . worn with a revival of the **broomstick skirt.** Our pattern includes three ways of decorating the shirt with rickrack designs and three ways of tying the wet skirt for unusual crinkled effects. No. 2695.





Your own material **pleated by machine** simplifies your sewing and certainly gives it a very professional look. Our two-piece version has a box-pleated skirt, a blouse with a scarf-tie neckline monogrammed in back. Our sack dress has knife pleats that fall from the hipline. Both dresses, No. 2696.





Border embroideries need only to be gathered to a waistband for a skirt. Ours in organdy with piqué . . . matching piqué blouse with latticed edging which serves as buttonholes. Fabric **printed in a circle** simplifies your sewing. Ours, in a fruit design, is accented with eyelets. Both 269





Elasticized fabrics are adaptable for snug waistbands and trimmings when used with the matching plain fabric. Our lime-colored dress has a surplice blouse, a dirndl skirt. Our orange dress has the same skirt with a halter top, using the elasticized fabric for neck and pockets. Diagram of skirt, patterns for both blouses, No. 2698.

Turn to Page 106 for other views, prices and information on how to order these patterns.

Be sure to state sizes!

CONCLUSION

THE RECK

BY CATHERINE SEVERN

MOTHER raced to the telephone. "Where are you, dear?" she said. The relief was short-lived. "At *Batesville!*"

Batesville was the place where that junior from Miss Worthington's had gone when she'd eloped. Lisbee couldn't be in Batesville—Neil was *here.*

"—— and you'll be right home? . . . Why, what an idea, dear—I wouldn't *think* of not waiting up," mother assured her before she hung up.

"She's married Todd Nixon at the justice of the peace in Batesville," mother said quietly.

"But she's under age!" Neil burst out.

"The little fool!" father snorted, and I heard his impatient steps go with finality into the uncarpeted front hall.

The silence in the dining room seemed to be as stunned as I was.

"Well—uh—good night," Neil said. He went out the nearest way, through the kitchen.

I escaped back to bed, because I could hear father's boots pounding up the front stairs.

When all was still again, I stole back to reconnoiter. Mother had set the table with a beautiful embroidered cloth and four silver candlesticks. Then she got out the dishes with the big red roses. After she'd set the plates and cups and saucers on the table, she disappeared for a while, outdoors. When she came back, her arms were full of roses.

I must have slept then. Lisbee's laugh woke me—so suddenly I almost pitched down the stairs.

Stealing to the door so I could hear better, I discovered that laugh of Lisbee's had burst forth because mother'd called her "Mrs. Nixon" as she'd welcomed her with a kiss. Mother kissed Todd too.

In half a minute Lisbee's mood seemed to rise sky-high. That wedding supper rang with gaiety.

I not only heard what was said, but I saw snatches of what went on. Since the candles on the table threw most of the room into shadow, I could put out my head from time to time, without danger of being seen.

"Guess who we saw at the station when we got off the train?" Lisbee interrupted herself. "Evelyn—Evelyn *James!* Of all people!"

"She and her mother were there to meet Mr. James," Todd put in. "He was coming in on the Chicago train."

"Did you tell them?" mother asked.

"*Did we tell them!*" Lisbee exclaimed, looking at Todd. They both broke into hilarious laughter. "Evelyn was so—was so flab—flabbergasted," Lisbee gasped helplessly, "she forgot—to

(Continued on Page 225)

ILLUSTRATED BY

LESS HEART



He laughed angrily.
"You find it very hard
to make up your mind
about what you want,
don't you, Delilah?"

Maeva made a wreath for her hair. "Have you a wife?" she asked the stranger. "In America?"

WHEN I was a boy we lived in this manner: At six each morning the church bell summoned us to prayer and Wardens stood by the entrance checking our names. If a man were missing, other Wardens were sent running to find him; and if a man and girl were both missing, we trembled until they were found, for we knew what the penalty would be if they had been together.

After church we were allowed to go about our duties, except that Wardens could summon us to jail at any time if we had broken rules. One day a week we had to work on church land making copra or we fished for pearl shell in the lagoon, turning over all we found to the Pastor. We had also to keep careful records of any money we made from schooners, for the Wardens collected one share in ten, as the Bible directs.

At sunset the bell rang again, and we gathered for prayer. After that we could eat when we wished, but in the evening began the most troublesome of our rules. All young men and all unmarried girls had to carry lighted lanterns wherever they went. This was to help the Wardens keep track of what was happening on the island, and if two lanterns were seen heading toward the bush in back of Matareva, the Wardens ran there to see that no indecencies took place. Of course, some young men were smart enough to put out their lights and wait for girls, but if they were caught the Wardens beat them. The girl was further humiliated next morning in church, after which both the offenders were sent to jail.

At nine each night the church bell rang again and everyone had to be indoors. Sometimes it was very beautiful at that hour. The moon would shine down upon the lagoon and through the village of Matareva pale lights would move mysteriously from house to house. Those were the Wardens, checking up to see that all families were behaving themselves properly. The Wardens had a right to enter any house at any time for an accounting of what each person inside had been doing for the past day, but on week nights the Wardens did not abuse this privilege, unless one of them became attracted to some girl, and then he would break into her house almost every night, whether she wished him to or not. It was useless to protest, for the Pastor knew that his control of Matareva depended upon the absolute loyalty of his Wardens.

On Saturday nights the Wardens became especially active, for no frivolity was allowed from then until Monday at daybreak. No husband must sleep with his wife. There must be no kissing or singing. The rules were strictly observed in most homes because on these nights the Wardens gave no warning. There was a rush at the door, a clatter of clubs, and people moaning from cracked heads.

On Sunday we prayed three times and had a procession led by the Wardens. We marched from the lagoon to the church and stood at solemn attention while the Pastor, in a black suit, walked *(Continued on Page 211)*



Mr. Morgan

by James A. Michener

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT HARRIS



Lilac time

By ANN BATCHELDER

It's lilac time again. Through the windows, open to the spring breezes, all the house is pervaded by the ineffable fragrance of the lilacs—white and purple and red, old-fashioned country flowers and the gaudy Oriental fringed ones that look like a lady's parasol of the nineties. They bring memories of days when I was a little girl and watched each year for the lilacs to bloom. For lilacs and syringas were as much, to us, a part of Memorial Day as the parade and the band and the flag of our country, for we carried the flags (little ones), the flowers and the banners. We were a prominent part of the parade. It was our day of days. No wonder we kept an eye on the lilacs.

A May Dinner. But no matter how the weather or the lilacs affect you, how the strawberries smell in their tangled leaves or the sun spills its warmth over the little shoots showing their heads in the rows of peas and the asparagus tips ready for the taking, these things are all part of spring and expected. You can't spend all day poking around in a garden or even lingering over a favorite cookbook and gossiping with the greengrocer. You've a hungry family and friends you aim to please, and you feel exactly like setting out to get a bang-up dinner and that's what you're about to do. That's why I've turned my back on trimming up the garden beds and left the paths unswept while I've translated my ideas into this picture of what I feel makes *(Continued on Page 252)*



STUART POWLER



MENU
(Planned for 6)

Consommé Printemps

Lemon-Butter-Broiled Chicken and Chicken Livers

Vegetable Platter



Garden-Lettuce-and-Cucumber Salad · French Melba Toast · Pineapple-Mint Cream · Coffee

there's a man in the house

By HARLAN MILLER

An attractive out-of-town man kept six of our town's charmingest matrons spellbound at a dinner by arguing that American women are among the least attractive on earth. (The home boys kept their mouths shut.) . . . He did it so suavely that some of 'em would have married him out of sheer spite.

•

Our town's handsomest thirty-nine-year-old matron has a new defense against younger cuties who lay an appraising eye on her husband. "Bless you," she says, when she corners 'em, "I'm old enough to be your mother!" It's not quite true, but it reminds the cutie of *his* age.

•

I was profoundly shocked by a report that eight out of ten American men help their wives wash the dishes. (The Russians could make plenty of vicious propaganda out of *that* one!) My neighbor in the deporched mansion is mighty smug because he's wiped the dishes three times in twelve years.

•

My shopping expedition with our eleven-year-old to buy his spring wardrobe exhausts me more than five sets of tennis. But I'd rather endure it than run the risk of letting a woman choose a boy's haberdashery.

•

I'm saving one bullet for the go-getter who invented the slogan that a dealer must sell a woman not merely a new stove or refrigerator, but a whole new kitchen at a time. An enemy of the people!

•

My only comment on the grocery bill that really baffles my wife is that I can feed the whole family all that everyone can eat at our club's buffet dinners for less than the cost of the meat for a good meal at home.

•

More scandal gets started in our town from a flirtatious lady's confidential brags than from any gossip her dearest friends can otherwise find out about her.

•

Our youngest, at eleven, is irked by the number of songs about love he hears on radio, phonograph and TV. "What's so important about love?" he demands. I'll give him another four or five years and then he'll find out!

•

My wife's raised quite a crop of mushrooms from boxes of spores in the basement. She won't tell me what they cost, but I suspect they're in the luxury class, along with the $10 ducks and $15 pheasants I shot last fall.

•

The man next door gets so fed up with his cherubs he spends more than he can afford to send 'em off to summer camps. . . . Then he misses 'em so he charters a plane to fly up and spend a day with 'em.

My opinion is that a bow tie is cooler for a man in warm weather, but that a four-in-hand is far more apt to conceal a wrinkled shirt bosom, or camouflage a random few drops of soup.

•

We eat our first outdoor meal in a week or so at the glass table in the garden. I don't mind the hummingbirds and blue jays, but it takes all my character to keep from moving indoors when the hornets attack my lips for each mouthful. (And this year we've vowed to eat outdoors 100 times!)

•

"Things were kinda dull in our neighborhood," reports Betty Comfort, giving a dandelion plant a lethal dose, "until the pretty blonde newcomer began to tell her husband all the foolish things other men were saying to her."



Ah, what a picture of family life, as I stand high on the stepladder and the wife and kids help me lower a storm window! (They seem to suspect me of vertigo and I suspect them of trying to nudge me off the ladder.)

Gosh! I certainly learned something riding home in the back seat from the party, with the drowsy-eyed brunette. She said a married woman is two different people: first, a docile, devoted mate; and second, a wild, untamed creature who belongs only to herself.

•

"I'm still undecided," says Peter Comfort, removing a tricycle from his disheveled iris bed, "whether to brand the handles of my garden tools with my new branding iron, or brand my borrowing neighbors who keep 'em all summer!"

•

I can't discern that our eleven-year-old is any easier to keep amused with the aid of radio, three-speed record changer, electric train and TV than we were at his age before we got our first phonograph. They just make him fidget more.

•

Junior is eighteen in May, but his mother and I are not in a tailspin as the Army gets ready to reach for him. . . . He's calm about it too. As he told me over some corn flakes in the kitchen one midnight, I can't buy him a big chunk of freedom and hire a Hessian to guard it for him.

•

Why is all the outdoor furniture so immobile nowadays? It doesn't swing or sway, like the porch gliders, hammocks and lawn swings of the past. . . . Maybe some of my more nervous neighbors with the 1951 jitters could relax a bit in a swing or rocking chair.

•

Gad, our daughter turned up with two A's in her last semester grades, and now she's got me on the defensive, urging her not to study so hard. . . . (I'd settle for B's if she'd only let her red hair grow out.)

•

I'm trying to gather enough courage to hide those red pillows my Dream Girl keeps on the love seats before the fireplace, and which get in the way every time I sit down. . . . Guests can throw 'em airily on the floor, but I (head of the household) must treat 'em with respect!

•

When my royal consort wakes up sweet as a dove after telling me off the night before . . . and our youngest at eleven types out a neighborhood newspaper with more wit in it than I had at seventeen . . . and Junior accepts with amused tolerance my attempts as a strict disciplinarian, and allows I'm only trying to do a job . . . and our daughter's taste in boys seems to improve steadily, or at least I get more and more reconciled and enthusiastic about 'em . . . and when I begin to feel more and more at home in my own living room when it's filled with teenagers . . . and the school holidays are the merriest time of the year . . . then I become quite content to put off my enlistment in the Foreign Legion for another year or two.

What are people Really like?

Revealing anecdotes about interesting human beings

BY Maureen Sheila John Kathleen Marguerite DALY

"IN those New York days," said CARSON MCCULLERS, awesomely talented young writer, with a soft Georgia drawl, "I had to get up at four in the morning to write, then go on to one job or another at nine. I worked as a comic-book editor and I worked as a bookkeeper—but I lost that job for reading a copy of Proust under my typewriter."

DAN WYNN



Carson McCullers: She lost one job for reading a copy of Proust.

Now, in an old white frame house in Nyack, New York, almost buried behind ancient bushes ("It's just like Georgia—I must have felt that when I picked it"), the thirty-four-year-old Miss McCullers is writing again, on an electric typewriter to ease her hands, left weak by long illness.

At sixteen, severe pneumonia first took her out of school. It was then she realized she could never be a concert pianist, though she'd spent her life preparing for the career. Long months in bed made her feel the need to create and she began to write short stories in painful, painstaking longhand. At seventeen, just after her first short story was published, she left her home in Georgia to go to New York to study and write. The Member of the Wedding, her third and most successful book, came out when she was just twenty-nine, after five years of work. It took four years to complete the dramatic version which won the New York Drama Critics Award for the best play on Broadway.

Now, wan but hauntingly lovely, with her hair cut in jagged little-girl bangs, Miss McCullers spends most of her time in bed, working just a little each day on her new book, Clock Without Hands. ("I can't explain the title to you. It's what the book means to me, that's all.") When we asked what the book is about, her fragile, birdlike hands knotted her tailored tie-silk robe more tightly over a pair of striped cotton pajamas and she answered thoughtfully:

"I believe it's about this question: How much responsibility can a man assume in the world"—and after a pregnant pause—"for the world? It may be completed in two years. It may take five or six. I just don't know."

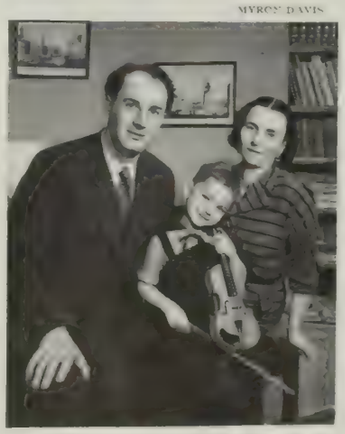
• • •

"I THANK God and my father that they taught me to be a musician," says RAFAEL KUBELIK, tall, rangy, Czech-born conductor of the Chicago Symphony. "There is little peace in the world, but when you take up a fiddle or a score, you find a peace which is 'out of time.'

"No story," exclaimed the thirty-six-year-old musician, speaking emphatically in his heavily accented English, "is strong enough to tell people the truth about living under pressure, without freedom. No propagandist fantasy can be written so strong that it is not true. It is amazing that oppressed people manage to keep any vestige of dignity."

Despite living under oppression, the Kubeliks have maintained enthusiasm for music and a wide-eyed appreciation of the world. Early in the last war, the conductor's wife, Ludmila, was arrested without reason by the Gestapo, the morning after a housewarming party in their new apartment. She was released after two days, but was ill with jaundice for two years afterward. Just eighteen months ago the Kubeliks, with four-year-old Martin, came from Prague to Chicago, where they are still marveling at frozen foods, ready-made suits and progressive kindergartens. As a small boy, Rafael remembers waking to hear the violin of his father, concert star Jan Kubelik. Now, in their brownstone house on the city's North Side, he wakes to the similar sound of his wife's practicing.

MYRON DAVIS



The Rafael Kubeliks: to be successful is not their aim in life.

Though the conductor toured this country as his father's accompanist at twenty, and his wife, a child prodigy, gave her first recital at eight, the Kubeliks have no musical ambitions for Martin, a sturdy boy with the round face of a Hummel drawing, whose current interest is electric trains. "Music must be loved, not taught," said his father. "The biggest teacher is your own heart."

But to the older Kubeliks, music is life. "It is not a bridge to something further," the maestro explained earnestly. "It does not mean money or success. Music is simply expression. Our goal is to work for the best, to find new aspects, new ideas. But to be successful is not our business."

"You are a conductor in your work but you are only the assistant conductor here," his pretty wife interrupted gently; "Martin is the *real* conductor." And little Martin stopped the conversation to show the guests how he could slither on his stomach from the overstuffed chair to the arm of the davenport.

• • •

"I MADE up my mind when I was seventeen that color need not be a barrier, if you don't let it be," said MRS. EDITH SAMPSON in her warm, Tallulah Bankhead voice. "You have to be positive, affirmative in thinking. Once a white woman whose case I'd won threw her arms around me outside the courtroom. A friend was surprised, but I told him, 'I don't discriminate. I don't mind who kisses me.' When people are in trouble, they just don't care about color. I learned in the courtroom that if you have the ability and the facts, color doesn't militate against you."

Mrs. Sampson, first Negro delegate from the United States to the United Nations, is known as "Miss Edith" in the shabby neighborhood around her law firm on Chicago's South Side. Though she has no children of her own, the glass top of the desk in her crowded, plant-filled offices covers pictures of the nine nieces and nephews she has sent through college.

UNATIONS



Edith Sampson: "Part of something is better than all of nothing."

Because her two-story house fronts on a garbage-littered alley, Attorney Sampson has replaced windows with glass bricks, and the rooms, crowded with paintings and sculpture bought from struggling Negro artists, are partly furnished with pieces she bought and refinished herself. "When I'm worried about a case, I can't sleep. I couldn't shut an eye for a week after the UN appointment," she explained. "So it's therapeutic for me to get up and sand furniture. Sometimes I even wake up at night and do the wash."

After eighteen years as a specialist in criminal law and domestic relations in Cook County Juvenile Court, she opened her own law office nine years ago, and in 1949 made a world tour as a member of the Town Hall World Seminar. Mrs. Sampson had posters made from mementos of this trip, mounting news stories and invitations to dine with world leaders (India's Nehru gave a dinner for her), to display when she lectures at Negro high schools. "I leave the posters for several days because the kids just line up and stare. They feel that the door is now open for them, because I've made good. They feel they have the same chance.

"I'm a gradualist," she went on, with her curious combination of confidence and humility. "All my life I've lived on the theory that 'part of something is better than all of nothing.' Success comes little by little. I am just following where God is leading. I don't know where it will all end."

• • •

BIG burly writer-reporter *Quentin Reynolds* proposed to his pretty blond wife by cable from Cairo, after meeting her just twice at New York parties. "You'd never guess he was a globe-trotter to see him at home," laughed Mrs. Reynolds, a Park Avenue housewife with an eighteen-year-old daughter and a flair for Sunday-night suppers of beef stroganov and green salad. "He simply *loves* to stay home! I have an awful time getting the housework done because I have Quent around *all day long!* He's a real homebody, always underfoot—he just hates to leave the house. He works in his den on a pretty rigid schedule, but I have him for breakfast, lunch and dinner—not to mention little snacks in the afternoon. He just loves to have people around and often, about noon, he gets lonesome and calls up some of the boys—John McClain, Mark Hanna or Bennett Cerf, maybe—and asks them to lunch. *Honestly*—just like a bunch of girls!"

Roses, narcissuses, and sweet peas. Lithograph by Engelmann, 1829.



LINE A DAY

By Ann Batchelder

1 Mother's Day comes in May. Remember.

2 How far can you go when it's croquettes you hanker for? Go as far as you like. Ham, for example. When you serve those, surround them with fried bananas. Good with any meat croquette. But ham spoke first.

3 Cut bananas—peeled, of course—in halves lengthwise. Sprinkle with lemon juice, roll them in crushed corn flakes and fry in butter or margarine until neatly browned.

4 From the Creoles comes this choice bit. Butter rounds of toast. Cover with a fitting slice of cold ham. Then with a coverlet of creamed crab meat and sautéed mushrooms. It's a Sunday-night special. Good.

5 Mayonnaise has more than one string to its bow. Try adding a little chili sauce and a spoonful or so of minced dill pickle. It's almost Russian, only the Russians may not know it. For salads, I'll add.

6 You may think a sardine is only a baby fish to eat on a cracker and let it go at that. Give the little fellows a break (sans skin and bones), spread them with lemon juice and prepared mustard. Grill under the broiler and serve them on buttered toast fingers. And come back for more.

7 Having trouble cutting fresh cake? More crumbs than cake, huh? Well, well, heat a *very* sharp knife in boiling water, wipe dry and hurry up about it. Result, more cake than crumbs.

8 To give prune whip a touch of glamour, serve it with a coffee-flavored soft custard.

9 No woman alive can resist a new hat. Few will pass up a new notion for the hors d'oeuvre plate. It's a hunt that never lets up. Help is always at hand and here I go making good on that.

10 Cut very thin slices of fresh bread—hot knife again helps—trim to about four inches square. Butter and spread with Welsh rarebit or split sardines—these with lemon juice—and roll up the squares. Make fast with toothpicks. Sauté in hot salad oil or grill as you please. Serve hot.

11 Maybe you just pass mint jelly with lamb and let it go at that. For a change, try this instead. Make some applesauce, not too sweet. When cool, break up a glassful of mint jelly and add to the sauce. That's all. Of course there's nothing better than fresh mint from the herb garden for a real mint sauce.

12 Chill a large bunch of the largest and firmest grapes you can find. Cut almost through and take out the seeds. Cream some Roquefort cheese with a little cream seasoned with paprika and stuff the grapes. Put the halves together. Chill again. Serve with salads or as an hors d'oeuvre.

13 From Italy, where they love hot patties and things they can snap off without spending too much time, comes this timely hint. Cook a cup of rice until soft. Drain and don't rinse it. Season with salt. Spread it an inch thick in a shallow pan. Press it down firm, then cut into rounds.

14 Put them on a greased cooky sheet, add a small piece of butter on each, and brown in a hot oven or in the broiler. With creamed chicken and such, these are elegant. Couldn't be simpler.

15 Scrambled eggs are just scrambled eggs to some, so what! But wait a minute. For every two eggs, allow one anchovy mashed well. Season these with lemon juice, pepper and a little onion juice. When the eggs are nearly done, add the anchovies. Serve on buttered toast. This is not for always, but for special *sometimes*.

16 Get yourself some tart red apples. It's not too late, they're still around. Wash. Don't peel. Core and scoop out enough to allow for stuffing. Chop fresh or canned figs with ground pistachio nuts or pecans and mix. Stuff the apples and set in a pan with pineapple and fig juice or sirup and bake until tender, not soft.

17 *Second verse:* Cool the apples and make a stiff meringue with two egg whites, a little salt and sifted light brown or maple sugar. Cover the apples with the meringue, leaving the stuffing to be seen. Brown in a moderate oven—350° F. Serve with cream. And vary the stuffing to your fancy.

18 Knots are knots, to be sure, but here's a knot maybe you don't know. Make up good rich piecrust, breaking an egg in as you mix, and add a teaspoon of baking powder. Let it chill in the refrigerator.

19 *Second canto:* Now roll out the crust, cut into strips and tie them in a loose knot. Fry in hot fat until puffed and light brown. They'll untie if they feel like it, but you might as well start them as knots. Sprinkle with powdered sugar or not, as you like.

TO A LADY OF QUALITY

Miss Leslie, it is hard to believe
You had such knowledge up your sleeve.
Such versatility makes me wish
"Anon" was not your favorite dish.

No subtlety can now apply,
Soup is soup and pie is pie.
No beaded passementerie
Adorns a single recipe.

Oh, Miss Leslie, where you hover,
Know you have an ardent lover.
Take these words in fervent homage,
While I look up "Soufflé Fromage."

20 Here's a delicious dessert and so easy and quick. Cut squares of bread and fry them in butter or margarine till brown and crisp. Arrange on a hot platter and cover with puréed apricot. Cook the apricot sirup with a little sugar and the juice of a lemon to make a thickish sauce. Pour over the purée and serve hot with cream and sugar.

21 Little new potatoes are about again. Peel and sauté eight or ten of them in butter or margarine until tender, turning them often. When done, put them in a silver dish and over them pour a cup of heavy cream heated with three tablespoons of butter. Season with salt and pepper and serve very hot.

22 *From an old cookbook:* "Peas should never be served unless they are boiled at least an hour in water with a pinch of saleratus. Peas are often undercooked by unthinking cooks, but to be sure they are as digestible as may be, one hour should be the rule." So that's where that atrocity started!

23 With grilled lamb chops, a nice change from the mint idea is this: Take a tumbler of red currant jelly, break it up and add half as much chutney, the juice of half a lemon and a little salt and pepper. Heat all together and serve it hot.

24 And should you be in a hurry for chicken à la king, the old reliable, open a can of cream of chicken soup, dilute with chicken broth, add heavy cream for the sauce and then go ahead with mushrooms, diced olives, peppers and such.

25 Scrapple, for breakfast, for those who eat hearty on a Saturday or Sunday A.M. Fried crisp and brown with bacon, served with scrambled eggs or boiled eggs or griddle-cakes. Then he'll mow the lawn—maybe roll it, too, but he'll be happy. (Ladies aren't urged to try this.)

26 That grand old stand-by, corned-beef hash, deserves well by all of us. For example, try browning it in diced salt-pork fat in which an onion has been cooked. Minced onion, of course. Serve the pork and onion with the hash. My, but it's a grand dish.

27 Prepared spaghetti in cans has arrived since grandma's day. To get the true Italian works, add a can of tomato paste, a little minced garlic and some minced cooked chicken livers and you might be in Florence or Venice or even in Rome.

28 Want to know about some chilled fruit cups you may have missed? I'm willing to tell most anything—well, *most*, not all. Mix diced fresh pineapple with white cherries and add a few cherries in mint. Garnish with a feather of fresh mint. Serve awful cold, this side of freezing.

29 Another, for I can't stop all of a sudden. Grapefruit, bananas and pineapple, diced (that means easy to eat), with Melba sauce and frozen raspberries. *Now* what do you think?

30 Before saying au revoir to celery for a while, give it a break by cutting it into two-inch pieces, dipping them in fritter batter and frying in deep fat.

31 The birds have returned for the season and are hunting their apartments in the garden. Robins are occupying the big tree that grows up through the patio. Near the house, just in case. A riot of color and splendor along the garden paths and walls. I must go.

SOUP BALANCES YOUR MEALS ...AND HELPS BALANCE YOUR BUDGET



A *thrifty* LUNCH *you'll enjoy!*

It's built around a really hearty soup—beef noodle: a homey beef stock simply crammed with tender, nourishing noodles.

Beef Noodle Soup
Scalloped Potatoes **Buttered Carrots**
Grapefruit and Strawberry Salad



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

Lunches and Suppers built around Soup can be substantial, yet thrifty

BY Anne Marshall

So appetizing, as well as so easily digested, soup is a welcome aid to meal planning. Every heart-warming bowlful you serve adds nourishment and also helps vary your meals delightfully. There are many hearty soups which are almost a meal in themselves.

Next time you want to make a meal more complete, or give it a special lift, remember your list of delicious soups. Will it be vegetable-beef, Scotch broth, cream of chicken, chicken noodle, cream of mushroom, to name but a few?

Good Soup is Good Value

In these days of increased living costs, *good soup stands out as good value*—both in your budget and in nutrition.

Practically everything we buy now costs far more than it used to. Naturally this means we must all spend our food dollars well. No wonder so many value-wise women are now serving soup more and more as a main dish. It's such a wonderful help for meals and budgets.

Soup—a Favorite Everywhere

Yes, *every* day, *every* month 27 million people sit down to soup for lunch. And more than 15 million enjoy soup for supper. Imagine it! So why not do as women everywhere are doing? Keep a supply of your favorite soups on the pantry shelf—use them often to balance your meals and help balance your budget.

A LUNCH *with so much... for so little*

Your main dish here is clam chowder—tasty, tangy clam broth with chopped clams, tomatoes, diced potatoes, and other vegetables. It's just "made" to go with a menu like this one pictured below:

Clam Chowder
Asparagus au Gratin
Sliced Cucumbers and Onion Rings
Jelly Roll





FAMILY SUPPER

...easy to eat...easy on the budget!

It features chicken with rice soup—a rich, gleaming broth, with fine, fluffy rice and plenty of tender pieces of chicken.

Chicken with Rice Soup
Baked Stuffed Tomatoes **Garden Salad**
Plums

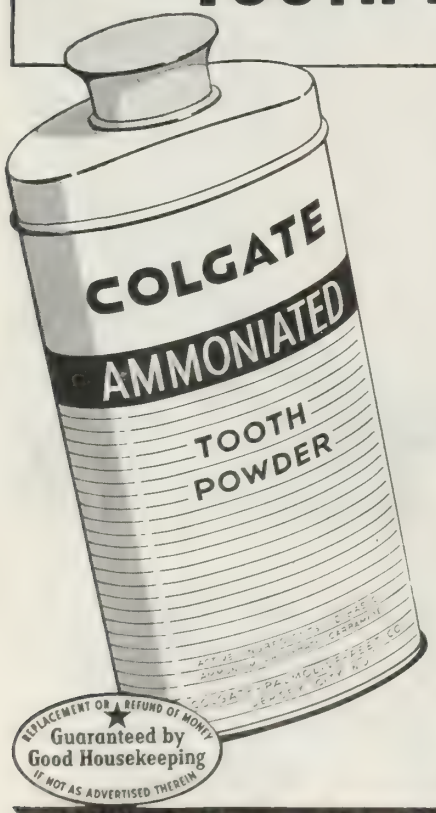




Dental Research Indicates You Can Help

Prevent Tooth Decay

With **COLGATE Ammoniated Tooth Powder**



Colgate's Scientific Formula Gives Extra Protection As It Cleans Your Teeth—and Breath!

1 REMOVES ACID FILM usually associated with tooth decay! Laboratory tests indicate that Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder may help you avoid pain, worry and expense of needless tooth decay, when used regularly as directed.

2 TEETH LOOK CLEANER, feel cleaner immediately. That's because Colgate's foamy cleaning action removes dulling film so well teeth get naturally, sparkling clean.

3 CLEANS BREATH, TOO... Removes tiny food particles that cause much bad breath. Has a minty, mouth-refreshing flavor that even children love!

Get Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder today for the whole family. Available at any toilet goods counter.

4 oz. 47¢ 2 oz. 27¢

With A Flavor The Whole Family Will Enjoy

MELVILLE GOODWIN, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 35)

"Goodness me," I said, "not Mel Goodwin!"

"Do you know him?" Art asked.

"Yes, I know him. He was in the breakout at Saint-Lô, and I saw him later in Paris."

"I am sorry I didn't know that," Al said. "It would have warmed the whole thing up, but maybe we can wangle ten more seconds. You'd better get started—we haven't got much time."

I should have been there earlier. As it was, there was only time for one excision in the script and a single insert:

"This all fits my old friend, Mel Goodwin, to a T, the Mel Goodwin I met when he was commanding his armored division before the breakout at Saint-Lô. None of the stiffness, none of the protocol which one associates with big brass. It's like him to want his friends to call him Mel."

Little warm bits like this, the statistical department had discovered, were apt to boost the Crosley rating.

If you have seen one bombed city in the phony peace that has followed World War II, there is small need to see the others. All those cities—London, Tokyo, Berlin, and even Manila, which is as bad as the worst—have struggled to erect a façade of decency that is pathetic and not yet convincing. There has remained the indescribable scent of rubble, the dank, dusty smell of stone and brick and plaster and rotting wood and rust, and a stale antiseptic chemical explosive odor has mingled with all the rest of it.

The Berlin street that marked the boundary between this particular part of the American and Russian sectors must still have had that smell when Mel Goodwin walked down it. The trouble started when a Russian patrol picked up a drunken American private who had wandered across the line, and an American patrol appeared a second later and grabbed a Russian sergeant. The Russians began readying their Tommy guns then and the American lieutenant got rattled. There was a good chance that somebody would shoot, when Mel Goodwin walked around the corner with a correspondent of the Associated Press. Mel Goodwin had been ordered to Berlin with an officers' group for information and instruction.

When he saw the trouble, as he told me later, he walked into the middle of the street and halted in front of the Russian officer, who pointed a Tommy gun at his stomach. The Russian was a rawboned, gangling boy who looked very nervous. In fact, everyone was very nervous. The thing to remember, Mel Goodwin said, was that troops are always troops in any army and that all troops act alike. He never knew whether or not the Russians recognized his rank. It may have been his age, he said, that influenced the outcome, or it may have only been his knowing that troops were troops. He stood in front of the Russian officer for a second or two, looking at the Tommy gun, and then lighted a cigarette.

"Then I pushed that gun away from my stomach," he said, "and gave the boy a friendly slap on the tail."

THAT was all there was to the incident, Mel said. No one had wanted to start shooting, and the slap on the tail broke the tension. He laughed and the Russian laughed and then they shook hands and the Russian sergeant was swapped off for the American drunk. No one would have given it another thought if it had not been for the A.P. correspondent. Nobody outside the Army until then had ever heard much of Major General Melville Goodwin.

I have often wondered why any thoughts of mine should have lingered on Mel Goodwin that evening after the broadcast was over. I had met him only briefly in Normandy, and then there had been one turbid and rather ridiculous interlude in Paris when he had made an off-the-record ass of himself with my old friend Dottie Peale. From my observation professional generals looked alike, thought alike and reacted in an identical manner. No matter how genial they might try to be—and, personally, I was inclined to respect the disagreeable more than the jovial ones—you could not evaluate them as you evaluated other people. You could not feel the same warmth or pity or liking for generals, because they had all dropped some factor in the human equation as soon as they had rated a car with one of those flags on it and a chauffeur and an aide. After the first flush of excitement which came from knowing them, the best thing to do, I always thought, was to keep as far away from them as possible.

NEVERTHELESS, something between the lines of Mel Goodwin's story stayed with me. I was thinking of this when Art Hertz and I went into Gilbert Frary's office after the broadcast. Gilbert was in general charge of the program and he acted as liaison between the studio and the sponsor.

"How do you think it went, Gilbert?" Art asked.

It occurred to me that Art had been pushing himself around recently more than was necessary. It was up to me, not Art, to ask that question.

"Frankly," Gilbert said, "at first I was a little disappointed. That whole Berlin business seemed artificially exaggerated, though of course we were following the evening papers. I don't see why that news took hold the way it did, but then you warmed it up very nicely, Sidney. That's interesting that you knew Melville Goodwin. What is the General really like?"

Every reform was once a private opinion. —EMERSON.

"He's like all the rest of them," I said.

The telephone on Gilbert's Italian refectory table rang and Gilbert reached for it eagerly. "Yes," he said, "yes, George. I'm glad you liked it, George. I thought it was well balanced, and I thought Sidney put a lot in it." He hung up the telephone. "Well," he said, "George Burtheimer likes it, and George doesn't often call up. Shall we go somewhere and eat?"

"I'm just having a sandwich in the office, Gilbert," I said. "I ought to start back home."

"You'll be doing it from home tomorrow, will you?" Gilbert asked.

"Yes, if that's all right with you."

"It's all right," Gilbert said, "if you don't do it too often, Sidney. There's value in the illusion of your moving around."

It had only come over me recently how ironic the relationship was that existed between Gilbert Frary and Art Hertz and me. Gilbert had made me what I was today. He had picked me out of nowhere for his own purposes. He was a very bright entrepreneur, one of those peculiar, highly astute products of the American entertainment world.

Gilbert always liked to tell the story. He was sitting in his suite at the St. Regis, and for no good reason had turned the dial of his radio to a program from London run by Army Public Relations shortly after V-E Day. My job with SHAEF had consisted of personally conducting Very Important People to very important points of interest, and I had been ordered to introduce some of these personages on the air. There was no end to the strange things they made you do in those days. I had not minded writing the script, because I had been a newspaperman myself before I had gone down to Washington to do what I could for my country, but when a man named Major Marcus, who knew all about radio and who was going to read the script, could not be found at the crucial moment, I had objected violently to taking his place. There you have it, the whole little drama that Gilbert Frary always loved to

(Continued on Page 69)

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr.

Entirely in the American tradition—Mrs. Vanderbilt is fascinating to look at, stimulating to know. Her eager spirit floods out through her excitingly beautiful face—a face that speaks for her with enchanting effect, because it mirrors her charming *real* self.



Mrs. Vanderbilt's wonderful complexion has the rose-petal coloring so perfect with her blonde hair, her blue-violet eyes. "I use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It is a *beautiful* cream."

Don't hide that exciting woman—your inner self

LET HER HELP YOU TO FIND A LOVELIER YOU

ANY WOMAN'S CHARM is stifled by a dull feeling of inferiority—a disbelief in her own possibilities.

Yet—no woman needs to stay discouraged with herself. *You can change. You can be lovelier.* A wonderful *inner* power can help you. A power growing out of the give-and-take between your Outer Self and Inner Self —the way you *look*, the way you *feel*.

This power lights your face with magic confidence when you *look* your loveliest—and *know* it. But, *not know* your best self—and it dulls you at once. That's why it means so much to take pains about the daily essentials that help you *look* charming, *feel* confident.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Never, never grow lazy about the care you give your complexion. Every *lovely* face *must* have lovely skin. This treatment with Pond's Cold Cream makes faces feel—and *look*—very soft, absolutely sparkling! And, because it is *cream* cleansing, it's *never* drying. Do it *always* at bedtime (for day cleansings, too)—*this way:*

Hot Stimulation—give your face a quick splash of hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—do another soft Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue again—*lightly*.

Cold Stimulation—give your face a tonic cold-water splash.

Literally, this works on *both* sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates circulation.

Mrs. Vanderbilt says: "I *like* this Pond's treatment. It leaves my skin feeling *especially* soft."

Always remember—*it is not vanity* to develop the beauty of your face. Looking lovely lights you with confidence—brings stars to your eyes, new charm to your face—draws others closer to the Inner You.



GET A LUXURIOUS BIG JAR OF POND'S TODAY!

You hear it everywhere
"She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!"



take 'em back to the cornpatch tonight

with this Country Chicken Stew

Back to sweet flavor
Every golden forkful of DEL MONTE Cream Style whisks you back to the fresh-husked sweetness of country grown corn.

Back to tender kernels
Tissue-thin skinned kernels, to be exact. Plump, meaty, full of flavor. DEL MONTE gives you more of them than you'd care to count.

Back to top quality
Everything that DEL MONTE does for flavor, it does to bring you a grand-eating, top quality corn — it's superlatively good in every respect.

Back to real value
Remember how much you trust DEL MONTE for quality and flavor? Well, that's why DEL MONTE is the most popular brand of cream style corn.

COUNTRY CHICKEN STEW

- 1 (4-lb.) stewing or fricassee chicken, cut in serving pieces
- ½ cup flour
- 2 tsps. salt
- 1 tsp. poultry seasoning
- 1 cup chopped onions
- 1 cup sliced celery
- ½ cup sliced carrots
- ¼ cup minced parsley
- 2 chicken bouillon cubes dissolved in
- 2 cups hot water
- 1 to 2 No. 303 cans DEL MONTE Golden Cream Style Corn

In chicken fryer, melt some fat cut from chicken. Shake chicken with combined flour, salt and poultry seasoning in paper bag; then brown on all sides in the fat. Add other ingredients except corn; cover; simmer 1½ to 2 hrs., or till chicken is tender. Remove chicken and vegetables to large casserole. Make gravy with stock, using 1 tbsp. flour to each cup stock. Pour over chicken; add corn; season with salt, pepper and butter. Heat in slow (325° F.) oven about 30 min. Serves 6 to 8.



Del Monte CORN

3 styles to enjoy:
Golden Whole Kernel
Golden Cream Style
White Cream Style

—the brand that puts flavor first

(Continued from Page 66)

narrate. Sitting in his suite at the St. Regis, Gilbert had been impressed by my voice. It had new quality, he said, freshness, unself-consciousness and integrity.

"Sidney," he used to say when he told the story, "would you mind saying a few words, just anything, so that everyone can understand what I mean. . . . You see what I mean now, don't you? Sidney's a natural. Sidney's voice is what Spencer Tracy and Gary Cooper are in the movies photogenically."

When Gilbert continued along those lines, it was best to listen to him as little as possible, but at any rate he had made me what I was. Another man, even an agent, would have left the St. Regis, gone to the theater and forgotten all about it, but Gilbert called up Washington, and now there we were, four years later.

"Well, good-by, Sidney," Gilbert said. "By the way, Marie and I are giving one of our Sunday-night suppers for George Burtheimer, who will be in from Chicago. Just a few interesting people. I think Spencer may be with us. He's coming on from the Coast."

"That sounds wonderful," I said, "but I'll have to ask Helen. I don't know what Helen's planned for Sunday."

A year ago I would have simply said it sounded wonderful. I would not have said I would ask Helen what she had planned, and Gilbert knew it. The trouble was he had done too well with me. He had made me, Frankensteinlike, into a creation which might move out of his control.

"Well, come if you possibly can," Gilbert said. "That new chauffeur of yours is working out all right, isn't he?"

"Yes, Gilbert," I said, "he's wonderful."

"Well, so long," he said. "We must have a good long talk some day soon, the way we used to. I am very glad that George Burtheimer was happy about the General."

For a long while I had been struggling with an increasing sense of being far removed from everything which I hitherto considered real. Quite suddenly I had been relieved of most of my old ambitions as well as of nearly every species of material want. It was all disorienting.

Miss Maynard was waiting for me when I stopped in to get my sandwich.

"A call has just come in for you, Mr. Skelton," she said. "I sent one of the boys to page you. Didn't he find you?"

"I thought all calls were going to be stopped down at the board."

"I KNOW," Miss Maynard said, "but this was personal. She said you would want to speak to her. It's Mrs. Peale."

"Oh, all right," I said, and I picked up the telephone. "Hello, Dottie."

"Hello," Dottie said, "how's your voice?"

"It's fine," I said. "It's got me a chauffeur and a Cadillac."

"How's your integrity?" Dottie asked.

"It's fine," I said, "how's yours?"

There was a second's silence, as though she were thinking of something, but she would not have called me up if she had not thought already.

"Darling, how about your dropping everything and taking me out to dinner?"

"I can't," I said. "Helen's expecting me, but I'd like to some other time, Dottie."

"How is Helen?" she asked. "How's Camilla? Did she get the copy of Little Women I sent her?"

"Camilla loved it," I said, "and now she's reading Little Men."

There was another hesitation, not exactly a silence. I knew she did not want me to take her to dinner, she wanted something else.

"Darling," she said, "I just heard you on the air. Isn't it wonderful about Mel?"

"Oh—Mel," I repeated, and she laughed.

"Don't be so vague, darling," she said.

"Why, yes," I said, "it's swell."

"Don't sound cross about it, darling, just because he made you run errands for him at the Ritz and I made you run errands too."

I shifted my weight from one foot to the other. I had never liked chatting over the telephone, and Dottie was never out of reach of one, but at least I knew what she wanted as soon as she mentioned Mel Goodwin.

"IF you want his address," I said, "I don't know it, or his number. Why don't you leave the poor old guy alone?" I said. "He'll look different over here."

"Don't be so censorious," she said. "When can I see you?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Darling, how about lunch on Monday?"

Gilbert Frary had always handled my contracts. A contract, he said, was an instrument out of which you either made or lost money. I needn't bother about any of this, he said. It was best to leave it all to him, and I always had left it to Gilbert until recently, when I had been having the whole business checked by an independent law firm. Gilbert had been deeply hurt when he found that I had been doing this, because, he said, his own lawyers were protecting us. At any rate, in the latest contract there was a large appropriation for travel and business entertainment outside of salary, and somehow even the house in Connecticut had entered into the transaction. Also, a Cadillac car for my business use.

This business transportation was waiting outside the building. Henry, the chauffeur, was out on the sidewalk the moment he saw me.

As he opened the door, the interior of the Cadillac was flooded with light. When I stepped inside, he wrapped a robe around my knees. I never wanted Henry to do this, because there was an excellent heating system in the Cadillac and there was no need for a robe, but Helen liked the robe. There was a white box in the car, tied with green ribbons.

"Where did that come from?" I asked.

"It's some gardenias, sir, for Mrs. Skelton."

"She didn't say anything about gardenias."

"Mr. Frary had them sent down," Henry said. "Shall we start home now, sir?"

The gesture was what Gilbert called a grace note in human relationship. It always paid, he said, to do nice things for people in my name without my knowing it. I leaned back in the car and closed my eyes, but I was not tired.

On the contrary I was too much awake, too keenly aware of everything, and that telephone call of Dottie's had remained in my mind. We drove up Fifth Avenue and crossed the park, and I began thinking again of Mel Goodwin and this episode in Berlin.

Until the year 1939, if there had been anything that approached a home environment in my youth, it was the run-down farm which my Uncle Will had bought outside of Nashua, New Hampshire. When my mother died and I had been boarded for a while with family friends, it was like home when I went to stay with my Uncle Will. When my father

(Continued on Page 71)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Child in a Meadow

By Eunice Mildred LonCoske

I watch her lightly blowing
Across the summer moors,
A sister to the daisies
In their white pinafores.
What is this thing she chases?
I see a spotted fawn;
While she, with childish laughter,
Has seen a leprechaun.

To her, the bees are fairies,
They fly in pixy rings.
The buttercups are cradles
Where Thumbellina swings.
And Pan pipes close beside her;
She hears him when he proves
That adults have forgotten
The music of his hooves.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

if we could only picture how it tastes!



SPECIALLY PLANNED FOR PERFECT EATING....10 YEARS RESEARCH BY POULTRY INDUSTRY....SPECIALLY FED FOR FLAVOR, QUALITY ....AS PLUMP IN 3 MONTHS AS ORDINARY CHICKEN IN 4 MONTHS ....SPECIALLY RAISED FROM FINEST MEAT-BEARING STRAINS.... GROWS BIG AND PLUMP WHILE YOUNG AND TENDER...SPRINGTIME FLAVOR...SHIPPED IN SPRAYED ICE TO PRESERVE FRESHNESS... DISPLAYED ON ICE OR UNDER REFRIGERATION.....AT BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE.....P.S. Also QUICK-FROZEN--cut-up, ready-to-cook. (Look for blue and white picture package.)

tender-grown Swift's Premium

the dream chicken that came true!


created by TOWLE
for today's living . . .
CONTOUR

(Continued from Page 69)

married again, there never seemed to be room for me in a new household with new children, and that element of security which child psychologists consider of such importance was denied me.

Nevertheless when I finished college and went to work on a Boston paper, I seemed to be no more insecure than anyone else in the city room. Looking back, I seldom missed the solidity of home, and I never cared much about possessions. I never thought seriously of marriage or of the future, but only of seeing all I could while I was alive. When I was in the Paris bureau, it was easier to sit still than it had been in America, but I never wanted to buy anything even there, except possibly a few books from the stalls along the Seine.

When I returned to New York in 1939 after writing three magazine articles on the Middle East, I still did not care where I ate or slept until I married Helen. She was an assistant editor on a fashion magazine, and her work had made her deeply conscious of furnishing and décor. We rented four rooms on the third floor of a pretentious old dwelling in the West Fifties between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Helen furnished the apartment with odds and ends from auction rooms and she was always rearranging them. She was always saying that I would get used to them in time and that I was the most undomestic man she had ever known, but actually there had hardly been time for us even to get used to each other. When Camilla was born in the winter of 1940 and was moved into the back bedroom with her bottles and her bathtub, we were still not used to the apartment. We left it in 1941, when I joined the Army and Helen and Camilla went to live with Helen's parents in Delaware. We never did have a home in the accepted sense until suddenly in the spring of 1949 we bought the place in Connecticut called Savin Hill.

It takes two to make a marriage a success and only one a failure.
—VISCOUNT SAMUEL.

Helen said now that we could afford it, we ought to think about Camilla and move to the country and out of our sublet apartment on Park Avenue. Gilbert Frary said we should consider the personality value of such a change. Helen and Camilla and I needed a gracious, welcoming home that would look like something—something solid. It ought to be Connecticut, not Long Island. He knew exactly the man who could find us such a place, he said.

I first saw the house that we now occupied one morning early in the previous spring. The house had been built by a Mr. Edgar Winlock, who had died suddenly, and it was up for sale, furnished, to settle the estate. It was built along the lines of a Virginia plantation. A shaded avenue led up to it with fields resembling paddocks or pastures on either side, enclosed by deceptively simple white board fences.

"You see, the Winlocks kept horses," Helen said. "There's a stable and a three-car garage. We can afford it, Sid. Gilbert says we can." She was pathetically eager to have me like it. "And a couple and an upstairs maid can look after the house." She had learned all about such arrangements, of course, from playing around with the editors of fashion and home-decoration magazines and from writing pieces about gracious living.

"All right," I said, "I'm Mr. Edgar Winlock. Do the horses come with it, Mrs. Winlock?" If she really liked it, I told her, and if she thought she could run a place with a sunken garden and crocuses and a swimming pool, we would try it.

As the Cadillac turned into the driveway that October evening, I had much the same feeling about the place that I had experienced when the Winlock executors had passed the papers.

When Henry blew the horn, the door opened and there was Oscar, the houseman, in the tan alpaca coat that Helen had selected for him. Oscar was smiling in his mannerly Swedish way. Henry handed him the box of gardenias.

"There has just been a telephone call for you, sir," Oscar said, "from Washington. From the office of the Secretary of the Army."

"Who was calling?"

"It was a colonel, sir, a Colonel Flax," Oscar said, "from Public Relations. He asked for you to call him back the moment you came in. He said it was very urgent."

Everything, I remembered, was always urgent around there, but I was not in the Army any longer, and I had never heard of Colonel Flax.

"If he wants me badly enough, he can try me again," I said, and I dismissed the whole thing from my mind.

"Are there any orders yet for tomorrow, sir?" Henry asked.

"Well, I won't know about tomorrow," I said, "but I'll tell you what you can do. Take it up with Mrs. Skelton. She'll probably have some sort of schedule."

"Yes, sir," Henry said, "Mrs. Skelton was talking about Miss Camilla's going to a birthday party tomorrow afternoon if you weren't going to need me."

"Oh," I said, "can't Miss Otts drive her over in the station wagon?"

"Miss Otts was going to New York for the day tomorrow," Oscar said. "That is why Madam thought that Henry could drive Miss Camilla."

"Well," I said, "you'd better take up the problem with Mrs. Skelton. Mrs. Skelton will fix it so Miss Camilla will get to that birthday party."

Helen had done the hallway over, and now it was green. The wrought-iron railing of the winding staircase was bronze green. The noiseless stair carpet was a deeper green, and the wallpaper was a design of large plantain leaves. Helen was standing in the hall and she looked very happy and very pretty.

"Hi," I said. "How's everything going, Mrs. Winlock?"

This was a joke which had worn pretty thin by now, as I saw by Helen's changed expression.

"I am sorry," I said. "It just happened unintentionally," and I kissed her.

"Darling," Helen said, "what did you have for supper?"

"I don't remember," I said. "A glass of milk and a sandwich."

"Hilda can get you something hot in just a minute."

"Oh, no," I said, "that's all right."

"You sounded wonderful," Helen said. "Now you had better go up and see Camilla so she can get to sleep. She's waiting for you, and don't stay too long with her. She really ought to be asleep by nine."

Camilla was sitting straight up in bed reading Louisa M. Alcott's Little Women for the third time, and her black hair fell over her shoulders in two neat braids. I stood there for a moment adjusting myself to her. I could remember her in her crib, but I had been away so much that I was still surprised that Camilla could talk fluently or that she could have ideas.

I sat down on the edge of her bed and wondered what Camilla really thought of me. "What did you do at school today?" I said.

"The same old things," Camilla said.

"That's a nice school you go to, Camilla, and Miss Swazey seemed very nice the time I saw her."

"Let's talk about something else," Camilla said. "Talk about when you were a little boy."

"Well," I said, "when I was a little boy ——"

Camilla's round gray-green eyes, just the color of her mother's, were fixed on me unblinkingly with that utterly uninhibited stare of childhood. I sat there in my daughter's bedroom studying its chintz curtains and the infantile wallpaper, designed by some professional who had forgotten about childhood, and I was very certain that Ca-

(Continued on Page 73)

A *fine new Sterling pattern in the contemporary mood, designed for the emerging American way of life. Contour is distinctive in its sculptural quality, its interesting contours and its graceful simplicity. Serene and elegant,*

CONTOUR

is a "classic" at home with fine things from any period.

The flowing curves and subtle planes produce the unique light-and-shadow loveliness of Contour, and release the true living beauty of the solid silver. There is a strong rhythmic relationship among the gleaming pieces and each piece has been custom-designed for new functional perfection.

Flattering to the hand that holds it, beautiful in motion, Contour is a pattern in SOLID *solid silver that is free, unruffled, and at ease.*

TOWLE
STERLING
Newburyport, Massachusetts

Ask your favorite Towle store for a leaflet with more information on Contour. Or write: Dept. L5, Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Mass.



"Lastex and I were both born twenty years ago in 1931 . . .



"I've never worn a girdle that wasn't made with Lastex yarn . . .



"I'd never buy a swimsuit that wasn't knit, woven, shirred or embroidered with Lastex yarn . . .



"In fact all my stretchy things—dresses, lingerie, socks, and even some of my shoes—are elasticized with

Lastex
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
the miracle yarn that makes things fit

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Rockefeller Center • New York

How to make grand Club Sandwiches



For each sandwich, use 3 slices of white toast with the crusts trimmed. Spread the toast with Kraft Mayonnaise. Because Kraft's is true mayonnaise at its finest, *it assures you the richness and delicacy of flavor so important for delicious sandwiches.*



Place a slice of chicken on a piece of toast. Cover with a second piece, mayonnaise-side down; spread top with more Kraft Mayonnaise. Make the next filling of broiled bacon and slices of peeled tomatoes. Complete each sandwich with a third slice of toast.



Cut each sandwich into four triangles, secure each triangle with toothpicks, and arrange them—points up—around the edge of a round chop plate. Garnish the center of the plate with tiny lettuce cups filled with ripe and stuffed olives and radish roses.



True mayonnaise at its finest!

TRUE MAYONNAISE because it is made solely of fine oil and eggs, fragrant vinegar and seasoning. *Nothing else.*

... AT ITS FINEST because Kraft is generous with the costly salad oils . . . gives you mayonnaise that's *luxuriously* rich. Because Kraft insists on really *choice* ingredients, blends them in just the right proportions for most delightful flavor. And because Kraft's own special beater gives velvety smooth texture. Next time, do try Kraft *Kitchen-Fresh* Mayonnaise.

Kraft KITCHEN FRESH Mayonnaise

Don't miss TV's most famous dramatic sho
KRAFT TV THEATRE
every Wednesday evening, NBC-TV.

(Continued from Page 71)

milla was enduring my presence politely simply because my being there postponed the hour of her sleeping.

"Well," I said, "when I was a little boy I lived in West Newton."

"Did you have a dog?" Camilla asked.

"No," I said, "I didn't, but I did have a pair of roller skates."

"I wish I had some roller skates."

"They aren't any good without a sidewalk," I told her.

"What else did you have?" Camilla asked.

I tried to think what else I had. "Now let me think," I said. "I had a pocket knife. It had a chain on it and one end of the chain I could fasten on a button inside my trousers."

"What sort of a button?" Camilla asked.

She had completely broken my train of thought. "I don't remember, Camilla, but there was a button somewhere."

"What did your mother do about you when you went to bed?"

"Well," I said, "she always made me wash."

"Didn't your nurse wash you?"

"No," I said, "there wasn't any nurse."

"Didn't your mother hear your prayers?"

"Yes," I said, "when she wasn't too tired. She wasn't very well."

"What did you say?" Camilla asked. "'Now I lay me,' or 'Our Father'?"

"I guess it was 'Our Father,'" I said.

"All right," Camilla said, "then I'll say that one."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Hasn't your mother heard your prayers?"

"Yes, but I didn't say that one."

"Now wait a minute," I said, but Camilla did not wait. She was out of bed and kneeling beside me. Her pigtails made two straight lines on her flannelette pajamas. I wanted to tell her again to wait a minute, but she had started already.

"Our Father who art in heaven," she began. Camilla recited The Lord's Prayer. When she was in bed again I felt somewhat relieved and rather pleased. I knew that Camilla was finished with me now, but somehow I was sure when I kissed her good night that I had behaved in a satisfactory manner, and the knowledge made me contented.

Helen often said that I was the most unsure man she had ever known. I have often thought that women in general admire and need order more than men. They are pathetically sure of generalities and pathetically certain that somewhere there is an answer to every problem.

My own uncertainties usually amused rather than annoyed Helen. It had occurred to me during the war that she might grow tired of me and write me a nice letter saying, as so many other wives had said, that it was all a mistake, and I was still very grateful that she had not, because I had reached a point where I could not possibly get on without her. There had been plenty of other men she could have married when she had been working on that fashion magazine. In fact, she had been as good as engaged to a lawyer when I had first met her. It was at a cocktail party in one of those old brick houses down on Eighth Street. She was an exceptionally pretty girl with dark hair and fine features, and pretty girls in my experience had always expected too much of other people. I would have left her on general principles two minutes after we had been introduced if she had not asked me very quickly and in what seemed to me a gauche way, considering her pleasing appearance, whether I was doing anything for dinner. I told her that I appreciated her being kind to me but that she would only be bored, because I had never been able to get on well with pretty girls who worked on fashion magazines.

"I wish you wouldn't hold my looks against me," she said.

I told her I was not holding anything against her and that it was not her fault that her looks unsettled me, but I was not a novelty or a suitable vehicle for escape.

"It's nice to see someone who is so uncertain," she said. "It makes me feel safe."

I was glad that she felt safe with me, I told her, as long as she wanted to feel that way, but I did not want her to think for an instant that my character needed changing or guidance. I, too, felt safe with her, because she would lose interest in a little while. There were so many men who had wanted to marry her that I always thought it would be temporary, even after we were married. I could not understand why she wanted to have children. I explained to her that I was not a parental type and it would be hard on children when she grew tired of the whole arrangement.

"Why don't you face facts?" she said. "Don't you know that if a girl loves someone, she wants to have a child by him? The first time I saw you, I wanted you to be the father of my children."

I HAVE never been able to understand the eccentricities of natural selection. When I thought of that cocktail party on Eighth Street, it seemed to me indecent that any such thought should have crossed the mind of such a pretty girl, and instead of flattering me, it alarmed me, since it showed how sure Helen was about everything. She had been sure that I was the man for her after looking me over for sixty seconds. She was sure that I would amount to something. She had estimated all my latent capabilities, or at least she said she had, and she was right. Helen was always right, theoretically.

The house, the winding staircase, and Camilla in her pigtails, all proved her correctness, theoretically. Yet, as I crossed the hall that evening and entered the living room, many of my old uneasy thoughts returned.

The average man usually has one idea and uses it as a watchdog to run out and bark at other ideas and scare them away.
—EVERETT DEAN MARTIN.

"Helen," I said. The living room was large enough so that I had to raise my voice. She seemed a long distance away, curled up on the corner of the davenport, looking at the fire. "Did you get those gardenias that Gilbert Frary sent you?"

"Yes," she said, "Oscar brought them."

"I thought that was very kind and thoughtful of Gilbert. Didn't you?" I said.

Helen began to laugh and she stood up. She looked like a pre-Raphaelite painting in her velvet gown that was neither a housecoat nor a negligee nor a dinner dress.

"Sid," she said, and she held out her arms to me, "you're awfully funny," and all at once it was all funny—Helen and the house and everything. Holding Helen in my arms and kissing her had various semantic values, but I wondered whether she understood whatever it was in this encounter of our minds and bodies that made me want to laugh. "Darling," Helen said, "Why don't you ring for Oscar and get your slippers and your smoking jacket?"

Helen had been trying for a long while to get me into that smoking jacket. It was a wine-colored velvet garment with quilted cuffs and lapels which she had bought for me.

"Well," I said, because I did not want to hurt her feelings, "all right, Helen, I'll settle for the smoking jacket, but not the slippers."

I did not ring for Oscar to bring me the smoking jacket and I don't believe that Helen expected that I would. One of the best things about her was that she was never nagging or insistent. I was never conscious of any sense of struggle or any battle between the sexes when Helen and I were alone together. Instead of ringing for Oscar, I picked up a copy of the New York Times, unbuttoned my double-breasted coat and loosened my tie and sat down at one end of the davenport. Helen picked up the petit-point embroidery on which she had been working. There was no sound in the room but the occasional snapping of the oak logs in the fireplace. Helen had always understood the value of silence.

Somewhere down the hall I heard the gentle opening and closing of a door.

"What's that?" I asked.



What doctors say about Overweight



There are three **wrong** ways to Lose Weight

Through strenuous exercise. Exercise helps burn up some food that would be stored as fat. Authorities agree, however, that physical activity alone causes relatively little weight loss. Moreover, it places an extra burden on the heart which may already be taxed from overweight. In addition, exercise may increase appetite and cause a person to eat more than he usually would.

Through quick reducing diets. Doctors say that practically all "get-thin-quick" diets are likely to do more harm than good. That is because sudden weight loss may impair health by lowering a person's strength and resistance. Gradual weight reduction—ranging from two to three pounds a week—protects against these hazards.

Through reducing pills. Medical science has long condemned the use of self-prescribed drugs to reduce weight. Authorities say these drugs should be used only when recommended by a doctor and then taken exactly as directed. Many of them may affect the heart and blood pressure or cause other serious conditions.

There is one best way to Lose Weight

The way to accomplish weight reduction is through a diet prescribed and supervised by the doctor. Authorities caution against overweight—especially after age 30—as excess pounds may place a burden on many vital parts of the body, particularly the heart and circulatory system.

The best way for each individual to get weight down and to keep it there, is through his doctor's guidance. This is important because the doctor will determine the cause of overweight which, in over 95 percent of the cases, is simply due to overeating.

The doctor's help is needed, too, in determining what foods, and how much, may be eaten. He will also recommend regular exercise best suited to the individual.

With the doctor's advice, the hazards of sudden and unwise weight loss may usually be avoided . . . and weight reduction, in cases due to overeating, accomplished *steadily and safely.*

"Cheers for Chubby" is a new cartoon film on the danger, prevention and treatment of overweight. It was produced by Metropolitan, with the cooperation of the Public Health Service of the Federal Security Agency and the American Medical Association. Entertaining and instructive, "Cheers for Chubby" will be shown in theaters this year. Watch for it in your neighborhood.

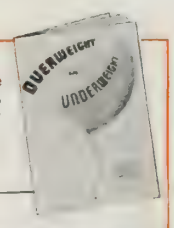
COPYRIGHT 1951—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

For more information, write for Metropolitan's booklet, 551J, "Overweight and Underweight."



Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

"Oh," Helen said, "it's Oscar sending in Farouche to say good night."

Farouche was the gray poodle Helen had bought because, as she said, I had spoken about a dog, and she had always wanted a poodle. Farouche was trimmed in the modern Airedale manner, and the fur on top of his cranium was tied together by a fresh red bow. Nevertheless, Farouche did not look silly. He entered the room in a dignified manner, carrying a rubber ring in his mouth. He glanced at us both, pleasantly and expectantly, and assumed an alert sitting position in front of us.

"Hello, Farouche, darling," Helen said.

Farouche edged nearer, still holding his rubber ring.

"Aren't you going to play with him?"

Farouche had a one-track mind, and the ring was his obsession. When I got up from the davenport and approached him, he dropped it carelessly, but he always snatched it again before I could pick it up, and he was delighted by my clumsiness. In the end, Farouche was very generous with me. He deliberately allowed me to get the ring so that I could toss it across the room. I was glad to do so because it gave Farouche great pleasure, but I could not go on with this indefinitely, and Farouche understood when I was tired.

"He's very gracious tonight," I said, "and I like his new bow."

"He isn't gracious," Helen said. "He loves us. Don't you love us, Farouche?"

Farouche's mind was on his rubber ring. He knew that I had given up, but there was always hope that I would try to snatch his ring again.

There was a cough in the hall. It was Oscar. "I came to take Farouche to bed, sir," Oscar said, "and there's the same gentleman on the telephone again from Washington, a Colonel Flax, Colonel Edward Flax. He's from the office of Army Public Relations."

"Don't you want me to take the message for you?" Helen asked.

"Oh, no, I'll speak to him," I said. "I'll take it in the library."

Oscar and Farouche accompanied me. I was still sure that I did not know anyone named Flax.

"Hello," I said. "This is Mr. Skelton speaking."

I WAS answered by a worried voice which I could place as belonging to someone accustomed to giving orders and who, instead, was obliged to be ingratiating.

"Good evening, Mr. Skelton. This is Colonel Flax. I am sorry to trouble you so late at night. I'm in Public Relations at the Pentagon—General Todd's office, your former chief."

"Oh, yes," I said.

"The general would have called you himself," Colonel Flax said, "but unfortunately he is delivering an address before the American Legion. When we were in conference with the Secretary, a certain matter came up. I imagine you can guess what it is, Mr. Skelton. The general was wondering, and the Secretary concurred with him, whether, because of your former connection and your fine record in the service and also because of your closeness to General Melville Goodwin, whether you couldn't help us out personally on a little job of work—nothing difficult, you understand, but informal. I wish I could talk to you personally and not over the telephone. If it's agreeable to you, I can come up to New York the first thing in the morning."

The colonel was speaking with an anxiety which communicated itself to me.

"Well," I said, "you're right—I have a warm spot in my heart for the Army. But exactly what is it the general wants me to do?"

"WELL, frankly," Colonel Flax said, "it's about Major General Goodwin. You can understand that he presents a public relations problem that must be handled in just the right way. This incident in Berlin, and the way its whole picture is placed before the public. General Goodwin's flying back to the States tonight. He'll be in Washington tomorrow morning to report at the Pentagon, but we are planning to send him back to New York directly.

"We don't want him to say the wrong thing. We want someone to handle him, and we know how well you've handled a lot of the VIP's over in the ETO. If you could just manage to be with him to give him a little good advice. His wife is riding up with him from Washington, and all the sound reels will be there. In the conference it was suggested that you might be willing to meet him at Mitchel."

It all went to show what might happen if you spoke rashly on the air. Suddenly, because of a bright thought of mine that evening, I was the old friend of Melville Goodwin, the G.I.'s general.

"Before going to you direct," the colonel was saying, "we got in touch with the broadcasting company and we've been talking to Mr. Gilbert Frary, who concurs with the idea of your meeting General Goodwin at the field."

I looked up from the telephone to find that Helen had entered the library, and from her expression I was sure that she had been listening over some extension.

"Now just a minute," I said. "I haven't heard a word from Mr. Frary, and I'm too busy tomorrow to go to Mitchel Field."

There was a deflated silence, and I wished that Gilbert Frary would mind his own business, but perhaps it was his own business, since it was as necessary for me as it was for General Goodwin to be a seven days' wonder.

"I'll send my car for him," I said, "and if they're going to do a definitive piece about him, they can come out and work on it here, but I'm not going to meet him at Mitchel Field."

"You're sure you can't change your mind?"

(Continued on Page 77)



"Rain, rain, go away, come again on a school day!"



best of all buys.. care of your eyes!

How much is your world of vision worth to you? Vision, clear, sharp, sure, shining with beauty . . . no aching, straining eyes sapping your energy, fumbling your work, keeping you constantly tensed up?

Is there anything you *wouldn't* give?

Yet, comparatively, how *very, very little* you pay!

Comparatively, eye-care costs far less than any other health service. And compared to the things you buy every day, necessities and minor luxuries, dollar for dollar, *eye-care* is the cheapest item in your budget.

Prices have soared the past few years... yet *eye-care*, the expert professional services of your ophthalmologist, optometrist and ophthalmic dispenser (optician), have risen *only moderately!*

Yes, *a few pennies a day* still clear the fog from your eyes, keep your vision keen and sparkling, let you work and play at tip-top efficiency.

A few pennies a day! . . . for what a wealth of visual treasure! . . . beloved faces, skies and stars . . . books, movies, sewing, television . . . an endless parade of eye-filling pleasure and beauty.

Yes, whichever way you look at it . . . *care of your eyes, is by far, the best of all buys!*

BETTER VISION INSTITUTE, 630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

© 1951 Better Vision Institute, Inc.



Science says, millions of different eyeglass-lens corrections are possible. Actually, many thousands are made, using over one hundred different kinds of glass. But only one combination of correction and glass, is just right for the needs of your individual eyes!

The Best Cooks Use Stokely's Finest Foods



VOTED BEST COOK
Mrs. R. B. Allen, 2220 Dunraven Lane, Houston, chosen 'best cook' by Glendower Garden Club.

When Mrs. Allen serves a fruit platte salad or dessert, she serves the *fines* Stokely's Finest. See what a picture make, because they're perfect fruits, fruits! Taste them and you taste true flavors at their best . . . tree-ripened, sweetened. From orchard and tropic Stokely picks the *finest* and seals those flavors in, for your finest salads and dess Try serving them with:

Fruit Creme Sauce: Melt 2 tbsp. ter. Blend in 2 tbsp. flour, 1½ tsp. s few grains salt. Stir in 1 c. syrup off Stok Finest Fruits and 1 tbsp. maraschino cl juice. Boil and stir 2 min. Chill. Whip cream stiff; fold into syrup mixture.

VAN CAMP'S SINCE 1861, STOKELY'S FINEST SINCE 1898, HONOR BRAND FROZEN FOODS SINCE

ALSO TRY...



(Continued from Page 74)

"Yes, I'm sure." I should have said that I would have nothing to do with it, but I had begun to feel sorry for General Melville Goodwin.

"There you are," Helen said. "You let yourself in for something every time you go to the telephone. Sid, there was no earthly reason for you to ask him up here."

Before I could answer, Oscar had opened the library door.

"Don't tell me. I can guess," I said. "It's Mr. Frary on the telephone," and I smiled at Helen. "You'd better go back and listen in the hall."

There was no one more adequate in telephone conversations than Gilbert. It always gave him inordinate pleasure to be chatting with the Coast or arranging calls with the overseas operator, and he was never bothered by the expense.

"How is everything in Connecticut, Sid?" he asked. "Settling down comfortably for a quiet night, I hope. By the way, did an Army officer from the Pentagon get in touch with you about General Goodwin?"

"That's right," I said, "he's just been on the wire."

"Well, I thought he had some rather good suggestions, didn't you? I told him you had great loyalty to old associations."

"That's right," I said, "loyalty."

"I knew we'd see eye to eye," Gilbert said. "Then you'll be down at the airport and I'll have flowers from you for Mrs. Goodwin, and perhaps you can think of some slightly comical favor for General Goodwin. Just something for a gag, Sid, that will look well in front of the cameras and the newsreel. How would a floral hammer and sickle be?"

"Now, Gilbert," I said, "let's quiet down. I'm not going to Mitchel Field."

"Now, Sidney, I appreciate your reaction perfectly, but before deciding definitely, please give it a second thought. I will withdraw the gag-gift idea. But I do feel that this is all a real build-up for the program, and I know that George will approve of it. He always attends the newsreels, and if Helen can't make it, I know there will be another lovely lady there."

"Who?" I asked. "The General's wife?"

"No, no, Sid," Gilbert said. "I've been talking about General Goodwin with someone who is intensely interested in him. Dottie Peale. She called after you left the studio. There's no one with Dottie's public-relations sense. She's the one who thought about the gag present. She'll be at the airport, too, and Dottie's still photogenic."

"GILBERT," I said, "I'm not going to be there, but I wouldn't have Dottie either if Mrs. Goodwin is coming."

"Oh, oh," Gilbert said. "Does that convey an implication?"

"You put it very nicely, Gilbert," I said.

"I cannot see how I was so inopportune. You mean he's seriously that way about Dottie?"

"He was the last time I saw him," I said, "but he was under strain, Gilbert; we were all under strain."

"Oh, oh. I love the way you put things, Sidney—so completely devoid of ambiguity."

"All right," I said. "I'm not going to the field, but I'm sending for him. I'm asking him to stay here."

"I wish I had your restrained taste, Sidney. I can see that will be better. The gesture has so much more integrity, and you can broadcast from your library tomorrow night with the General beside you."

"You'll come, too, won't you, Gilbert?"

Gilbert's mind was working again in a new channel. "And whoever is doing the definitive news story, it would be gracious to ask him to do it in your home, don't you think? I'll arrange the whole thing, and I'll call Helen in the morning. It will all be studio expense."

I looked up to discover that Helen was still in the library. "Helen won't worry," I said. "Helen loves parties. Call us in the morning. Good night, Gilbert."

"Sid," Helen said, "you never told me about the General and Dottie Peale. Was it that time you took all those writers and people over in a plane?"

"Yes, it was that time, but it doesn't amount to anything. You know Dottie."

"Well, as long as it was the General and not you," Helen said.

I FIRST met Dottie when she was make-up girl for the special-feature pages. We saw a lot of each other when we both worked down on Park Row. Right from the start Dottie had been an ambitious girl, who knew exactly what she wanted, and it did not take her long to find that I did not answer her requirements. She wanted an older man, in those days, with money and sophistication. She also wanted power, and the combination of these desires afforded the best explanation for her marriage to Henry Peale, the publisher, a few weeks after I left to join the Paris bureau. Henry was very sweet, she said when I had dinner at their enormous house in the East Seventies the first time I came back from Paris. Henry was very sweet, but he needed his night's rest in order to face his problems in the morning. Henry would not mind at all our going out somewhere and dancing, and Henry could find something better for me to do than rattling around in the Paris bureau. She would have a talk with Henry about me in the morning, and after we had got back to Seventy-second Street at two o'clock in the morning, she knew that Henry would not mind my kissing her good night, because Henry knew that we knew each other so well—almost like brother and sister—well, not quite like brother and sister, but almost.

"Sid," Helen said when we were upstairs, "what was it about Dottie Peale and the General?"

"I think Dottie was a little bored," I said, "and Dottie learned how to get on terribly well with generals."

It was a long story, but Helen wanted to hear it, and I was still telling her about it long after the lights were out in the largest master's bedroom at Savin Hill.

In February, 1945, I had been obliged to cross the Atlantic with Dottie and a peculiarly ill-assorted group of literary and publishing geniuses in an Army C-54. The idea was undoubtedly part of the program to make the Ground Forces popular, but I never knew who thought up this particular stunt or why I should have been sent back to Washington from the ETO to take those people over; obviously someone must have suggested to some high and publicity-conscious source that a group of writers who represented the arts, not the papers, ought to see at first hand what the war was about and would thus appreciate the effort the Ground Forces were making to win the war.

There was no reason at all, with the Air Transport Command what it was, why a really distinguished group of individuals, including men and women, should not be comfortably transported to the theater of operations and there meet face to face the leaders who could brief them on what was going on and who could arrange illuminating side trips to the front and the devastated areas. The net result of such a trip would be in the nature of a long-term investment and one of great potential value, since out of it might emerge another Red Badge of Courage or another play comparable to What Price Glory.

I did not like any of it, because I could foresee all sorts of areas of trouble, and I was particularly unimpressed by the Very Important Persons who had been rounded up for the tour. These consisted of two male novelists of whom I had never heard, three female novelists, a short-story writer, two motion-picture scenario writers who called themselves dramatists and some publishers and subeditors of magazines.

I was so busy trying to remember each name and face and trying also to appear

(Continued on Page 79)

The word "alms" has no singular, as if to teach us that a solitary act of charity scarcely deserves the name.
—ANON.

It's got that French's flavor



Company Ham

Wrap a tender smoked ham loosely in wrapping paper, place fat side up on rack in uncovered roaster. Add no water. Bake ham in moderate oven (325° F.), allowing 3½ to 4 hours for 10- to 12-lb. ham.

After baking ham, remove the paper and skin. Score fat surface in squares. Spread ham liberally with French's Prepared Mustard. Cover the surface with 1 cup of brown sugar mixed with 2 tablespoons of flour. Stud the squares with whole cloves. Bake in a moderately hot oven of 400° F. for 15 minutes or until ham is golden brown in color. Serve with pineapple slices browned in ham liquor.

French's is smoother, creamier, millions prefer it!

This famous golden mustard is a blend of the finest spices, mustard seed and vinegar money can buy. Its superlative goodness permeates the meat while it's cooking—adds subtle flavor that makes this truly *company ham!*



(ALSO MADE IN CANADA)



free New recipe book in color "Dining Delights"

Send name, address to The R. T. French Co. 1671 Mustard Street, Rochester 9, N. Y.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Holmes & Edwards introduces the most enchanting pattern of our times!



HOLMES & EDWARDS

Sterling Inlaid° Silverplate

COPYRIGHT 1951, THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., HOLMES & EDWARDS DIVISION, MERIDEN, CONN. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOR THE YOUNG IN HEART! A carefree new design reflecting the gaiety of youth with a touch of old world charm. The most used spoons and forks of Holmes & Edwards Silverplate are Sterling Inlaid at rest points to stay lovelier longer. 6 piece place setting only $8.06. Eight place settings, plus four serving pieces, plus chest, $69.95.

(Continued from Page 77)

ndly and official, and, above all, as though were used to this sort of thing, that I was ot in the least prepared to meet Dottie eale. I had written her when Henry Peale d died, but I had not seen her since the eginning of the war. She was wearing a very nart traveling suit, and she had the cryp- cally bored look that she always assumed hen she was out of her element.

"Why, darling!" Dottie said. "What are ou doing here?" I thought she was going kiss me, but she must have decided it was ot the time or place. "You look wonderful, arling. Who are all these dreadful people?"

"You ought to know," I said. "You've een playing around with them longer than have, Dot."

"Darling," she said, "I'm so mortified. I nderstood when I accepted the invitation nat there would be Names, not just a list. d, on the plane—will you sit beside me?"

"Some of the time," I said, "but I'm a uise director."

"Darling," she said, "you do look wonder- l in a uniform. How's Helen?"

"She's fine," I said. "She and Camilla are Wilmington."

"Are you happy with her?"

"Why, yes, up to the present," I said, and e smiled at me as though she were sure I ould not be happy with Helen.

"Sid," she said, "I wonder if you're think- g what I'm think- g."

"I wouldn't know nless I knew what ou're thinking."

"Oh, Sid," she said, f course you know. oesn't it seem queer meet this way? It's s though it meant mething."

"Possibly," I said.

Nevertheless I was ad to see her, and I eeded to see a iendly face in that aneload of talent as uch as she did.

Some experiences nd memories have eemed to me a good bstitute for most material possessions. You ave to pay for them, of course, by giving a art of your life away to the people or places om which they were acquired. Though this is ot always a good bargain, your acquisition is metimes worth the price and certainly bet- r than nothing, and above all, beyond the ealm of conscious choice. If some such ex- hange as this took place with me on the tlantic flight, it must have taken place with ottie too. Without intending it, perhaps, we oth gave something of ourselves to each ther, and consequently that day and night ill probably for a long while retain a per- anence for both of us.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

His Coming

By Elizabeth McFarland

You might have come in the morning;
I'm glad that you came at night:
I wanted the stars to see you;
I needed the moon in sight—
And when you came up from the darkness
I wanted to hold the light.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DO not mean that any ultraromantic ele- ent entered into our experience. It had been long while since I had been in love with ottie Peale, if ever, and the same was true ith her. We both must have realized pre- iously that falling in love with each other ould have been a harrowing and unsuccess- l procedure which would have spoiled a ore useful sort of competitive relationship. t any rate, that was our relationship on the lane. We were critical and at the same time nd of each other, and it did not matter hether or not we called a spade a spade.

There was no time to talk to Dottie on the ay to Gander, but that took care of itself, ecause when we reached Gander at about usk, there was a big fuss made over the Im- ortant People, with a very especial supper efore the take-off, and I was able to with- raw awhile with the pilot and the rest of he crew.

When the passengers climbed up the steps n the frigid dark and the door was slammed hut and they were told that there would be blackout after the take-off, I was delighted o see that they all understood at last the tress and strain of war, not that they were ot all brave about it and very debonair. I found Dottie a seat over the wing, and after the flight engineer and I had arranged blankets and safety belts before the take-off, I took the seat beside her. While the lights were still on, she applied lipstick, efficiently and savagely, like someone preparing to die in the grand manner. I felt rather sorry for her, because no matter how inured one may be to air travel, a take-off over a large body of water like the Atlantic is always a solemn moment. When the plane made its run, her fingernails bit into my hand, and I knew she was thinking what a fool she had been to come, but when we were airborne, her grip relaxed. The motors made a reassuring drone in the dark.

"DOES everything sound all right?" she asked.

"Everything sounds fine," I said, "and now you'd better go to sleep."

"Sid, do you mind if I tell you something? I keep thinking we're going to die."

"All right," I said, "if you want it that way, but you could be wrong."

"Don't be so superior. I can think what I want, can't I? I'm not afraid to die."

"Well, plan your last words," I said, "and go to sleep. A special effort is being made to keep you alive."

"Shut up," she said. "It's made me sick all day, watching you showing off."

We did not speak for a while, and at last I thought she was asleep.

"Sid," she said, "I wonder what everything's been about."

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Are you still dying?"

"Suppose I am," she said. "I've always wanted to amount to something, and that's more than you ever have. If you'd ever had any ambition, we might have been married. I could have done a lot for you. I really could have. I wish I'd ever been able to find a man!"

"Well, you've done a certain amount of investigating, and you did find Henry Peale."

"There you go," she said. "You think I married Henry for his money."

"Yes, that's exactly what I think."

"Well, maybe you're right," she said, "but Henry was awfully sweet. He understood me. You never understood me."

"I understood that I didn't have anything you wanted."

"Darling, you had plenty of things I wanted, but you didn't have ambition."

Instead of answering, I listened to the motors. Though it was a time one could say anything one wanted, I did not want to say too much.

"I told you not to go over to Paris," she said. "You didn't really think I'd wait around for you, did you, after you went to Paris?"

"No," I said, "not for a single minute."

"Well, at least we've always been honest with each other. We did have a lot of good times together."

"Yes," I said, "we had quite a lot of fun."

"Well, don't say it in such a disagreeable way. It wouldn't have worked."

"What's the use of going over it, Dot?" I asked. "We've always known it."

Everyone was asleep except the crew up forward, and the knowledge that only she and I were awake somehow made the darkness heavy and palpable. There was nothing to Dottie in the dark except the intensity of her slightly husky voice and the pretentious scent of the Chanel 5 she used and had used even when she was working for forty dollars a week, and except also an aura of physical cleanliness and resilience. Without seeing her at all, you could feel her strength and her unbroken confidence.

"All right," she said, "all right. Maybe I have done some investigating. Who hasn't? You can't help learning a lot about men



What the new protein cereal can do to help your child have



a fine body



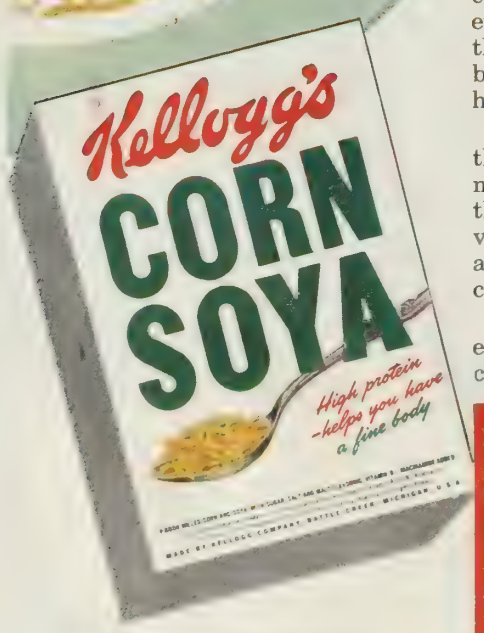
KELLOGG'S CORN SOYA—
more body-building protein
than any other well-known cereal—hot or cold!

Your child will probably grow faster than you did—be stronger and healthier, too. Government authorities say this is largely because children today get more protein than you did.

Only one thing wrong in this picture. The same authorities say that children generally still don't get enough protein at *breakfast*. Protein that's needed for every cell in their bodies, every pound and inch of healthy growth.

Kellogg's Corn-Soya can make up this breakfast-time lack! For here is more than a delicious flavor. More than vitamins, minerals and energy value. *Protein*—more protein than any other well-known cereal, hot or cold!

Isn't that good news for you—and every mother who wants to help her child have a fine body?



BODY-BUILDING PROTEIN—RIGHT IN THE BREAKFAST BOWL!

Percentage of daily protein needs provided by a standard portion (1 ounce) of Kellogg's Corn-Soya when served with 4 ounces (½ cup) of milk or cream*

Average Man (154 lbs.)	13.36%
Average Woman (123 lbs.)	15.58%
Child (78 lbs.—10 to 12 yrs.)	13.36%
Child (58 lbs.—7 to 9 yrs.)	15.58%

*Recommended dietary allowance (revised 1948), National Research Council.

Silverware with your own initial!
Four initialed teaspoons for 75¢! See complete offer on Corn-Soya package.

when they are always making swan dives at you, but it's all a little discouraging. I'll tell you what I've learned about men."

"Don't," I said, "or I'll tell you what I've learned about women."

I found myself sitting up straighter and listening. One of the port motors had missed, but then it picked up again. It had been nothing, and she had not noticed it.

"You never learned anything about women from me that didn't make you disagreeable and conceited," she said, "but I'll tell you about men. Most men are stupid and incompetent. You aren't stupid, darling, but you're incompetent."

"Well, it's nice I have a high I.Q.," I said.

"You know you're incompetent," Dottie said. "You were never able to write as good a news story as I could, and you can't handle people. I wish I could ever have found a man!"

I found myself growing annoyed, but I had to admit she was partially right. She had one of those restless retentive minds that could read and retain everything. She had an instinct for order and organization and an insatiable desire to influence everyone around her. She should have been a man and not a woman.

"You've never wanted a real man," I said. "You've always wanted someone you could push, and then you get tired of him as soon as you find he's pushable."

"Darling," she said, "you're so exasperating when you oversimplify. Of course I like to compete with men and of course I've had to in the publishing business, but I've always wanted a man who can do better than I can. That's all any woman ever wants—someone she can always respect, and someone whom she can do things for and who will listen to her."

"Well," I said, "that's quite an order, considering what you are, Dot."

"All right. What do you think I am? Please tell me, darling."

"I think you're a type," I said, "common in any matriarchal civilization."

"Oh, darling, do you think I am all of that? I told you you were awfully bright."

"You want everything," I said, "and you won't give anything up. That's why you're out in this crate tonight, because you want everything. First you wanted money and you got it, and then you wanted authority and you got it, and now you want to be General Eisenhower or something, and now you'd better forget about yourself and go to sleep."

"Darling," she said, "you're the only man who ever tells me what he really thinks about me. You're wrong, of course, but it's heavenly. Do you think we'll see Eisenhower in England or France or somewhere?"

"Not unless he's a fool, but I wouldn't know," I said.

"Oh well," she said. "Now I lay me down to sleep. . . . Good night, darling."

DAWN was filtering through the windows of the plane when I awoke, and Dottie was fast asleep in the reclining seat beside me. She awoke almost as soon as I stirred and, unlike most people, she knew exactly where she was. She smiled as she rubbed her eyes.

"Is everything all right?" she asked.

"Everything's fine," I said. "If you like, I can get you some coffee."

"Thanks, dear," she said. "Didn't we have a good time?"

"When?" I asked, and she laughed.

"Why, last night, talking."

"Why, yes, we had a pretty good time," I said. Dottie always was good company.

The trip must have received a blessing from the highest echelons, because the women were not required to wear any sort of uniform. Dottie was straightening her tailored jacket and arranging the eighteenth-century-looking frills around her throat and patting the plain but heavy gold pin that held them, not that any of this was necessary, because asleep or awake she was impeccably, aggressively trim.

"Darling, isn't it nice being with each other again?" she asked. "I mean being on each other's mind, the way we used to once. haven't got anyone else on my mind but you Now button your coat and straighten you tie, and you should have shaved when you had the chance. You didn't shave at Gander did you?"

I was not flattered by her attention, because it only meant that I was the only mar available at the moment for her to put he mind on.

Just then the door to the crew's compartment opened, and the mechanic caught my eye and beckoned. He wanted me to help awaken the passengers, because we were beginning to let down from nine thousand feet We were not going direct to Prestwick, because of a weather front. Instead we were landing in Iceland and we would start off to Scotland again in about two hours. I was too busy after that to converse any further with Dottie.

AS we climbed out of the plane and started to a group of Nissen huts for breakfast, I had a glimpse of Dottie with her mink coat draped carelessly over her shoulders, alone on the level surface of the runway, as all of us would be in the last analysis. She was standing straight with the breeze whipping at her hairdo but never pushing it out of place. Yet she looked as much at home as though she were on Park Avenue, waiting for a taxicab. I was sure she would have done very well in Iceland, had she been obliged to remain there permanently.

Some months before this junket with the VIP's I had been assigned the task of conducting three or four newspaper correspondents to the front in Normandy This was in the summer of 1944, during the build-up before the breakout near Saint-Lô, and it was here that I first met Major General Melville A. Goodwin. General Goodwin was commanding a division known as the Silver Leaf Armored, and the word was that he was somewhat of an authority on mechanized warfare, but he was not a personality with news interest. Besides, he was too busy to be bothered by correspondents except to meet them briefly. He favored me with his personal attention only because he wanted to make it very clear that I was to get those people out of his sector as soon as possible. Then it had occurred to him that as long as we were going back I might not mind carrying back with me several personal letters he had written, and he took me to his dugout to get them. On our way a mortar shell landed near us, causing us to dive side by side into a ditch, not a friendship-cementing experience but something that did make us remember each other. He seemed to take the incident quite personally, I remember, acting as though it were a reflection on his own management that I should have rolled in mud, but finally he had said it was something that I could tell my grandchildren, and it would serve as a lesson to me not to come monkeying around in places where I did not belong.

I was shaken enough by the exploding shell to answer somewhat disrespectfully. I told him that it was not my idea of fun, being up there, and that as far as I was concerned I hoped I did not have to play around with him any more. Sometimes if you spoke frankly to those people, they enjoyed it, and he warmed up sufficiently to ask me what I was doing in this war anyway. I told him I was sure I did not know, but whatever I was supposed to be doing wasn't useful. For some reason, this struck him as amusing, and he repeated it to his aide. Then he said that I might as well have something to eat as long as I was there, and enough give and take had resulted so that he remembered me when I saw him again in Paris.

During the Battle of the Bulge in December, his division, the Silver Leaf Armored, had inflicted severe punishment on the crack German units that had endeavored to overrun it, but it had taken a bad pounding in the process, and in February it was being overhauled, and the General was in Paris on

The liar's punishment is not in the least that he is not believed, but that he can not believe anyone else.
—G. B. SHAW.

short leave. It happened to be at this time that I was there with that personally conducted tour.

By the time our literary caravan had reached Paris they were becoming old campaigners, face to face with war's hardships, and the recipients of strategic secrets. They had been given the treatment reserved usually for visiting congressmen, and perhaps a little more. They had been given wistful, brave and eloquent talks by the high-ranking officers. They had stood personally in the operations offices of bomber commands. They had watched paratroopers, had visited base hospitals and the interior of tanks. Generals, who asked them to call them by their first names, had entertained them at delightful dinners, and they had been allowed on the whole to chat freely with the enlisted boys.

As Dottie Peale expressed it, the Army couldn't have been sweeter, and sometimes the Army was so sweet that it almost made her want to cry. Looking back, I believe that the Army was really impressed and bewildered by our party, because no army had ever seen anything just like it, even from a distance.

I do not recall who in our party wanted to hear all about the Battle of the Bulge. At any rate, I was surprised on our second evening in Paris to be summoned by a high-ranking officer and told that arrangements were to be made to give my group a definitive lecture on the Battle of the Bulge. This was to be a confidential talk, and intelligence officers were already collecting the material, and efforts were being made to locate some competent general officer to deliver the address. I was to have my whole party at the place named at three o'clock.

THE group found itself in a cold and bare room at one of the headquarters buildings precisely at the hour named. The lecture being confidential, there was a guard at the door to check credentials. A worried-looking lieutenant colonel from Intelligence directed all the doors closed after asking me in a low voice whether everyone had been checked in, and I could see from the faces of our group that they understood they had finally reached an inner sanctum. This was one of those strictly military occasions when everyone concerned had a word to say, and I had been ordered to make the first remarks.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I told them, "we are now in what is known as 'a guarded room.' It is here that the day-to-day situation at the front is explained to suitably cleared personnel. I am asked to emphasize to you that all you may see and hear during this hour is of a confidential nature, which means that it is only just below the category of Secret. For this reason you are asked to take no notes. I believe that is all I was ordered to explain, isn't it, colonel?"

"Yes, Major Skelton," the colonel said. "Thank you, Major Skelton."

I stepped off the platform, and the lieutenant colonel took my place. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we are fortunate in having with us a divisional commander who took an active part in this battle and who has been kind enough to agree to outline it to you personally." He paused and nodded to a sergeant in battle dress. "All right, sergeant," the colonel said, "if the general is ready for us."

The sergeant opened the door with a snappy one-two movement and then stood at attention. A two-star general strode in, deliberately, calmly, and stepped onto the platform.

It was General Goodwin, whom I recognized immediately. He was about fifty, of medium height, and his uniform was smartly pressed. His sandy-gray hair was freshly barbered in a crew cut. His eyebrows were heavy, and the lines around his mouth were as correct as the creases in his trousers. He had an aloof but agreeable look which you might have called boyish, in that it made you think he had been a nice boy once, but he was no longer a boy. He looked about as I had seen him at the front at Saint-Lô, reliable and competent.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the lieutenant colonel said, "this is Major General Melville

Delicious hot Dromedary Gingerbread still less than 4¢ a serving!



Made from Washington's mother's treasured private recipe!



JUST ADD WATER, BAKE!

Only one gingerbread gives you that real old time goodness—that's Dromedary, the very same gingerbread Mistress Washington made for her George! And Dromedary's *still* priced as low as five years ago! Serve it warm-m! *Nothing's* more delicious. Nothing's easier!

Look for "Dromedary" on other Mixes, other Foods. Superb!





...LOOK FOR Fostoria



COLONY FOR CANDLELIGHT

Your heart is snuggled up in warm pride when you know your table setting has caught the merry spirit of candle glow. So seek glassware you can learn to love and live with. *Colony*, for instance, is a warm pattern, created from the traditions of colonial America, and today continues to be handmade by American craftsmen. It's available in stemware and a multitude of accessory pieces. Any or all will make glowing gifts to yourself or those you love best. Surprisingly sensible in cost. And available in open stock at the better stores...because Fostoria has a handmade quality everyone likes.

FOSTORIA

FOSTORIA GLASS COMPANY • • • MOUNDSVILLE • WEST VIRGINIA

Goodwin, commanding the armored division known as the Silver Leaf Division, which saw action at the Battle of the Bulge."

There was a faint ripple of attention but no applause. After all, it was a confidential meeting. The General looked thoughtfully at the map curtain flanked by the two lieutenants.

"Have you got a pointer here?" He spoke gently and agreeably like a mechanic asking for a monkey wrench. The lieutenants and the lieutenant colonel scurried about the platform, searching, but somehow the pointer that always accompanied maps had disappeared.

The General raised his voice only slightly. "Well, go ahead and find one. Run out and get one, sergeant, a ruler or a cane or something. And while we're waiting, I might begin to tell you the whole secret of how to win a fight. This little ruckus"—General Goodwin strode toward the front of the platform and looked as though he were enjoying himself—"that we found ourselves in around Christmastime has all the principles of any other engagement, and the secret of winning a fight has been, I think, very well described by an old fellow who was a Confederate general. The party's name was General Forrest, but maybe you know of him, because they tell me that you are all high-ranking writers here, though I didn't know we had so many lovely lady writers." I saw the General smile and I saw that he was looking approvingly at Dottie Peale. "Now this General Forrest was an uneducated old fellow. He didn't go to the Point like General Lee. This General Forrest said the principle of winning a fight is, and I quote, *to git thar fustest with the mostest men.* Well, in this Christmastime ruckus we didn't get thar fustest, because the jerries were attacking, but we did end up with the mostest and we rubbed their noses."

The General rubbed his hands together. The sergeant was back with a pointer.

"Well, sons," the General said to the lieutenants, "what are you waiting for? Pull back those curtains and let's take a look at the map."

MAJOR GENERAL MELVILLE GOODWIN was squaring up to his task. His explanations of mobility and logistics were concise and unclouded. Those people had been trained since they were shavetails to marshal facts and present them to increasingly critical groups. Everyone was always giving a talk about something in the Army.

The Battle of the Bulge went on, down to its triumphant conclusion.

"Now that's about all I have to say on the subject," General Goodwin finally said. "But in closing, I don't want anyone here to think that there is anything definitive about these statements. All the reports aren't in yet. It will take years to evaluate them. A confusion called the fog of battle always settles over any of the ruckuses and somehow just never lifts. There's still a fog over the Battle of Gettysburg.

"It's been a great pleasure talking to you like this, off the record, and I hope I haven't put you all to sleep. Now maybe we'd better start thinking how we're going to cross the Rhine. Of course we're going to cross it. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen."

I watched the group file out of the room, and before following, General Goodwin did the right thing. Smiling, he thanked the young officers for handling the maps and shook hands with the lieutenant colonel of Intelligence.

Cocktails were served in the offices downstairs. By this time the VIP's had grown to understand that refreshments followed nearly every event. They were to be entertained that night at a Military Government dinner. I had been told that morning that Military Government would take full charge of the party from five-thirty on, which meant that I need not attend the function. Weary as I was of hearing officers going through the same routine, I had to follow them downstairs, the last of the procession, like the tail of a kite.

IT had not been my intention to speak to General Goodwin, because he would be bothered enough with other contacts. In fact, I never thought that he would remember me, and it surprised me that he did, until I recollected that officers of field rank were obliged to file away quick dossiers of individuals.

The General spoke to me. "Well, hello," he said. "Who let you in here?" and he held out his hand.

I shook hands with him and told him I was looking after the VIP's.

"Well," he said, "maybe you'd better introduce me to the company," but he did not look happy at the prospect and he seemed to have something else on his mind. "Look major," he went on, "I'm at loose ends here. How about having dinner with me tonight—that is, if you haven't got anything else to do? You don't have to. Never mind the rank."

"I don't," I said, "unless you want to pull it on me." Sometimes generals welcomed such a feeble joke. "Thanks for asking me, sir. I should enjoy having dinner."

"Well, that's fine. You're sure you don't mind?"

"It'll be a great pleasure, sir."

"Don't sound off about its being a pleasure," he said. "I owe you a dinner. Those letters I gave you got home all right. Remember that mortar shell?" He laughed happily. "I always jump myself when those things go off. You never hear them coming—they're just right there."

"Yes, sir," I said. "I enjoyed your talk very much, sir."

"Let's forget about the talk. Take me over and introduce me to that pretty girl." He nodded toward Dottie Peale, who was standing arrogantly aloof in her tailored suit.

As the General and I moved toward her, I remember thinking very favorably of Dottie Peale's qualities of neatness and durability. The rest of the VIP's were beginning to suffer from museum fatigue, whereas Dottie looked fresh and in perfect order. I found myself calculating her age by subtracting three or four years from my own, a computation which showed that she must have been about thirty-four that afternoon in Paris. She had never been aggressively or meltingly beautiful, but she still looked like a Rosalind in a page boy's dress, if you wanted to bring in Shakespeare. She was not as pretty as Helen, I was thinking, but she was the most attractive woman in the room, and General Goodwin obviously shared my opinion.

"There's nothing like a nice American girl," he said, "is there, Sid?"

It may have been that first warming glimpse of her that made the General call me Sid. It struck me at the time as one of those crude and forthright efforts at friendship that the big brass made occasionally, and all that surprised me was that he knew my first name. He must have heard the newspapermen call me Sid back there in Normandy.

Of course Dottie had been watching us edge toward her, although she smiled at us in

(Continued on Page 84)

You Have Money to Burn...

but wait a minute! Old newspapers, wrapping paper, paper boxes, paperboard cartons and containers are money. Prices now being paid for wastepaper are higher than ever before. If your favorite charity or organization needs funds, don't pass the hat. Organize a wastepaper collection. *But first check with your local wastepaper dealer to make sure it will be collected properly.*

Save Paper—Sell It!

Announcing Heirloom Sterling's new Stanton Hall



Stately, lavish, this new Heirloom* Sterling pattern has a timeless charm. Notice the clarity of detail and depth of modeling which distinguish this graceful pattern above all others. Solid silver all the way through, Stanton Hall* will give *lifetimes* of prideful pleasure.

Heirloom Sterling

*Trade Mark. © 1951, Oneida Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.

YOU BY STARLIGHT

....lovelier than ever in Munsingwear's Night-timers



See for yourself the glamour-making ways of Munsingwear gowns. Soft, shimmering Celanese* rayon tricot. Easy to suds, quick to dry. Designed with you in mind . . . the flowing lines, the frank femininity. *Right*, frothed with cascading Nylon ruffles. *Left*, butterflies and posies point up the slim midriff. Apricot, Tender Green, Blue, Pink. 32-40. Ask for Munsingwear Night-timers at your favorite store, today.

Left, about **$5**

Right, about **$5.95**

*®

it's knit . . . it's nice . . . it's

Munsingwear®

at finer stores everywhere

(Continued from Page 82)

quick, innocent surprise. "Well," she said to me after I had introduced the General, "I thought you'd got lost, Sid," and she smiled not at me but at him, "behind those maps or somewhere."

"Sid doesn't get lost," the General said. "Sid knows his way around."

"Oh, I didn't know you knew Sid," Dottie said. "I thought your talk was intensely interesting, sir. I'm not much at military details, not that I oughtn't to be learning, with everyone so sweet about explaining things, but I loved seeing someone as sure of himself as you were."

I still sometimes found myself believing Dottie when she was humbly serious. You might forget the words but never her sudden yielding manner of speech. Even though time and experience had given me immunity, I felt a slight pang of jealousy as I observed its effect on General Goodwin.

"Well, thanks," he said. "Out here, if we don't want to get sent home, we've got to be sure of ourselves and also of the whole works."

"If you don't mind, sir," I said, "maybe I had better bring some of the other people up to meet you."

He had the duty. It was no time to talk to Dottie, and he knew it.

"That's right," the General said. "Go and get them, but just stay here, will you, Mrs. Peale, and help me? I don't know about writing people."

As a matter of fact, I did not need to get them. All the Very Important People were already gathering around the General, so closely that Dottie was pushed to the edge of the circle.

"Sid," she said, "why didn't you tell me? I didn't know you knew him."

"I didn't know I did either," I said. "It just came over us suddenly."

"Look at him," Dottie said. "He must be bored to death, but he couldn't be sweeter."

"If you don't mind, Dottie," I said, "please stop saying that these people couldn't be sweeter."

"You never did like people, dear," Dottie said. "Why can't you be kind when someone is suffering? Just look at him."

"I'm suffering myself," I said.

"But not in a sweet way," Dottie said. "Sid, please look at him."

"I'm going to see too much of him," I told her. "He's asked me out to dinner."

"Why didn't you tell me? I think you're the most selfish person sometimes, Sid."

IF General Goodwin was suffering, he did not show it. On the contrary, he seemed to enjoy the group around him, none of whom would have given him a moment's attention in days of peace. He stood there answering their questions courteously, nodding and frequently smiling, with what looked like honest pleasure.

"Sid," Dottie asked me, "what are all his ribbons?"

"They aren't bad," I said, "considering he's a line officer and not in the Air Force. He's been wounded twice. He's got the Croix de Guerre with a palm, Distinguished Service Cross, Legion of Merit, and a lot of other things with stars and clusters. He hasn't done badly at all."

"Don't be so patronizing. You haven't any," Dottie said.

I told her she was perfectly right.

"He's looking at his watch now," Dottie said. "Sid, he's coming this way. Can't I go to dinner with you?"

"No," I said, "you can't. You're going on another party."

"Sid, I've got a dreadful headache."

"Then you can have something quietly in your room at the Ritz. You can't walk out on the program, Dottie."

"Oh, can't I?" Dottie said.

Then General Goodwin was back with us. "Well," the General said, "it looks as though the little party were breaking up."

Dottie spoke quickly. "Won't you come along with us to the Ritz, sir? Sid says that he's dining with you. I'm not going anywhere tonight, because I have a dreadful headache, but I have a sitting room."

"Why, Mrs. Peale," the General began, "if you're not feeling well ——"

Dottie laughed lightly and musically. "It's only a diplomatic headache," she said. "I don't want to go out to that dinner-party, and Sidney says if I don't go, I will have to stay at home or it won't be military, and it's awfully lonely at the Ritz, but I have got a sitting room."

She stopped and waited and I waited while the General considered the situation.

"Perhaps I might make a suggestion," he said. "As long as you have a sitting room, why don't we all three have a quiet dinner there, Mrs. Peale?"

DOTTIE laughed. "I think it's a very good suggestion," she said, "as long as I didn't suggest it first," and then the General laughed as though Dottie had said something delightfully humorous.

"I've got a car outside that ought to get us there," he said.

"Sid, dear," Dottie said, "would you mind finding my coat for me?"

"I've got a coat and things around somewhere, too," the General said. "Would you mind telling somebody to look them up for me, Sid?"

As I left them, he and Dottie were talking as though I had never been there at all, and as though they were old friends who had met delightfully and unexpectedly and who had a great many things to say to each other.

If you know what hurts yourself, you know what hurts others. —MALAY PROVERB.

In Paris that February, the Bulge battle was such recent history that it was still a good subject for conversation. It was generally known that the armored division commanded by Major General Melville Goodwin was a part of the group engaged in what was called "blunting von Rundstedt's spearhead." The Silver Leaf Armored, so called because of the insignia placed on its rolling stock, had performed its mission correctly, dishing out more than it took and chewing up von Rundstedt's advance elements so that they could finally be contained. For a few days correspondents in the rear areas had been curious as to who General Goodwin was. Goodwin had been in North Africa. He had been a brigadier at Kasserine Pass. Someone recalled that General Patton had spoken highly of him. He was in the regular Army, a West Point graduate, but never on what was sometimes called the "first team."

When we had dinner that evening in Dottie's sitting room at the Ritz, an extra accommodation which Dottie insisted on paying for with her own traveler's checks, I knew these facts about Mel Goodwin. I felt the genuine respect for him that anyone in my position was bound to feel for someone who had been through what he had. I wanted just as much as Dottie to give him a good time and to take his mind off things that worried him. Dottie was always good at little dinners. As she told us, we could be a lot more comfortable at the Ritz than we would be at any of those crowded restaurants. While we rang for ice and glasses, she would go in and put on something more comfortable than her old traveling suit. I could hear her whistling a little tune as she closed the bedroom door.

The General sat down heavily in a French armchair with rather dingy silk upholstery. It was the first time I had seen him relaxed, but he was not wholly relaxed. His feet were placed so that he could spring up quickly if he had to. "So you and Mrs. Peale are old friends?"

"Yes," I said, "we've known each other for quite a while."

At least Dottie was something for us to talk about, and I told about Park Row and about her marrying Henry Peale, and how she had taken over the publishing business.

"Why didn't you two kids get married?" he asked. "You sound as though you'd liked each other."

(Continued on Page 87)

(Continued from Page 84)

I had not meant to sound that way. I did ot measure up to her specifications, I said, nd then I laughed. "She was looking for a ıan. What's that poem? Abraham Lincoln, ;ive Us a Man."

He had not heard of it, though he liked ome poetry, and he asked if I was married ow. We started to go through that little eremony of showing photographs of our ives and children, and I remember the ieneral's saying, when he drew a wallet from is inside pocket, that he wished he had one f Muriel when she was younger. He had lost is snapshot of the two boys, but they were ood boys, real Army brats. One was a lieuenant in the Pacific and the other was getting ready for the Point.

"I wish I had a better photograph of Muriel," he said.

But I did not have a chance to see Muriel hat evening, because, just before he handed ne the picture, Dottie came out of the bedoom wearing a black evening dress that ooked as if it had never been in a suitcase.

"What are you doing with the wallets?" Dottie asked.

"Oh," I said, "just looking at our wives."

"Oh dear," Dottie said, "am I intrudng?"

"As long as our wives aren't here," I said, 'it's nice that some understanding woman s."

"Muriel has never seen Paris," the Genral said. "She's always wanted to. I wish ou could both meet Muriel."

"I hope I can meet ier sometime when the war is over," Dottie said. "I'm glad I'm not a soldier's wife, especially a handsome soldier's wife."

"Does that mean me?" the General asked.

Dottie's nose wrinkled as she smiled at him. The shadow of Muriel was vanishing as should the shadow of any well-trained Army wife, and if the shadows of Helen and Camilla remained a little longer, they were distinctly my shadows, and I was simply an innocent bystander. The General was the central figure, and Mel Goodwin—I began calling him Mel occasionally because it fitted our escapist mood—was beginning to have a very good time. Dottie was often fond of saying she had learned how to be a good hostess and how to make men comfortable, though perhaps not women—she never did have much of a faculty for getting on with protected women.

WITH THE CHILDREN

"I love grandmothers. They always know you are trying to do your best even when you aren't doing your best."

After our youngest came in bruised and bloody from an overturned bike ride, I gave him a pep talk on being careful, to think before he leaped, and so on. Our eldest, listening in, chimed in with, "Let him smell some vanilla and then taste it—that's how I learned to be careful."

"Tears come out of your eyes but they start in your throat."

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON.

It was really a wonderful dinner, and there was no further effort or worry about what to say to the General after the duck and the champagne, because the General had begun to talk about himself. "Sid here knows what I mean," he kept saying.

NATURALLY I felt flattered each time he said it, and now and then I could almost believe that I had seen a lot of service, although I was always careful to tell him that the Army had picked me up only because I knew how to run a typewriter.

"Just the same, Sid knows what I mean," the General said. "I wish I could take you up forward with me, Sid."

"I wouldn't be any good, Mel," I said.

"You were all right at Saint-Lô," he said.

Even Dottie was pleased at this—in a maternal way.

"You know," the General said, "talking like this gets a lot of things clear in my own mind. That thing you said this afternoon about my being sure—that's an interesting thought. You've got to be sure of the whole works. You've got to know the whole thing behind you is going to move ahead. What is that poem about Ulysses?"

"What poem about Ulysses?" Dottie asked.

"That poem," the General said, and he snapped his fingers as though this would stimulate his memory, "that one by Tennyson."

"Oh, I know the one you mean," Dottie said. "It's about the rowers and Ulysses going to sea again."

"That's it," the General said, "because he couldn't sit still . . .

'Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows.'"

None of us spoke for a moment. I had never thought of General Goodwin as emotional until then. He sat staring in front of him, and then he looked at his watch.

"Don't," Dottie said, and she put her hand on his arm. "It isn't time to go."

"Well, maybe it isn't if you say so," the General said, "but I've got my car waiting. Someone had better send it away."

He was not suggesting that I should do it, but it was time for me to go. "I'll tell your driver, sir," I said. "I've got to get some sleep. The group is going to do something or other tomorrow at half past nine."

"Sid, I simply can't go tomorrow morning," Dottie said. "I've got a dreadful headache—I mean a dreadful, diplomatic headache."

"Well, it was a good diplomatic dinner," I said.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Sid," the General said.

"I certainly hope so, sir," I said.

"Good night, dear," Dottie said, and she kissed me.

Neither Dottie nor the General spoke as I left the room, and their silence urged me to leave it quickly. It was a quarter to one in the morning, I saw as I looked at my watch, and when I closed the door the echo of "the sounding furrows" lay there behind me.

I don't know why I should have felt any sort of disapproval about what went on between Dottie and Mel Goodwin. I am convinced I was not jealous, though Helen said that I was when I told her that night at Savin Hill. It was no concern of mine how Mel Goodwin and Dottie Peale spent their spare time. What annoyed me, I think, was the naïveté displayed by Dottie and Melville A. Goodwin. This was so juvenile and absurd that it was unbecoming, considering their age. The General, at least, it seemed to me, should have been old enough not to act like a first lieutenant. Granted he had fallen for Dottie like a ton of bricks, there was no reason why he should have fallen flat on his face in public. There was no reason either why he



for skin as lovely as yours can be... follow this famous "Rule of Three"

1 Use Dry-Skin Cleanser for dry skin. Salon Cold Cream for normal skin. Cleansing Cream (Liquefying) if your skin is oily. Priced from $1 to $4.



2 Pat on Orange Flower Skin Lotion if your skin is dry or normal. Oily skin gets a "lift" from Texture Lotion. Priced from $1 to $3.75.



3 Smooth and soften dry or normal skin with Special Dry Skin Mixture. $2.25 and $4. For oily skin, Suppling Cream, $1 and $2.00. *All prices plus tax.*



. . . m-mm! See the lovely result!

More beautiful women use Dorothy Gray creams than any other salon creams in America! They've learned —as you will—that here are the irreducible beauty basics . . . the made-for-you creams and lotions which, used faithfully, can make and keep you a *natural* beauty.

Gown by Ceil Chapman.
Jewels by
Seaman Schepps

Trust Dorothy Gray

Truly a Miracle of Mildness!

New, Improved **VEL***

now brings you the safest way of all to wash fine fabrics!



New Vel bursts into suds in **cooler,** safer water than even the finest soap flakes . . . and every woman knows the **cooler** the water, the safer it is! Yes, even delicate washable colors stay **lovely** up to **10 times as long.**

New Vel is mild enough for heirloom laces . . . the softest skin. Even after washing **dishes,** your **hands** will prove how unbelievably **mild new Vel** is.

Stockings stay sheerer looking, lovelier **longer**—no soap scum . . . no soap fading . . . no alkali.



*Vel is the trade-mark of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

New **VEL** *is unbelievably Mild!*

should have attached himself to the VIP group and should have followed the VIP's to the USO and the Red Cross installations and even to the tomb of the unknown soldier just because Dottie was going.

I did not mind about Dottie. After all, the General was a feather in her hat and something to talk about later, but I felt sorry for the General. If not for the General, I must have felt sorry for Muriel, whose photograph I had never seen.

At about noon the next day the General appeared at the Ritz and seemed surprised to see me, although he was very genial.

"Well, hello, Sid," he said. "We had a lot of fun last night, didn't we?"

"Yes, we certainly did," I said.

He looked at me a little uncertainly. "I don't want any of this to hurt anyone. You understand? I wouldn't want anything in any way to reflect on ——"

He did not finish what he had to say, because Dottie appeared at that moment.

"Oh," she said to the General, "I'm sorry I've kept you waiting, sir. Oh, Sid, here you are too."

"Yes," I said, "here I am."

She was in her tailored suit again with her gold pin at her throat, and as usual she looked as though she had slept for hours.

"Sid, darling," she said, "Mel wants to go with us to see Napoleon's tomb. He's never seen it. I think he ought to, don't you?"

"Yes," I said, "but don't you think it would be just as well if he saw it some other time?"

"Oh, Sid," she said, "don't be so stuffy, darling. This is Paris."

"Sit down, Dottie," the General said, "and let me take your coat."

It was rather touching to see the proud, happy look on the General's face. After all, it was none of my business, and we were going to Aachen on Wednesday. It would all be over on Wednesday.

I cannot explain why I began to look forward to Wednesday because, I repeat, it was absolutely none of my business what Dottie did, and what Mel Goodwin did was entirely beyond my sphere of responsibility. My duties were exclusively limited to interpreting the wants and desires of my company of trained seals and to see that everyone was reasonably comfortable and happy and understood and loved the Army so definitely that they would say nice things about it when they got home. When I told Helen that I had been disappointed in the General, she said I had not been disappointed but jealous—not actively perhaps, but at any rate subconsciously.

"You know," Helen said, "you used to be half in love with her."

THERE was no reason whatsoever for Helen to make me into a character in that romance at the Ritz, and I told her so. She was wrong about my being jealous. She would never have leaped to conclusions if I had described Mel Goodwin and what I thought of him properly, but this was impossible because no one's wife who had lived in the Never-Never Land with other loved ones could be expected to grasp what one thought or felt in the ETO.

It was exasperating to find that Helen had moved to another tangent.

"Sid," she asked, "were you faithful to me in the ETO?"

I did not have to say that I was faithful to her, Cynara, after my own fashion, and if she did not believe me, there was nothing further I could add to reassure her. She did not understand that there were not many women in the ETO. She did not seem to understand that the competition had been terrific, and I had never cared much for competition.

"But, Sid," she said, "you know you're very attractive."

"You don't seem to realize," I said, "a different sort of attraction was needed out there."

It did no good to tell her that a surprisingly large percentage of men in the ETO had been faithful to their wives and sweethearts, if only through stress of circumstances or because they were not fast workers.

"You boys," Helen said, "always stick together."

IT was just as well to leave it at that, and perhaps we boys always did stick together, and this may have been why I found myself defending Melville Goodwin.

The morning when I called to see about the final transportation arrangements for the VIP's from Paris I found that the officer in charge was one of Mel Goodwin's contemporaries, a worried-looking man whose name was Struthers.

"Say, Skelton," Colonel Struthers said, "you must have quite a time running that three-ring circus."

I told him it was a very broadening experience. The colonel looked at the ceiling.

"What's your reaction to all this about Mel Goodwin?" he asked.

"What about him, sir?" I asked.

He looked relieved at my question, since it indicated that I had tact and discretion. "I have served with Mel," he said, "out in the Philippines. Mel's had a lot on his mind. This is off the record, you understand? I'm a friend of General Goodwin's, and she's not a bad-looking gal, not bad-looking at all."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"But it isn't like him," the colonel said. "I've never seen Mel step off like that. It's all contrary to his record. These things get around. There are always jealousies in the service. If there's anything you can do to keep things normal, it might be a help, Skelton. We have to stay in this Army when the war's over."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"This is all confidential," the colonel said. "I don't have to tell you that, do I? Well, good-by and good luck."

Tuesday was a very busy day what with checking orders and getting out mimeographed itineraries and briefing the VIP's about what they must expect in the forward areas. It was necessary to tell them that life would not be quite as easy as Paris, not that they would not have comfortable, warm quarters.

I was thankful that around four o'clock a short time was allowed me to do my own packing. I was in my room and in the middle of it when the General knocked on my door.

"Go right ahead," he said. "Don't mind me." And he sat on the edge of the bed while I continued putting things into my bag. "Dottie's packing up," he said. "You don't mind my waiting here, do you?"

I told him to wait as long as he liked.

"Dottie really knows how to pack, doesn't she?" he asked.

Dottie was the only one in that crowd who could put things in her suitcases and who knew where everything was afterward. "Yes, she's certainly good at it," I said. "Has she got a headache?"

"Yes, another of those headaches," he said. "She won't be able to attend the dinner tonight.

(Continued on Page 90)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Tranquillity

By Joseph Auslander

Quiet clings to her tread like sandals;
Her vestment moves with no sound;
Wheresoever she walks, there
Is holy ground.

Her fragrant body is a soft fire
Burning honey and wheat;
I shut out tumult, hearing
Her still feet.

I would be as the moss, a depth
Under her step, for she,
Touching my restless heart,
Would hallow me.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



very cool for May...

(also for June, July and August)

perfect on-person cooling system (part one): wonderful Jantzen bra in nylonized nylon... meaning nylon made absorbent, silky-feeling, divine on the body by a new process... meaning the best summer bra ever created. The concentric stitching creates a perfect uplift and holds it through wearing and washing. White or delicate pink... A, B, C cups... 3.50 and 3.95.

perfect on-person cooling system (part two): wonderful Jantzen girdle (or panty-girdle) in nylonized nylon... meaning nylon made absorbent, silky-feeling, divine on the body by a new process... meaning the best figuremaker ever created... meaning a marvelous slimming, trimming, smoothing, soothing proposition. White, pink or black ...8.50 and 8.95... at most stores.

Jantzen®
marvelous new
nylonized nylon
figuremakers

Jantzen Foundations • Empire State Building • New York



CARA NOME

For the One Woman in Ten with

Sensitive Skin

Flawless...flower-fresh...radiant...to have, or to hold,
a complexion like this—there's Cara Nome.

For Cara Nome is hypo-allergenic...skillfully blended of pure, safe ingredients...created especially for the one woman in ten with sensitive skin.

Your complexion, too, deserves the extra protection Cara Nome cosmetics can give.

Cold Cream, $1.10... Lipstick, $1.10
Cleansing Cream, $1.10... Face Powder, $1.10
...and 54 other creams, lotions, make-up needs

Sold at Rexall Drug Stores Everywhere

(Continued from Page 88)

She's been quite a headachy girl lately, hasn't she?"

"Yes," I said. "They call it 'migraine' in French."

The General laughed as though I had said something that only he and I could understand.

He stood up, paced across the room and back and sat down again. "Sid," he said, "I've been thinking something over. Dottie and I were talking about it. My aide got killed last month. I consider aides expendable. If I asked for you, would you like the job?"

Dottie always liked to maneuver things, but it was also kind of the General to think of me.

"Yes, sir," I said, "I'd like it, but I don't think it would look well under the circumstances, do you?"

"No," he said. "I don't suppose it would, under the circumstances."

"Well, thanks just as much," I said.

Even though I was not sure whether it was Dottie's or his idea, it was the pleasantest invitation I had ever received in the war.

"Sid," he said, "do you mind if I ask you a personal question? Why didn't you ever marry Dottie?"

"I told you before," I told him, "that I haven't got what it takes."

"Well, I'd have done it if I'd been you."

"Maybe she wouldn't have married you either," I said.

As I looked at him standing there in his worn, but carefully pressed, uniform, with its rows of ribbons and gold service stripes, I thought that he was safe as far as Dottie was concerned. After all, there were a good many major generals, but I had not expected him to follow me so closely.

"I know what you mean," he said. "I haven't got brass enough, have I? Well, I'll just say good-by," he said. "You're a nice guy. Good luck."

"Good-by and good luck, sir," I told him. You were always meeting people and saying good-by and good luck in the ETO. I was nearly positive that I would never see General Melville A. Goodwin again.

When his hand was on the doorknob, he turned back to me for a moment and he had changed subtly but completely. He looked again like any other general officer, composed, assured and removed from the ordinary strain of human relationships. He had withdrawn to the dignity of his rank, and whether you liked to admit it or not, rank did have a dignity, and commanded respect, for it was constant and unchanging and almost the only reality on which one could depend in an environment of change and uncertainty.

"So long, young feller," he said.

His words, though friendly, were completely impersonal. I do not think that he intended to put me in my place, but I do believe that he felt some need to put himself into his own and that he needed the reassurance of what he was, and after all there were not so many like him. There were so few like him, in fact, that I knew in that last moment of seeing him that the ordinary ties of human relationship and of friendship were denied him. He could have enemies and faithful subordinates and obsequious bootlickers, but he could have no friends in the ordinary sense, since he had attained the category of power that made friendship and sympathy a weakness. He was a piece on the chessboard again, remote and insulated, entirely alone.

I saw Dottie for only a moment that next morning in the cold rain outside the Ritz just before she was getting into one of the automobiles supplied for the party. She was dressed in a Wac uniform, since all the VIP's had been put into some sort of uniform for their forward journey, and she was wrapped in a trench coat that was too large for her, which I could guess the General had given her. If so, it was a useful going-away present. She had fixed things so that she could ride with the colonel at the head of the procession, and the colonel looked delighted. I don't know how she had arranged this without seeming to push or be arrogant, but Dottie was always expert at getting where she wanted, gently and sweetly, but firmly, and she always could look surprised when she got there.

"Well," she said when she saw me, "that's that," and she wrinkled her nose and shook her head, and with that shake she seemed to have shaken off the Ritz and everything. She was off on a new adventure riding up front with the colonel, and she had become very military.

"Why can't we get rolling?" she asked. "Why don't we put the show on the road?"

These expressions, none of which Dottie had ever employed before, sounded crisp and convincing. Even the colonel who stood beside her began to feel the contagion.

"Major," he said, "get these people into the cars. Let's get cracking. Will you come with me, please, Mrs. Peale?"

It was a rough, hard day. The road had been churned up by truck convoys, and the rain came down steadily. It was pitch dark and still raining when we arrived at a mediocre Northern France hotel in a provincial town along one of the main supply routes.

We were met by officers of the Quartermaster Corps, who had everything taped up and rooms assigned. There were cold-storage turkeys for dinner, and a colonel to give a talk with maps and diagrams on the complications of moving supplies forward.

I had no chance to talk to Dottie, and there would have been no opportunity that evening if one of the lady novelists had not objected to her accommodations because the windows of her room were leaking, and if I had not changed rooms with her. I had not realized that the room adjoined Dottie's and had a connecting door. I actually had no idea that Dottie was in the adjoining room until she knocked on the door.

"Sid?" she said. "Sid?"

"Yes," I answered, "what is it, Dot?"

"After all that maneuvering of yours downstairs," Dottie said, "don't you think you might at least open this door?" The door was not hard to open.

Dottie was in a handsome belted dressing gown and slippers, and her hair was freshly brushed, and her gold-backed brush and tortoise-shell comb and traveling clock were on the bedside table. The whole place smelled of Chanel 5.

"I wasn't maneuvering downstairs," I said. "I didn't know where they'd put you."

"Well, at least you might pretend you had been," Dottie said. "Darling, I never seem to see you on this junket, and I'm awfully tired of strangers."

"Strangers?" I repeated.

Dottie gave her head a quick shake and she sighed. "Yes, strangers," she said. "At least I know how you think and act. I'm awfully tired of coping with the unknown. I don't seem to know what I'm doing or why I've ever done anything or what I'm for. Do you ever feel that way?"

"Yes," I said, "a lot of people do, particularly around here."

"Well, you never seem to show it," Dottie said. "You never seem to struggle or try to get anywhere. What's that book in your hand?"

"Montaigne," I said.

"Montaigne in the rain. Well, it's like you. You used to read it to me, remember?"

"Yes," I said, "I remember."

(Continued on Page 92)

If America is to be run by the people, it is the people who must think. And we do not need to put on sackcloth and ashes to think. Nor should our minds work like a sundial which records only sunshine. Our thinking must square against some lesson of history, some principles of government and morals, if we would preserve the rights and dignity of men to which this nation is dedicated. —HERBERT HOOVER.



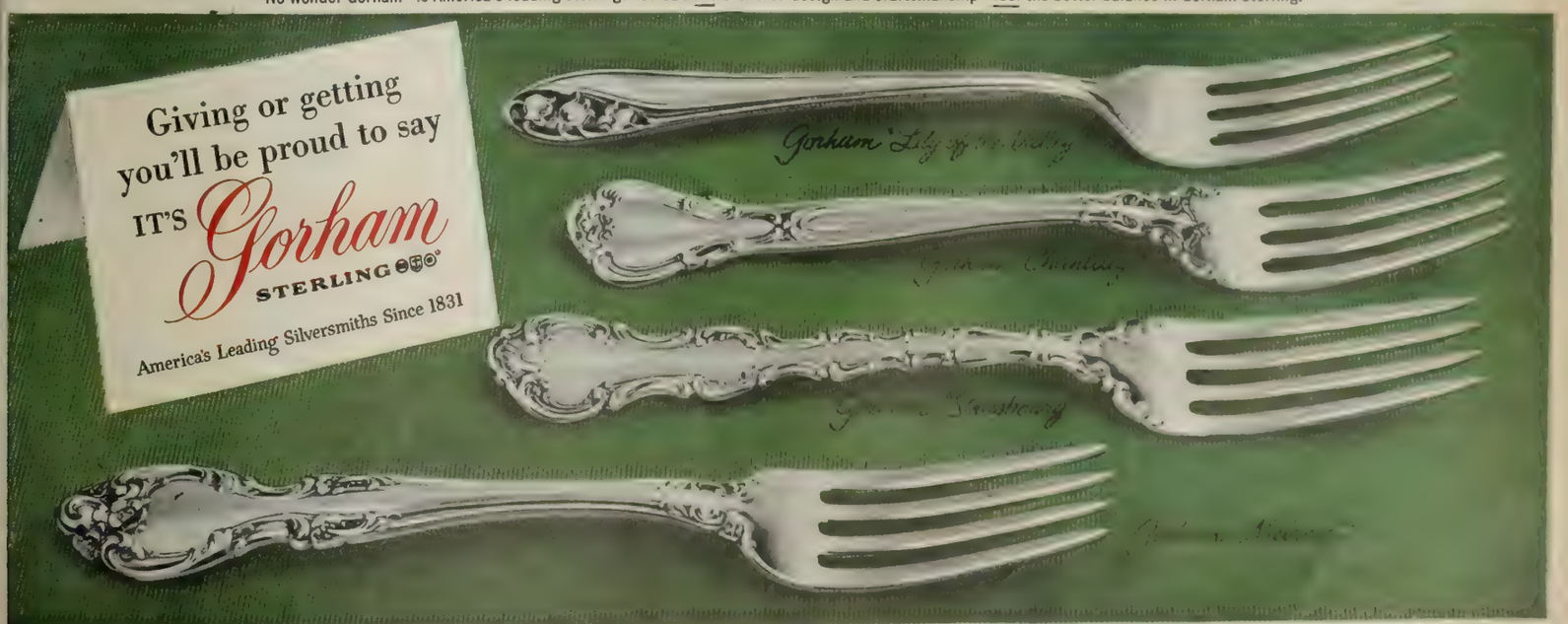
Gift for a girl who has graduated to sterling—*Gorham Greenbrier*

Lovely Gorham "Greenbrier"* is called "the pattern of growth." Its delicate design suggests the growth of a flower from bud to bloom. And Greenbrier is only one of *sixteen* timeless, fashion-right Gorham Sterling patterns.

Unlike most precious possessions, Gorham Sterling is easy to acquire the place-setting way. A girl simply selects and registers her pattern; friends and family do the rest by giving place-settings on graduation day, birthdays, and so on. You know, a six-piece place-setting is a service for one person—a knife, fork, salad or pastry fork, teaspoon, soup spoon, and butter spreader. Priced from $29.75 to $39.25 (Fed. Tax incl.) and most Gorham dealers have budget plans available.

P. S. Only Gorham makes *one-piece* sterling knife handles. This exclusive process permits finer pattern detail, prevents denting and rattling, even after repeated washing in boiling water.

No wonder Gorham* is America's leading sterling! You can see the finer design and craftsmanship—feel the better balance in Gorham Sterling.



ALSO MAKERS OF GORHAM SILVERPLATE, GORHAM SILVER POLISH, GORHAM BRONZE, GORHAM ECCLESIASTIC WARES.

*TRADE MARKS COPYRIGHT



Protect all woolens from first floor to attic

A REAL GUARANTEE SINCE 1930! Far more than just a "money-back" guarantee. Berlou repairs, replaces or pays actual cash value of clothes, rugs, furniture, blankets, etc., if moths damage them within FIVE YEARS!

ODORLESS! COLORLESS! And non-inflammable! Use Berlou Guaranteed Mothspray with confidence on the finest materials—on ALL the woolens in your home. No tell-tale odors.

SO EASY TO APPLY! You can "Berlou" any article in minutes with an ordinary spray gun. A vacuum cleaner spray attachment does it quicker and easier. Berlou penetrates deep into each tiny fiber of fabric.

A FEW PENNIES A YEAR! Simple, inexpensive spraying with Berlou eliminates annual wrapping and storing precautions for woolens! Safer, and saves so much time!

MOTHS: A $200,000,000 ENEMY! Many homes report damage running into four figures. Don't wait for moth damage! Protect your floor coverings and other hard-to-replace woolens now— the easy way—the safe way—the Berlou way.

GET BERLOU TODAY! At your drug, department, hardware, rug or furniture store. Remember, a moth-free home is a sign of good housekeeping. If your local dealer can not supply you, contact us direct. And for an interesting free folder, "How to Stop Moth Damage," write to:

The Berlou Manufacturing Co., Dept. LJ, Marion, Ohio
In Canada, The Berlou Company, Ltd., London, Ontario, Canada.

BERLOU **Used by More PROFESSIONAL MOTHPROOFERS Than All Other Mothsprays Combined!**

NOTE TO BUSY HOUSEWIVES: **Berlou mothproofing service is available to you at leading Dry Cleaners, Launderers, Rug Cleaners, Carpet Dealers and Furniture Dealers.**

(Continued from Page 90)

"I wish you'd put that book down, and would you mind kissing me, at least in a friendly way? I wouldn't feel so much alone."

I was very glad to kiss her in a friendly way, although it did not seem necessary to tell Helen about this at Savin Hill.

"Darling," she said, "I wish we didn't know so much about each other."

"I thought you were tired of the unknown," I said.

"Darling," she said, "I don't know what I'm tired of. At least we don't have to think what we're saying when we talk to each other. We don't have to learn anything new. Sid, maybe you were right."

Of course I knew she would talk about Mel Goodwin, and curiously there was nothing indelicate about it, especially in that bare, ugly room with the sound of the trucks outside driving steadily through the night.

"In what way?" I asked.

"Darling, he knows all the answers from the book," she said. "He merely has to find the right page to get them. He's so sure of himself, but maybe the book is wrong. Most of my books have been."

It was just as though Mel Goodwin were there, and I remembered some of his words from the book. "He would still be right in there," I said, "smiting the furrows."

"Yes," she said, "that's something. He would go right on smiting, wouldn't he? He was awfully sweet. He couldn't have been sweeter."

I WINCED at that old phrase of hers when she applied it to Mel Goodwin. "I wonder why it is," I said, "that you always expect too much of everybody."

"I know, dear, but it isn't expecting. I always think how much I could do for a man if I had the chance. It isn't expecting. It's wanting someone to be the way I want him."

I had never heard her put it that way before, and it was perfectly true. She never had wanted anyone the way he was.

"Did you notice he was all wound up?" she said. "Darling, he simply couldn't unwind. And it was always out of the book. Do you know what he kept saying the answer to everything was?"

"Git thar fustest with the mostest men," I said.

"No, no, but of course there was the 'git thar fustest' part. The answer to everything, he said, is to estimate a situation and do something. Even if the something you do is wrong, it's better than doing nothing. Darling, he said it at least five times. I don't mean it got on my nerves, but I keep thinking of it. It's better to do something than nothing, and it isn't so. I'm always doing something, but actually I'm doing nothing. What's the use in positive action?"

"It's pretty useful for him," I said. "Why can't you accept people for what they are?"

"Because I want them to be better," she said. "Darling, if I were to put my mind on it, I could do a lot for him. Do you think he could ever command an army?"

That restive energy of Dottie's was always disconcerting, or at least it had always disconcerted me, and it aroused in me a spirit of revolt. "Listen, Dot," I told her, "why don't you relax and stop trying to be a Joan of Arc?"

Dottie's voice had a snap which sounded exactly like Mel Goodwin's. "What's Joan of Arc got to do with it?"

"Well, she tried to win a war."

"Darling," Dottie said, "I'm asking you a perfectly simple question, and you do have brains if you want to use them. Do you or don't you think Goodwin could command an army?"

"You might ask General Eisenhower," I told her. "He'd have some idea."

"That's a very thoughtful suggestion," Dottie said, "and I'll remember to ask him if I see him, but right now he isn't here."

I had never realized until then that Melville Goodwin could interest her more than temporarily.

"Now listen, Dot," I said, "Goodwin's got enough troubles of his own. Don't make any more by asking questions about him. Things like that get around."



So you have a new house!

And a lovely new bathroom which you want to keep always sparkling clean. Then you should get Sani-Flush at once. For Sani-Flush is the one cleaner that millions of careful housekeepers depend on to clean the toilet bowl thoroughly.

Sani-Flush does the work chemically. No messy scrubbing. Sani-Flush also disinfects and removes invisible film which harbors germs. Just follow directions on can. At all grocers. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

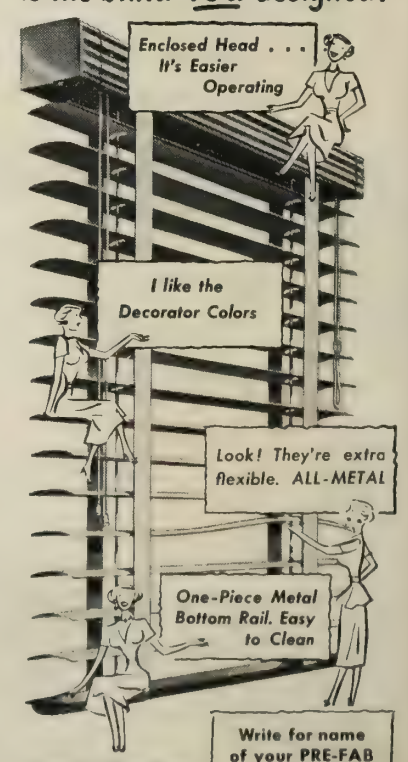


PERFUMED with a mild, fresh fragrance

FREE! TWO EXCITING ISSUES, NEW GARDEN MAGAZINE
Accept two new idea-packed issues of newest, most helpful garden magazine as our "get acquainted" gift, plus four-issue trial subscription for only $1. Money back if not delighted, and you keep both gift copies. Otherwise receive four more lavishly illustrated issues (six in all). Rush $1 now to GARDEN, 432 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y., Dept. 521.

Eastern **PRE-FAB***

Is the blind YOU designed!



PRE-FAB Venetians are custom-made for *You* . . . with *All* the features *You* want. 14 colors in *DuPont* Plastic. *PRE-FAB Blinds are custom-made with the equipment and products made by **EASTERN MACHINE PRODUCTS CO., Baltimore 30, Md.**

"Darling, I can't help being interested. You know I love turning things around. Now if I had been his wife ——"

"But you're not his wife," I said.

"If I had been his wife," Dottie said, "I would have seen that we saw a great deal of the Marshalls."

She sighed and stared ahead of her, lost in her own thoughts. She was Mrs. Melville Goodwin. She was undoubtedly arranging in her mind a quiet little dinner with the Marshalls, prewar, preferably in Honolulu. She did not know much about Army wives, but she could have learned, and now she was an Army wife. Perhaps it was Washington she was thinking about, or the United States embassy in Berlin before the war, and Mel was the military attaché, and they were giving another small dinner. She sighed and looked up at me.

"I wonder what his wife is like," she said.

THIMBLE

The first thimbles, made over 200 years ago in England, were bell-shaped and designed to be worn on the thumb. They were called thumb bells, which combination has been shortened to thimble.

"Now, Dot, leave the poor guy alone."

The urgency of my tone made her stop. She had laid the General aside for the moment, and now I was the problem.

"I don't know why it is you're completely lacking in ambition," she said. "You've been complaining about all this public-relation thing you're doing, and when I try to get you out of it, you refuse. Mel said he asked you to go up there with him. He said he could arrange it."

I pushed myself up out of the rickety armchair.

"Dot," I said, "I knew damned well why he asked me."

"Darling," Dottie said, "don't you like it when I try to do something for you?"

"No," I said, "it makes me very nervous."

"Oh, dear," Dottie said, "I wish you were a little different. We could have done so much together, Sid."

"Well, I'm not different," I said.

"Oh, Sid," Dottie said. "I'm just thinking out loud. You don't think I'm really serious about Mel Goodwin, do you? I know just as well as you do that he can handle a division, and that's probably as far as he can go. Sid, please don't be cross. I've completely eliminated Mel Goodwin."

"Well, that's something," I told her. "I was getting sorry for that poor guy. Leave him alone. Forget about him, Dot."

"I'm awfully sorry I've been so dull, dear," Dottie said. "You're not angry with me, are you? Or are you just discouraged with me or disappointed?"

"Oh, no," I said, "I'm not disappointed."

Dottie stood up and said, "Here we are and we're not getting anywhere, and we never could. He was awfully dull once the brass came off. They're all so dull and they have such fixed ideas. Well, you'd better kiss me good night now in a friendly way, and leave the door open. I feel so terribly alone."

"Well, good night, Dot," I said.

"Sid," she asked, "you aren't jealous about Mel Goodwin, are you?"

"No, not especially," I said.

"You might at least kiss me good night again."

I was very glad to kiss her good night again. It made the evening less boring than many I'd spent in the European Theater of Operations.

(To be Continued)

TELL ME DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 31)

1500. About that time Jacob Niefer, a Swiss butcher, delivered his own wife by an abdominal incision made with a razor, after thirteen midwives and an unannounced number of lithotomists—persons who cut for stones—had failed to effect a delivery by the normal route. It is recorded that the child lived to the age of seventy-seven and even the mother recovered, to deliver six children subsequently, including a set of twins. I very much doubt the authenticity of these statements, incidentally."

"Why do you doubt them?"

"They had no knowledge of sewing up internal wounds in those days, and the uterine incision must have been left open to granulate over, producing a wide, thin scar which a subsequent single pregnancy—let alone twins—would certainly have caused to stretch disastrously to the point of uterine rupture. And I can't believe that she had five later Caesareans."

"I see. And they didn't sew up their operations in those days?"

"No attempts were made to suture until late in the nineteenth century, and the patients ordinarily died either from hemorrhage or infection. The mortality in England from 1737 to 1860 is said to have been eighty-four per cent."

"I should think someone would have had sense enough to try to use a needle and thread."

"They did, but the trouble lay in the suture material and the little knowledge they had of what attempt Nature might make to dispose of it. They had no absorbable sutures and they felt that the nonabsorbable kind had to be removed, a belief which today is known to be unfounded. Silk and linen are now commonly used and left in place in many types of internal operations. I doubt if anyone would select silk or linen to sew up a pregnant uterus. This organ, which becomes smaller day by day, would leave nonabsorbable stitches of enormous size when compared to its final involuted uterine body. However, these materials certainly could be used if nothing else were available. It was not until 1882 that Sanger first sutured the uterine muscle successfully and according to what would be considered modern methods. I don't know what material he used, but I presume it was nonabsorbable. Anyhow, he set the method and it has been followed ever since, and the number of lives that have been saved cannot even be estimated.

"I've gone to great length to explain to you, Mrs. Doe, about the history of the Caesarean operation, because I believe it will explain the reason so many people throw up their hands in dread when the very name is mentioned. Modern surgery has developed largely since the beginning of the twentieth century, and obstetrical surgery even later. I can remember when a posted Caesarean operation would bring an audience of doctors from all over this city. Nowadays it's done frequently in every hospital. And the modern section is quite different from the one practiced twenty-five years ago, in its technical aspect as well as in the result."

"Then it isn't true that it's a bloody and brutal operation, and half the women die from it?"

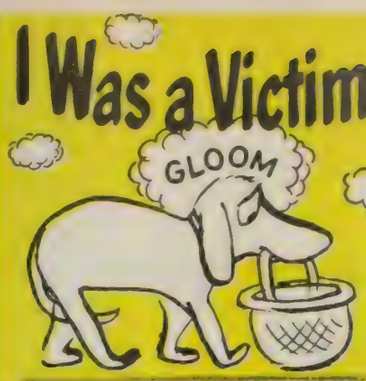
"Neither of those statements is true. The amount of blood lost in a clean-cut, well-indicated Caesarean, while necessarily greater than—say—in an appendix operation, is not remarkably greater than that of a normal delivery. Usually not even enough is lost to require replacement. As for the mortality rate, that of elective Caesareans should not exceed that of any other abdominal operation of equal magnitude."

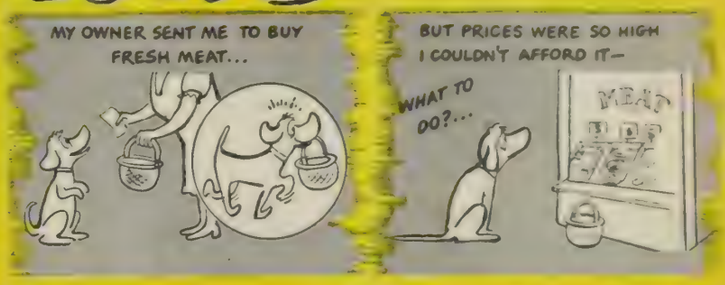
"What do you mean by an *elective* Caesarean, doctor?"

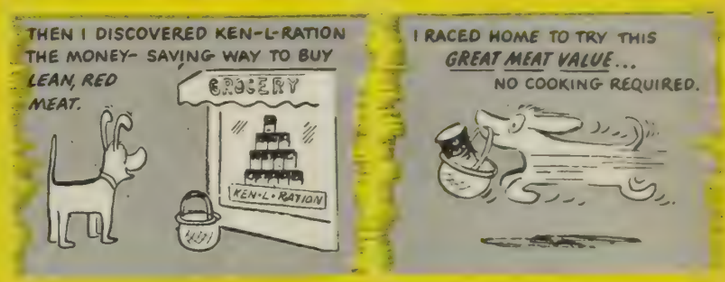
"One that's done advisedly and at the appointed time rather than as a last resort after all other means of delivery have failed. Any doctor of extensive hospital experience dreads the 'last resort' operation. For example, if a woman has engaged someone to take care of her at a home delivery, and after

(Continued on Page 95)

I Was a Victim of INFLATION until I Discovered KEN-L-RATION









KEN-L-RATION Is Still The Low Cost Way To Feed Your Dog

LEAN, RED MEAT

Every Can Is Packed with Choice Cuts of U. S. Govt. Inspected Horse Meat



How long since you've *really looked* at the canned dog food you buy? When you open a can of Ken-L-Ration, you can actually see the chunks of lean, red meat. Yes, Ken-L-Ration is one dog food you can be sure contains choice cuts of U. S. Govt. Inspected horse meat. Yet it costs far less than butcher meat!

Gives Your Dog a Bonus of "Dog-Health" Vitamins Too!

Ken-L-Ration gives your dog everything he needs for top health because it's super-charged with all known "dog-health" vitamins, and enriched with vital minerals. Get 4 or 5 cans of Ken-L-Ration from your dealer now. It's one way to be sure your dog is getting lean, red meat—and save money, too!



KEN-L-RATION

this colorful upholstery keeps SOAP-AND-WATER clean



...newest fabric textures in Firestone Velon*

Imagine smiling at a spill on damask
Fancy letting them put muddy shoes on brocade
Yes, that's just what you'll do when you choose
furniture covered in Firestone *Velon*
Beats everything how this exquisite, fragile-lookin
Velon takes spills, dirt, scuffs, rubs—yet regain
its fresh, new-looking beauty with just a wipe of
damp, soapy cloth. Now, treat your home t
the luxury of rich, fabric-like patterns in bright c
delicate colors. Ask for furniture that stays youn
and "care-free" thanks to Firestone *Velon* upholstery
At fine furniture and department stores



Your blue heaven . . . angelic to keep clean. The new Rambler Overtone texture pattern covers tufted sofa and occasional chairs. Notice the overtoned color contrast—like blue brocade shot with silver. It's an exclusive Firestone *Velon* multi-color effect that accents the stunning Rambler flower and-leaf-scroll pattern . . . makes it more fabric-like than ever. For further contrast, *Velon,* in smooth, Coral Old English upholsters the pull-up chairs.



"Rough-it Room" for study, sleep and televiewing. That pale golden Champagne color in the Rambler *Velon* texture-pattern is more practical than dull, conventional fabrics. It covers both the love-seat and convertible sofa-bed in the alcove. Grooved, fitting wallboards in Pepper Green *Velon* are so easy to keep clean. The coffee table with nesting, wedge-shaped television benches all are upholstered with separate cushions of *Velon* in Pepper Green Old English Pattern.

*TRADE MARK ©1951 FIRESTONE PLASTICS COMPANY, POTTSTOWN, PA.

LOOK FOR THE VELON TAG...YOUR ASSURANCE OF FIRST QUALITY MATERIAL



Your favorite department or furniture store features fine furniture upholstered in Firestone Velon. *Look for this famous label on every upholstered piece you buy.*

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Listen to the Voice of Firestone Monday Evenings over NBC

(Continued from Page 93)

s of labor without progress her doctor another doctor to help him out. Quite y they may apply forceps—let's say to vail. So they send for further assistance, possibly after going through the same edure again decide, 'It's no good. Let's l her to a hospital.'

So the surgeon at the hospital has foisted n his hands an exhausted and perhaps nic patient, in all probability infected. e has to do a section under those con- ons in order to try to save the lives of individuals, it should be small wonder if results are not perfect. The outcome of operation under the same handicaps ld be equally doubtful."

I can see that you have no heart for rgency Caesareans."

We have to do them occasionally, and he best we can. The elective section is rent."

By *elective* I suppose you mean that you to do it."

Precisely. We do it because we think it's best thing for both patients. There are few *absolute* indications for Caesarean, roportion or an undilatable cervix being haps the most rigid. But under certain sual conditions the operation might be mpted as the lesser of two evils. A bad rt or a tubercular lung or an inefficient ney might be the reason for election, to nothing of an improperly placed pla- a, a troublesome Rh factor, or even a nan approaching the change of life with first pregnancy and a pelvis of borderline It comes down to a matter of judgment, the more experience a doctor has to call n, the better should be his judgment.

The election of Caesarean under some of e conditions might be considered radical certain doctors. As I said, it is primarily atter of judgment. I have known of a nan being allowed to labor for days, minating in a difficult forceps delivery ough a borderline pelvis which resulted in strous complications for both mother and d. I consider *that* radical obstetrics, com- ed to which a Caesarean operation would conservative."

ou make it sound very plausible."

To me it is convincing," the doctor told "I would rather terminate the doubtful e in a manner in which I was convinced I ld obtain happy results than gamble with e other method."

The first thing I know, you'll have *me* the table for a Caesarean, Doctor."

Not a chance in a thousand. No doctor uld choose an abnormal in place of a nor- delivery. Haven't I told you that you normal in every respect?"

Indeed, you have, and I believe you. Tell one thing more. Is it true that once a sarean, always a Caesarean?"

No-o-o, it isn't true—not absolutely. Of rse the reason for the original Caesarean must be considered. If it were done because the mother's pelvis was too small, naturally the same reason would hold for subsequent pregnancies. If it were because of an improperly located placenta, it might not hold for the next. Just the same, I believe it's safer in the long run to perform successive sections rather than to attempt normal delivery after a previous section has been done. There is too much chance of the patient's rupturing her uterus through the Caesarean scar, which is almost certain to be weaker than the surrounding musculature."

"Would that be likely to occur, Doctor?"

"It occurs in about four per cent of cases where a previous section has been done. In the light of what I now believe, I don't think we should take even that four per cent chance. I believe that most experienced doctors are leaning forward just a trifle in the case of Caesarean since the advent of penicillin. The old bugbear of peritonitis doesn't loom up quite so fearfully."

"Did Caesareans formerly develop peritonitis?"

"More frequently than I like to remember—so much so that only a few years ago several methods were devised to avoid entering the peritoneum at all. They really were only improvements upon a technique described close to forty years ago. However, penicillin seems to answer the purpose as well, if not better."

"Just one more question, Doctor, and then I'll be going. Is it true that a mother who has had a Caesarean must limit the size of her family?"

"I'll say *yes* to that question, qualifiedly. The danger lies in the fact that the uterine scar constitutes a somewhat weak spot, however carefully the uterine wall may have been sutured. The more incisions there are, naturally the weaker that wall tends to become. I have done sections upon several women four times quite successfully; however, the general consensus among doctors is to limit the number to three, and with the third to perform the additional operation of sterilization. After all, three children constitute a good-sized family these days."

"Yes. Now, as I understand it, you want me next week, instead of two weeks from now."

"That's right. We're coming up toward the finish, you know."

"I certainly do. I'm very conscious of that fact every time I look in a mirror."

"You need not be. I think you're carrying very well."

"Thank you, Doctor. And thank you for telling me about so many things I didn't understand. I'm not afraid of any emergency now that I realize what well-thought-out methods doctors have devised to meet them."

"I hoped you would come to feel that way about it."

(To be Continued)



"I got to thinking about that story you told me. What's porridge?"

The LESTER GRAND PIANO is the Official Piano of the Philadelphia Orchestra

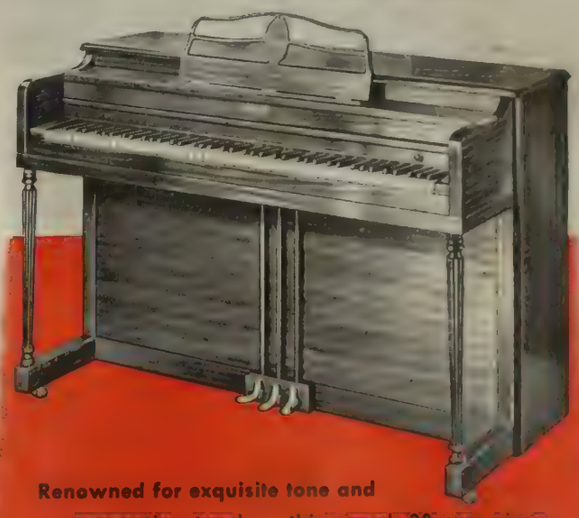
ONE

LESTER *Betsy Ross Spinet*

quality is always your best buy

Now more than ever Quality is of paramount importance in choosing a piano for your home. The Lester name is your complete assurance of musical excellence . . . decorative beauty and dependable performance.

Built by the same family since 1888 . . . quality is the keynote throughout the construction of every Lester Piano. Only the finest materials are used and expert craftsmen produce each instrument with infinite care.



Renowned for exquisite tone and responsive touch . . . this superb 88 note piano makes playing or practicing a true pleasure.

See the newest models now; your dealer will arrange terms. Look for the amazing Dampp Chaser . . . only Lester offers this moisture control feature.

Lester Pianos priced from $687.00 model pictured $729.00 f.o.b. Lester, Pa.

Guaranteed for ten years, made ONLY by the Lester Piano Manufacturing Company Inc., builders of world famous Lester Grand Pianos.

a beautiful piano with magnificent tone

mail this coupon for illustrated booklet

LESTER PIANO MANUFACTURING CO., INC., LESTER 13, PA.
Send me your 24-page illustrated book showing piano arrangement in the home. (Enclose 10c for postage.)

Name

Address

City State

sold by America's foremost piano dealers

Foreign Sales Representatives: M. A. ASTLETT & CO., 39 Broadway, New York 6, N.Y.

FOWLER

The warm, mellow tones of traditional furniture combine with the sunny yellow and grass green of the out-of-doors in a room that is at ease with living.



White paint brings out graceful lines of matching French Provincial chairs (reproductions) upholstered in a dyed green colonial embossed bedspread.

STUART



Black and white can sharpen and intensify true colors, as is shown in dining end of living room. Curtains are of eyelet embroidery, window shades of glazed green-striped chintz.

Country Home

By H. T. WILLIAMS

The living room of a country home should mellow rather than change with the years, in contrast to the city room which seems to need a restyling every so often, not to look dated. For this reason, those who live in the country often turn to traditional furniture and to color combinations which are not dependent upon the fashion whims of the moment. Such a room is the one above, the living room of a white colonial New England house.

The fabrics, all of which came to less than $1.50 a yard (except for the floral chintz on the sofa), are a feature that provides color effectiveness. The eyelet-embroidered curtains were bought in the dress-goods section of a store for $1.00 a yard in white and dyed yellow. The black-and-yellow 59c cotton material covering the tub chair by the sofa has a costly hand-blocked look. The rug was the result of a turn-in of an old broadloom in exchange for a redye job, a budget-wise consideration for anyone with worn-out broadloom carpets. A credit of $1.75 per square yard is given on your old rug toward the cost of a redyed rug which will be supplied in a choice of ten plain colors. A 9′ x 12′ rug averages $39 in cost under this arrangement.

Sleep in Beautyrest comfort...you deserve it!

Only 2¢ a night!



THE more sleep you get, the more rest you need.

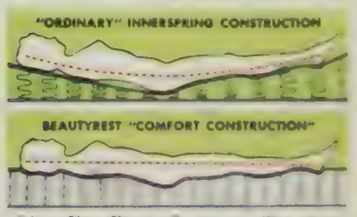
And deep, wonderful rest is exactly what you get when you buy the world-famed Beautyrest* mattress. For Beautyrest is made differently—*made better* than any other mattress. It gives you proper support for *every* part of your body.

Most everybody knows this, that's why more people buy Beautyrest than any other brand.

And Beautyrest is yours for less than 2¢ a night. The best mattress buy today. Ask your dealer about it now, during National Beautyrest Month!



Made Differently—Each of the 837 springs acts independently. Can't pull each other down, can't sag. Proof: Glass of water placed on spring won't tip when near-by spring is pushed down.



Gives You Better Support—Top chart shows "hammock-like" support of ordinary mattress. Bottom chart shows how Beautyrest gives perfect, "Level-Lock Support." No hollows.



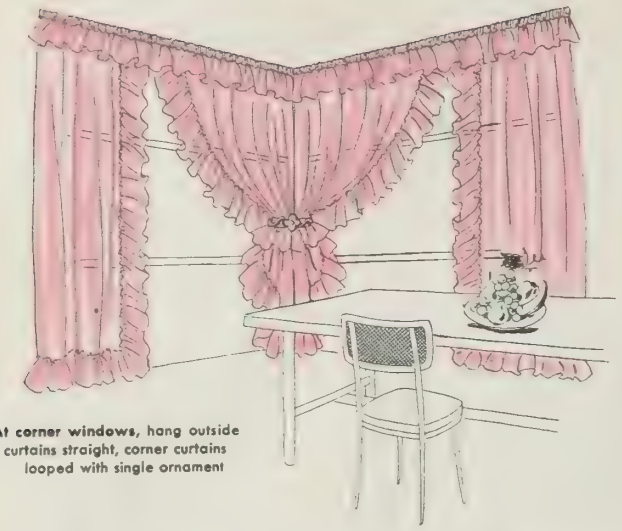
Lasts Longer—Tests made at the United States Testing Co. show Beautyrest stood 740,744 more poundings from "Torture Tester" machine. Lasts twice as long as any other mattress tested.

Only Simmons makes

Beautyrest

Also extra-firm Beautyrest for customers who like firm support. Beautyrest Box Spring Foundation. Monterey Hide-A-Bed. Ace Spring.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



At corner windows, hang outside curtains straight, corner curtains looped with single ornament

3 smart new ways to hang

Berkshire Combed Organdy Curtains

Exclusively styled in 8 exciting colors and white picked by House & Garden experts for spring

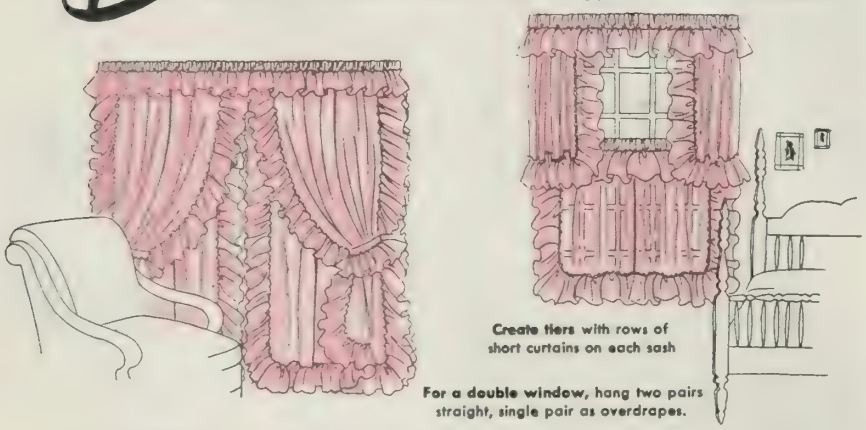
New as tomorrow — wonderful Berkshire Combed Organdies in stunning new colors selected by House & Garden's panel of experts —and now hung in exciting new ways. Whether you like them straight as a plumb line, softly tied back, or in double tiers, Berkshire Combed Organdies are always fashion-right.

These luxurious-looking curtains are woven of fine combed yarns, permanently finished for lasting crispness after washing. Every pair is full cut, with generous ruffles, extra-wide rod slots. In all popular lengths and widths.

See Berkshire's smart new colors and white organdy curtains at your favorite store or send coupon below for information.

Citron • Avocado
Carnation • Sprout
Hot Chocolate • Flame
Forest Leaf • French Blue
White

Berkshire®
FINE CURTAINS
Producers of the finest combed fabrics for apparel and home furnishings



Create tiers with rows of short curtains on each sash

For a double window, hang two pairs straight, single pair as overdrapes.

Send 10¢ for booklet, "Fashions in Windows," that will help you solve your window problems . . . also name of nearest store where you can buy Berkshire Combed Organdy Curtains in House & Garden colors and white.

BERKSHIRE CURTAINS, Dept. LH-5, Madison Sq. Sta.
Box No. 159, New York 10, N. Y.
I enclose 10¢. Please send me a copy of "Fashions in Windows" and name of nearest store selling Berkshire Organdies in House & Garden colors and white.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
ATTACHMENT OF A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

MOTHER IS A SCHIZ

(Continued from Page 53)

the basement. Mrs. Masterson quit the first of the month to go help her daughter have a baby, and mother's been working much too hard since then. And oh, yes," he added, "Virginia's teacher is very concerned about her lack of interest in group games and thinks she needs a thorough going over by a child specialist."

Polly saw her opening. "Dad, I think you should just insist that she come down for As You Like It. Think of what a thrill it would be for her."

Mr. Murdock nodded. "You may have something there, honey. Let's just nurse it along and see what happens."

Mrs. Murdock was basting a chicken when Polly and her father entered the kitchen.

"Darling, how's your poor head?" Polly hugged her mother. "I was sure you'd be in bed. I was worried."

Her mother kissed her. "Oh, it's there all right. The headache, I mean. Just a little curtain of aspirin in front of it." She put the chicken back in the oven, then turned to survey Polly. "My little girl, getting so wise and pretty." She looked her over admiringly; then her face clouded. "Polly dear, that blouse looks grimy. It's cotton, you know. And a little bit of bleach never hurt cotton. Put in about a quarter of a cup next time you run a load of cottons in the washer. Wash it with your towels. Be sure to keep the rayons away from it, though."

Polly sighed. The woman was obsessional! But immediately her irritation turned to pity. Her mother was mentally ill, and anyone who knows anything at all about psychology knows that mental illness deserves every bit as much pity and consideration as gallstones or varicose veins.

"Now don't you fret, dear. I'll bleach the blouse soon as I get back to the dorm. . . . And now you do something for me. Run right upstairs and take a lovely tepid bath and let me get the dinner on."

"Why, Polly, how sweet," Mrs. Murdock said. "But I'd really rather you get yourself washed up. Dinner's almost on, and you and John can help with dishes later."

Since "getting dinner on" had always seemed like much too complicated and baffling an operation for her even to attempt, Polly quickly agreed to her mother's suggestion and retired to her bedroom with her suitcase.

Half an hour later she arrived at the dinner table in a cloud of Chanson's Rapport and her favorite red slack suit. In her shower, she had resolved to make this week end as pleasant as possible for her poor mother; and in line with her resolution, she paused in the doorway of the dining room and said:

"What a lovely picture you all make! Let's do have candles tonight."

John and Arthur, her brothers, looked up, sneered and returned to their plates. Virginia, her sister, and Virginia's pesty little guest, Tootsie Horner, giggled.

Mr. Murdock said pointedly, "We're too far along in the meal, now, to drag out candles." And Mrs. Murdock said, "Sit down, dear. We'll have candles tomorrow night. . . . Paul, you saved the livers for Polly. I hope you did. . . . That red's very good on you, dear. I think red would have been better than pale blue for the sweater."

"Mother," Polly said crossly, "you forgot, evidently, why I wanted pale blue. It's the Zeta sweetheart's color." Then remembering her resolution once more, she added quickly, "Mom, I'm not planning a thing for the week end. I'm getting a little fed up with the life I lead. I'm just going to stay around and soak up home."

Mr. and Mrs. Murdock glanced briefly at each other, and Polly thought she saw a hint of apprehension in her mother's eyes. But the next instant, when her mother said, "That's nice, dear. We'll have a good old-fashioned talk," she knew the look must have meant something else.

It was fully five minutes later that the meaning of the look became clear to her: her mother was simply bursting to talk. How stupid, what a novice she was not to have realized immediately! Talk, talk, the penicillin of mental illness! She would draw her out, let her talk, relieve the tension, at least temporarily. Of course she could not hope to touch the basic problem—that must be left to more competent hands.

After dinner, Mr. Murdock drove Virginia and Tootsie to the first show at the

(Continued on Page 100)



LEONA COATES

Mesa, Arizona

YOU will find our latest Undiscovered American Beauty working behind the counter in Mangum's Bakery in Mesa, Arizona—that is, you'll find her there if you come after school hours or on Saturday. For Leona Coates, our May cover girl, is working her way through college.

Now a freshman at Arizona State, "Lee" was born in Silver City, New Mexico, and moved to Mesa when ten. Her mother died when she was very young and their grandmother has raised Lee and her two brothers.

Despite outside work, Lee finished in the top tenth of her high-school class, won prizes in six local beauty contests, and managed to make more than half of her own clothes. She plays the organ for her church (Mormon) and takes voice lessons as well.

Lee is studying to be a schoolteacher—if she doesn't get married first.

NEW "Twin Beauties"

by KROEHLER



"Twin Beauties" make perfect TV viewing...

and will add new joy to any living room. These modern, serpentine styles are the newest Kroehler creations. See them now at your Authorized Kroehler Dealer in luxurious fabrics and radiant, new, decorator colors. Choose Kroehler Cushionized* Furniture for lasting beauty, extra comfort, longer wear.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





The "Twin Beauties" make charming companions for your TV



KROEHLER Furniture

(Buy KRAFT-EEZ)

WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER

General Offices: Chicago 11, Illinois. In Canada: Stratford, Ont.

the invisible "it"—Fit in

America's Smartest Walking Shoes

* FASHION you can see!

* COMFORT you can feel!

* PRICES you can pay!



Some ENNA JETTICK Styles are made in sizes 1 to 12
Widths AAAAA to EEE

$9.95 to $12.95

ENNA JETTICK SHOES, INC.
AUBURN, N. Y.

THOSE COMFORTABLE

Enna Jettick's

America's Smartest Walking Shoes

®

(Continued from Page 98)

Rialto. John and Arthur disappeared into thin air somewhere. Mrs. Murdock began scraping the plates, and Polly, as she ambled from dining room to kitchen and back again, began talking.

"Mother, do you ever feel like two people?"

Mrs. Murdock smiled. "I think it would come in very handy being two people in my case."

"No, I mean really. Do you ever have the sensation of being two people? Or even more, for that matter?"

Mrs. Murdock glanced curiously at her daughter. "Why, I think we all do, dear, at one time or another." She chuckled. "I'll tell you what I used to do. A silly game I used to play. Baffling salesgirls. Say for instance I had to buy some shoes. I remember one time I wanted some white nurse's shoes to wear around the house. So I pretended I was a nurse. Oh, I didn't come right out and say I was a nurse. I just let a few hints drop and the salesgirl assumed I was. I don't know why I got a kick out of it. It just felt pleasant, I guess, to have someone thinking I was something I wasn't." Mrs. Murdock suddenly looked slightly embarrassed. "Is that the sort of thing you mean?"

"Yes . . . yes, I guess it is."

"Why, Polly, angel, I had no idea your mind worked that way too."

Polly, her worst fears confirmed, said nothing.

"I'll tell you something else I do along that line," Mrs. Murdock continued. "I carry around all sorts of change in my purse so I can give even money when I buy something. It always seems to me it doesn't cost so much if you have just the right change. It's really rather terrifying to me to break a five-dollar bill to get thirty-nine cents. Do you ever feel that way?"

"No."

"I suppose your psychology professor—what's his name? Anderson? Sanderson?—I suppose he'd call that an obsession, wouldn't he? But it doesn't harm a soul as far as I can see. Just makes life a little more interesting." And then she added, more to herself than to Polly, "And goodness knows when you're forty-three and you're still waiting for a chance to sit down and think a thought all the way through, every little bit of interest helps."

THERE she was, slipping into her morose mood again. It was a typical picture, all right: the flight of ideas, the dissociation, the obsessional quality of her actions, the fluctuation of mood, even impairment of the intellect, as witness her statement at dinner that she could not remember whether or not she had read Return of the Native. Polly sighed.

Her mother looked at her intently. "What's the matter, pet? Something bothering you?"

"No, mother. Not a thing."

"You seem awfully depressed this week end. Is it anything I can help with?"

The tension she was under and the sweet concern in her mother's voice combined to make Polly's lip tremble. But she managed to turn her face away on a pretext of putting the butter in the refrigerator, and she said in a fairly normal voice, "No, darling. It's really nothing. Please don't worry about *me*." And then, as her lip became relaxed again, she added in a bright voice, "I really want you to come up for the play in the worst way."

"I'd love to, Polly, but I don't see just how. But maybe I could see if . . . oh, well, let's think about it. . . . Talk to dad."

Polly went to bed early that night. But at twelve-thirty she was still awake, and because her stomach was beginning to grumble with hunger, she got up and started downstairs. On her way past the study, she heard her mother's voice:

"But Paul, what if she's in serious trouble?"

And her father's voice answered, "Sarah, forget it. It's glands or a phase or something similar, you can bet."

What if she's in serious trouble? Polly repeated to herself with bitter mockery. Her hunger suddenly gone, Polly tiptoed back upstairs.

At breakfast the next morning, Mrs. Murdock poured a cup of coffee for her husband. Then she said, "Well, I dreamed another one for my collection."

Polly looked up suspiciously. "What collection, mother?"

"Your mother has been coining the most magnificent slogans in her dreams lately. Let's hear the current one."

"WELL, I dreamed I was talking to Polly and the poor child's face was suddenly covered with pimples. 'Whatever in the world?' I said. And she replied, 'Too much Keats, mother dear.'"

Mr. Murdock laughed uproariously, and when his laughter had subsided he said, "I still like your first one best, though. 'Bow-wow on all dogs.'" He went off into another fit of laughter. "It's profound. The most profound thing I've ever heard."

Polly shivered. "*Bow-wow on all dogs.*" "*Too much Keats.*" Typical schizophrenic speech. It was the last straw. If only next week end weren't too late!

"Well, don't you think it's funny, Polly?" her father asked.

Polly nodded soberly. "What do you suppose it means?" she asked.

"Why, darling, it's perfectly simple. It doesn't take Freud to figure that one out. Keats . . . Shakespeare . . . As You Like It. . . . And you, my child, are a nervous wreck! Dad and I decided last night this acting business had better stop right after this play. You just can't stand the gaff."

Polly was so outraged at the sudden attack that her resolution to be kind and understanding deserted her completely. Of all the unfair, typical, nonsensical ——

But her father was speaking: "You may not have the constitution for an actress."

Polly pushed her chair away from the table. "You're acting like a couple of old—old fuddie-duds," she cried. "Do you think I'd be happy leading some kind of mundane life? I suppose I should major in math or—or—get eight hours' sleep every night or something."

Mr. Murdock spoke again: "Now just sit down and calm down. Nobody wants you to major in math. But you're obviously worn out. You can't do everything, Polly. You might as well learn that early in life. And let me tell you another thing, young lady, your health is something you don't treat lightly. Eight hours' sleep is a whale of a lot more important than all this soda drinking and jim-jam-jive stuff."

Polly's flesh crawled. Jim-jam jive! Why not add foo-doo-de-oo-doo and a razzmatazz while he was at it! "I'm not going to have mother coming up there, snooping around and straightening out my dresser drawers and acting like I was a child."

"Why, Polly," Mrs. Murdock said, "I thought you wanted me to come up for the play."

"I did," Polly mumbled.

"Well, what in the world has happened to change your mind? I don't want to snoop on you, dear. That's the farthest thing from my mind. My goodness, if I can't trust my own daughter ——"

"I do want you to come. Only not with dad's attitude."

"I don't have any attitude. I was just suggesting that you get a little more sleep and improve your disposition."

"You said I couldn't be in any more plays."

"Now let's just table that motion for the time being. You can't decide everything on the spot." He pushed his chair away from the table. "Sarah, did you get those nuts? I'll fix Virginia's bicycle."

"Yes, they're in the second drawer in the kitchen." Then the faraway look that Polly

(Continued on Page 102)

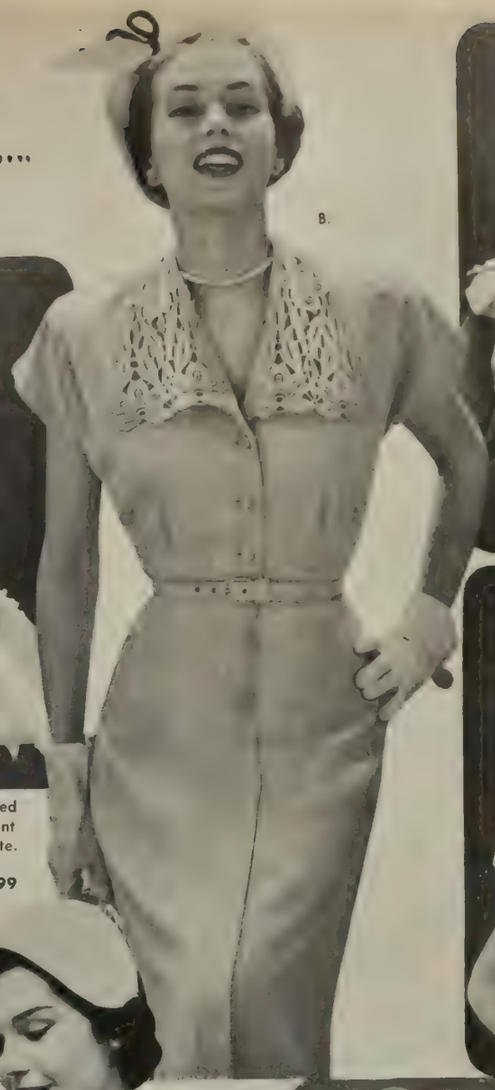
We do not want war; nobody in the world wants war; but some of us do want the things we can't have without war. —LINCOLN STEFFENS: The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens (Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.).

Millers

fashion selections for you...



A. ENCHANTING NINON SHEER BLOUSE with delicate braid trim on full push-up sleeves and collar. Pearly buttons. White, pink, maize, aqua. Sizes 32 to 38.... $2.99



B. FEATHERWEIGHT fabric. Self-dyed lace collar, flange shoulders, fly front effect. Aqua, gold, pink, natural, white. Sizes 16½ to 24½, 14 to 20.

WASHABLE $8.99







C. SMART WAFFLE PIQUÉ BLOUSE . . . weskit type front . . . Rhinestone stud buttons. White only. Sizes 32 to 38. ..... $2.99

D. DOTTED NINON SHEER with accents of white piqué on scalloped yoke, collar and sleeves. White, pink, maize, blue. Sizes 32 to 38. $1.99

E. PICOLAY BLOUSE with contrasting appliqued flower. Self-covered buttons. White, pink, maize, blue. Sizes 32 to 38. ..... $2.99

F. COOL LINEN-TYPE WAVE STRIPE DRESS with contrasting trim. White with navy, white with red, white with brown, white with green. Sizes 9 to 15, 10 to 16. $8.99

G. COTTON BROADCLOTH DRESS. *Sanforized and vat-dyed.* White piqué trim. Navy, Kelly green, pink, lilac. Sizes 9 to 15. $5.99

At MILLERS stores throughout the country or ORDER BY MAIL

Millers Dept. 333, 505 - 8th Ave., N. Y. 18, N. Y.

Please send me the following fashions. Add 21c for postage and handling on each item.

Style	Size	Color	2nd Choice

☐ Summer Fashion Book . . . Send 10c in coin or stamps.

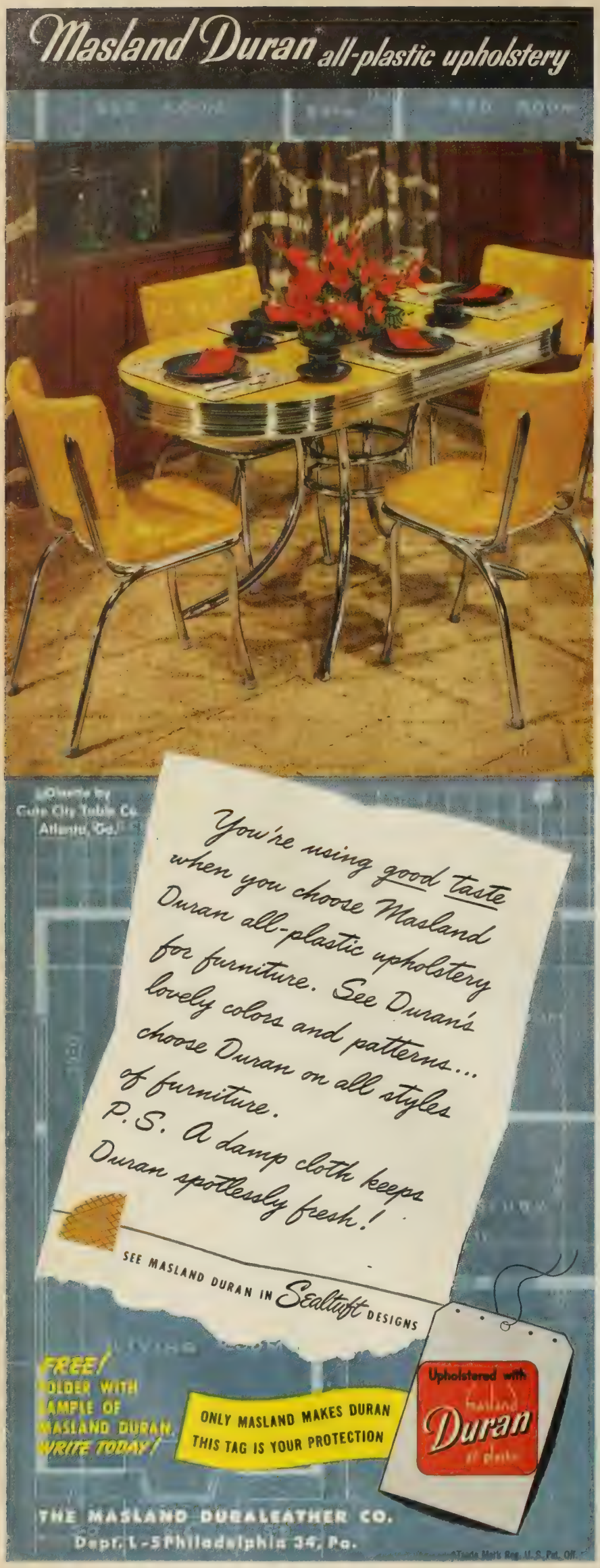
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

☐ Money Order ☐ Check ☐ C.O.D.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED



(Continued from Page 100)

had come to dread clouded her mother's eyes. "Nuts," she said. "Nuts, yes. Polly, those brownies: were they all crushed when they arrived?"

During the remainder of that long and limping Sunday, Polly managed to convince her mother that she did, indeed, want her to come up for the play, that it was dad and his stupid generalizations that had set her off, that perhaps she was tired, and that maybe she really ought to try reorganizing her life.

It wasn't until she boarded the train at four in the afternoon and had a chance to sit down and relax that she realized her week end had been successful. She had accomplished her purpose. Her mother would arrive next Friday afternoon, and with judicious handling the whole miserable affair should be settled by this time next week. She pressed her forehead against the grimy windowpane and suddenly realized that she had left her plaid circular skirt over the back of the chair in her bedroom, and that she had forgotten to mention the hem to her mother.

The next day Polly decided to approach Doctor Sanders in a very frank and direct way with her problem.

"Doctor Sanders," she said, as she closed his office door behind her and crossed the room with what she knew to be the grace and poise of a mature and levelheaded young woman. "Doctor Sanders, I have had a problem which has been bothering me now for some time and which, it occurred to me, you might be able to help me with." The poor construction of the sentence disturbed her, but her voice *did* sound smooth.

Doctor Sanders turned in his chair. He was a man in his early forties, medium-sized, with thinning brown hair, lively blue eyes, brown shell-rimmed glasses, a pipe, and chalk marks on the sleeve of his nondescript sports jacket. "Sit down, Polly," he said. "Be glad to help you if I can. What's the trouble?"

"Doctor Sanders, I'm terribly worried. I hate to state the matter so baldly, but—well, I'm afraid my mother is schizophrenic." Then Polly went on to describe the case in detail while Doctor Sanders stared at a crack in the ceiling and puffed on his pipe, rekindling it occasionally with large wooden matches which he scratched on his shoe.

"And the tragedy of it is," Polly concluded her summary, "she used to be a brilliant woman." She sighed, smoothed her black bangs and looked expectantly at Doctor Sanders. As he still continued to sit in silence, puffing on his pipe, she added, "Do you know, she doesn't have the faintest idea who the Secretary of Agriculture is?"

Then Doctor Sanders spoke: "Polly, I think you've made a rather hasty diagnosis. Remember what I said to the class at the beginning of the semester? You'll see yourself, your friends and your family in every single behavior disorder we talk about? Remember that?"

"Of course I do, Doctor Sanders. And I gave considerable thought to the matter before I decided to approach you. Oh, I could tell you so much more about mother." She shuddered. "Do you know what else she said one time? She said that her arms got in her way when she was trying to go to sleep, and that she thought all insomnia could be cured if only people could take off their arms at night, along with their shoes."

Doctor Sanders laughed. "Well now, Polly, I think that's the most revolutionary idea since the invention of phenobarbital." He stood up and patted Polly's shoulder reassuringly. "I wouldn't worry about it, Polly. Normality covers quite a lot of territory, you know."

Polly frowned. "Oh, I just haven't got across to you what I mean," she said. "Doctor Sanders, could you, would you consent to see her? She's coming down for the play next week end. Even if *you* don't think there's anything wrong with her, *I'm* sure there is. It might not be pure schizophrenia, Doctor Sanders, but I'm sure it's something."

"Why, of course," he replied. "I'd like very much to meet your mother." He sat down again and turned several pages on his calendar. "Do you want to drop in after class on Saturday morning? Or shall we make a special appointment?"

"A special appointment, please, if it's not imposing on you. I mean, if it's not too much ——"

"Of course not. What about two o'clock Saturday afternoon?"

"That's fine. I'm sure you'll be able to tell a little bit more about her when you meet her."

"I'm sure I will," he said. And with that, Polly left the office.

Polly awoke on the following Friday morning with a splitting headache. She sat up with great effort, and immediately the room turned upside down and went careening off into space. She lay down again, and the bed felt as if it were floating in a brisk breeze.

"Beth," she called. "I'm sick."

Beth hopped out of bed. "Where?"

"All over," she wailed. "I'm afraid I'm going to vomit. Get me something. Quick!"

Beth ran for a basin, but by the time she returned the feeling had passed, and Polly was sobbing quietly.

"Oh, my head aches. I'm dizzy. Oh, Beth, what'll I do? With mamma coming and dress rehearsal tonight. The most important week end of my life!"

Beth thought a minute. "Darling, it's psychosomatic. It's violent stage fright. Your emotions have taken over your body. Now just tell yourself that, and you'll be all right in a few minutes."

Polly lay quiet for several minutes. Then she said in a muffled voice, "It's not. Maybe I'm getting polio."

"Nonsense. It's too late in the season."

"Beth, it's not psychosomatic. It's ——" She sat up quickly and reached for the basin.

When the crisis had passed, Beth said, "Polly, what good does your training do you if you can't apply the concepts to yourself? Now just lie there and tell yourself over and over, 'I'm not sick, I'm scared. I'm not sick, I'm scared.'"

"That's Christian Science."

Beth sighed disgustedly. "I'll go get you some soda and aspirin," she said, and left the room with an exasperated shrug.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Some Fables Aesop Missed

By Norman R. Jaffray

A wife, confronted with the girl
Her husband used to give a whirl,
Informed him, later on that night:
"You picked a dreamboat there, all right!"

A girl imparted to her friend
Some news that stood her hair on end.
"Don't breathe a word," she warned, "whatever!"
The other's lips were sealed forever.

The brand-new papa gravely smiled
When complimented on his child.
"What makes you think she's cute?" said he;
"They all look much the same to me."

Two women with the selfsame hat
Met at a party they were at
And laughed, and had a friendly chat.
. . . No, Aesop wouldn't stoop to that.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

STOP MOTH DAMAGE



"So convenient and easy to use"

One application of Bridgeport* MOTH PROOFER protects woolen garments for a Full Year!

…e for a whole year—One spray …plication protects woolen gar…nts from costly moth damage … 12 months.

…s—Flying moths, moth larvae, …d eggs are killed on contact with …ated fabric.

…es money, too—No wrapping, … crystals needed. You can pro…t an average suit or dress for …s than one penny a week!

…RGE 12-OZ. …ONOMY SIZE …NTAINER …ILY **$1.89**

…rocery, drug, …lware and …artment …es.

*Trade Mark



…aranteed by … Housekeeping …E ADVERTISED THEREIN …RT OR REFUND OF MONEY

BRIDGEPORT 12-OZ. AER•A•SOL* INSECTICIDE

Kills flies, mosquitoes, many other insects quickly and easily. Safe, effective, economical. $1.59.

…IDGEPORT BRASS COMPANY
Bridgeport 2, Conn.
…d's Leading Producer of Aer•a•sol Products

By noon, Polly felt no better. Beth brought her some tea and soda crackers and an ice bag for her head.

"You better tell them at the Health Service," Polly said weakly.

"I'll do no such thing," Beth replied. "They'll clap you in for twenty-four hours' observation. You know that as well as I do. And then where will you be? I'll tell you where: right in the gloomy old infirmary while Edith Corcoran smiles and bows with her arms full of *your* roses. What a trouper you are! Now if you'd only quit being so neurotic and do what I suggested, you'd be O.K. in no time."

Polly started to cry again. "What'll I do about mamma? Beth, call her and tell her not to come. There's no point."

Beth shook her head firmly. "I refuse to accept your symptoms, Polly. I'll meet your mother's train. You'd never forgive me if I let you back out of all this." She picked up her books. "If you want anything, Sally's next door all afternoon, she says."

Polly was dozing when Mrs. Murdock entered her room at four o'clock that afternoon. She jumped violently and sat up as her mother closed the door.

"Why, Polly, honey, this will never do," her mother said. She crossed the room and felt Polly's forehead. "You aren't feverish. How do you feel now, dear?"

"Awful. Just terrible. It's my stomach and my head. . . . Oh, mamma, what'll I do about the play?"

Mrs. Murdock stroked her forehead. "You'll be in it, of course, dear. This is just from excitement, I'm sure." She reached for her shopping bag. "Look, I brought some ginger ale. Best thing for a queasy stomach." She extracted a carton from the bag. "And some ice to make it taste just right." And yet another bottle. "And some witch hazel. I'll give you a nice old-fashioned back rub."

Polly felt the tears welling up in her chest and throat and stinging behind her eyes. If only her mother were what she seemed! If only she were the woman she was a year ago: funny and gay, kind and understanding, with the most comforting hands and eyes of anyone anyplace! Mamma, who had always made everything all right, to be rendered powerless, suddenly, by a misfortune too awful even to contemplate any longer! Why, oh why, must it always strike the very best people, the most useful, the most loved?

"Here, pet, turn over and I'll rub your back. You'll see. It'll make your stomach and head feel fine." Polly turned over obediently and buried her face in the pillow. Her mother's hands were cool and strong. "I remember once I had an experience almost like this." Her mother's voice moved rhythmically with her hands. "It was when you were—oh, about eight, I guess. Arthur was just a baby. Well, I was to give this paper at our study group. I even remember the title: The Origins of the Republican Party. The husbands were to be there that night too. All in all, I suppose there were over fifty in the audience. . . . Anyhow, I'd been having such a time with you kids. That was the summer you broke your collarbone. Arthur was teething, I remember." She sighed. "He always had such a time with every tooth he got. Poor little fellow. And John, John was just in one of those ages. It was always something with John. It still is. . . . Anyhow, come the day of my speech and my throat was so sore I couldn't talk. It felt just as if someone were strangling me. I knew, of course, I just couldn't appear that night. And yet what? What on earth? I tell you I was certainly in a stew. Cried on and off all day, right along with Arthur. Well, your father came home early that night. And what a lamb he was. He rubbed my back, and he fixed me a nice hot toddy. And he took me out for dinner, and we had the nicest talk. He told me it was all my imagination. Which, of course, it was. Well, after that treatment, I got up there big as you please and read the paper without so much as a misplaced semicolon." Mrs. Murdock gave a final pat to her daughter's back. "And now for the ginger ale." She stood up.

(Continued on Page 105)



NO USE TALKING every woman KNOWS

the beauty-making magic of curtains in crisp HATHAWAY DOTS (above)…that lend a special twinkle to every room, look so enchantingly delicate. In perfect taste, yet priced to please any budget.

And now see HATHAWAY CRYSTALUME (below), the new, different cotton marquisette with a lovely white glow and the starched look of organdy. But no use talking, every woman knows America's favorite curtains are made of

DOTS • ORGANDY • NYLON • CRYSTALUME

HATHAWAY *Curtain Fabrics*



FREE!

Send for FREE new Decorators' Booklet containing professional ideas on: Fabric Favorites, Window Problems, Caring for Curtains, Choosing the Correct Curtain

Hathaway Mfg. Co., Dept. 5L
New Bedford, Mass.
Send Free Booklet to:
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

for Dad...for the REST of his life!

A BEAUTIFUL **Streit** SLUMBER* CHAIR



FATHER'S DAY *June 17th*

No. 192L

1871 Streit SLUMBER CHAIR 1951

THE NEW 80th ANNIVERSARY "Cincinnatian" MODEL



No. 134
The New Yorker



No. 363
The St. Augustine

YOU'VE probably said it a hundred times . . . "Nothing is too good for Dad!" This year why not prove it on Father's Day? Give him a Genuine STREIT SLUMBER* CHAIR—the most comfortable chair in the world—*for the REST of his life.*

Right now . . . today . . . while there is still time to insure Father's Day delivery, see your Streit dealer and place your order for Dad's Slumber* Chair. And while you're there, sit in the Slumber* Chair yourself and discover its super-comfort features—the thick upholstered seat-and-back that adjusts to 3 positions of comfort . . . the seat-high upholstered "slipper-compartment" footstool that rests your legs at full length . . . and the soft cushion-back that snuggles up to the crook of your neck to give you complete relaxation. *Made only by The C. F. Streit Mfg. Company, 1104 Kenner St., Cincinnati 14, O.*

3 PERMANENT POSITIONS OF COMFORT



Period Designs To Fit Any Decorative Scheme

You may have your choice of authentic period designs in all the popular fabric coverings or in Du Pont's sensationally new supported plastic, "Fabrilite" . . . in open or closed arm models . . . to harmonize with any decorative scheme. Place your order now while your dealer's selection of Slumber* Chairs is complete.



MATCHING FOOTSTOOL

Every Streit Slumber* Chair Model has a matching stool with a concealed storage compartment for slippers, books, sewing, etc.



No. 128B
The Parisian



No. 347
The Beverly

THE Streit SLUMBER* CHAIR

...sold by leading furniture and department stores from coast-to-coast

* Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 103)

Polly was choking with tears. It wasn't true! It couldn't be! The whole miserable affair was like a nightmare.

"Oh, by the way, dear: I found your plaid skirt on the chair in your room. I assumed it was the hem you wanted done." She opened her suitcase and removed the skirt. "I think this will do. I measured it against that old brown one. It seemed to me the length was good on that one."

It was at this point that Polly burst into loud sobs. She cried and cried and cried, and it felt like drinking water when you're very thirsty or lying down in cool sheets when you're very tired. *Oh, mamma, mamma,* she said to herself, *it's I, not you. It's I who am crazy and wrong. Forgive me, mamma. Forgive me.* Her mother stroked her hair, and gradually her sobs died away, and she lay still, feeling better than she had for weeks.

At six o'clock, after Polly had deposited her mother's bags in the Guest House, she said, "I'm starving all of a sudden. There'll be a crowd at the Bee Hive by now, but let's give it a try."

There was a crowd; and Polly, whose head felt a little light, did not bother to look at faces until she and her mother were safely settled in the last available booth. They ordered their dinner. Then she relaxed and turned her head to survey the crowd for familiar faces. And the first familiar faces she encountered were directly across the aisle: Doctor Sanders, his wife, and their ten-year-old son!

Polly's heart jumped. The appointment tomorrow! All the horrid possibilities of the next twenty-four hours flooded her mind at once. What would Doctor Sanders do when he met her mother tomorrow? What would he think of her as a diagnostician? A fool, a fool, she was, and Doctor Sanders would see it immediately. But worst of all, what if he should say to her, "Mrs. Murdock, your daughter told me you were schizophrenic"? Oh, no, he was much too subtle for that. But what if, in some way, she found out? Polly writhed.

"Polly," her mother said, "that man across the aisle keeps looking over here. Do you know him, dear?"

Polly feigned elaborate surprise. "Why, yes. That's Doctor Sanders, my psychology professor."

Mrs. Murdock smiled and nodded to him. Then she said, "So that's Doctor Sanders. He's a nice-looking man. I like his eyes."

"Sh-h-h, mother. He can hear you."

"Nonsense. There's so much noise in here I can hardly hear myself. . . . I wonder what the little boy is like? Does he ever mention him?"

"No. I mean, yes."

"What does he say? Does he have any trouble with him?"

"Mother, really. I don't know." Polly glanced furtively across the aisle and was relieved to see that the Sanderses had finished their dessert and were getting ready to leave. Doctor Sanders stood up, helped his wife and his son with their coats. They started up the aisle.

Why do we use x's at the end of letters to symbolize kisses? It began with the custom of using the sign of St. Andrew, or St. Andrew's cross, in pledge of good faith when signing legal documents. The emblem was named for the saint who died on an x-shaped crucifix, and a document was considered valid only after the signer affixed the mark of St. Andrew and kissed it as a guaranty of authenticity. In time the original meaning of the ceremony was forgotten, and the cross associated only with the kiss.

But just as Polly was ready to breathe freely once more, Doctor Sanders leaned into their booth on his way out. "How's the leading lady feeling tonight?"

So of course Polly had to say, "Fine but a little nervous." And after that: "Mother, I'd like you to meet Doctor Sanders, my psychology professor."

And of course Mrs. Murdock had to smile her most charming smile and say, "From what I saw of your son, Doctor Sanders, he was every bit as well behaved as any layman's son might be."

And Doctor Sanders had to thank her and say he hoped they had repressed him enough to live in contemporary society. . . . But that was all. Doctor Sanders said he hoped they would meet again before the week end was over. And Mrs. Murdock said she hoped so too. And good night, good night, good night.

Polly drank her tomato juice in one grateful gulp. Certainly he couldn't have told anything from that short exchange. It was only an extended conversation she had to fear. And that, with planning, she could prevent.

After dinner, she left her mother at the dormitory in the care of Beth McGuire. "Darling, I'll see you before midnight," she said. "I do wish Reed weren't such a stinker about visitors at rehearsals."

But Reed also believed in getting his actors to bed early the night before the show, and it was only a quarter to eleven when Polly arrived at the dormitory.

"Your mother went back to the Guest House," Beth announced. "Said she was tired and wanted a bath."

So Polly crossed the street to the Guest House. Mrs. Pierce, the attendant, stopped her. "Your mother had a taste for a cup of coffee," she said. "She just went on over to the Bee Hive."

An ominous black cloud began to form over Polly's left shoulder: Friday night . . . psychology seminar . . . "and sometimes Doctor Sanders has coffee with us in the Bee Hive afterward." She was running now. She entered the Bee Hive by the side door, in order to be able to see without being seen.

And yes, there they were: Doctor Sanders and Mrs. Murdock bent over coffee cups in one of the large, dim booths. Polly approached the booth with hesitation. Just as she was about to make her presence known, she heard Doctor Sanders say, "It's just that your daughter thinks you're schizophrenic, Mrs. Murdock." Polly turned and fled.

It was well after eleven when Polly saw Doctor Sanders and Mrs. Murdock emerge from the Bee Hive. She waited fifteen minutes more before she knocked on her mother's door.

"We've just finished rehearsal," she said with forced brightness. "How was your evening, mom?" Better to know now, better to face the music, hear the worst.

"I've had a wonderful time," her mother said. "I'll tell you what I did. Beth was chattering away, and I felt like some coffee. So I left, without hurting her feelings, of course, and went over to the Bee Hive. And who should I run into but your Doctor Sanders? We had such a nice talk."

"About what?"

"About you, mostly. Me too."

"What did he say?"

"That you're a charming child. Not that I didn't know that already, but it's nice to hear it from a psychologist."

"I'm not a child, mother."

"Oh, of course you're not. He said that too."

"Anything else?" Polly's heart was beating fast. "Mother, did he tell you about me thinking you were ——"

"Crazy? Yes. He said we're both crazy."

"Mother, he didn't!"

"But he said we'd grow out of it, dear. Isn't that nice?"

Polly was still too shocked to speak.

"It's an occupational disease with both of us."

"Occupational disease?"

"Yes. You and me. Our present occupations are both very hazardous as far as mental health goes. . . . Which reminds me: Auntie Marge said she looked high and low and simply could not locate the long gloves."

And with that she turned, removed her girdle, stretched, and smiled the most beautiful smile Polly had ever seen on a human face.

THE END



Here's Bird Carved Texture



Bird Carved Texture Rug [illegible], Bird Rug Border [illegible]



A Brand New Pattern for Lovely, low cost Floors!

Here's the rich look of expensive carpeting in luxurious subtly blended colors you'll love! It's Bird Armorlite's newest floor fashion . . . the distinctive Carved Texture pattern available in enamel-surface rugs or by the yard for wall-to-wall coverage at *low, low* cost!

Brighten your floors, lighten your work with easy-to-clean, long-wearing Bird Armorlite (on a waterproof felt base) — *more than ever, it's a wise, wonderful buy!* Be sure to see Bird Rug Border, too . . . it's inexpensive, easy to clean, and it's made in hardwood patterns that *look exactly* like polished wood floors! At floor covering, furniture, and department stores.

BIRD Rugs and Floor Coverings

Dept. CDL-5, EAST WALPOLE, MASS.

ARMORLITE · LINOLEUM
LINOLEUM TILE · RUG BORDER
RUBBERLIKE · BUNNATEX

Also Manufacturers of Bird [illegible]

The Secret of Lovelier Hair

for more than a century



Photograph by HORST.

MICHAEL OF THE WALDORF *styles the hair of* MRS. ALBERT TILT, *3rd, Greenwich, Connecticut, following a Conti Castile Shampoo.*

Beauty Authorities agree, *"Pure Castile is the best shampoo."* And, for pure castile at its finest, leading hair stylists choose Conti . . . the pure castile shampoo that contains *pure imported olive oil* for greater hair loveliness.

Thanks to its natural oils, Conti guards the health of the scalp, leaves the hair silky-soft, lustrous and perfectly conditioned to take and hold its wave.

For more than a century, lovely women have used Conti for finest hair care—first with shampoo made at home by dissolving famous Conti pure castile soap, imported since 1836—now in response to their demand, with *perfected* Conti Castile Shampoo in liquid form.

Today millions of women use Conti for their fine shampoos. Absolutely pure and mild, it has no *drying effect,* contains no mysterious or irritating ingredients, is safe for children and all the family. It does not streak or fade hair and needs no conditioning agents or after rinses.

Use Conti regularly . . . it will make your hair lovelier.

Conti Shampoo

PURE CASTILE

Now also available in Canada

NEW IDEAS FOR EASY SEWING

(Continued from Page 55)



Smocked sun dress and hat, including transfer pattern, 2692, sizes 4 to 10, 25c. Mother's, 2691, S.M., 25c.



Machine-pleats (pattern tells where to send your fabric). Both, 2696, S.M.L., 25c.



Child's striped peignoir with eyelet, 2694 one size, 15c. Mother's, 2693, one size, 15c.



Border organdy skirt, circle-printed skirt, one blouse, 2697, S. M. L., 15c.



Dirndl skirts with blouse and halter, both using elasticized fabric, 2698, S.M.L., 25c.



Man's shirt, three rickrack designs. Broomstick skirt variations, 2695, 15c.

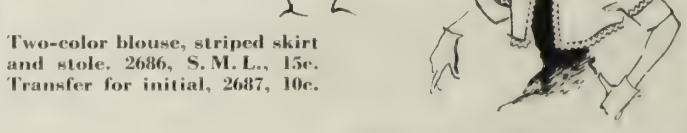


Piqué hat and cape with novelty braid trim on both, 2688, 15c.





Gingham beret and scarf, jet trim. 2690, 15c. Gloves match. 2223, 15c.



Two-color blouse, striped skirt and stole. 2686, S. M. L., 15c. Transfer for initial, 2687, 10c.

Bolero with wide rickrack trim, matching beret, 2689, S.M.L., 15c.

Turn to Page 24 for order coupon. Also see complete alphabet transfer, Page 165. Be sure to mention sizes when ordering! Small — 10 to 12; Medium — 14 to 16; Large — 18 to 20.



... her Wish come true

... Lohengrin and lace—and a dowry of breathtakingly beautiful Wallace Sterling. At last, she can hold the silver of her dreams—treasure it always, as it glows exquisitely in full-formed "Third Dimension Beauty."



Famed designer, William S. Warren, created these exquisite patterns in full-formed sculpture. Each design is lovely from every view—not only in front, but in profile and back as well. Only Wallace Sterling Silver has "Third Dimension Beauty." Six piece place settings from $32.50 to $43.50 including tax.

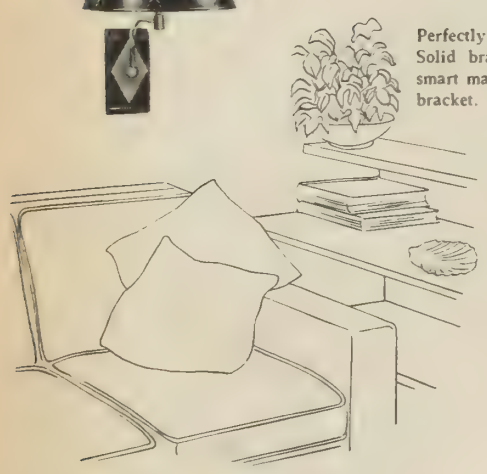
WALLACE SILVERSMITHS, WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT ... *Since 1835* ... WALLACE SILVERSMITHS, TORONTO, CANADA

VALUES *so eloquent*

LAMPS and SHADES by Verplex

How right they are — winsome,
modish gems of decor to
smarten your every room.

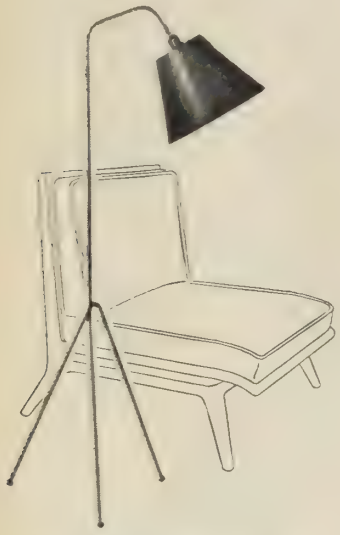




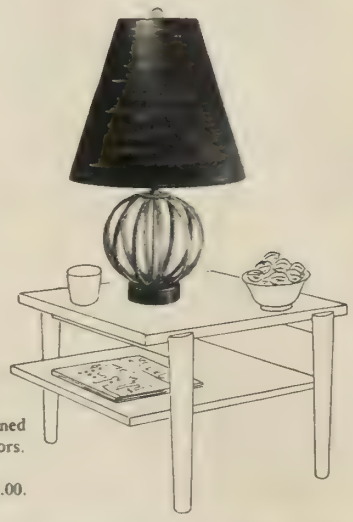
Perfectly placed on pleasing walls. Solid brass arm accented against smart matching colors in shade and bracket. Approximately $10.00



Planter lamp in graceful wrought iron. Antiqued white or verdi green. Complete with two matching flower pots. Approximately $15.00.



So rightly modern — bridge lamp tastefully styled. Selection of matching decorator colors in shade and stand. Approximately $11.00.



Wrought iron featured and fashioned to compliment welcoming interiors. Red, chartreuse on black base. Approximately $25.00.

TEMPTINGLY PRICED AT LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES—
AND WHEREVER BETTER LAMPS AND SHADES ARE SOLD



THE Verplex COMPANY

at Essex Connecticut



By HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

HERE is a charming memory quilt made of individually designed squares, each embroidered and autographed by a friend. These gay little pictures will for years to come be happy reminders of those who helped you make it.

First, decide the size of the quilt you want to make. Then see how it divides into blocks by inches, allowing for the border. Ten or twelve inches is a good size for each square, but when you cut the material to distribute to your friends, allow extra, for ease in handling or inserting into a frame. Plain washable gingham is the most satisfactory material to use for both the squares and the joining pieces. White or cream for the blocks, a flower color for the joining strips and border.

Let the imagination of your friends have full play in designing and embroidering their individual blocks. Good themes are hobbies, pictured reminders of happy times shared, humorous incidents, messages of friendship, and little maps or pictures. Each square is signed with the maker's name, date and town, embroidered in. Each friend will no doubt prefer to use the stitches she does best—cross stitch, outline, satin stitch or appliqué—all done in mercerized cotton.

Use your Friendship Quilt as the main decoration theme in your guest room, planning beforehand colors that will make a scheme.



Each square of a Friendship Quilt is designed and embroidered by a different person, a happy reminder of treasured memories and experiences shared.



FOWLER

"The Most Fashionable Fan in America"



The Genuine Vornado
WORLD'S FINEST AIR CIRCULATORS
DARED TO BE Exclusively Original!

In modernistic beauty — in outstanding performance — in greater cooling comfort, Vornado is exclusively different!

Twin injector cones, deep-pitched blades, beautifully designed cowling — all combine to give you superior cooling comfort, and add beauty to your room.

Vornado's exclusive features give you *complete* room circulation with a gentle, swirling air movement, that cools ALL the room. Ask your dealer for a demonstration.

Vornado must be good to be imitated!

The Genuine Vornado
WORLD'S FINEST AIR CIRCULATORS



A PRODUCT OF THE O. A. SUTTON CORPORATION . . . WICHITA, KANSAS

Introducing...

Springcale COMBED PERCALE SHEETS

Here's real news in sheets
from the world's largest and most
modern bleachery.
It's SPRINGMAID'S new FINE
COMBED PERCALE SHEET
...SPRINGCALE
...a superb sheet combining
the finest qualities of percale with
outstanding wearability.
These sheets bear the famous
SPRINGMAID® label.
Ask for them by name:
SPRINGCALE SHEETS
Two to a package,
handy to store, ready to use.







The Springs Cotton Mills

Lancaster, South Carolina

Look for Springmaid® Sanforized cotton Broadcloths—Kerland® and Marsheen — by the yard at your favorite piece goods counter. The famous SPRINGMAID sport shirt, with 12 of the Springmaid girls in full color on white background, $2.75. Sizes: small, medium, large, extra large. New edition of Elliott Springs' book, CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN, *$1.00. See your dealer or write* L-1, *The Springs Cotton Mills, Lancaster, South Carolina.*

SMALL-TOWN AFFAIR

(Continued from Page 40)

hree quiet rooms upstairs, sealed in —why, they were like a sanctuary nd of the day. It frightened her to f leaving them for the McFarland ith all its bustle and confusion.

don't think so, Emma," she said. d went out to Emma's arm. "I'm so nicely upstairs, and it's so con- You understand, don't you?"

after Emma, her face clouded with intment, had left, Julie felt troubled. *I should have considered it,* she ; *I really ought to mix more with ike she said.* When her friend Dorothy n single, it had been so different— d taken walks, gone to the movies , visited Dorothy's collection of married cousins. But now Dorothy ried, too, and gone to another town. nehow, lately, Julie had been spend- e and more time alone.

ooked down at her watch. One o'clock. she had eggs upstairs in her flat, but decided to go out for lunch. She put k sign in the door, locked up and down the street to Sampson's Drug- nd Luncheonette. And the moment ered and looked at the soda fountain, uld feel her heart beating faster. she thought. *I knew something was happen today!* Sitting next to the npty stool in the whole row was Smith.

noved rather hesitantly toward him. h the sense of excitement was pleas- nside her, she was a little afraid too. e he thought that she was trying to p to him if she sat y his side like that? se it was the only seat, but still — dged herself in and vn, her mouth dry. immediately, his rned. "Hi, Julie," d, swallowing a f pie. He was a rather tall, pleasant- oung man with sandy-colored hair and grin. His father owned The Wonder n Broadway, but everybody in town at Gordon was a chip off the old nd that he was going places, all right; a born merchant.

llo, Gordon," she said. "How are The fountain girl had put a glass of before her and now she clasped it with her fingers. "How are things in re?"

tty good." He was looking down at te. "We're getting set for our an- ry sale. It's a lot of work."

an imagine."

lifted the glass and took two sips of although she wasn't thirsty. In the she saw the two of them and she t they looked nice together. Suddenly ole scene took on a rather gay air—the hind the fountain calling out orders rting back and forth, the whir of the ng door, the feeling of bustling activ- nd in the midst of it all, they sat er to shoulder, enclosed in a little har- ozy intimacy. Maybe at any moment uld turn and see her suddenly in a dif- way; maybe he would say, "Look, -why haven't we ever gotten together vening?" The very thought made her ner eyes, made her feel warm and full.

elt a movement and looked up side- He was rising, picking up his check. ng, Julie," he said. He grinned his grin. "See you around."

e you," she said. She pulled up her gave it a lift. "So long, Gordon."

after he was gone, she sat motionless ew seconds, looking down at the glass fingers. Then her eyes rose to meet flection in the mirror. Her face seemed small; it had a smooth, sealed look. stared, unable to take her eyes away, gan to get a queer feeling. *That's me,* ought, *Julia Anne Carter, twenty-five old—I am inside that head, that body.*

"What'll it be?" The girl behind the counter was looking at her.

"H-ham on rye," Julie stammered. "Coffee, Mamie."

And suddenly, as the girl moved away, everything dropped into its proper place again. She was relieved, so relieved that she felt sheepish. Now, when she looked into the mirror again, she saw only her familiar reflection and nothing else—a rather slight, nicely made girl with yellow hair and good features.

SHE thought, *I have a neatish face.* But it was funny how she could look almost beautiful sometimes—like at night, for instance, when her hand lifted to turn out the light over the bureau just before getting into bed. Then, with her hair loose and soft around her face and her skin flushed from the hot bath, she would sometimes pause and stare in a kind of wonder. But during the daytime, she never caught herself looking like that; she only seemed the way she was now—like a neatly wrapped parcel that bore no sign of what might be inside.

Her mind went back to Gordon Smith and she sighed. *I wish,* she thought, *that I'd worn my green blouse today.*

It was only a few days after that when she was sitting in the shop, reading in the rather battered wicker chair. It was a cold, leaden day and the radiator hissed loudly in the corner, so loudly that when the door opened she hardly heard it. Absorbed, she turned a page, but a slight movement made her look up. Her whole body jerked convulsively. A man was standing directly in front of her. He was so tall, so big that he seemed to take up the entire width of the shop.

"Do you always jump like that?" he said. "Or don't you expect customers?"

Julie scrambled to her feet, color flaring in her face. "Y-you scared me," she said. "I didn't hear you come in."

He was leaning against the greeting-card counter, his hands bunched inside the pockets of his coat. He wore no hat and his thick dark hair had been blown by the wind. Looking at him, Julie thought he was the handsomest man she had ever seen.

He grunted, his eyes on her. "You scare easy," he said. His gaze moved to the shelf of books. "I'd like to rent a book. A mystery. Something that will make me forget a lumpy mattress. You ever stay at the Hotel Excelsior?"

Julie swallowed. "No," she said.

"Don't." He yawned. "You haven't missed anything except the view. They say that on a clear day you can see the bureau."

Julie laughed suddenly in the pretty, childish way she had, the clear tones falling in a bright shower around her. When she stopped, she saw that he was staring at her.

"You ought to do that more often," he said. "You look very pretty when you laugh."

She stood motionless, feeling her face grow hot. There was something different in the room, she could feel it—a quickening, as if a pulse beat faster. "I—I'll show you what we have," she said.

He chose a book after only slight deliberation. "This one," he said, after he had riffled through one of them. "There's a dead blonde on the very first page." He turned his head and grinned at her. "Nothing like a dead blonde to start things off."

"I should think a live one would be even better." The color deepened in her face, but she felt pleased, a little surprised at herself.

He looked surprised, too, before he laughed. "I guess you're right at that. But I'll settle for a dead one this trip." He tucked the book under his arm. "If you want to put down things on a card, the name is Bruce Sabin and—as you may have gathered— I'm staying at the Excelsior."

One thing that puzzles every married man is why every bachelor isn't rich.
—WILLIAM FEATHER.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN JUST SITTING—AND RELAXING—IS THE CONTOUR CHAIR-LOUNGE



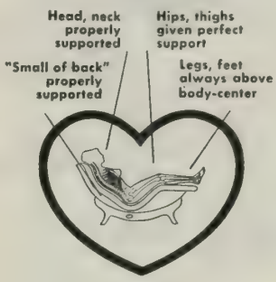
This is the famous relaxing miracle, the Contour Chair-Lounge. The first new idea in chairs in 300 years . . . the most wanted chair in America today.

The genuine bears these two emblems

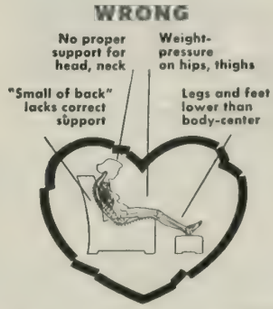
ACCEPTED FOR ADVERTISING IN PUBLICATIONS OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

CONTOUR CHAIR

RIGHT



WRONG



Spend just 5 Minutes in a Contour Chair-Lounge and You'll have one for the rest of your life!

Your body is so perfectly cradled and supported from head to foot in a Contour Chair-Lounge that it literally *makes* you relax. You can't help it.

Nature's own most restful posture is the basis of the famous patented Contour design. The anatomically correct posture is *retained* at any angle to which you adjust the Contour Chair-Lounge. Whatever you are doing—talking, reading, tele-viewing, napping or just plain resting—you do far more enjoyably because you are *completely relaxed.*

Nothing is quite like the eye-opening experience of your first 5 minutes of true relaxation in a Contour Chair-Lounge. Try it yourself, now, at your nearest Contour Chair shop.

See and try the Contour Chair-Lounge at shop nearest you:

ALASKA: Anchorage, Eckmann's
ARIZONA: Phoenix, 19 W. Monroe
CALIFORNIA: Fresno, 1637 Fulton St. Hollywood, 8512 Sunset Long Beach, 616 Pine Ave. Oakland, 1974 Broadway Pasadena, 714 E. Colorado San Bernardino, 526 W. 5th San Francisco, 600 Sutter San Jose, 1st St. at William Santa Barbara, 25 E. Canon Perdido San Diego, 1043 Sixth St. Ventura, 592 E. Main St.
COLORADO: Denver, 210 16th St.
FLORIDA: Miami Beach, 3921 Alton
GEORGIA: Atlanta, 824 W. Peachtree St. N.W 130 Peachtree St. N.E.
ILLINOIS: Chicago, 78 E. Jackson Evanston, 1732 Sherman
INDIANA: Indianapolis, 113 S. Illinois St.
LOUISIANA: New Orleans, 1101 Tulane
MARYLAND: Baltimore, Downtown Silver Spring, 8650 Georgia
MASSACHUSETTS: Boston, 156 Boylston St.
MICHIGAN: Battle Creek, 70 Michigan Detroit, 1247 Washington Grand Rapids, 145 Pearl St. N.W Saginaw, 110 S. Washington
MISSOURI: Clayton, 26 N. Meramec Kansas City, 4048 Broadway St. Louis, 508 N. 10th
NEW YORK: Buffalo, 651 Main St Hempstead, L.I., 114 N Franklin St New York, 34 W 46th St White Plains, 215 E Post
OHIO: Cleveland, 1417 Euclid Ave Columbus, 118 E Broadway Dayton, 124 N Main
OKLAHOMA: Oklahoma City, 225 N W 1st
OREGON: Portland, 225 N E Killingsworth St
PENNSYLVANIA Ardmore, 37 Coulter Ave. Suburban Sq Philadelphia, 1320 Walnut Pittsburgh, Jenkins Arcade and at 2851 Saw Mill Run
TEXAS: Dallas, 1215 Elm St Fort Worth, 5018 Maine Houston, 4121 S. Main St
WASHINGTON, D.C.: 1011 Connecticut Ave. N.W.
WISCONSIN Milwaukee, 723 N Milwaukee St

© 1951 Marie Designer, Inc. Trade Mark Reg

If there is no Contour Chair shop near you, send this coupon for full information. No extra charge for shipment anywhere in U.S.A.

MARIE DESIGNER, INC., Dept. J-5
8512 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.
Please send complete information about the Contour Chair Lounge

Name (please print)

Address

City Zone State

SHLB* Robs You of a Good Night's Sleep!



The Comfort Twins

ORTHO-FLEX and SI-LATEX

Will Keep You Sleep Happy!

Slumberon

INNERSPRING MATTRESS*

That old "Sleep Thief" SHLB* is a dead dragon when he runs up against Slumberon's exclusive Comfort Twin combination.



ORTHO-FLEX . . .

Burton-Dixie's patented innerspring unit. Hundreds of "magic fingers" provide *individual* coil control to give you a more level sleeping surface . . . buoyant controlled body support.

SI-LATEX . . .

Burton-Dixie's miracle comfort cushion that makes Slumberon America's smoothest, most luxurious mattress. Si-Latex insulates all spring feel and assures longer mattress life.

BUY ON PROOF

Make the convincing "Seeing is Believing" test at your favorite store. Prove to yourself, before you buy, why Slumberon is the mattress that is just right for you.

KOT-N-TOP

Personalized Pillows

Patented inner lining for smoothness . . . Izolin processed for purity and long life. Choose the exact softness you personally prefer.

5 Degrees of Full Plume Softness

1 Extremely Soft
2 Soft
3 Medium Soft
4 Medium Firm
5 Firm



***Sags, Humps, Lumps and Bumps**

Burton-Dixie

CORPORATION • CHICAGO 8, ILLINOIS

MAKERS OF FINE SLEEPRODUCTS

ALSO MAKERS OF DOWN COMFORTERS, DELUXE BEDSPRINGS, BURTONIGHTERS, STUDIO COUCHES

Julie swallowed. "Will you be staying with us for very long, Mr. Sabin?"

He shrugged. "Who knows? Well—so long." Before she realized what had happened, he had turned and was on his way to the door; it had closed behind him.

The shop seemed very small after he had left. Julie went back to the wicker chair, but she did not pick up her book again. Instead, she stared into space. How big he had been! How handsome! And what had he said to her? "You look very pretty when you laugh."

She sat motionless in the chair, conscious of the fact that her heart was still beating fast. She was filled with wonder at what had happened.

In the middle of the afternoon, he came in again. As she turned and saw him, her body twitched as if it had been jerked on strings.

He shook his head. "I made you jump again," he said. "Look—I thought of a better idea than reading a book tonight. How about having dinner with me?"

Julie stared at him. *I couldn't*, she thought; *I couldn't possibly go—why, I don't know the first thing about him.* But a little eddy of excitement had begun to wind through her.

He grinned, as if he knew what she was thinking. "Of course you're taking a grave risk," he said. "You're liable to find yourself in an alley in the morning with your throat cut and two bucks missing."

Suddenly Julie grinned too. "I'll take my chances," she said. "And I won't wear my necklace of matched emeralds."

"I'll pick you up here at seven, then," he told her, then turned and was gone from the shop.

After he had left, Julie moved around, picking up a piece of paper from the floor, straightening a book on the shelf. But she didn't know what she was doing. The pressure of her excitement was almost too much to be borne; it would not let her remain still. *I don't believe it*, she thought. *I don't believe it really happened.*

At seven-thirty, she rose slowly from the wicker chair, still wearing her brown felt hat, still holding her gloves in her hand the way they had been when she sat down a half hour ago. Only then there had been a sense of dazed happiness, and now there was only an odd feeling of exhaustion and the taste of bitterness in her mouth. It served her right, she found herself thinking. Making a crazy date like that with a complete stranger! He had only been kidding her along.

She put on her coat and turned out the lights. Outside on the cold street, she locked the door and tested it from habit. As she turned to open the door that led up to her flat, her eyes moved down the street.

She stood still, conscious of a warm rush of feeling. He was coming up the block, his big body silhouetted against the still-pale sky. He moved lazily, as if there were no hurry, and although her thoughts were only a bright blur now, the realization came to her that he was a man who went through life with this same easy assurance, a man who had no conception of time.

When he was close, he called out, "I'm not late, am I?" And again Julie was conscious of the strong planes of his face, his square white teeth, the wonderful curve of his mouth. She had almost forgott handsome he was.

"A little," she said breathlessly. just giving you up."

He took her arm and they began on. Julie didn't know where they wer she didn't care. The familiar sho landmarks receded, the street lights into pale mists that floated above few people who passed were phantom was only his deep voice, his prese face in bright focus beside her.

Finally she realized that they had a different section of town, the fore tion where the millworkers lived. Th ness street was filled with people shops were brightly lit. Outside an restaurant, Bruce paused.

"Are you in the mood for a *pizz* said, and when she stared at him, prehending, he took her arm and ste to the doorway. "You've never had a he said. "Lady, you've only half liv

They had *antipasto* and anchovy *p* of it washe with red wi Julie, everyth foreign and e all in a piece miracle of he with him. Sh find out littl him: he wa New York; h town because vague con with the company. She know what nection was long he wou

But she t a great deal herself. Perh was the wine, it was somet the intent listened. She t about the d her parents automobile a years before, give him sor ture of the g had carried with her af like some u burden, with to lay it dow

"They left n insurance," sh "A lot of peop dered why I take it and go to some big city, make there." She looked down, turning th of her wineglass in her fingers. "But how I felt safer investing in a little and staying home. I—I guess I wa to go."

He leaned back, his eyes narrowe looked at her. "Yes, I'm sure you we seem to be afraid of a lot of things."

She looked up quickly, her face "It's easy for you to talk," she said. you're so free, so independent. But fo one like me, with no one ——" The trailed off; she was looking down ag her empty wineglass. "I can't hel frightened sometimes." Always, she a fear of moving from the safe, the sh and secure into the unknown, no what it promised. It was why she gone to New York, why she could n the quiet harbor of her little flat now bustling activity of Emma McFa house.

"Julie."

She looked up, met his eyes. The from the juke box flowed softly i almost empty room; there was th chink of china and glass from the His gaze held hers with a curious inte was almost as if she could feel som calm assurance, his strength pour her.

"Julie," he said. "Going throu afraid is being only half alive."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Evening in the Park

By Marion Lineaweaver

Remembering, be true, for these are frail:
The hazed, theatrical blue, like a thin veil
Dropped over the town, and tremulous mirth
From couples flung down on the willing earth.

Flanking the tarred path, breezes in full swing
Rustle the white lace of the bridal spring.
The people walking pass as aliens pass
And scent of May sweeps all across the grass.

We hold each other, but we hardly see
If this is really you, and truly me.
Remember, and assume we left the mark
Of love perennial, flowering in the dark.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

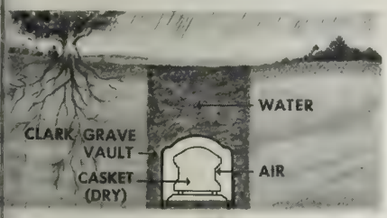
PEACE IS FOUND IN MANY QUIET THOUGHTS

When a loved one passes on.

*And surely among the most comforting is the knowledge that you have provided the finest tribute, the most trusted protection against water in the ground.**



THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT is made of enduring metal. It is *scientifically designed* to keep water from rain and melting snow from reaching the casket over which it is placed. A vault improperly engineered cannot do this. Neither can one which is porous—through which water can seep.



FREE 28-PAGE BOOKLET, "*My Duty.*" Tells those who must take charge what to do." *Write for your copy. The Clark Grave Vault Company, Department J-51, Columbus, Ohio. Copyrighted 1951.*

CLARK GRAVE VAULTS

THE FINEST TRIBUTE • THE MOST TRUSTED PROTECTION

She swallowed, her eyes very large. "Well," she whispered, "I don't know; I ——"

But he was scraping back his chair and rising; his big hand had gone out to help her up. "Come on," he said, grinning. "Another half hour in this place and we'll be entitled to squatters' rights."

Outside, they began to walk into the heart of town again. They were both quiet now. Julie was not conscious of the still cold; she felt warm and dreamy, as if the whole thing were still unreal in her mind. *Tomorrow*, she thought, *I won't believe any of it happened.*

"Well, good night," Bruce said. "And thanks." He stood still on the street, smiling down at her.

"Good night."

She was dazed as he turned away from her and began to walk up the block. When she looked around, she saw that she was standing before her own door.

Why, it's over, she thought stupidly; *it's all over.* She stood motionless, the wind whipping at her scarf. She wanted to call after him, "Will I see you again?" but she could not. Instead, she stood without moving, watching him walk up the steep street. At the top, he paused; she wondered for a flaring second if he were going to turn and look back at her. But he did not; he walked on, his body growing foreshortened as he moved downhill. He was gone.

Two days passed and she did not see or hear from him. He was in her mind almost constantly; she kept remembering little things about him: the way he threw back his head when he laughed; the way he looked at her sometimes, his dark brows raised sardonically; the gentleness of his big hands when he took her arm. She could not stop thinking about him.

On the third morning, when old Mrs. Elwood was choosing a birthday card, the shop door opened and he was suddenly there. Again there was a change in the room for Julie, a quickening. Her hand was unsteady as she held out a card for Mrs. Elwood; with all her being, she willed for the old lady to make her purchase and be gone. But it was a maddening few minutes until the door closed behind her and she could turn to Bruce.

"Hello," she said.

"It's a day for the books," he said. "Take a walk with me."

Her heart began to beat faster. "I wish I could," she said.

"Well, why can't you?"

She looked shocked. "The shop ——"

He leaned against the door, his brows raised. "Julie," he said. He shook his head. "Break up the pattern. You're too young to have one, anyway."

She stared at him. Break up the pattern? What did he mean?

Suddenly he grinned. "What would happen if you closed your door for an hour?" he said. "Would there be an industrial crisis?"

Julie hesitated and then she took a deep breath. "All right. I'll get my coat."

It was strange to walk along the busy street with him in the middle of the weekday morning—strange and exciting. And suddenly it came to her what he meant by "breaking up the pattern." It was true that she did the same things, could be found in the same exact place every day.

People turned their heads and stared at them. Julie nodded and smiled; she had a choking sense of wonder and happiness. Because she was so happy, she said anything that came into her head, things that made him laugh.

"You have a good sense of humor," he told her. "Did you know that?" And she looked away, shy at his praise.

"I used to have," she said. "I wasn't sure I had it any more."

They went up to the cemetery, high on the hill, and walked around reading the inscriptions on the old stones, admiring the sweeping view. Because he was with her, Julie found the little outing unconventional and exciting; she wondered why she had never come up here before.

Don't take chances **THIS MAGIC LARVEX SPRAY MOTHPROOFS** woolens for a WHOLE Year!

Penetrates each tiny fibre and makes the cloth itself mothproof



Amazing, Sure Professional Method Now Sold for Home Use

In this modern age, a busy housewife wouldn't think of going to the bother of wrapping and storing her woolens away. Not when a few minutes' spraying with LARVEX mothproofs woolens for a whole year. No odor. No wrapping. No storing away. Stainless. Non-inflammable. Simply spray your woolens with LARVEX and *you can be sure* moths won't eat holes in them whether you wear the garments or hang them away in your closet. Washing removes LARVEX's protection—DRY CLEANING DOES NOT.

This sensational LARVEX spray penetrates each tiny fibre and treats the cloth so that moths are positively *stopped* from eating holes in your woolens. Don't take chances—remember, LARVEX gives *positive* protection against moth damage for a whole year.

Spray Your Rugs and Sofas, too!





Inexpensive! It costs no more to mothproof a suit with LARVEX than it does to get it dry cleaned. Only 79¢ a pint. $1.19 a quart.



POSITIVE PROOF. The cloth on left was *not* treated with LARVEX. Note holes eaten by moth worms. Cloth on right was treated with LARVEX. Note how worms refuse to eat LARVEXED cloth.

LARVEX

The Largest Selling Mothproofer

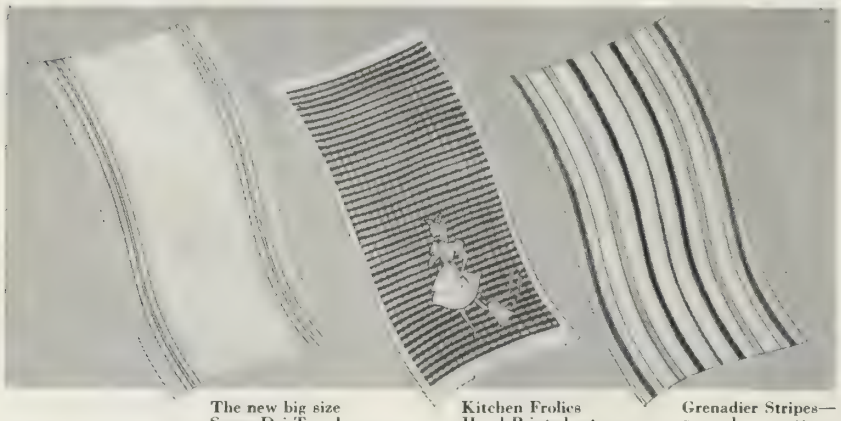




"Swiss Village" pattern one of many new
HAND PRINTED TABLE CLOTHS *by Startex*

Set your guest table with beautiful Startex Hand Printed Table Cloths—so summery and soft, so rich in the newest designs and colors. "Swiss Village" pattern (pictured) is 54 x 54 or 54 x 80. "Round-Up" pattern, in thrilling rodeo color and action, is hand printed in the special 54 x 90 barbecue table size. Many other patterns are ready for your summertime garden suppers, luncheons alfresco, picnics, beach parties! And remember, Startex Kitchen Towels help you to *get* outdoors—they *speed*-dry your china, glassware and silver! Ask for Startex today at your favorite Dry Goods or Department store.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



The new big size Super-Dri Towel—Cotton 65% Linen 35%

Kitchen Frolics Hand Printed set—Cotton 65% Linen 35%

Grenadier Stripes—gay colors—cotton and linen as labeled

STARTEX
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Look for the name Startex on Kitchen Towels—Towelings by the yard—Hand Printed Table Cloths and Hand Printed piece goods for decorating your kitchen and dinette.... Startex Division, Spartan Mills, Inc., 40 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.

KEYSTONE MUSHROOMS

Serve Mushrooms Today—broiled, sautéed, creamed, or with spaghetti or rice. Treat the family to

KEYSTONE MUSHROOMS
"— it's the Quality Pack"

Enjoy these finest of cultivated mushrooms, harvested at flavor peak packed *ultimate fresh* by a process that retains all the tenderness and delicate fresh-mushroom flavor for your table. Ask your grocer for KEYSTONE Mushrooms. For FREE Recipe Book write Keystone Mushroom Co., Coatesville, Pa.

HIP-O-LITE 46th Year
THE ORIGINAL MARSHMALLOW CREME
Makes the Cake!
Perfect for cake icings, desserts, etc
FREE Recipe Book of "different" Desserts.
Write Hip-O-Lite, Dept. L-5, St. Louis 1, Mo.

WRIGHT'S
FOR YOUR MOST PRECIOUS SILVER
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
America's Largest Selling Silver Cleaner

With the cold wind stinging at her cheeks, her eyes shining, she looked up at him and said breathlessly, "You have a way of making everything come . . . alive." And then she turned away, her hands twisting at the belt of her coat. "Nothing much ever happens to me, you know. Everything stays the same."

When she turned her head again, she saw that he was looking at her steadily. "Things don't usually happen *to* someone," he said. "Half the time, they've got to *make* them happen, Julie."

She looked up at him, her mouth parted. The wind had released a few strands of her hair which streamed into the bright air, but when her hand rose to tuck them back, he said, "Don't. Your hair should be soft around your face like that." It made her heart quicken suddenly; there was something in his eyes that made her feel very young and lovely and alive.

Long after he had brought her back to the shop, the feeling of effervescence was still with her, happiness rose in her like bubbles. And before she went to sleep that night, she stood before the mirror and brushed her smooth hair until little curls formed, soft and feathery.

She did not see him for a long time after that. But each morning she put on a crisp, fresh blouse, arranged her hair carefully in the new way. *Maybe this morning,* she would think. And after the morning had gone, *Maybe this afternoon.* And when she closed the shop at the end of the day, she would think, *Maybe tomorrow.* Yes, surely he would come tomorrow.

But he did not come. She had every reason to think that he was gone from the town and yet, somehow, she could not feel that he was gone. And at the end of that second week, late in the afternoon, he walked into the shop again.

This time she did not jump; she stood still, as if she had known he would arrive just like this. Her happiness was warm and deep inside her. "Hello," she said, smiling.

"Hello. You've done something to your hair." He came over and his fingers touched her curls lightly. "I told you it would look wonderful that way." He looked down into her eyes. "Take a walk with me. We'll have dinner in that Italian place."

"All right."

It was as if she moved in a dream when she went into the back for her hat and coat. And it was like that when they walked down the street together; she was only vaguely conscious of the people staring at them as they passed.

He stopped abruptly in front of Mayfair Millinery. There was one hat in the window, a provocative hat that dipped to one side and was caught in a froth of pink veiling. "You'd look wonderful in that," he said.

Julie was shocked out of her mood. "Oh, I could *never* wear it!" she said.

"Of course you could." He was looking down at her almost angrily. "You're a very attractive girl. Just remember that, will you?"

Julie swallowed, gazing up at him. As they moved on again, she was shaken. *Am I?* she thought. *Am I very attractive?* But of course she was, if he had said so.

In the restaurant, she hardly spoke at all; there seemed to be no need for words. Each time her eyes met his, it was more difficult to tear them away. And it was that way on the way back, when he was walking her home.

When they reached her door, he stood still, gazing down at her with the street lamp shining on his dark hair, his hands bunched inside his coat.

Don't go, she prayed; *don't go yet—don't let it be over so soon.*

"I'd like to see where you live," he said.

"Yes." It was suddenly difficult to breathe. "Come up, Bruce."

It was strange to see him in the little flat, his eyes taking in her small possessions: the books spilling over the shelves, the plants at the window and, in the bedroom beyond, the narrow, somehow virginal-looking bed; the

Travel the Highways of Romance in
NEW MEXICO
THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

There's romance in its name . . . The Santa Fe Trail . . . and for six decades it was a glamorous route which belonged to the days of the singing cowboys, of the mountain men, the traders and trappers, but also along its course came the long caravans of homeseekers and homelovers who remained to help build the West. In fancy you'll travel this and other famous trails as you drive along New Mexico's fine highways, to famed scenic wonders and places of historic interest—Carlsbad Caverns National Park, eight National Monuments and eighteen Indian *pueblos.* Each day you'll discover something new and strange and different; and too, you'll find yourself reliving many of the epochal events of more than 400 years of fascinating history in New Mexico.

Start planning now for your vacation of tomorrow!



NEW MEXICO STATE TOURIST BUREAU
Room 1426, State Capitol • Santa Fe, New Mexico
Please send free: ☐ New booklet "Land of Enchantment"
☐ Official Highway Map, ☐ New Mexico "Historic Trails" Map
NAME . . . . . .
STREET . . . . . .
CITY . . . . . ZONE . . . STATE . . . .
• PLEASE PRINT

au top crowded with faded snap-
s and two dolls she had won at a fair a
time ago.
hen he turned to look at her again, his
had changed in an odd way. "Julie," he
"Julie, Julie ——" His hands went
er shoulders.
lie closed her eyes. A faint masculine
emanated from his hair, his skin, his
ning, making her almost dizzy. And then
vas holding her close and she could no
er think, no longer breathe. His lips
shed against her cheek, explored a soft
e in her throat, reached her mouth again
again. Something warm and deep, al-
t overpowering, folded over her, it was
ost like drowning.
nd then she felt him releasing her; she
d a murmured "Good night." Suddenly
vas gone.

he felt lightheaded when she came down-
rs the next morning, almost giddy, and
n she ran across the street to the drug-
e it seemed to her that the thin morning
was as heady as
wine.
he bought the
dest, brightest
tick they had,
when she was
k in the shop
in she applied it
efully, backing
ıy for the effect.
s, she was very
tty this morning
h her light hair
ling about her
e and the bril-
ıt color at her
uth; there was a
d of bloom on
. She smiled into
mirror and the
mory of last night
ed inside her, fill-
her with a deli-
us confusion.
Late that after-
on, Roz Harmon
ne into the shop.
e was one of Dor-
ıy's young mar-
d cousins whom
ey had visited
en before Doro-
y's marriage. Roz
ıs a good-looking
ung woman who
essed smartly.
metimes she had
lie over for dinner. But now her eyes were
arded as she greeted Julie and she seemed
little distraught about something. They
atted for a few minutes and then Roz
eared her throat.
"Who's the new man?" she said lightly.
Everybody's talking about you and your
eau, Julie. I saw him a couple of times and
thought he was terrific-looking."
Julie lowered her eyes, smiling a little. "He
handsome." She hesitated. "I don't know
o much about him, really. He has some
ort of connection with the chemical
mpany."
"I see." Roz was twisting a button on
r coat. "Well, darling, I really must run."
ut halfway to the door, she stopped and
rned slowly, her eyes stricken. "Julie,"
e said, "I didn't know whether to tell you
not. He's gone."

ULIE stared at her. Her heart gave two
ow, heavy beats and then began to race.
"He left this morning," Roz said. "Jesse
ent to the station to meet an old friend of
s who came to spend the week end with us.
nd your friend was leaving, Julie; he had
s bags and got into the train."
"I—I know." Julie's eyes were very bright.
He said good-by last night."
Roz looked relieved. "I'm so glad he told
ou," she said. "I mean—some men ——"
e dropped her eyes and began to twist the
utton on her coat again. "There was some-
ing else. Mr. Marvin from the company
ld us. He was married, did you know that?"
She looked up quickly. "He has a wife in New York."
Julie hesitated for only a second. "Yes," she said. "He told me."
Roz looked faintly shocked. "You knew he was a married man—and you went out with him? Why, Julie!"

JULIE made a little gesture with her hand. "Oh, well," she said, "you know that nothing very exciting happens in this town, Roz. He was awfully good-looking and such fun to be with." She turned her back to Roz and straightened a picture on the wall. "There was no harm done."
"Well—I suppose, in a way, I don't blame you. He *was* gorgeous, the best-looking man I ever saw." Roz sounded envious. "He must have liked you a lot."
"Yes." Julie turned; color flamed in her cheeks and she looked almost defiant. "He thought I was a very attractive girl."
"He did?" Roz looked faintly astonished and then something happened to her eyes; they focused on Julie in a new way. "Why, you are," she said slowly. "I never rea——" She stopped short, coloring slightly. "Well, I really *must* go, darling. So long."
After the door had closed on her, Julie walked slowly into the dim storeroom and stood motionless against the wall, a pinched look around her mouth. *He's gone*, she thought—*I'll never see him again.* She stared at a scarred place on the wall, a kind of numbness inside her. And then, suddenly, dry sobs caught at her throat; she was shaken by them, her arms crossed over her chest as if for warmth.
Finally the sobs ceased. She blew her nose and walked back to the shop, put on her hat and coat and turned out the lights. Outside on the street, she locked the door and began to walk slowly down the block, although she did not know where she was going. After a while, she stood still on a corner. A feeling of emptiness came over her, so deep, so overpowering that she closed her eyes. *He's gone*, she thought, *and now nothing wonderful will ever happen to me again.*
Her eyes opened. What was it Bruce had said that day on the hill? "Things don't usually happen *to* someone. Half the time, you've got to *make* them happen."
She stared around her. The street was almost deserted at this in-between hour; it had a rather tired, shabby look. What could you make happen when you were alone in a small town like this?
She turned. The Mayfair Millinery was only a few feet away. She walked over slowly and stared through the window. There was the little hat which tilted beguilingly to one side. "You'd look wonderful in that," he had said to her, and, almost angrily, "You're a very attractive girl. Will you remember that?"
She stood looking at the hat for a long time. Finally she opened the door of the shop and walked inside.

When she came out again, wearing the new hat, the street looked different through the mist of pink veiling. And it was strange, but she felt different, too; a little current of warmth flowed through her. The hat had been expensive; she didn't know where she would wear it; she had never worn such a

CANCER GIVES WARNING

THESE danger signals *may* mean cancer is present and should *always* mean a visit to your doctor.

1. Any sore that does not heal.
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Any change in a wart or mole.
5. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Persistent hoarseness or cough.
7. Any change in normal bowel habits.

Be sure that you and members of your family have an annual physical examination. Plan to give and give generously to the 1951 Cancer Crusade of the American Cancer Society.

Help Science Help You



Keep House The Easy Way
WITH PLASTIC MAGIC BEAUTY

You'll have to see this sensational new floor covering to believe it. Clean, bright colors and stunning new designs are locked-for-life in Sandran's lustrous vinyl plastic surface.

Beauty is sealed in and wear sealed out by Sandran's tough, rubbery, non-porous surface. It sheds dirt, water, grease and grime ... wipes sparkling clean with one swish of a mop—needs no scrubbing.

You can install it yourself ... Sandran lies flat without fastening (easily cemented, if you prefer). See it! Buy it at a thrifty $1.89 a sq. yd. in most areas. In rolls 6 and 9 ft. wide and room size rugs.

LOCKS OUT DIRT
LOCKS OUT WEAR
LOCKS IN LASTING VALUE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

SANDRAN®
The Floor Covering of Irresistible Beauty!

FREE! Literature on Sandran floor and wall covering, two revolutionary products that bring new beauty and leisure to your home. Sandura Company, Inc., 1428 Architects Building, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

The pine paneling in the top illustration is Sandran "Pocono Pine" plastic wall covering, a brand new product for easy, inexpensive home installation. Tough, non-porous, easy to clean.





O, happy "find," come summertime! . . . your family tree blooming with Carter knits. Jiffon →Nevabinds* for baby are only the beginning. Ask for Carter's wonder underwear for your entire family . . . growing, growing, grown. What wear! What fit with no-iron knits!

*®

We picture a few of a world of styles—reading from top down

Two-piece Nevabind* creeper. 1 yr. to 2 yrs. Yellow or blue with white pull-on. Gripper*-fastened crotch and adjustable suspenders, $2.75.

Big Sis vests and bright-hued Spanky pants. 2 to 16 yrs. Vests or pants, 69¢ to 95¢ each garment.

Diapenda* shirts. Birth to 3 yrs. Pink, yellow, blue, green, white. 75¢—95¢.

Jiffon-Nevabind* gowns. Open or closed backs. Birth to 1 yr. White and baby pastels. $1.50 to $1.75.

Carving-Tykes and no-droop Tyke* pants. 1 to 8 yrs., 79¢ to 85¢ ea.

For store near you, write The William Carter Co., Needham Heights, Mass.

hat before. But she had bought it—she had made, for her, a bold, reckless gesture. Now she felt a little bold, a little reckless too.

Make something happen. She stood still, gazing around her. And then she saw the Wonder Store across the street, its windows plastered with anniversary-sale signs. She thought of Gordon Smith, and the little current of warmth inside her flowed deeper, faster. She crossed the street and entered the store.

Inside, she walked down the almost deserted aisles toward the back, where she knew Gordon worked at a desk. She saw him now, his fair head bent over some papers. He didn't look so big, so good-looking as he had before, but, even so, she could feel the old lift of her heart at the sight of him. Gordon was . . . nice; she had always thought of him as the nicest and most attractive young man in town.

He looked up; she could see that he didn't recognize her. And suddenly—she didn't know if it was the new hat or the reckless feeling inside her, but she moved right up to the desk, giving him her most dazzling smile. "Hello, Gordon," she said. She tilted her head, gazing at him through the pink veiling.

Recognition flared in his eyes. "Julie!" he said. He rose to his feet, grinning his wonderful grin. "I didn't know you for a minute!" As he stared at her, he shook his head slowly. "You sure look diff—wonderful." He hesitated. "I've seen you around town with —— That is, you seem to have been keeping pretty busy lately with some man from New York, from what I hear."

She stared at him. He was looking at her so . . . differently. It came to her that it was more than the new hairdo, the bright lipstick, the daring hat she was wearing—he was seeing her as a girl who had been dated again and again by a very handsome and worldly man.

The knowledge exhilarated her. "You mean Bruce?" she said lightly. "Good heavens, he was married. He had a perfectly good wife tucked away somewhere."

"Married?" Gordon looked faintly shocked. "You've been going around with a married man?" But she could see that he was impressed, too, and that his focus, as he looked at her, was changing even more.

Why, she thought suddenly, *it's true—I did have an affair with a married man; we were alone in my apartment, he made violent love to me. Plenty of people in town would be shocked if they knew.* It made her feel experienced now—like a woman with a past.

She shrugged. "I suppose," she said, "that from now on I'll be considered a fallen woman from one end of Main Street to the other." There was amusement in her faint smile.

For a few seconds he did not speak, he just stared at her. And then he leaned forward. "Look—are you busy tonight, Julie? Maybe we could see a movie."

She kept her voice cool. "All right. I guess that would be all right, Gordon."

"About eight, then. You live over your shop, don't you?"

She nodded, and then a thought flared in her mind; she could see her three empty rooms. And it was strange, but now she saw them as a protective circle, winding around and around her ——

As if in a dream, she looked up at Gordon. "I'm moving pretty soon," she said. "To the McFarland house, I think." And she was hardly conscious of turning away from him, of walking up the aisles once again and into the street. And yet everything around her had taken on a bright, sharp clarity; it was as if she had just emerged from a dark place onto a brilliantly lighted stage.

On the street, she stood motionless, smiling a little. *I made something happen*, she thought. And as she gazed up the long hill, she seemed to see the tall, dark figure of a man silhouetted against the paler sky, his hair blowing in the wind, his hands bunched inside his pockets. For a moment he did not move, and then his hand went up in a wave, his teeth flashed in a grin. He turned and was gone.

THE END



FOOT COMFORT & PROTECTION FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

SNEEKSOX are a treat for your feet! Made of fine quality cotton sox in solid colors and stripes, with Du Pont "Fabrilite" moccasin and genuine sponge rubber innersole -- they give you barefoot comfort without the usual hazards. Take it easy - *safely* - in SNEEKSOX!

GUARANTEED WASHABLE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN — REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY

THEY WEAR WELL!

COMMENDED BY PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Other popular styles of SPRINGFOOT SOX — sizes 6 to 13 — at 39¢ to $1.00 a pair. For the name of your nearest dealer write:

WILMINGTON HOSIERY MILLS, INC.
WILMINGTON 17, DELAWARE



Impacted wax or infection from a childhood disease can make a bright child seem dull. Have his hearing checked frequently.

Inattentive— or Hard of Hearing?

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen

President, Chicago Board of Health

"I'M worried about my eight-year-old," a mother told me not long ago. "Sally started out *so* well in school, but the reports she brings home now are terble. The teacher says she doesn't pay attntion. She's moody, and her father and I ight as well talk to a stone wall for all the fect we have. I know she isn't sick. Since ie got over the measles, she has hardly id as much as a cold, and the school nurse ys she is exactly the right weight for her ge and height."

Nevertheless, my suggestion was that ally be taken to the family physician for a thorough physical examination. I suspected that the school nurse, conscientious as she was, might have overlooked something, and my suspicions in this case proved to be correct. The doctor's examination revealed that Sally's health was indeed excellent, except for one thing, but that was a big one. Sally's hearing was impaired. This was the reason for her falling behind in school, for her moodiness and her failure to respond to teacher and parents. Of course, there might be many other causes for these symptoms. But I have known so many cases of hearing difficulty that first came to light in this same way that I was able to make a shrewd guess at Sally's trouble.

It is one of the sad things about a hearing difficulty in a child that so often the symptoms *are* attributed to something else, and the real cause is overlooked. Many partially deaf children are considered behavior problems of one kind or another. Like Sally, they may become withdrawn, moody, inattentive. Or they may be punished for failure to obey commands—commands they did not hear. Quite frequently, hearing impairment in a small child is thought by the parents to be a speech difficulty. It does not occur to them that a child who cannot hear obviously cannot learn to talk.

True, children with perfect hearing may be moody, inattentive, disobedient or slow to talk. But judging from the number of cases of hearing impairment that are turned up wherever large groups of children are examined physically, as in schools and camps or at hospitals and clinics, imperfect hearing is much more common than most

(Continued on Page 119)

DOCTOR BUNDESEN'S booklets, used by many thousands of enthusiastic mothers, cover all phases of baby care. They are:

BEFORE THE BABY COMES (prenatal months), No. 2383, 50c.

First series of booklets, covering first eight months, 50c.

Second series of booklets, covering nine months to two years, 50c.

A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER (breast-feeding helps), No. 1346, 6c.

OUR BABIES (complete book and invaluable supplement to the monthly booklets), No. 1345, 50c.

Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

FAMOUS NUDES

Which type is your baby?



FOOT SPECIALIST

. . . everything's special about *this* character! Sweet-skinned, smooth-skinned . . . thanks to good Mennen Baby Oil. Helps prevent diaper rash, skin discomforts. Divinely soothing.



PICKLEPUSS

. . . it's a nuisance, but there'll be a short wait for Mennen Baby Oil while mother opens a new bottle. Your baby's ideal skin protection . . . your best buy in baby oils.



GAY DOG

. . . most people's favorite house pet is a Mennen Baby Oil baby! Apply after baths, at diaper time . . . contains pure, gentle lanolin. *Extra* ounces give you *more* for your money—every time!



"THE BABE" HIMSELF

. . . a perspiring player, but who cares? Just shake on refreshing, superfine Mennen Baby Powder—softest ever for baby's skin. Flower-scented . . . and fun! because there's a Built-in Rattle . . . entertaining Mother Goose pictures on container.





Every baby is the right type for

MENNEN

BABY PRODUCTS



Buy your baby both...today!

Mennen Baby Oil gives you more ounces for your money than other major leading brand.

Who's afraid of the stork!

The stork is now as tame as a household pet. He has—like most of the rest of us—been feeling the effects of research. The forces of disease and death, that formerly traveled in the shadow of his wings, have been largely defeated.

Having a baby today is much safer than ever before—because of the physician's skill, the laboratory worker's research effort, and the efficiency of today's hospitals.

Think *how much* safer!

In the short span of twenty years, we have reduced maternal mortality by over *eighty per cent*. The favorable chances in childbirth are today 999 out of 1,000. With good care and full use of the newer drugs, the individual's chances are much better even than that.

Lederle has helped in this successful effort to make child-bearing safe for mother and child by research in the fields of nutrition (folic acid, liver extracts, vitamin B_{12}), antibiotics (aureomycin) and the sulfas (sulfadiazine). Only under a system of free enterprise that encourages the development of vast organizations for research and manufacture could such achievements have occurred.

Through research, they live who would have died!

Lederle

(Pronounced Led' er lee)

A Division of AMERICAN *Cyanamid* COMPANY 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 117)

rents realize. This is another reason why thorough physical examination, including e hearing apparatus, should be the first ep in the treatment of a behavior problem. The most common cause of ear trouble is infection such as measles, scarlet fever, fluenza, meningitis or the lowly cold. here ear trouble results from one of these ments, it is usually because the child has en allowed to get out of bed and play be- re the infection has fully subsided. This is e child who has a "relapse," and it is then at the ears may become involved, often th risk of some hearing loss.

Fortunately, the damage to hearing result- g from these infections is not always serious permanent. Also, the development of new edications, such as the sulfonamide drugs, nicillin, streptomycin, aureomycin and hers, has given us much better control of e infections that attack the respiratory gans. By the same token, they also help control the threat to hearing through in- olvement of the Eustachian tube—the roat-to-ear passageway along which infec- on may easily spread. Thanks to these new ugs, we see fewer cases of severe ear infec- on in our offices and clinics than we used to. evertheless, the mother must still be alert, nd follow the doctor's ders strictly about eeping the sick child arm and comfortable, nd in not letting him et out of bed too soon ter he begins to re- over.

Other common causes poor hearing are im- acted wax or other atter in the outer ur, ruptured eardrums nd nerve disorders. is astonishing how ften we doctors see ildren whose faces re shining and whose others are immaculate—children from nice omes, with intelligent parents—but whose ars have been neglected until the waxy dis- harge outside the eardrum has actually in- erfered with hearing. This is especially likely o happen with boys at the age of ten or even years, a time when they are inclined o resent maternal supervision of baths and ashing. Too often, when a mother leaves aily hygiene to a boy, his ears are passed y, with the result I have just mentioned.

Once the accumulation has been softened nd removed, these children immediately re- over their full hearing acuity. I have seen ozens of cases where school performance nd behavior at home have improved dra- natically as soon as this was done. But the eriod of hearing difficulty could have been voided altogether if the mother had in- isted on "policing" the ears once a week. Until youngsters can be depended upon for thorough job, it is the mother's duty to emove the ear accumulation carefully with he blunt end of an orange stick wrapped in otton. (Never, never use a sharp instrument or this purpose!)

It is possible that some other rather easily emediable condition may be shutting a hild from sound, and hence from the oppor- unity to learn. I am thinking of one little hap who had actually been deemed an idiot, n the technical sense, because at the age of our he showed no response to anything said o him, was completely undisciplined, and expressed his wants only by animal grunts. When his parents at last brought him for an examination, it was found that the boy could ear no ordinary sounds at all. This ac- ounted amply for his unresponsiveness and or his failure to talk. However, the examina- ion also disclosed that his tonsils were badly diseased, and were sending poison into his system. Those tonsils had to be removed for health's sake. Soon after this was done, the boy could hear! Speech lessons quickly put him even with his contemporaries. I shall never forget the joy of these parents as it became apparent what a bright little fellow their son really was.

Hearing defects caused by middle-ear infections are harder to deal with, and on occasion inflammation of these delicate structures is so severe that the damage is lasting. Most unhappily of all, a particularly severe infection, such as influenza or meningitis, may damage not only the structure of the ear itself but also the auditory nerve that transmits sound impulses from the ear to the brain. Hearing may be so severely affected that the child cannot take part at all in classroom work in the ordinary school, or in play. Sufferers from such a condition are inclined to withdraw from social contacts, and emotional difficulties are likely to be added to the inability to hear—a bad enough thing in itself.

After a serious infection, it is a good idea to have a child's hearing tested. Should there be radical impairment, an ear specialist should be consulted, for there is some way to help every child with hearing difficulty, no matter how severe it is. A few cases can be improved by ear surgery that opens new pathways for sound impulses. In the vast majority, a hearing aid may be used to transmit sound electrically, by-passing the damaged area. In fact, tests have shown that with the proper mechanical help, nearly all supposedly deaf children can hear some sound.

Hearing aids are now available for very small youngsters, and for various types of hearing difficulty. When the specialist recommends such an aid, the parents should co-operate in every way to get the child to accept and use it. The self-consciousness and embarrassment caused by the aid is nothing compared to the harm that may result if a child is permitted to withdraw from normal life because he can't hear.

In a few cases, where damage to the auditory nerve has been severe, not even a hearing aid will restore normal hearing, or act as a substitute for it. But there are schools and classes where the hard-of-hearing are taught lip-reading, and given the special attention they need. I have seen many youngsters, denied the boon of sound, who grew up as bright, happy and well adjusted socially as though they had no handicap. Doctors and hospitals usually know where the right kind of aid and advice may be sought—making it available to a deaf youngster can change the world for him.

Is your child inattentive, disobedient, moody, doing poorly in school? Have his hearing tested, along with other factors. If the ears are at fault, medical science may be able to cure the condition entirely. If it cannot, the training exists which will enable the deaf child to lead an active, useful, interesting life. Right now is the time to find out.

Marriage is the earliest fruit of civilization and it will be the latest. I think a man and a woman should choose each other for life, for the simple reason that a long life with all its accidents is barely long enough for a man and a woman to understand each other; and in this case to understand is to love. The man who understands one woman is qualified to understand pretty well anything.

—JOHN BUTLER YEATS: Letters to His Son (Faber & Faber, Ltd.).

NEWS ABOUT CHILDREN

By Irma Simonton Black

In a comprehensive study of thumb-sucking (Journal of Pediatrics, Vol. 37, p. 555), Dr. Morris Kaplan points out that sucking is the one patterned motor activity that is present at birth, and that it has a definite survival value. It is not strange that thumb-sucking is one of the most common forms of oral activity. A harder question is why does it produce so much worrying among parents?

At times of stress or fatigue, children revert readily to this simple and pleasurable activity. It is a sign of emotional disturbance, Dr. Kaplan says, only when it is continued long after the usual age (about four for most children). Even then, it is only one symptom of a child's inability to master maturer methods of obtaining gratification. Most thumb-sucking, in fact, is a quite normal part of growing up. THE END

Will your baby's future tell this story?



At 3 months. Hugh Starke started life with two wonderful gifts. *The first*—a wise Mommie who followed her doctor's advice. *And second*—a wise doctor who took care to prescribe the best for Hugh. For instance—when Hugh was ready for solid foods his doctor specified *Clapp's* Cereals. (Doctors know Clapp's Cereals bring babies more iron than unfortified cereals.)



At 6 months. Look at him go for his Clapp's Strained Foods! Isn't it wonderful the way babies love them. Think of all the *extra* nourishment babies get in Clapp's Foods! (They're pressure-cooked to bring babies more vitamins and minerals.)



At 18 months. A sweetheart if ever you saw one! Healthy, bright as a button. What delightful proof that babies thrive on Clapp's *extra nourishment*. With 16 strong, white teeth to his credit—Hugh is becoming a Clapp's Junior Foods champ.



12 years. A long time since his baby food days! But Hugh's picture tells you that *here's a youngster who had a good start!* Mother! Make sure your baby gets the best start too. Start him on Clapp's Baby Foods today. You'll be glad you did!



DOCTORS HAVE BEEN RECOMMENDING CLAPP'S BABY FOODS LONGER THAN ANY OTHER BABY FOODS

Product of American Home Foods

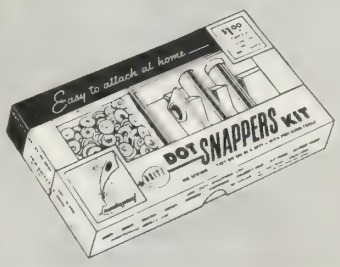


Modern idea!

The shoulder pads

Snap in and out!

No tedious ripping off and sewing back every time the dress is laundered. Now, smart fashions come with *snap* shoulder pads. Dot Snappers make them easy to whisk on and off, always hold them secure at just the right angle. For more convenience and better appearance, look for snap shoulder pads on the washable fashions you buy. This is just one of the many ways in which United-Carr adds convenience to modern living!

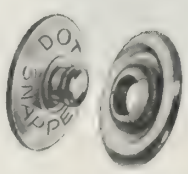


USE DOT SNAPPERS FOR HOME SEWING, TOO!

The same Dot Snappers used on ready-made clothes. Quick and easy to apply. A tap of a hammer with the professional attaching tool and they're on the garment to stay. At your favorite notions counter.

Laundryproof

DOT SNAPPERS ®



UNITED-CARR, *FIRST IN FASTENERS*, CAMBRIDGE 42, MASS.

NO STRAIT JACKETS NOW

(Continued from Page 23)

these great four-storied turreted buildings, circa 1900, arranged in a circle on the hospital grounds and connected by long underground tunnels.

A hospital-staff member usually goes along with the singing group. After a long walk through the tunnels lighted with bare electric bulbs, she produces a great ring of keys and unlocks the basement door to a cottage.

Up a short flight of stairs is the serving kitchen, where two women patients with mops and pails are washing down the cement floor. One smiles and nods at the volunteers; the other runs into a corner and huddles there fearfully, hiding her head in her arms. The group continues into the next room, where tables are set up for the next meal with cheerful colored pottery. One patient is lying on two chairs in a curiously collapsed and lifeless position. In the corner of the dining room is a starkly thin woman with bare legs and feet. She stands defiantly holding up the back of her short cotton dress, looking comically like a stork. The volunteers realize that she has wet herself and tactfully avert their eyes.

Up another flight of steps, and now the men and women volunteers are approaching through a long hall the dayroom of the cottage. Their approach sets up a stir of agitation: some patients flee in panic upstairs; some shout cheerful greetings; and some walk up quietly and touch the volunteers, gently, hesitantly, with glad smiles, like children who put out their hands to establish the reality of something new and wonderful. During the years many volunteers have come to Anoka, but never in such numbers, never to return again and again.

The dayroom is long and narrow with a piano and many tables and straight-backed chairs. The walls are painted a soft green; at the windows there are curtains which the volunteers have made. About a dozen women sit slumped around the walls of the room with faces curiously blank; they sit frozen in various postures like statues. They take no notice of the newcomers. In the corner a very heavy young woman huddles sobbing on a leather couch. The air is stuffy and rather unpleasant with body odors. (Menstruating patients present a real problem, as some will not allow themselves to be touched during this difficult period. The buildings can never be thoroughly aired, as the windows open only six inches, to prevent patients from falling or jumping out.)

THE volunteers at once split up and begin mingling with the patients. Anoka has long been a custodial hospital for patients the other state hospitals find incurable; for this reason, most of the patients are quite elderly, 63 being the average age. There are four times as many women patients as men.

"I haven't seen you before," a white-haired patient says to one of the volunteers. "Oh, it's been so wonderful here at Anoka since the volunteers started coming. There's one lady—she writes me letters. She gave me some perfume for my birthday. She comes here once a month. It will be—let's see—three hundred and sixty hours before I see her again."

The volunteer looks startled. "You count the hours between her visits?"

"Oh, yes. I've been here twenty years, you see."

For the first time the volunteer notices that she cannot bend the two middle fingers of her right hand; they hang down straight and stiff like twigs. This patient, she feels, must have been kept in a strait jacket for years with her arms folded across her chest, her hands clutching her sides. The muscles of her fingers have become atrophied; probably she will never regain their use.

Now a recreation worker goes over to the piano and strikes the first chords of the Missouri Waltz. A pleased murmur goes through the room. Those sitting withdrawn on the side lines sit up a bit straighter, others hustle over to the chairs near the piano. Volunteers hand them songbooks and sit down beside them. The woman on the sofa stops crying.

AS the music goes on, from old favorites to hymns, a miracle seems to take place in the room. Most of the patients let their songbooks dangle in their hands, making no effort to sing, but sit there with a look approaching ecstasy, their faces kindled with warm memories, turned toward the music like flowers to the sun.

"Even those who don't appear to be listening at all will talk about the lovely music all week," says a nurse.

In between songs a straight-backed, handsome woman with the face of a pioneer gets to her feet and begins to shout at the top of her lungs. The gist of her grievance seems to be that she is a victim and not a patient. A nurse speaks to her quietly; she stops as suddenly as she began. None of the other patients pays the slightest heed to the incident except one, who leans over, smiling, to a discomfited volunteer and says soothingly, "Don't mind her. She's crazy!"

In the doorway a young woman appears in a short cotton dress and bare legs, her long black hair flowing over her shoulders and falling into her eyes. In contrast to the slow, shuffling gait of the older patients, she moves with the grace and fluidity of water. On her feet she wears ballet slippers; indeed, until recently she was a leading ballerina with a famous troupe.

Who are the patients in a state mental hospital? They come from all paths of life, including the well-to-do, for private care of the seriously mentally ill is a financial burden too great for any but the very rich to bear. (Some of the most famous private sanitariums cost from $250 to $1000 a week; and many mental patients do not get well enough to leave in weeks, months, or even years.) As one patient said about Anoka, "It's lovely here. You meet all your old friends, from kindergarten up." Volunteers have had the same experience. One churchwoman met at Anoka a symphony-orchestra player who had given music lessons to her brother-in-law; she discovered another patient who had lived in the house she occupied.

What kinds of things are volunteers doing at Anoka? In one of the ten cottages a group of middle-aged women volunteers is helping some of the more regressed patients draw with crayons.

"Come," says a volunteer to an elderly lady who insists she cannot draw, "make a straight line across the paper.... See? That's the ocean. Now we'll make some pebbles on the beach."

Delighted, the old lady makes some uncertain little circles, then more and more until the beach looks like caviar.

"And now some people."

The patient, who is in her eighties, gravely makes two stick figures. "That's the lady," she says, pointing to one. "They always have narrower waistlines." She looks up at the volunteer and spontaneously they both start to laugh. Other patients turn their heads toward the sound and smile. The room is warm with a radiant friendliness.

In the women's senile ward three volunteers—former nurses—are giving bedside care.

A father may turn his back on his child; brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies; husbands may desert their wives and wives their husbands. But a mother's love endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways, and repent; still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled bosom with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

RELIEVES
HEADACHE
NEURALGIA
NEURITIS PAIN
FAST



Here's Why...
Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. Anacin is specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

More Comfort Wearing
FALSE TEETH

Here is a pleasant way to overcome loose plate discomfort. FASTEETH, an improved powder, sprinkled on upper and lower plates holds them firmer so that they feel more comfortable. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. It's alkaline (non-acid). Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH today at any drug store.

When mouth tissues change—see your dentist.

DISCOURAGE...
Prolonged and Persistent
NAIL-BITING
USE
THUM
TRADE MARK
60¢ and $1.20
AT LEADING DRUG COUNTERS
● Simple
● Quick
● Effective



DISASTER
May Lurk in Neglected Minor Injuries
BURNS, CUTS, SCRATCHES, SCALDS
Painful, dangerous infection may result from neglect of small injuries. Apply Oil-O-Sol instantly. This gentle germ-arresting antiseptic acts at once to help control infection, ease pain, speed healing. Wonderful first aid protection for 50 years. Does not sting. Easy to use. Mosso's Oil-O-Sol, 50¢ today at your drug store.

Turknit



TURKNIT Baby Bath Blankets, Towels, Wash Cloths and Bibs are 'musts' with millions of mothers. Soft, absorbent and long wearing. TURKNIT matched sets make ideal gifts. At many leading stores.



Knitted for Softness



TURKNIT Hooded Baby Bath Blanket is popular with many mothers. Protects head from drafts. TURKNIT Baby Bath Robes are beautifully tailored. Sizes 1, 2 and 3. In pink, blue, yellow green and white.

PUTNAM KNITTING CO., Cohoes, N. Y.

MATERNITY DRESSES WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG
Advance Styles
Dresses & suits for morning, street, afternoon, or sports, $2.95 to $22.50. Also maternity corsets & lingerie. (Catalog mailed in plain envelope.)
CRAWFORD'S, Dept. A, 729 Balt., Kansas City 6, Mo.

In two large dormitories the beds are pushed together with only enough room between them for one person to squeeze through. Patients apt to roll out of bed have high wooden sides to their cots. They look as though they are lying in coffins: gaunt, emaciated beings with fierce bristling hair on their upper lips and chins, some with crew cuts growing out in weird spikes. Once these women were maidens and sweethearts, wives and mothers; now those they loved and those who loved them are gone—they wait for their release from the living in babbling, hopeless infirmity.

Although some volunteers find this senile ward the most depressing place in the hospital, others request duty there again and again. They come to love the old ladies, who, they say, are most touchingly grateful for the smallest attention to their comfort. Six nurses move constantly among about 50 bed' patients, tucking in blankets, giving medicine, dressing, bathing and endlessly changing bed linen.

"See that imp over there?" A nurse fondly points out a spry little old girl who has kicked off all her covers. "She's wet the bed ten times today, but she always climbs into somebody else's empty bed to do it!"

Another patient has unmade her bed for the third time in an hour. She sits on the side of her cot in a white nightshirt with bare legs and feet sticking out, busily rolling her sheets and bed pad into a hobo's bundle.

"It's lining," she tells a volunteer excitedly. "For the children's things, you know. You've no idea how quickly I picked it up."

The nurse asks her how old she is.

"I'm nineteen," says the ninety-year-old patient.

"Nineteen? And how old is your son?"

"Why, he's older than that!" is the impatient reply as she ties a big knot in the sheet.

Over in the big auditorium a "rhythm class" is in session. Up on the stage a woman is playing loud, jazzy tunes on the piano while below her a hundred patients and a dozen volunteers march and dance, shaking rattles, beating drums and hitting cymbals. One patient in a red woolen ski cap, green sweater, purple dress, and stockings rolled neatly below her knees, marches briskly about shaking two tin cans attached to sticks. A volunteer walks with her arms entwined about two patients at once; the strange trio walks slowly around and around the room, the volunteer talking and smiling, the patients with a look of intense concentration, like someone trying to recall a phone number, as the pianist crashes through Darktown Strutters' Ball.

MANY patients sit on the side lines tapping cymbals in time (or, as the case may be, *not* in time) with the music. One stops long enough to blow her nose thoroughly on the hem of her dress, wipes her nose off carefully, and continues with her music.

The volunteers, many of whom will walk ten miles this afternoon on the dance floor, wear flat, sensible shoes. One of them got up at 5:30 A.M. to make the eighty-mile round trip. After an hour of music, only two or three patients remain unresponsive; the rest are having a wonderful time. One graceful middle-aged patient swings and whirls through intricate steps all by herself; she was once a professional dancer. At the end of each performance she bows to an imaginary audience and throws kisses to the absent applause.

Over in the hospital ward for mental patients with physical disorders, a volunteer sits talking quietly with a young girl who appears to be about 17. Her dark eyes look enormous in her blue-white face; her arms so thin they are almost transparent. As the volunteer talks, the girl strokes her hand with fingers cold and white as porcelain. Now and then, as she listens, the girl's eyes light up briefly and a ghost of a smile hovers on her lips, but she never utters a word.

In one of the cottage dayrooms a group of volunteers is helping with handicrafts. A patient, who is also a spastic case, with tremendous effort is trying to control the shaking of her hands and arms long enough to braid some yarn with a crochet hook. Under the

NO STROLLER LIKE IT FOR LOOKS—
THE NEW MANOR

Smart design! Hardwood sides give it a "town car" look . . . chrome-plated trim and contrasting hood piping give it dash! Have it in navy blue or duchess gray!

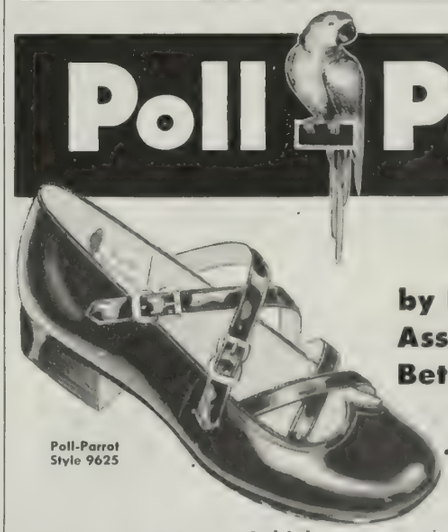
Safe comfort! Draft-proof body has a 4-position reclining back and adjustable foot rest so baby can sit or lie full length. Safety stand prevents tipping.



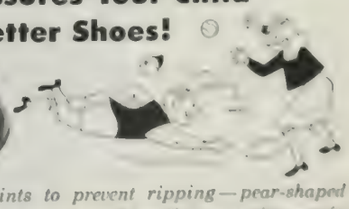
Famous features! Thayer "exclusives" include "Trigger-Touch" lock for folding stroller—"Squeak-Proof" wheel bearings that never need oil—white "Steer-Easy" tires for easier pushing and riding. See other Thayer models from **$15.95** to **$74.95.**

Thayer
"TOPS FOR TOTS"

Poll-Parrot



Pre-Testing
by Real Boys and Girls
Assures Your Child
Better Shoes!



Poll-Parrot
Style 9625

For 22 years, real boys and girls have pre-tested every pattern of Poll-Parrot Shoes in *actual wear!* So *your* child gets such benefits as: *extra reinforcements at strain points to prevent ripping—pear-shaped heels to hug and cradle young feet—soft, durable upper leathers!* See your Poll-Parrot dealer for better shoes for your child!

ALSO STAR ★ BRAND SHOES . . . AT LOWER PRICES



Poll-Parrot
Style 8070

Poll-Parrot
Style B1858

For nearest Poll-Parrot dealer, see Classified Phone Directory or write us.

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND, Division of International Shoe Company • ST. LOUIS 3, MO.



New finer Mum- more effective longer!

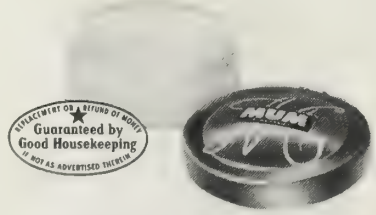
Now contains amazing new ingredient M-3 that protects underarms against odor-causing bacteria

When you're close to the favorite man in your life, be sure you *stay* nice to be near. Guard against underarm odor this new, *better* way!

Better, longer protection. Yes, new Mum with M-3 safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm odor. Doesn't give odor a chance to start.

Softer, creamier new MUM smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Contains no harsh ingredients to irritate skin. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

MUM's delicate new fragrance was created for Mum alone. And gentle new Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage—a jar lasts and *lasts!*



New **MUM** *cream deodorant*

A Product of Bristol Myers

Build up protection with new MUM! Mum with M-3 not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria – but keeps down *future* bacteria growth. Yes, you actually build up protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum! Now at your cosmetic counter.

gentle encouragement of the volunteer she triumphantly accomplishes forty-nine stitches. Another woman is doing exquisite table-linen embroidery; her tears fall on her work. "My husband died eighteen years ago today," she tells her sympathizers.

A rosy-cheeked grandmother sits writing with chalk on a small black slate. She has written her name ten times in uncertain, scraggly letters. "*Ach,* it reminds me when I was a little girl in Norway," she smiles happily.

Down in the beauty parlor several volunteers are giving patients home permanents. The small room with one operator in charge (and patients as helpers) offers scalp treatments, haircuts, facials, manicures and permanents, but only 20–35 patients can be handled a day. Volunteers find hairdressing one of the quickest ways to win the friendship and gratitude of patients.

"Who are the most violent patients here?" a volunteer asked a nurse after a pleasant afternoon of giving permanents and manicuring.

"You have been with them all afternoon," was the reply.

A few years ago at Anoka, these same violent patients would have been in strait jackets as long as twenty-two hours a day, primarily because there was only one nurse for every 100-patient cottage.

"Fifty per cent of the people in state mental hospitals are schizophrenics," according to Dr. Ralph Rossen, Minnesota Mental Health Commissioner. "This particular disease, which usually begins in the age group of eighteen to twenty-five years, arises from a portion of the normal population, which some psychiatrists term schizoid personalities, which number about thirty-five million in this country. Schizophrenia outnumbers all cases of cancer and tuberculosis put together."

Yet, until recent years, hundreds and thousands of schizophrenics languished in the back wards, becoming more regressed and mute, often violent, sometimes naked and unable to care for their bodily needs. Few real efforts were made to cure the patients. They were simply removed from society.

A volunteer who visited Anoka in 1946 tells of some of the conditions then, conditions which still exist in many mental hospitals today:

"As we walked into a cottage, which was a dark depressing gray, without a touch of color anywhere, we saw women in camisoles strapped to slit benches. They screamed and raged at us, taunted us, 'How would you like to be here?' We saw bowel messes on the floors. The women's hair was shaved off in crew cuts and they wore similar shapeless denim dresses. They drooled and ranted. It was heart-rending.

"WHEN I visited the central kitchen, I was thoroughly nauseated. At two-thirty in the afternoon the patients' suppers were already dished out in open carts, ready to be pushed through the underground tunnels to the different cottages. The plates had once been white enamel, but the paint had long since chipped off so that they were almost totally black and half rusted. The supper consisted of watery gruel with apples in it, coffee, and rolls burned black on the bottom. When I asked the head cook who planned the meal he said he did, according to the money he was allowed."

In those days, patients had no milk to drink, no fresh fruit, no fruit juices, and only one pat of butter a day. The staff, of course, did much better. Today, a trained dietitian plans the same balanced menu for staff and patients alike; the food is wheeled to the cottages in hot steam carts. It is so good that for the first time in the history of Anoka doctors are faced with obesity problems among the patients.

"In the old days, if a patient didn't eat nobody cared," explains a staff member. "If they died, it meant one less to care for."

IN those days there was no psychotherapy for patients, no lobar surgery, no program of activity aside from dishwashing, potato peeling, work in the boiler room or laundry or farm work, chores which often occupied the more active patient eight or more hours a day. Occupational therapy was used as a means of making or saving money for the hospital, regardless of the particular patient's welfare. If a patient could make any article which could be sold, he was kept at it year after year, until any benefit he might derive from working with his hands became buried in deadly monotony. For 1000 patients there was one recreation worker. About a third he could manage was one dance a month and one movie a week for those able to walk over to the auditorium.

Says Doctor Rossen, who was for many years superintendent of a state mental hospital, "It is difficult to assume how many waking hours of a person with a mental condition are spent in a normal fashion. However, for the persons who *at times* suffer from fears and hostility, to put them in any restraint and seclusion, especially for long periods of time, only increases the degree of their hostility. Experience has shown that modern methods of diagnosis and treatment in psychiatry can virtually eliminate mechanical restraint by the substitution of psychotherapy, group therapy, different types of shock therapy, or psychosurgery, plus more personnel, recreation and occupational therapy, and *sustained kindness, patience, and the kind of sympathetic understanding which brings respectability to any person who is sick.*'

By 1948, public opinion in Minnesota was so aroused over the shocking state of the mental hospitals that Governor Youngdahl made this a major plank in his political campaign. Under his leadership, $30,000,000 has been spent in two years to turn asylums into hospitals, infernos into places of hope.

In October, 1948, the first cottage at Anoka was freed from restraints. As one hospital worker puts it, "We opened the doors and let one hundred patients walk into the open air. Some had been restrained for twenty and thirty years; many could barely hobble. They took one look at the outside world and streaked for freedom in all directions. Every worker in the hospital went chasing after patients. It was pandemonium. This went on for three days. On the fourth day, no one tried to run away." Gradually,

(Continued on Page 124)

Resolution

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

I'll write no more of love while you are here.
You are too close; your pulse might be my own.
If I should say, "Now love is doubly dear,"
The phrase might be traced blindly on a stone
For all my heart would feel alone. Not mine,
It beats in your breast, quickens at a word,
Refuses common bread and daily wine,
Living upon a whisper scarcely heard.

When you return at dusk, I live once more,
As dreamers wake from staring in their sleep
Down lonely corridors, an opening door
Lighting the maze that seemed so dark, so deep.
I'll write no more of love, lest it should seem
Only the echo of a radiant dream.

Better than the stars that get "ahs" on the screen

's the long-wearing comfort of socks marked Durene



'ou're in for a l-o-n-g stretch of ease . . . the minute you spy and buy anything labeled Durene. And that goes for nderwear, polo shirts, baby knits—as well as socks. Because everything made of Durene mercerized cotton is gilt-edged all the vay. Washes like a dream. Wears like a good friend. Feels like a million dollars! Doesn't pinch your toes or torso . . . doesn't ottle-up steamy heat . . . like ordinary fast-shrinking, slow-absorbing fabrics. And that's not all. Things made of Durene yarn *ook* a whale of a lot better, too! Have a wonderful lustre that can't be washed or worn away. Yes! Any way you look at it you et your money's worth *and more* with the Durene label. Look for it!



It's your protection. Whatever you buy labeled "Made of Durene yarn" . . . socks, T-shirts, underwear, baby wear . . . you *know* it's tops! Because not only must the yarn meet high-quality standards . . . but the garment itself must be able to pass workmanship and performance tests. For your own, your family's and your pocketbook's sake . . . look for the Durene label. It pays!

POP SAYS IT THIS WAY:



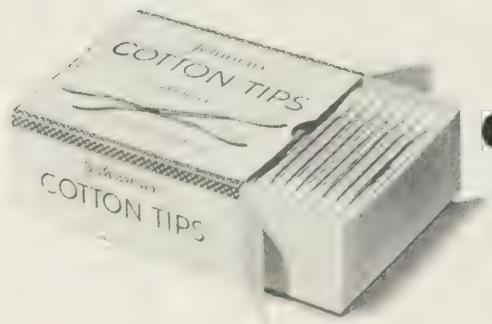
MOM SAYS IT THIS WAY:



ONLY JOHNSON'S COTTON TIPS GIVE YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES!

- Baby-soft—made of world's finest-quality absorbent cotton.
- Baby-safe—sterilized right in the box. Protected by the famous Johnson & Johnson quality-control method.
- Cotton firmly anchored—spun directly on the sticks. Stays firm, doesn't twist in use.
- Double tips—*both* ends of stick are cotton-tipped for extra convenience and economy.
- Handy drawer box—easy to open. Fits on narrow shelf. Protects tips till the last one is used.
- The Johnson & Johnson trade-mark—your guarantee of unvarying dependability from America's largest, most trusted maker of baby products.

When you buy—don't say cotton tips...say



JOHNSON'S COTTON TIPS

49¢ and 29¢ SIZES

Johnson & Johnson

(Continued from Page 122)

as the hospital staff expanded, more cottages were relieved of restraints until they were entirely abolished.

At about this time, the first volunteers appeared in large number at Anoka, aroused by the publicity the state hospitals were getting, and were immediately put to use in programs of physical activities as a substitution for restraints. These took the form of square dancing, croquet, softball, walks, rhythms, and so forth. At first the volunteers were greeted by the patients with silent hostility. But when they came back again and again, the hospital staff began to notice changes which even the greatly expanded personnel had been unable to accomplish. The patients, mingling freely with people from the outside, began to take a pride in their own appearance; they eagerly accepted the girdles and brassières and differently styled and colored dresses offered them by the hospital for the first time. There was far less tearing and destroying of clothes. When the beauty parlor was crowded, they set their own hair, painted their nails. Bowel and bladder accidents decreased greatly, as well as profane and obscene language.

"The patients look so much happier," says the leader of the Young Catholic group, John Geisse. "From the dead silence in the auditorium three years ago to spontaneous moving about, to conversation to the point of noise, has been a terrific change."

According to the superintendent of Anoka, Dr. Edward Miller, who has held his present job for eight years, "The contribution of the volunteers is unique. No matter how large a staff we have, the volunteer brings something to the patient which the professional staff member cannot, and that is contact with the community. After all, these people are here because they have failed to adjust to that world and have been rejected by it. When outsiders come here of their own free will, bringing kindness and understanding, it helps give the patient the courage and hope necessary to make the long journey back."

"Nothing I have done is more rewarding," say many volunteers about their work at Anoka. . . . "We don't let dates, parties, anything short of death or sickness keep us from coming," says a young office worker in Minneapolis. "My family thinks this is a queer thing for a young girl to want to do; I can't explain. I guess it's just a wonderful good feeling." . . . Says a young bachelor, "I have so many good times myself, I figure I owe some to these people, who are here *through no fault of their own*."

A MOTHER with two young children describes her first visit to Anoka: "I felt walls falling down; I felt part of something bigger and far more important than my own small world. It was a revelation to me. It makes me a better mother, too, more aware, more sympathetic, more determined to keep my children from experiencing the tragedy I see everywhere here."

What are the qualities a volunteer needs for this immensely challenging and rewarding work? A psychologist at Anoka specifies that a volunteer should be a person who has done an adequate job of getting along with his own family and community, and who has a sincere love of people. A mental hospital does *not* want volunteers who come out of curiosity or a desire to gain insight into their own emotional difficulties.

The best volunteers are those who genuinely enjoy themselves with the patients, who have patience, tact and—last but not least—a sense of humor. Laughter, like music, is one of the best therapies known. One volunteer tells of watching a male patient, formerly a magazine illustrator, draw a most extraordinary picture which still haunts him with its biting satire. The picture showed a big hound dog sitting in an armchair with a pipe in his teeth, reading a newspaper; at his feet, curled up on the hearth, was his master crunching a bone!

THERE are four different church groups which have been coming regularly to Anoka for the past three years. (Their duties are nonsectarian and of the usual type. Services of a religious nature are performed by the hospital chaplain.) Some come once a month, and some as often as twice a week. By car or by bus they make the hour's trip, each way, from Minneapolis winter and summer, even through ice and snow and blizzards. They never disappoint the patients.

Nineteen women from the Unitarian church have worked for three years with the same group of patients, whom they selected because they had neither friends nor relatives in the outside world. The joy with which the patients greet these volunteers is touching in the extreme—hugs, cries, kisses. Birthdays are remembered, letters are sent between visits, and it is not too much to say that the patients' lives now revolve about their new friends. One woman patient who was known to have spells of violence spent several weeks at the home of one of the volunteers, where she fitted into the family life with complete harmony. One disadvantage of this type of activity is that the patients become so dependent upon their friends that any rupture in the relationship might bring harmful results; for this reason, all the other volunteers, including 18 from the Jewish synagogues, work with the patients as a whole, to avoid feelings of dependency and jealousy.

The Young Catholic group of about 50 young men and women has given about 13,000 man-hours in the past three years. They devote their whole day every other Sunday, and every Thursday evening, to group activities like singing, bingo, baseball games and dances. This represents a real sacrifice in time for these young people, many of whom have only Sundays free from their jobs.

Finally there are the 93 regular volunteers from the Minneapolis Council of Churchwomen, representing ten denominations, who come out in groups of about six women each to help with walks, croquet, ball games, rhythms or other recreational work in the cottages. All four groups participate in Christmas festivities, with parties and presents for each of the 1000 patients.

The volunteers used to bring sweets with them to the hospital, but as cookies and cake posed a problem for dieting and diabetic patients, refreshments have now been limited to fresh fruit, and coffee provided by the hospital.

VOLUNTARY POVERTY

Among us English-speaking peoples especially do the praises of poverty need once more to be boldly sung. We have grown literally afraid to be poor. We despise anyone who elects to be poor in order to simplify and save his inner life. If he does not join the general scramble and pant with the money-making street, we deem him spiritless and lacking in ambition. We have lost the power even of imagining what the ancient idealization of poverty could have meant: the liberation from material attachments, an unbribed soul, the manlier indifference, the paying our way by what we do and not by what we have, the right to fling away our life at any moment irresponsibly—the more athletic trim, in short, the moral fighting shape.

When we of the so-called better classes are scared as men were never scared in history at material ugliness and hardship; when we put off marriage until our house can be artistic, and quake at the thought of having a child without a bank account and doomed to manual labor, it is time for thinking men to protest against so unmanly and irreligious a state of opinion.

—WILLIAM JAMES,
The Varieties of Religious Experience.



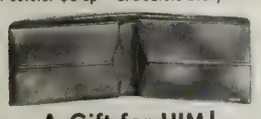
A place for everything... everything in its place!



Added convenience for you in this smart, handy

MEEKER Billfold

This latest MEEKER creation is thin and compact, yet has plenty of room for bills, checks, etc., plus a pass case that holds 9 cards, snapshots, etc. Roomy gusset coin purse, secret pocket, handsome gold-finished snap fastener. Custom-fashioned of various fine leathers, in popular colors. $6 up—at Dealers Everywhere.



A Gift for HIM!

It's the famous MEEKER 340—with **maximum capacity but minimum bulk!** Smartly-styled. $6 up.

THE MEEKER CO., INC., JOPLIN, MO.

New York: 347 Fifth Ave. • Chicago: 36 S. State St.

MEEKER MADE Fine Leather Goods

"See that woman over there," remarks a volunteer about a patient gulping down a large banana. "When we first came here she used to scratch her head until her whole scalp was a great bleeding sore. We would find her sitting in a chair with her knee against her face and all her underwear showing as she scratched. See how normally she sits now. She's completely stopped scratching and beats me at croquet and checkers all the time."

Volunteers say their biggest hurdle in getting used to work with mental patients was fear of bodily harm. "It takes a lot of courage at first to walk along with men and women patients ambling back and forth without attendants," says one churchwoman. "Soon you get so interested in drawing the patient out that you submerge your own fears; then when you realize that the patient is only withdrawn and embarrassed, your fears vanish."

There have been only two unpleasant incidents with volunteers at Anoka in the past three years. One woman volunteer was slapped lightly on the face by a patient passing her in the auditorium; this has never happened since. The other incident was when a volunteer in her seventh month of pregnancy was punched in the stomach by a young male patient at a dance. Obviously, a mental hospital is no place for a pregnant volunteer.

WHAT do volunteers talk about with patients? Anoka volunteers have found it is best to keep the conversation rather general until you get on a firm footing; one patient may have severe delusions, another may be able to discuss the current foreign situation with complete lucidity along with quotes from the New York Times. "My name is Monica Jones. May I sit down with you?" is a good beginning. ("If you are trying to approach a very regressed patient, sometimes just sitting beside him is as good as making conversation," says one of the medical staff.) Volunteers have found that some patients take *two years* of effort before they utter a monosyllable of response. But what a thrilling occasion when the silent patient finds his voice!

The Anoka staff is so pleased with the work of the volunteers that it has added a staff member whose sole job is to co-ordinate volunteer activities. New building plans for Anoka include a permanent lounge, showers and lockers for volunteers.

"Volunteers are simply the *most interested* people in the community," says Mental Health Commissioner Rossen. "The staff must necessarily treat the patient impersonally; the volunteer can treat him as one human being to another. This is the key to our whole new mental-health program—to restore dignity and respect to the individual who feels he has been despised and rejected by society."

A young and quite lovely-looking patient, newly arrived, whose face shows great intelligence and great suffering, steps up to a volunteer and offers her a cigarette. "Here, let me fix your collar." Gently she undoes the top button of the volunteer's blouse and spreads the lapels to display her pearls.

She steps back and slowly regards the volunteer, from the top of her brushed and shining hair to the smart suit and pretty shoes. She covers her face and begins to cry.

"I used to look like that. Can you imagine what it is like to be here? The babble of sounds, the smells, the toilets with no doors, no privacy anywhere, the lights blazing all day?"

She rubs her eyes free of tears with her fists, like a child, and takes a long steadying draw on her cigarette.

"Today is my son's birthday. He's three. The other is five." Her face grimaces with terrible anguish. "I miss them so! Without the love of my husband, my children, my home about me, I am nothing, nothing!"

She weeps uncontrollably. The volunteer reaches out and puts an arm about her thin, shaking shoulders. She hasn't said a word, nor does she need to.

From the auditorium comes the crash of a piano for rhythm class. Presently they go in together.

THE END

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

COMPARE Gibbs VALUES



Gibbs

Quality! Styling! Workmanship!



No 2436—Boys' Athletic Shirt, light weight, hemmed bottom, fabric shoulder. Sizes 2-4-6-8. No. 1433—6 to 16

No 906 21—Sleeveless Slip-over Shirt, patented shoulders, side tabs in sizes 1-2-3. Sizes 1 to 6X.

No 4036—Sleeveless Vest fine gauze super yarn, medium width shoulder straps. Sizes 6 to 16

No 434—Boys' Brief, light weight, elastic waist, fly front. Sizes 2-4-6-8 No 433—Elastic leg—6 to 16.

No. 121—Training Pants with 2-way stretch, double panel front and back, elastic waist Sizes 1 to 4

No 4037—Panty, fine gauze super yarn, elastic waist, elastic ribbed leg. Sizes 6 to 16

No 525 2—Summer Sleeper—2 way stretch, gripper fastened, blue, maize, pink, mint Sizes 1 to 4. No. 525 1—sizes 4 6-8, crew neck, elastic waist in pant

No. 095S—Shorty Pajama of cool, comfortable, finest quality run-proof Tricot Rayon, trimmed with multi-colored thread, white, pink, blue and maize Sizes 4 to 16.

Polo Shirts—Wide stripes and solid colors. Made of plain combed or Durene yarns, regular or interlock knit. Sizes 1 to 4 with gripper shoulder Sizes 2 to 8, and 8 to 16 with plain shoulder.

No 057—Finest quality run-proof Tricot Rayon Panty, outside elastic waist, elastic leg trimmed with Valise edging, white, blue, maize, pink. Sizes 1 to 4, 2 to 8, 10 to 16

Gibbs Underwear Co. Mills: Philadelphia • New York: Empire State Bldg.



Refrigerator, sink and dishwasher are now on window wall, with wood counter, knife rack and mixer conveniently placed between them.



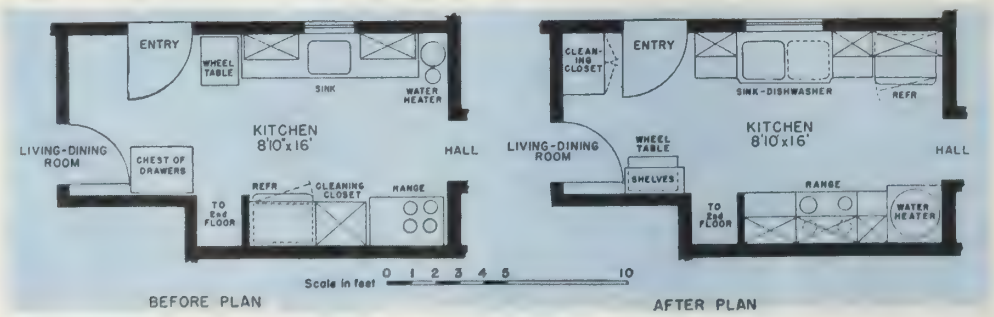
Thirty-inch range is roomy, has four five-heat units, an unusually large oven that is economical for large or small loads.

The Straight and Narrow

By GLADYS TABER

Along the springtime roads, the houses look comfortable and pleasant with jonquils and tulips in bloom and scooters and roller skates by the front doors. All over America screens are being painted, lawns cut, and deck chairs moved outdoors for the family to relax in.

The house I came to see had a nice lived-in look and the terrace was lovely with the sun. Inside, the living-room fireplace had a small brisk fire in it, the spring light shone on books and comfortable sofa and easy chairs. The kitchen was the only discouraged-looking room in the house. *(Continued on Page 128)*



Both plans are straight and narrow: *after* one has work counters where needed, more storage space.

In place too narrow for cabinet, spaced wall shelves are hung with three-tier table rolled underneath.

STUART-STEPHENSON



Give the bride a Pyrex Ware shower!

(PICK THESE FOR MOTHER'S DAY, TOO!)

Basic Pyrex Ware essentials



PYREX FLAMEWARE PERCOLATOR

You can see when the coffee's perked to perfect strength. Doesn't stain. Doesn't hold rancid tastes or odors.
6-cup size **$2.95**



PYREX CASSEROLE

Bake in it, bring it right to the table, then put it in the refrigerator with leftovers —ready for reheating. Utility cover.
1½-quart size **89¢**



PYREX FLAMEWARE SAUCEPAN

You can watch how things are cooking, right through the clear glass top and sides. Easy to keep clean. Lock-on cover.
1½-quart size **$2.25**



PYREX PIE PLATE

Bakes pies quickly—and gives you a wonderful, flaky under-crust. Attractive for serving, too!
9½-inch size **39¢**

Home-baker's stand-bys



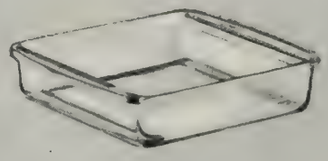
PYREX COLOR BOWL SET

Here's a nest of four gay-colored bowls for every mixing use. Grand for oven-baking and serving fruits and salads, too.
Set of 4 bowls **$2.95**



PYREX MEASURES

Easy to read. Easy to pour from. Boiling liquids can't hurt them. 8-ounce size 29¢, 1-pint size 59¢.
1-quart size **79¢**



PYREX SQUARE CAKE DISH

New design, with wide, easy-to-grasp handles. Lets you see when the crust is an even golden-brown all over. **79¢**



PYREX ROUND CAKE DISH

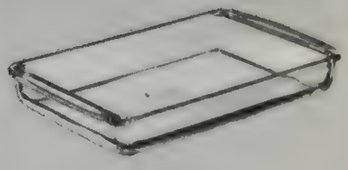
For cakes, of course! Wonderful, too, as a shallow casserole, for serving vegetables or dessert. **59¢**

Pyrex Ware for entertaining



PYREX COLOR WARE CASSEROLE

Handsome 2½-quart casserole with cover in gay red or sunny yellow. Wonderful for buffet suppers. **$2.25**



PYREX UTILITY DISH

Big enough for 24 servings of cake, cornbread, stuffed tomatoes. Useful as a refrigerator tray, as well.
14-inch size **$1.00**

100th ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL

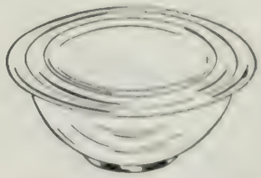
Limited time only!

(Offer expires June 30, 1951)

Here's a bargain for *you*—because we're celebrating the 100th Anniversary of Corning Glass Works . . . a century of making glass better and more useful.

For a limited time we're offering you that wonderful Pyrex Clear Bowl Set—a nest of three bowls for mixing, baking, serving—at a wonderful saving!

Get this special at your dealer's now. Offer expires June 30, 1951.



PYREX CLEAR BOWL SET

SPECIALLY PRICED AT ONLY **$1.19**

PYREX® WARE—A PRODUCT OF CORNING GLASS WORKS

"PYREX" is a registered trade-mark of Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.



If it's Pyrex Ware the trade mark is on it

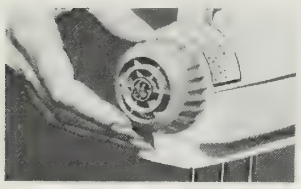
You name it! (Waffles? Milkshakes? Sponge cake? Salad dressing? Fudge?) Just name it!



Then whip it up—with the new G-E Triple-Whip Mixer!

Never before has there been a mixer so easy and convenient to use . . . so perfect for so many varieties of food . . . as this new G-E workhorse. Result: you'll keep it in use for *every* meal, and for between-meal snacks, too!

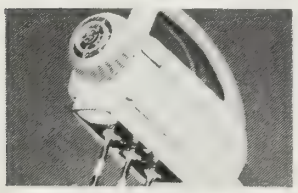
$39.95*



New, improved speed selector is up front where you can see it! That means you can get just the right amount of power for the job at hand. And there's a wonderful no-clog juicer for easy fruit squeezing, too!

Three beaters give you the last word in beating thoroughness by beating from center to side of bowl. And the beaters have no center shafts—so they're as easy to clean as a spoon (and much more effective for whipping up those mashed potatoes or scrambled eggs or cake batters)!





Built-in light shines directly down into the bowl—so you can give those fancier whipping jobs all the attention they need. (You get a 2-quart and 4-quart bowl with every mixer.)

*Price subject to change without notice

Write for the new Triple-Whip Recipe Book. Address General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Whip-Tip for May

For a new twist on an old stand-by . . . add a teaspoon of chives to your potatoes while you're whipping them.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 126)

The room was long and narrow; in fact, it was twice as long as it was wide—a problem which is typical of a good many American homes. It had four doors, including the space used for a ship's ladder to the second floor, only one window and a jog in one side wall to complicate things further.

Now, a two-wall kitchen can produce miracles of assembly-line convenience, speed and perfection, or it can be an awkward, frustrating, dark alleyway where nothing is where you want it. It all depends on how you arrange the equipment along your assembly line.



Closet for electric water heater has ventilated door. Roomy shelf at top for roaster or seldom-used equipment.

You don't, for instance, put the range in the darkest corner with a broom closet between it and the refrigerator, as in the plan of this kitchen before it was whipped into shape. It took the JOURNAL'S seeing-eye planners only an instant to analyze the cause and cure of the trouble.

In the "after" plan, adequate space is provided beside each piece of equipment, which is so much better than a lot of space in the wrong spot. The dark corner is now occupied by the water heater, which is self-operating and needs no attention. More light has been provided by the wider window, and the wall spaces at the "all doors" end of the room have been put to work with built-in shelves and closets.

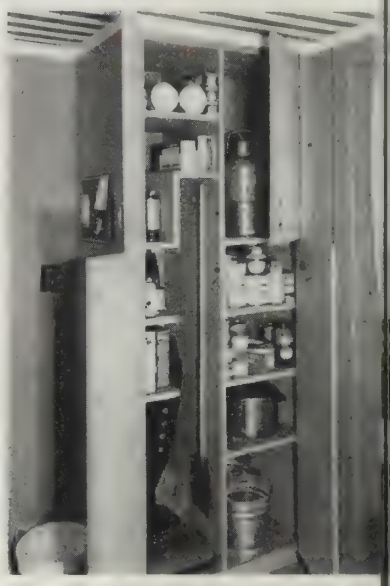
"I was pretty discouraged with my straight-and-narrow kitchen, but there's nothing wrong with it now. In fact, it's my favorite plan for quick-and-easy cooking," says its owner. "My right hand always knows what my left is doing because everything is at arm's length. I can stand on a dime and get dinner, pivoting from range to refrige tor to dishwasher and cabinets without t ing a step. And, at long last, I have reali my dream of a special set of shelves desig for small electrical equipment with separ compartments the right size and height accommodate my coffee maker, toas waffle baker and radio. These shelves have spaces for the large salad bowl, tr and vases I never could find a place f

Using the same space, and the same walls, the straight-and-narrow kitchen fitted to modern living. The only structu change was to substitute a larger winc over the sink, a casement type easy to o when you stand in front of the counter.

Wall shelves tailored to fit the electric pliances and accessories, and a built storage and cleaning closet, were placed the unused walls. A three-tier wheeled ta fits under the shelves and can be rolled to the terrace on sunny days or into the ing room for meal service by the window tea by the fire. It's equally useful for bri ing the soiled dishes to the dishwasher a the meal.

When the kitchen was finished, JOURNAL planners sat down and added the gains. There was half again as m work space in counters—but a hundred cent better placed. Kitchen cabinets g twice as much storage space, and a th more shelf space had been added in built- And all this in the same size room which twice as light as before and infinitely m pleasant to work in.

The long-and-narrow room has a low ing, so the lights are the recessed type wl do not hang down in the way. There are



Floor-to-ceiling divided cupboard entry wall combines cleaning closet one side with shelf closet for supplie

of these ceiling fixtures, which give an spread of light, and, in addition, there long strip of light behind the valance the sink to light up that area when the d dark or the sun goes down. For good what-you-are-doing when cooking at range, the shelf over it has another light hind it. The deep front of the shelf shi the fixture from the eyes so there is no gl This all adds up to making the room bright at night as in the daytime.

The walls are painted blue and coa with a clear plastic so the smudges and s are readily washed away. The floor is with a blue linoleum spattered with conf colors. Counters are sunny yellow plas except for the hardwood cutting block.

Candy-striped wallpaper on the ceilin a stroke of sheer magic, for it makes room seem twice as wide and spacious. awninglike valances over the window an front of the range break up the long nar look, too, and add gaiety and a feelin spaciousness. The blue walls are a perfect for the candy red and the yellow.

Nobody would ever feel that she n follow a straight-and-narrow path now, this young-hearted kitchen is as charm and gay as a spring garden. THE E



Dishes, glasses and silver are automatically washed, rinsed and dried. Built-in heater boosts water temperature. Aerating faucet prevents splashing. Refrigerator includes a special freezer section.

"Naturally...



"As a furniture designer" says Mrs. Marie Kirkpatrick f Grand Rapids, "my greatest joy is adding *beauty* to ıe remarkable efficiency of our home furnishings. Believe le! The designers of new Gas ranges have done just that! ı their clear, clean lines—their convenient controls—their ısy, yet scientifically exact operation—new Gas ranges *out-ook* and *out-cook* every other modern cooking appliance!"



"As a home economist" says Miss Gretchen McMullen of Brookline, Mass., "I've used all types of ranges. That's why I *know* there's no better buy than a new *Gas* range. It combines instant selection of hundreds of heats with the ability to hold *any* heat. Add to that: automatic lighting, automatic controls and quick-clean removable parts . . . and you'll see why I'm so enthusiastic about modern Gas ranges."



"My home comes first" says Mrs. Otto Panzer of Portland, Ore. "It's not elaborate, but everything in it is the best I could buy. My beautiful new Gas range, for instance. It not only cooks perfectly but it's *automatic*. Even the oven and broiler light without matches. And it's *immaculately* clean! There hasn't been a single smudge on pan bottoms or my light-colored walls since I got my new Gas range!"

I prefer a Gas range!"

NEW FREEDOM GAS KITCHEN (© A.G.A., INC.)



CALORIC *"CP" Gas range—just one of many all-automatic Gas ranges now at your Gas company or appliance store.*

and there are 26,999,997 other smart women who cook with Gas!

Gas has got it!

FOR MODERN
COOKING
REFRIGERATION
WATER-HEATING
HOUSE-HEATING
AIR-CONDITIONING
CLOTHES-DRYING
INCINERATION

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

see the SPRING STYLE SHOW of NEW GAS RANGES today!



BUY-LINES

AN ADVERTISING PAG

THE "bounty" of beautiful May flowers is a delight *indoors* as well as out . . . but the *way* they are arrang makes a big difference. One important thing to remember is to let the flowers do what *they* want to do . . . nev force them into unnatural lines. If a flower is naturally "droopy", why just let it droop . . . but if it's tall a stately by nature, then let it stand straight and high. Chicken wire, wadded to fit your flower bowl snugly, mak a wonderful holder . . . gives flowers "their own way" so that they form beautiful, graceful lines. And don't

FOR MOTHER'S DAY, I suggest a gift of lasting pleasure . . . a beautiful new GENERAL ELECTRIC Triple-Whip Mixer. It's a beauty with "brains"... has features galore that not only make cooking *easier*, but make it *better*. Just listen:



A G-E Triple-Whip Mixer offers you three powerful beaters for fast, thorough mixing from center to side of bowl . . . yet are A-B-C easy to clean since there are no center shafts to get in your way and no hard-to-reach corners. A new no-clog juicer made especially for you . . . lets you squeeze more than a dozen oranges with no clogging. A built-in light shines directly down into the bowl (two bowls come with each mixer!) . . . lets you really see what you're mixing. A new, improved speed selector out in front where it's easy to read and set . . . with all the power you need no matter what you mix.

The GENERAL ELECTRIC Triple-Whip Mixer is made for Mother (and you, too!) . . . so see it soon at your G-E Dealer's.

WANT TO TURN YOUR YOUNG MAN'S FANCY to thoughts of love and Y-O-U? Then remember . . . men seldom care for girls with dry, brittle, unruly hair. So look in the mirror . . . and if yours is like that, take a tip from John Robert Powers and switch to KREML Shampoo. He recommends it to all his models . . . for unlike many shampoos that contain drying ingredients, it has a natural oil base. That's why it helps keep hair silken soft and a darling



to manage . . . as well encourages any natural cu But that's not the only reas Powers Models depend KREML Shampoo and why recommend it so highly . . its special cleansing qualities bring o all your hair's natural highlights a make it sparkle with natural gloss glamorous sheen. However, only seei is believing . . . so try KREML Shampo . . . let your own eyes tell you what beautiful difference it makes.

MOTHERS WANT THE BEST for their babies! That's why so many of them keep Johnson's BABY OIL and Johnson's BABY POWDER in constant "attendance" . . . for they've found that this wonderful combination offers baby-safe protection against irritation, chafing and prickles. That's because both these fine products are made especially to "agree" with baby's delicate, sensitive skin by America's foremost makers of baby products . . . Johnson & Johnson. So keep them on your nursery tray . . . and do this:



Smooth Johnson's BABY OIL on baby's scalp and body after every bath (after every diaper change, too!) . . . note how this pure, soothing oil helps prevent skin irritations. And sprinkle on soft, silky Johnson's BABY POWDER often . . . helps ward off little chafes and prickles . . . keeps baby comfy and contented.

I can assure you that these two Johnson's Baby Products will keep your baby soothed, sweet and happy . . . but try them yourself and see.

WEDDING BELLS will soon be ringing . . . and I recommend a PRESTO Cooker as t most cherished gift you could give on such treasured occasions. Why? Because it has a "talent" for turning a lucky bride into a happy homemaker . . . for example: Hi-speed PRESTO Cooking makes even a beginner an expert cook from the start . . . with more nourishing, more appetizing foods ready to serve in a fraction of ordinary cooking time. Promises her one to two hours of extra kitchen-freedom every day, too . . . more time for relaxation and pleasure. Furthermore, with the exclusive Homec Seal and Pressure-Tru Indicator, a PRESTO Cooker is so safe, so easy, so

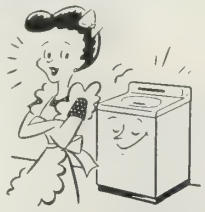


wonderful to use. And here's something every newly-wed will appreciate . . . PREST Cooking saves money on food *and* fuel bills. There's a marvelous 128-page recipe and in struction book included with each PRESTO Cooker . . . so see the wide variety of siz and models at your Dealer's. Prices start at $10.95. Slightly higher, Western Zone. Wa Literature? Then write PRESTO, Dept. S, Eau Claire, Wis.

WHY BE A LADY IN WAITING . . . why not aid and abet romance by making your hair a crown of loveliness? It's easy, you know . . . as easy as giving yourself a TONI HOME PERMANENT. There's no other wave like it . . . for it's as soft and lovely as naturally curly hair and it requires no more care and "attention"! TONI actually guarantees it . . . for TONI has the gentlest waving lotion known *plus* an amazing new neutralizer called Permafix that works wonders. You see, it really conditions your hair . . . not only leaves it "angel" soft at the very first combing, but makes it more beautifully natural month after month. That's why I say "You can't tell a TONI from naturally curly hair." And I'm sure when you try TONI you'll agree with me. A TONI HOME PERMANENT costs only $1, too . . . why don't you try it today?



LADY, BE GOOD TO YOURSELF . . . let the wonderful new FRIGIDAIRE Automatic Washer do your washday work for you! It's even easier than sending the laundry out . . . for you just: 1. Drop in clothes. 2. Add your soap. 3. Set the Select-O-Dial for the right washing time. That's all *you* do . . . FRIGIDAIRE does the rest! And how wonderfully it does it . . . for FRIGIDAIRE'S famous Live-Water washing sends hot suds "swishing" through the clothes! Washes them ever so clean . . . yet ever so gently. Next come two rinses and then Rapidry-Spinning . . . all automatically . . . which leaves clothes *so* dry, many are ready to iron. But visit your FRIGIDAIRE Dealer and see this wonderful all-porcelain washer with your own eyes . . . you'll be as thrilled as I am! See the FRIGIDAIRE Electric Dryer with variable temperature control . . . *and* the FRIGIDAIRE Electric Ironer with Prestoe-Matic Foot Control, too. A "talented trio" for a washday holiday.



SPRINGTIME IS ROMANCE TIME . . . so don't be surprised if someone new turns your heart upside down. But be prepared for Cupid's visit . . . by always looking your prettiest. And to aid you in the art of feminine sorcery, I suggest CO-ETS . . . for these little fluted cotton squares answer every beauty need to perfection. That's because they're wonderfully smooth, amazingly absorbent . . . as soft as a caress. Truly, a CO-ET is your best "bet" wherever glamour is served . . . such as: 1. Rouge and powder puffs. 2. Manicures and pedicures. 3. Removing nail polish. 4. Applying home permanent wave lotions. 5. Eye pads soaked in ice-cold water. 6. Applying skin-freshening lotion. 7. Applying leg make-up and endless other uses. CO-ETS offer you this priceless help for a song, too . . . only 35¢ for the large economy package with 80 fluted cotton squares. At all Drug and Cosmetic Counters.



WHILE STROLLING THROUGH THE PARK, o city streets or country byways these lovel May days, don't let new or too-tigh shoes hamper your pleasure. How to b "foot-loose" and fancy-free? Just du DR. SCHOLL'S Foot Powder betwee your toes and into your hose and shoes . . every morning. You'll find this wonder fully soothing powde keeps your feet happy *a day long* . . . for it not onl eases shoe friction, bu gives quick, welcom relief to pinched, tende and weary feet! Help prevent Athlete's Foot, a well . . . *and* that clammy sticky, burning feelin often caused by nylon hose. So g DR. SCHOLL'S Foot Powder today . . once you see how it makes every day "holiday" for *your* feet, you'll know wh I urge you to send some to the boys i service, too. And remember . . . fo painful corns and callouses, *nothing* bring faster relief or quicker removal tha DR. SCHOLL'S Zino-pads!



YOU MAY HAVE A HIDDEN TALENT and not know it . . . for if you like to draw, sketch and paint, chances are you have a definite flair for art. And if I were you I'd find out . . . because artists (women artists in particular) are needed these days *and* there can be good money in art if you're talented. That's why I urge you to accept this wonderful OFFER:



FREE ART TALENT TEST . . . developed as a result of 36 years of experience by one of the world's great art schools. It's a 12-page, color-illustrated booklet with 4 tests . . . all of them easy but a really reliable, scientific way of discovering whether you have true art talent. You can take this marvelous test at home in your spare time, too . . . so HURRY. Write Nancy Sasser, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. for your **FREE copy of the *Art Talent Test*** today . . . sending your name, age and address.

Remember . . . artists are in demand now (you can even earn *at home!*) and y-o-u may have a talent for art that can make BIG MONEY.

DO YOU REALLY GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH when you buy fresh vegetables? You actually don't if they're wilted and dried-out . . . as they so often are in the stores. And as vegetables lose their freshness, they not only lose flavor . . . they lose their precious vitamins, too. That's why I recommend you shop *only* at stores which display their vegetables on crushed ice . . . because scientific research has proved over and over that vegetables stay *garden-fresh* and *vitamin-rich* when crushed ice protects



them. So don't waste money or risk your family's health . . insist on ice-protected vegetables And I'd like to send you a grand **FREE Booklet . . . "Money-Saving Tips on Marketing"** It's full of practical shopping hints to make you wise in the ways of buying vegetables, fish and poultry . . . helps you get the *best* for *less*. It's a "must" for every homemaker . . . so drop a postcard to Nancy Sasser, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. for your FREE copy today.

y Nancy Sasser

afraid to "experiment" with containers . . . you can, make lovely and unusual arrangements in a tin cake mold, a glass baking dish or pottery casserole . . . and I love a teacup or sugar bowl for fairy-size bouquets of daphne, arbutus and candytuft. But now for our "Maybasket" of Buy-Lines . . .

I FEEL LIKE A QUEEN in the kitchen these days . . . for I've learned a quick, easy, can't-fail way to make the most luscious **Lemon Meringue Pie** that ever baked in a pan. How? Just use BORDEN'S Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and follow this *magic* recipe. Requires no cooking . . . because you simply:



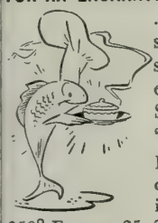
Blend 1-⅓ cups (15-oz. can) BORDEN'S Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, ½ cup lemon juice, 1 tsp. grated lemon rind or ¼ tsp. lemon extract and 2 egg yolks. Stir till mixture thickens. Pour into chilled 8-inch crumb crust or cooled pastry shell. Add ¼ tsp. cream of tartar, if desired, to 2 egg whites and beat until almost stiff enough to hold a peak. Add 4 tbsp. sugar gradually, beating until stiff but not dry. Pile lightly on pie filling. Bake in slow oven (325° F.) 15 mins. or until lightly browned. Cool.

FREE BOOKLET OFFER . . . ***"Eagle Brand Magic Recipes".*** Contains over 70 time, work and money-saving treats and it's a GIFT . . . just write Nancy Sasser, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

ADD MAY DAY MAGIC to your meals and snacks . . . by serving tall, cool glasses of sparkling DEL MONTE Unsweetened Pineapple Juice. It's a drink of tropic sunshine . . . the *perfect* juice for all-round use. And it's easy to understand why . . . for DEL MONTE'S *exclusive* strains of pineapple have true tropic flavor and are picked only when natural tartness and sweetness are in perfect balance. The result? Not too tart and not too sweet . . . the most refreshing, taste-tempting Pineapple Juice ever packed. But prove it to yourself . . . just compare DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice with any other brand and tell the luscious difference. And, as I've told you before, it's good for you, too . . . abounds in natural fruit sugars and is a good source of Vitamin C. Get several cans today and serve it 'round the clock.



FOR AN ENCHANTING EVENING meal, I suggest a delicious, nourishing protein main dish . . . made the quick, easy way. And in my opinion, here's the best answer . . . DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets. It's a lusciously-different kind of salmon . . . light in color, delicate in flavor, with the skin removed. It's economical, too . . . and ready to serve jiffy-quick. So get DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets next time you shop . . . serve it in your favorite recipe or "charm" your family with this **Deviled Delight:**



Make 1 cup white sauce; add one ½-lb. can DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets, coarsely flaked, 1 tsp. prepared mustard, 1 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce. Turn in casserole, top with ¼ cup buttered soft bread crumbs and bake in 350° F. oven 25–30 mins.

One taste and you'll want to try these special treats, too . . . DEMING'S Sirloin Salmon (that old favorite Alaska Red Sockeye) with skin removed, *and* DEMING'S Recipe Pink Salmon in the regular pack.

IN THE MERRY, MERRY MONTH OF MAY every homemaker likes to have "time off" for play . . . so let me pass on my idea for serving your family *more* scrumptious treats with a *minimum* of time 'n' trouble. Just get KNOX, the *real, unflavored* Gelatine and see how easy it is to "dress up" your favorite flavors and foods . . . turning out endless, differently delicious desserts, salads and main dishes. Truly, KNOX "opens the door" to hundreds of delights . . . for special diets as well as every-day meals. There are 4 envelopes of gelatine for 4 meals in every package of KNOX . . . *plus* wonderful recipes to start you off. So get KNOX today . . . and don't miss this:



GIFT FOR YOU . . . wonderful recipe booklet called ***"Better Meals with Gel-Cookery".*** It's packed with a "score 'n' more" of easy, economical recipes made the modern Gel-Cookery way . . . and it's FREE. Just write Nancy Sasser, Dept. J7, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

IT'S ALWAYS A BEAUTIFUL day when you start breakfast off with POST-TENS . . . for this wonderful Post Cereal assortment is "tops" in taste-enticing, appetite-inspiring goodness. And with so many delicious treats to choose from, everybody in the family can pick an old favorite as often as they like or select a new "pet" every day . . . with my "guarantee" that each will please their tastes to a "T". That's no exaggeration . . . for just look what POST-TENS "offers":



3 Packages of Post Toasties, 2 of Grape-Nuts Flakes, 1 of Post's Sugar Crisp, 1 of Post's 40% Bran Flakes, 1 of Grape-Nuts, 1 of Post's Raisin Bran, 1 of Nabisco Shredded Wheat.

So ask your Grocer for POST-TENS tomorrow and serve them often. Get acquainted with all these delicious Post Cereals. You'll be glad you did when you see the happy hit they make.

MARIA AND THE CAPTAIN

(Continued from Page 37)

her fingers to the bone, trying to please him. Six dollars a week, and a proper attitude too. But Lizzie! She worked half a day. She ran the radio full blast. In addition, Lizzie had a long scar running down her left cheek in a permanent grimace, and the Captain never under any circumstances looked at it. The scar had been carved by a razor, when Lizzie had been on one of her periodic sprees. It was Maria's fault that she was there at all. Maria said Lizzie was sound underneath and only needed love.

Lizzie opened the door, a coffeepot in one hand. "Sah?"

"Nothing, nothing," cried the Captain. "Just give me the coffee."

She poured it and left. He creamed and sugared it and began to sip it meditatively, looking about his dining room. Great-grandfather Richard Hansford Beraud, done by Peale, and in disrepair, hung over the Sheraton sideboard. Great-grandfather observed the dining room with a cold, Olympian stare, his eyes boring relentlessly into the opposite wall, which needed a coat of paint. All the rooms needed paint. It was a large house, Colonial, of course, and good in its day, but it was no longer in working order.

As was the case with many Richmond families, the Captain could claim both the priceless oil paintings and the bad plumbing that went hand in glove with that state of impoverished gentility which even after two world wars was still fashionable in Virginia. He bore other distinguishing marks of aristocratic poverty. There were the large loans at local banks, and memberships in the most elegant clubs in town; the valuable box hedges across the front of his property, and the simply enormous unpaid bills at the grocer's.

The Captain finished his coffee and pulled out his gold watch. It was nearly ten o'clock; he was opening his mouth to roar upstairs when a slamming of doors above announced that his daughter and niece were coming down for breakfast. Maria burst into the room, clad in a pale blue negligee, with her nightie showing untidily beneath the hem. She was followed by Cousin Marjorie Hansford, dressed for church.

The Captain bristled. "Maria, how many times have I asked you to dress before ——"

"Captain, *dear*, please say good morning before you begin to yell at me. Good morning, Captain." Maria flopped in her chair.

"Good morning, uncle." Marjorie sat down.

"Good morning," said the Captain grudgingly. He rang the bell. "If you'd only put on some clothes ——"

"Here's Lizzie. How are you today, Lizzie?" Maria smiled.

"Good morning, Miss Maria. And Miss Marjorie." Lizzie received her good morning from Marjorie, poured coffee, and the day had begun.

THE Captain gave up on Maria, and the two girls grabbed for the paper.

"Here we are," said Maria.

"Oh, Fathers! What an awful picture of you." Marjorie's voice was slightly nasal. "It doesn't do you justice. It doesn't look the least bit like you."

"Well, yours looks *exactly* like you," said Maria snappishly.

Maria had never got along well with Marjorie, thought the Captain.

Both girls were reading, and a [illegible] silence descended upon the dining room. The Captain observed his daughter's appearance. It was true she favored him. Maria had the Captain's fresh complexion. She had his short upper lip and his blue eyes. But there the resemblance ended. The Captain was a big man with a flinty look and a ramrod for a spine. Maria was small and looked warm. The Captain had stunning, iron-gray sideburns; he was so tidy, he fairly shrieked of starch and neatly folded, pure white handkerchiefs.

BUT Maria was a golden blonde, whose hair curled all around her head like a cap, wild, springing, and antagonistic toward hats. She always forgot her gloves, her shirt would not stay tucked in, and she had started the fad at Saint Cecelia's School of never cleaning the white part of saddle shoes.

Oh, thought the Captain, if only Maria could look a little like Cousin Marjorie! This morning Marjorie was a montage of browns. A neat brown suit and a neat brown bun of hair, not a strand out of place; a brown pocketbook laid on the sideboard with tan gloves neatly folded, and a brown hat with a tan feather. Now if, through constant contact, just a little bit of this good brownness would rub off on Maria—for the Captain's motive in having Marjorie with them for the debutante season was not entirely altruistic; he was earnestly hoping she would act as a brake upon Maria. Aunt Phoebe had heartily approved the move. Indeed, she was paying for it, as she paid for most things in the rearing of Maria.

The Captain had been idly glancing over the newspaper, and an item struck his eye. It stated that Miss Maria Beraud had the part of Patches, a cockney maid, in The Bell, a one-act play to be presented Friday evening at the Holmes Studio of Dramatic Art. Other characters in the play were Harry Finklestein, a London bobby; and Joseph B. Reilly, a vegetable man.

The Captain made a terrible sound. "I absolutely forbid it! I forbid it!"

Maria shot a startled look at him. "Hey, what's the matter?"

"You know what's the matter, miss!" The Captain grabbed up the newspaper and shook it violently. "Acting! The year you come out! Finklestein! Reilly! How could you do such a thing—the year you make your debut? Answer me, Maria, damn it, answer me!"

"But, daddy, you know I'm studying with Mr. Holmes."

"I told you one year of that foolishness! One year. And the dear Lord Himself only knows what I had to put up with that year!" The Captain choked. "Maria, I positively forbid you to have anything more to do with those—those"—he searched for strong words—"those Bohemians!"

"I don't see what coming out has to do with it," said Maria hotly. "Mr. Holmes is giving me this whole year *free*. Coming out isn't going to take any time ——"

"Oh, Maria!" interrupted Marjorie. "All the parties! Why, we'll be going somewhere nearly every night from now on. Besides, I know what uncle means. You simply can't associate with Harry Finklestein and people of that class when you're a debutante."

"Marjorie is absolutely correct. I'll not allow you to spend another minute ——"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Fuchsias

By Walter de la Mare

I envied the droning, idle bee,
Sucking his nectar sweet—
In that palace of light suspended there
By his hooked piratical feet.

No care, no trouble, no conscience his.
And what of my lot, instead?
It seemed an absurd futility
Till the notion entered my head:

Poor wretch, my flowers are no flowers to him,
Only his daily bread!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Morgan-Jones'
Kitchen Magic



Yes, magic colors! Magic absorbency! These gaily striped Morgan-Jones kitchen cottons . . . bright as a modern kitchen...are time-savers from the word "go". Women everywhere like the thirsty towels that leave china and glassware sparkling . . . the generous-sized dish cloths that speed "clean-up time" . . . the thick and colorful pot-holders that really save hands. Buy them singly—or buy them packaged in cellophane—but by all means buy them!

MORGAN-JONES, INC.
58 Worth Street • New York 13

"I'm not going to give up all the fun I have at the studio, just because I'm a debutante! I won't."

"A necktie salesman." Marjorie's voice began to hum. "That's what you told me Mr. Reilly was. Suppose someone were to see you walking down the street with a tacky person like that? They might think *you* were common too." Marjorie allowed herself a dainty shudder.

The Captain nodded in agreement. "I want it clearly understood that you are not to go near those people again. Do you understand me, Maria?"

Before Maria could answer, Marjorie added earnestly, "Do you know what my mamma said right before I came here? She said now we are out, it is our *duty* to be snobs."

"Keep quiet, Marjorie," said Maria irritably. She turned to the Captain. "I will not waste one whole year out of my life drinking lukewarm tea and talking about people's hats. I have to do something more. If I can't stay at the studio, then I shall have a job."

"You'll do as I say!" shouted the Captain. Above his starched wing collar, his face blazed like a September Winesap. "Damn it all, I have some authority in this house!"

"Well, I just *walked* in," a heavy masculine voice announced from the hall. The three at the table simultaneously turned toward the entrance to the dining room. Standing in it was a perfect Arrow Collar man. Fresh-faced, clear-eyed, and wearing a smile. "Nobody seemed to hear the bell, so I just walked in. Good morning, Maria, Marjorie. How are you, Captain?"

"Hello, Bill," said Maria.

"Good morning, William," cried the Captain, breathing hard. "Have a seat."

"Thanks." The young man took a chair.

Maria said, "D'you want some coffee?"

"No, thanks." The young man looked at Maria as does a dog at a steak bone he has been trained not to touch until the order is given. "That's a nice blue thing you've got on."

But Maria was talking to the Captain. "Daddy, I meant what I said."

"The issue is closed," said the Captain in a loud voice.

"The issue is not closed," Maria told him, and leaped from her chair and ran from the room.

"She said she was going to church with me," offered the young man anxiously. "Do you guess she's coming down again?"

"Of course." Marjorie rose. "She couldn't very well go in her nightie. Excuse me, everybody."

As Marjorie left the room, the Captain heaved a gusty sigh. "You'd think Maria'd understand how important her debut is. Most girls do. But of course"—he vehemently squashed a cigarette in his plate—"Maria is not like most girls."

"She certainly isn't," said the young man. "Has something gone wrong, sir?"

"Look at that!" The Captain tossed over the offensive newspaper. "Very same edition says she's coming out."

PURSING his lips, frowning a little, the young man read the story in the drama section. William Gault Featherstone, Jr., was a member of the impeccable Peyton Featherstone clan, of Orange; he was a graduate of the University of Virginia, he was the only nephew of the president of the Virginia Bank and Trust Company, where he now worked, and of which he would later be at least a vice-president. The only unusual thing that had ever happened to him was Maria. William was looked upon by alert Richmond mothers as the finest catch in town.

He finished his reading and looked up. "I wonder if you'll think I'm sticking my neck out, sir, if I offer a suggestion? Tell me if you do. But I think Maria ought to be given her head in this."

"You approve?" The Captain looked hurt.

"Oh, no, sir. I don't approve, I don't approve of it at all. But you know Maria—she gets her head set, and it'd take a blast of dynamite to change her mind. So I think she ought to go on and get this stuff out of her system. She's got to get it all *out* before she's ready to . . . well, settle down to the things that count. Marriage, and serious things. You know what I mean."

"Oh." The Captain understood at once. Though they never spoke of it, both he and William knew that the moment Maria's attitude settled down into even an approximation of normalcy, William would propose. For three years it had been a continual source of amazement to the Captain that William hung around Maria at all. But so he did, and he was the sole aspect of Maria's life that gave the Captain any hope for her. "You may be right," he said grumpily.

MARIA dashed down the stairs and into the room, radiant in a secondhand apple-green suit. She had forgotten her gloves, but she was beautiful. Young Featherstone leaped to his feet, giving her a kind of salute.

"Daddy," said Maria, "please do think over all this business. Because I am just not going to give in."

"Oh, all right, go ahead, and *be* a charwoman, or whatever it is," said the Captain coldly. "William thinks you ought to do it."

"Bill?" A look of happy surprise went over Maria's face. "I didn't think you approved of the studio. Oh, thank you, Bill! Let's go. Marjorie's all ready. She's always on the dot." As they went through the door, Maria called back, "Thanks ever so much, Cap!"

I have often said that if I were compelled to have one required subject in Harvard College, I would make it dancing if I could.

—DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT: Charles W. Eliot, Volume II by Henry James (Houghton Mifflin Company).

The Captain didn't answer. As always, whenever he thought of Maria and her actions, he was conscious of feelings of dread down near his breastbone. Sure as he was sitting there, no good would come of Maria's mixing the Beaux Arts and high society. And if Phoebe found out, she'd raise the roof!

"Girls," he said bitterly, covering the whole gender while he was at it.

Usually, the Captain doted on church. He loved everything about it. The familiar hymns and prayers soothed and eased him.

But this Sunday he didn't *feel* like church. He was upset. There wasn't an acute reason for being upset. That is, unless you counted the critical fact of Maria's existence.

The trouble was, Captain Dick was a man's man. The Captain was thoroughly comfortable with men; their companionship was as necessary to him as was his winter underwear when he went into a duck blind. But with the exception of his dead wife, the only woman he had ever liked much, the Captain considered all females necessary evils. The best way to handle women, he thought, was to leave them strictly alone

In his most dreadful nightmares, the Captain had never anticipated owning a female, much less owning one all by himself. He had loved and trusted his wife; when she produced a baby girl, his sense of betrayal had known no limits. But in a few short weeks, his wife's original violation of trust had been booted into insignificance by a far more unkind blow—she had died, leaving him alone with Maria.

The Captain was a man of meticulous honor, a man to whom the phrase Family Duty meant fully as much as did God and State. So it was not strange that, controlling his grief, he conscientiously went about the rearing of his daughter. He felt that since the creature lacked a mother, his parental obligation was doubled—come hell or high water, he would see to it that Maria had a proper rearing as a Virginia lady, followed by a suitable marriage.

But from the very beginning, it was clear that Maria was going to be difficult.

Sitting in his quiet parlor and looking back over the years with Maria, the Captain



And smart housewives know it! Only **CLOTH** window shades have nder-the-skin toughness it takes to rim, crisp and beautiful through the . Long after window shades of sub- e materials have curled, cracked, torn gged out of shape, **CLOTH** window s still have their original, straight- ing charm . . . their bright *new* look. he *backbone* that does it—the firm, le base of closely woven cotton fabric s *made* to take punishment! Nothing take the place of this backbone. ing can take the place of handsome, to-clean **CLOTH** window shades—oil- ed or plastic-coated.

able book free! Plain facts about ow shade quality, with *actual samples* aring **CLOTH** and cheap substitutes. e Joanna Western Mills, Dept. A, Merchandise Mart, ago 54.



NNA WESTERN MILLS CO. · CHICAGO



IOVING

de Easy for You by United

ted Van Lines agents *Pre-Plan* r move and follow through! The ted way is the safest way to move r precious things anywhere in U. S. Canada. Prompt, careful service in n, Sanitized vans. Over 400 United nts, alert and ready to serve you!

Phone Directory your nearest ed agent.



· United Van for the Kids! A al moving van 14" long, just like the United Trucks. Our supply of toy s is limited, so mail your order today.



ited Van Lines, Inc., St. Louis 17, Mo.
close $_____ for_____ metal toy United Vans 1.00 each, post paid. (Sorry, no C.O.D.'s)
nt's Name _____
ress _____
_____ Zone_____ State_____

thanked the dear Lord for one thing—he had had Aunt Phoebe Sutterfield. He was certain that without her he would never have made it thus far. Though childless herself, and ignorant of any standards for child raising other than those established in the late 1800's, Phoebe had always done her best to function as a foster mother. Not only that, Phoebe paid for things. She had paid for very nearly everything, all along. The real-estate office of Beraud and Munroe was not a dashing commercial success. The Captain was too much of a gentleman to be a fireball salesman, and unfortunately, Mr. Hubert Marshall Munroe was also a gentleman, with an even greater lack of the huckster instinct. The hunting season often interfered with business, too, as did the trout when they were running. All in all, it seemed to add up to the fact that business was sort of done in between times, with a proportionate amount of cash accruing.

No, thought the Captain, he could never have managed without Phoebe. Yet how Maria had bucked her! By the time Maria was thirteen, it became obvious that she was not only growing up with a wrong attitude, she was stubborn as a mule besides. That year, Phoebe sent her to the swankiest girls' camp in the state. Within two weeks, her influence had been such that for the first time in the camp's history, its officials reversed their No Refund policy—if Phoebe would take Maria away, they said, she would get her money back in full.

Phoebe had been cool toward them all that summer.

When she was fourteen, an impossibly grimy child, Phoebe sent her to Miss Adelaide Baker Fitchett's Junior Cotillion. They had been sure Miss Fitchett's wonderful cotillion would civilize Maria; it had been a nasty shock when at mid-term she was expelled for setting off percussion caps under the feet of the dancers.

At fifteen, with Phoebe paying for an expensive finish at Saint Cecelia's School for Girls, it soon became apparent that Maria's hide was not going to take the glossy, long-wearing polish so easily applied to the outer skins of her classmates. Though she seemed perfectly adjusted at the school, the Captain discovered that the very same year she was elected class president, Maria was running every afternoon with a wild gang of semi-delinquents who lived in a section at least a mile away from Saint Cecelia's. Forcibly separated from them, she had wept bitterly, declaring they were the only interesting people she had ever met.

THAT was the way it had always gone, thought the Captain. Maria had refused, utterly refused, to develop a normal attitude. And suddenly when she was sixteen, life with her had turned into a hell on earth. For all at once she had jumped from a scabby-kneed child to a real beauty. And the beaux had started.

Considering that the Captain's ultimate and only goal for Maria was marriage, it would seem he would welcome the beaux. On the contrary, he loathed them. Everything to do with adolescent romance irritated and frightened him.

He had to keep his wits about him. From her sixteenth birthday on, it took some doing to get away from Maria and love. Love was all over the lot, and young men seemed to be everywhere but in his clothes closet. The Captain soon began to think of Them in capital letters. If They were not sprawled in his parlor, They were tootling Their horns in his driveway, or ringing and *ringing* his phone. Worst of all, Maria attracted the kind of young men who always turned out to be test pilots, musicians or visiting Persians. He often thought he wouldn't mind Them so much if They were lawyers, or perhaps civil engineers. But it seemed to him that whenever he tried to engage one of Them in polite conversation, the fellow began quoting Proust.

At least, he thought, at least he had William. William was a perfectly sound man. Yet for years he had persisted in his devotion to Maria. William, thought the Captain devotedly, William, his bulwark. Perhaps

The world's easiest, cleanest wash is yours with the wonder-working...

Whirlpool

...with its

exclusive combination of the greatest features in automatic washing!



Suds-Miser AND THE Seven Rinses

Suds-Miser saves 3 ways every washday—soap, fuel, water. Stores hot suds for repeated use. Seven Rinses chase every bit of dirt with most thorough rinsing known.

Agiflow Action

Vitalizes sudsy water. Flexing, surging motion cleanses every fabric fiber. "Perma-Smooth" Agitator gives clothes gentlest care, prolongs their life.

Germicidal Lamp

Beams sun-pure rays throughout your wash . . . freshens and sweetens every garment.

Cycle-Tone Signal

Whirlpool does the work, then calls you when it's done. Ends watching and waiting.

PLUS 5-Year Warranty on Transmission • Durable LifeCoat Finish • Completely automatic operation • Finger-touch top-loading door • Oversize 9-pound tub • Flexible timing (wash as you wish) • Bother-free installation.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

The beautiful new Whirlpool is vitally different from any other washer in the world. To the proven principles of fully automatic washing, Whirlpool has added essential improvements to assure washdays as work-free as science can make them.

Because of its wonder-working combination of exclusive features, Whirlpool brings you Clinic Clean washing, generous savings in soap and hot water, and a pride in ownership that lasts through trouble-free years.

WHIRLPOOL CORPORATION, ST. JOSEPH, MICHIGAN

FOR OVER 50 YEARS MANUFACTURERS OF THE WORLD'S FINEST WASHERS, DRYERS, IRONERS

THE BIG VALUE! And quality she can count on. Be wise. Give her years and years of perfect performance. Get the outstanding buy. Compare!



$37.50*

Includes two bowls and extra single beater



Give the bride QUALITY and get the BIG VALUE

EASIEST-TO-USE

HAMILTON BEACH!



EASIEST PORTABILITY!

New, lighter beater unit glides off stand for use at a table, at the range—*anywhere*. No triggers, catches, or latches. A *one-hand wonder* that saves her time. Compare!

EASIEST OPERATION!

The hand that holds the mixer sets the speed. Leaves her other hand free to hold a pan or add ingredients. Full power at all speeds. A wonderful work-saver. Compare!





EASIEST SPEED CONTROL!

MIXGUIDE puts 10 tested speeds right under her thumb, right under her eye—magnified for flash reading. Only Hamilton Beach has such easy speed control. Compare!

EASIEST JUICING!

Juice, strained free of seeds and coarse pulp, flows directly into serving glass. Nothing extra to wash. Juice extractor lifts out for easy cleaning. Rustless. Compare!





EASIEST BOWL CONTROL!

Shifts ever-turning bowl while beaters revolve. Gives even, thorough mixing every time, without stopping the motor or touching the beaters. Compare!

Give Time-Tested Hamilton Beach Quality!

Compare feature for feature and you'll know why this mixer is *easiest to use*—why this is the bridal gift she's hoping for. Compare its price. Convince yourself that here is truly today's biggest food-mixer value. *Hamilton Beach Co., Div. of Scovill Mfg. Co., Racine, Wis.*

NEW

HAMILTON BEACH

Mixette

BEAT, MIX, MASH, WHIP in any bowl or pan.

MIXES HEAVY BATTERS, TOO. Hamilton Beach motor has full power—even mixes oatmeal-cookie batter.

$18.75*

IN GIFT BOX



Includes bracket and screws for wall mounting.

THUMB ADJUSTS SPEED. Other hand holds pan or adds ingredients.

HANGS ON WALL or fits in drawer—bracket furnished.

BEATERS SNAP IN for use—snap out for cleaning.

Made by the makers of top-value Hamilton Beach Vacuum Cleaners

**Prices subject to change without notice.*

the boy was right about this dramatics business. He hoped so.

Of all Maria's activities, her theatricals were the worst. Maria's dramatics were the nadir, the absolute, depressing proof of her abnormalcy.

Thought of the stage made the Captain restless. He had been sitting upon his sofa, but now he jumped up. He decided he would trot over to John Stewart's house, in hopes that John also was skipping Saint Mark's today. John Calhoun Stewart was the Captain's next-door neighbor, and his best friend. Though the Stewarts had no children, John had been his right-hand man all during the rearing of Maria. Yes, he would go over and have a chat with John.

The Captain snatched up his hat and started for the Stewarts' house. His thoughts as he walked were not good, for they were concerned with Maria and the stage. It had been about a year ago when Maria had announced she wanted to be an actress. He remembered she had sprung it on him at dinner.

"Today," she said, "I read the part of Jo in Little Women. Miss Cummings was amazed! She said I don't act Jo, I *am* Jo. She said the whole senior class of Saint Cecelia's School ought to be proud of me." Maria paused, and continued in a dreamy voice, "Of course, a stage career takes years of your life. You must give up absolutely everything. But I am willing to pay the price! I have decided to become an actress."

The Captain, who had been propelling a spoonful of Brunswick stew toward his mouth, made a bad sound, dropped the spoon back into his bowl. "*Actress!*" He shuddered. "What kind of supervision do they give you at that school?"

Maria ignored this. "And daddy, the most marvelous thing! There's a new studio of dramatic art on Franklin Street. Imagine that, in little old Richmond! Cousin Marjorie has talked to the man who runs it. He's a famous artist from New York, named Geoffrey Holmes, Marjorie says he'll give us lessons at a reduced rate, if we bring three more girls from our class, just to help this famous artist get started in Richmond, and daddy ——"

The Captain, who had been struck to stone, now came suddenly to life. "Don't you daddy me! Don't you dare daddy me! A great-granddaughter of Richard Hansford Beraud, a granddaughter of Richard Hansford Beraud, a daughter of mine—mixed up with chorus girls!" He was sincerely horrified. "Did you ever hear of anybody in *Richmond* going on the stage?" he asked. "Anybody nice? No, you did not!"

"Pots. This is just a little city, anyway. You know perfectly well Richmond is hick, daddy, and ——"

"*Richmond, hick!*" roared the Captain. "The capital of the Confederacy, the capital of Virginia—*Virginia*, the mother of Presidents . . . eight Presidents! And you call *Richmond*, Virginia, *hick* —— I ought to warm the seat of your pants!" His voice trailing off, he got up and left the room.

But Maria ended up with Mr. Holmes after all. Since Cousin Marjorie was a boarder at Saint Cecelia's, it was the Captain's job to keep an eye on her. Marjorie's mother anxiously wrote him that her daughter wanted to study dramatics with a Northerner named Holmes. She thought dramatics would be good for Marjorie; they would give her poise and teach her to stand up straight. But unless the Captain kept an eye on the situation, Marjorie could not participate. It seemed there was nothing for him to do but allow Maria to join her cousin.

When Maria had been at the studio for three months, she was given a part in a play. Sponsored by an amateur group called the Richmond Players, it was a locally written opus, to be directed by Mr. Holmes. Maria got the part of a girl who committed suicide. She was thrilled, and so was Mr. Holmes.

The Captain never forgot the first time he took Maria to the studio, to introduce her properly to Mr. Holmes. The man had bowed from the waist. "Ah, Miss Beraud," he sa in low, thrilling tones, "a child of our gran mother Eve, a female—charmed, *charme* my child." He had bowed again. Maria ha declared he was the most cosmopolitan pe son she had ever known. The Captain ha said Mr. Holmes ought to crawl back und his log before the fresh air hit him.

It was not long before the Captain foun himself driving Maria to rehearsals day a night. Or so it seemed. But he was very bu that month himself. He had got old Mr Thurston Brown, a rich widow, interested in valuable piece of property he was handlin Mrs. Brown was noted for a touchy and e plosive temperament. He had had to hand her with kid gloves and soft answers; it w wonderfully gratifying to know that the de was as good as settled.

He was so happy about the whole thin it didn't dampen his joy when Mrs. Brow phoned him and said, "Richard, I hav tickets for the Playhouse affair Friday nigh I am wondering if you'll join me? We ca discuss the farm afterward."

"Perfectly delighted," lied the Captai "I'd love to go. And how about John Ste art too? Nannie's out of town."

"Splendid," said Mrs. Brown.

It was only after he put down the phon that the Captain thought about Maria being in the play. But things were goin along so splendidly, he ignored his fears. I the time he, John Stewart and Mrs. Brow had seated themselves in the orchestra, se ond row—for in addition to having hea trouble, Mrs. Brown was also a bit deaf—

> **There are three faithful friends: an old wife, an old dog, and ready money.**
> —BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

had forgotten about h anxiety.

As with most amate efforts, which lean mo toward Ibsen than Kau man, the play was a tra edy. Nearly everyone in died. By the time Maria big scene started, the d pressed audience was in fine, doughy shap for more misery.

Her scene started with Maria seated at small table looking out over the heads of th audience. A maid appeared, carrying a tra

"Your supper, Miss Truslowe."

"Thank you, Emily. Good night and . . good-by."

"Oh, are you leaving, miss?"

"Yes, I am leaving. Very . . . soon."

"Oh. Then good-by, miss." The maid de parted.

Maria looked down at the tray for he fruit knife. But something evidently wa wrong.

Later it was discovered that the prop gir had got mixed up about the scene, and in stead of providing a fruit knife, had bor rowed a two-foot meat cleaver from Mickey Grill, down the block. Maria hauled it int the air; a gasp went up from the orchestr Panting, she got the thing upright and tem porarily stabilized on the table. Staring a the lethal edge of the cleaver, she said loudl "Death. That is my answer. Yes, to die the only way out—for me."

Though the cleaver was weaving slightly Maria gritted her teeth and proceeded t carry out her instructions. Grasping th cleaver in both hands, like Babe Ruth com ing up to bat, she tried swinging it in th air. But she suddenly twisted her wrist, an cried out, "Ouch!"

The cleaver flew from her hands an arched out over the footlights. Maria forgo her role, leaped to center stage, and yelled "Look out everybody! There she goes!" Th cleaver rattled into the light trough as th curtain belatedly started down, and Mrs Thurston Brown fainted over the Captain' knees.

In the following panic, John Stewar pushed his way backstage to see about th Captain's daughter.

Maria ran to him. "Is it true? Did Mrs Brown faint?"

"As a matter of fact, she did," Mr. Stew art said. "Right on the Captain."

"Oh, how awful! Now she won't buy th farm! Oh, the Captain will be furious. What will I say to him?"



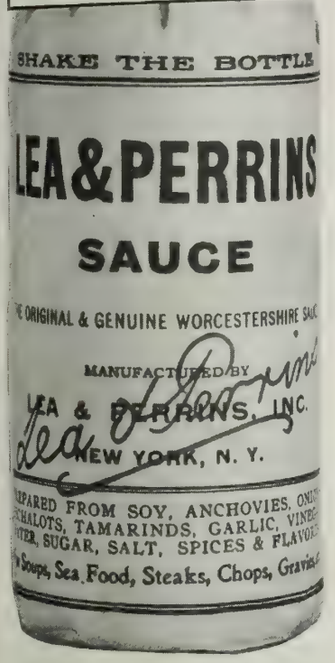
RECIPE

"PARTY" HAMBURGER

1 lb. chuck beef, ground
1 teasp. salt
2 tablesp. minced onion
¼ cup water
1 tablesp. LEA & PERRINS Worcestershire Sauce

Combine all ingredients. Ground beef is best handled lightly—otherwise cakes become too compact. Shape gently into 6 cakes. Sauté in a little hot fat in a skillet for about 3 min. on each side, or until of desired rareness. Makes 6 servings.

Whenever recipes call for Worcestershire, you can be almost certain that the experts who write the recipes mean you to use LEA & PERRINS Sauce, the original Worcestershire. Always ask for it by *name*.



FREE Recipe Book. Write Lea & Perrins, Inc. 241 West St., New York 13, Dept. L-5.



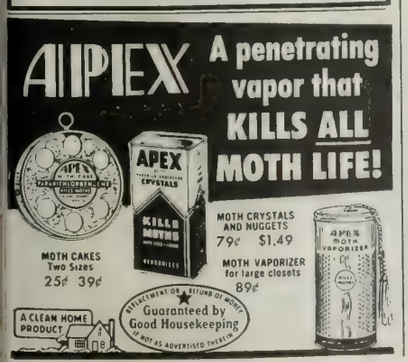
Get your packages delivered quickly—Mark them with

Dennison
ADDRESS LABELS

One of many Dennison Handy Helpers for Home, School, and Office

On sale at stationery counters everywhere

APEX **A penetrating vapor that KILLS ALL MOTH LIFE!**



"I reckon it would be smarter for you to come along with me," said Mr. Stewart. "On the way home, you can be figuring out what to say."

But Maria had never figured out anything to say that might help the Captain's business deal. That had fallen flat. Even now, going into John Stewart's gate, thinking about Mrs. Brown and Maria and the meat cleaver, the Captain felt vastly irritated.

Somehow, it seemed to be a second-rate kind of Sunday, and an inauspicious beginning of his daughter's Year.

"Just wait for me in the car, Jackson." Aunt Phoebe turned her back on her chauffeur.

He went down the porch steps and she marched briskly into the Captain's front hall. The Captain offered her his arm, but she flung it off.

"No thanks! No thanks! I'm not an invalid *yet*, my dear nephew."

She sniffed, her nose wriggling. It was a great beak of a nose, jutting forth from a little wrinkled face; it made Phoebe look like a grim and bellicose old eagle. She was a tiny, dried, fierce septuagenarian who, by ignoring her age, canceled out much of its effect. She had to walk with a cane, and was practically deaf, with a wicked habit of pretending total deafness when she was told something she did not wish to hear. But there was contained in her parched old body an arrogant and combative spirit.

She stumped independently into the parlor, chose one of the Upper Station wing chairs, and sat in it. She balanced the cane against the arm of the chair, drew from her bag a black, curving ear trumpet and indicated with a short, haughty nod that she was now prepared to visit.

The Captain knew from her belligerent expression that whatever was on Phoebe's mind, it was in some way related to his daughter. He wished, as he had so often wished in the past, that there was *something* upon which Maria and Phoebe could see eye to eye.

The Captain drew up a chair. "It was awfully nice of you to come out, Phoebe."

"What say?" Phoebe cocked her head. "I can't hear a word. There's no reason for you to mumble, Richard."

"I just asked how you *were*," shouted the Captain. He saw it was one of her difficult days. "I hope you're *well*."

"I'm as well as can be expected, which is far better than some of my relations like to *think*." Phoebe's small eyes glittered with a mean and merry slyness. "Going to last years and years, Richard."

"I pray so," said the Captain devoutly.

"Maybe so! Maybe so, in a pig's eye! My every faculty is clear as crystal. Nobody can put a *thing* over on me."

"I said pray so," yelled the Captain. "I didn't *say* maybe so. I said *pray so*."

"Oh. Well, how are things going?"

When Phoebe asked in that tone how things were going, she meant how was Maria behaving. The Captain's response was happy. "Everything's going beautifully!" It was the truth. It was almost three months since the opening of the debutante season, and Maria had not once caused, or been a part of, a major crisis.

"Maria has had a delightful year, so far!" he shouted. "I know in the past she has seemed a little flighty ——"

"Little flighty!" snorted Phoebe. "If she was any flightier, she'd fly through the air."

"You'd be surprised at how nicely things have gone."

"H'm-m-m," commented Phoebe. "Well, I'm really here to discuss the ball. I've added a debutante figure, and have invited Colonel Douglas Marshall to lead it. He's done so many cotillion figures, we can't go wrong. We shall open the ball with a grand march—a departure from the usual procedure. But I loathe doing what everybody else does. How does it sound to you?"

"Oh, Phoebe, it sounds elegant! Absolutely elegant!" The Captain felt warm with pleasure. The ball was already talked of as the most important event of the season. It



with our new fun-to-use

Magic Chef
GAS RANGE

Yes, the cuisine at New York's famous Waldorf-Astoria Hotel attracts connoisseurs from all corners of the earth. For *Magic Chef* at the Waldorf, as in your home, means perfectly controlled top burners . . . perfectly maintained oven temperatures . . . perfectly operating broilers . . . perfectly WONDERFUL food. Cook "a la Waldorf" in your kitchen with *Magic Chef!* Operates on city, "Pyrofax", or other bottled and tank gases. Models in all price brackets, starting in most areas at **$139.50**

AMERICAN STOVE CO., ST. LOUIS 10, MO., *WORLD'S LARGEST GAS RANGE MANUFACTURER*



THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

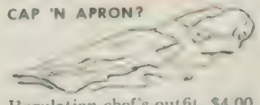
Expert chefs, using *Magic Chef* ranges, assure the food at the Waldorf always being unvarying in quality, fine of flavor!



DURING TIMES OF SHORTAGE

The *best* range is always the hardest to find. Keep looking for your *Magic Chef* . . . you'll be glad you did!

WANT THE *Magic Chef* CAP 'N APRON?



Regulation chef's outfit, $4.00 value. Get it from your *Magic Chef* retailer for $1.98 and this coupon!

No wonder— "more women cook on *Magic Chef* than on any other range"





Low-cost **Kentile Floors**

add new beauty to your home

You get a copy of this guarantee when Kentile is installed in any room of your home—your assurance of top quality.





WHAT'S MORE, any design you wish...any decorating idea... can be carried out in Kentile. The 26 lovely colors offer you endless possibilities for planning floors that are individual...unique...*distinctively yours.*

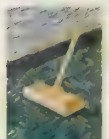
Remember, only your Kentile dealer offers custom-designed beauty in low-priced, easy-to-clean Kentile floors—*guaranteed* for long service. Look under FLOORING in your classified telephone directory for his name and address—get a FREE estimate today.

*Prices quoted are for a 9'9" x 15' Living-Dining Area and a 8'3" x 9' Kitchen. Your Kentile Floor may cost less or slightly more depending on the color you choose; and condition of floor. Color of Kentile used in Living-Dining Area—Lamartine and Dog Tooth. In Kitchen—Lamartine.

KENTILE • KENCORK • KENTILE RUBBER TILE • KENTILE INC., 58 2nd Ave., Dept. F-1, Brooklyn 15, N. Y.



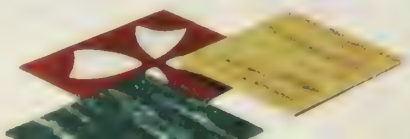
Colors Built In! Kentile colors can't wear off—they extend right through to the back of each tough, durable tile.



Dirt Locked out! Dirt or stains can't penetrate the smooth surface of Kentile—easiest of floors to keep clean.

KENTILE®

The Asphalt Tile of Enduring Beauty



was to be an ante-bellum ball, in keeping with the age and tradition of Retreat; all the debutantes were to come in hoop skirts. The Captain felt so grateful, he burst out, "Phoebe, what would we do without you! You're awfully good to us."

Though the Captain was sincerely grateful to Phoebe, he at the same time thought it was perfectly proper that she spend some of her moneys on the rearing of Maria. After all, she was the youngest sister of the Captain's father; she had been born in his Norfolk home in 1870. Not that she had stayed long in Norfolk. Exhibiting an aggressiveness not usually associated with genteel Southern ladies, Phoebe had early left that ravaged city and journeyed to the capital, where, penniless but determined, she had snared two rich husbands in succession.

The first was Bacon, who, though a gentleman by birth, had made his fortune by dishonestly cornering the sugar market during the war. He was quite old and rich when Phoebe nabbed him.

Her marriage had barely been consummated when Phoebe purchased Retreat, her show place west of Richmond. Built in the late eighteenth century, Retreat had been the Captain's grandmother's home, so they felt that Phoebe's purchase was simply getting the place back in the family where it belonged. She had barely restored the last bit of cornice when old Bacon died of a diabetic condition, a fate many down-and-out aristocrats thought was suitable punishment for his having dealt traitorously in sugar.

Two years after Bacon's death, Phoebe bagged a second gentleman of means, Mr. Harry Sutterfield. Sutterfield was a self-made man, but Phoebe was able to overlook this flaw, because when he began courting her he had already practically arrived. The sums he had made in the tobacco business had slid him with the greatest of ease into the snobby James River Club, and his name, sparkling all around with dollar signs, was already up for the Richmond Cotillion.

WHEN Sutterfield died in 1926, Phoebe was left with a great deal of money and no one to whom she might leave it. Maria was the last Beraud; the Captain considered it entirely suitable that chunks of the Bacon-Sutterfield-now-Family pile go toward rearing her as a credit to the Beraud name.

He was considering this point when banging noises on the front stairs informed him that the last Beraud was on her way down the steps. An instant later Maria burst into the room. "Hey, what's this—a war conference? Hello, Aunt Phoebe. Hi, Cap!" flung herself on the sofa.

"Good afternoon, Maria," said Pho regarding her great-niece with distaste. ria had on dungarees, an old sweater one elbow out, and sneakers. "I'd be supervise your dress for the ball," shri Phoebe, glaring at the sneakers. "It ha be exactly *right*. I told your father— added a figure. You'll lead it, of course. you look will reflect on the whole Fami

MARIA answered stiffly, "It's awfully g of you to give me the party. I can't tell how much I appreciate it, Aunt Pho But I don't want you to give me anyt more! I've borrowed a lovely dress fro girl at the studio. Aunt Phoebe, do pl understand. You are very good to us, I thank you. But—I like to stand on own feet when I can."

"Stand on your own feet!" Phoebe hoo in a high, shrill voice. "On what foundati pray?" She cast a derisive look about parlor, her glance taking in the walls in n of paint, the faded curtains, the slick sp in the covering on the Sheraton sofa.

Maria opened her mouth to answer, Cousin Marjorie tripped lightly into room. She wore a neat apron over her af noon dress. "Aunt Phoebe!" she cried warm "I'm so glad to see you! You look wond ful!" She shook Aunt Phoebe's hand. "I cuse me for having on an apron!" whipped it off. "Right in front of compan she smiled, "*special* company too." She down beside Maria. "My apologies."

Aunt Phoebe mellowed at once. "Well, dear, what are you doing in an apron?"

Marjorie gave her a deprecatory smile. was making a mushroom casserole. It pro bly won't be any good. I'm not much o cook!" She looked modestly down at hands.

Maria rose. "Well, are you coming, Ma jorie?" she asked coldly. "We're raking t lawn," she explained to Aunt Phoebe. "Ha it to do before it gets dark." She started the hall. "Excuse me," she flung over h shoulder.

"We *had* better get it done," said Mar rie. She gracefully excused herself from t room.

Outside in the dry November air, Mar and Marjorie began raking the curled bro leaves from the lawn. "You'll never get an where in that rig," said Maria, looking Marjorie's good coat and black sport pump "You've even got on stockings."

"I know. But ——"

(Continued on Page 138)



"I want to thank you for a very wonderful evening, but somehow I just can't."

FULL AUTOMATIC DEFROST

in the sensational new 2-DOOR PHILCO



PHILCO
Advanced Design
has a woman
in mind!

A new kind of refrigerator... it's yours at a price never before approached in refrigerator history!



PHILCO
REFRIGERATORS

YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT! This magnificent new Philco is *entirely different*. There's never been a refrigerator before that incorporated every conceivable luxury and economy feature as this Philco does. Imagine getting 2-door luxury and *full* automatic defrost at an undreamed of low price!

NO MORE DEFROSTING DRUDGERY! This Philco literally defrosts itself . . . *you* don't have to defrost *anywhere*. No frost melting or scraping, nothing to turn on or off, nothing to watch, *nothing to do* about defrosting!

FROZEN FOODS STAY THOROUGHLY FROZEN. Philco De-Frost works faster than fast—so fast, in fact, that your frozen foods don't have a chance to thaw!

YOU ENJOY 2-DOOR LUXURY. 2-door styling is usually associated with expensive refrigerators, but this great new Philco is priced far below what you'd expect to pay!

PHILCO DUPLEX DESIGN MEANS A DRY REFRIGERATOR. In old-style 2-door refrigerators, water collects on the walls and floods down. Philco engineering has ended all this—no more wall-sweating or messiness!

EVERY WANTED LUXURY AND CONVENIENCE FEATURE! Meat Storage Drawer, Deluxe Crispers and fully adjustable shelves you can arrange to suit *you*.

PHILCO DUPLEX REFRIGERATORS come in 8, 10 and 12 cu. ft. sizes. Single door models in 7, 9, 11 and 13 cu. ft. sizes. See them at your dealer's *now!*

COSCO Utility Cart



Rolls so Easily **Holds so Much** **Looks so Grand**



Get a COSCO Utility Cart . . .
A leg-saver and a work-saver

Think of it! A man-size *extra* work surface and deep, roomy, *extra* storage shelves that travel right with you wherever you're working in your home—kitchen, nursery, laundry, *anywhere!* No doubt about it. Once you bring a Cosco Utility Cart into your kitchen, it will be your most treasured possession . . . for its all-round usefulness and for the gay, gladdening note its smart styling and color add to your home. See Cosco . . . get Cosco . . . enjoy Cosco! At leading department, furniture and hardware stores everywhere. About $13.95.

Also—COSCO "Rollaway" Utility Tables in Three Styles

Choose from three models, size—17" x 24". One or two-shelf styles—one with drawer—in choice of colors. About $11.95 to $15.95.

HAMILTON MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
COLUMBUS, INDIANA
For the best in quality, look for the COSCO Trademark

COSCO

HOUSEHOLD STOOLS, CHAIRS AND UTILITY TABLES



Sold Also in Canada and South America

(Continued from Page 136)

"Don't tell me!" cried Maria, whisking a pile of leaves toward herself. "I know. It's afternoon. Everybody gets dressed for the afternoon. Even if you have to rake leaves, scrub floors, in childbirth, death and disaster, everybody-gets-dressed-for-the-afternoon." She made a murderous stab at another bit of lawn.

"It's a nice thing to do," said Marjorie calmly. "Sometimes I don't know what's the matter with you, Maria."

"You're not alone," said Maria, "I don't know either. But it has *something* to do with pretending all the time." She suddenly flung the rake on the ground, and sat down on the pile of leaves. "Have you had fun this year?"

She was afraid Marjorie hadn't had a great deal of fun. Her cousin was only mildly successful as a debutante, and if it hadn't been for the system in Richmond of placing escorts with the season's buds, she knew Marjorie would have attended a number of affairs solo. As it was, Marjorie got to the parties, but according to the unwritten law among the debutantes, she got to them unfairly. It was a point of honor with the girls making the grade never to attend a party with the gentleman whose card carried her name. If she wasn't popular enough to receive another invitation, she should stay at home. Maria would not have been caught dead at a party with a placed escort.

But Marjorie didn't seem to care. She said, "I've had a lovely time this year! I've met so many nice people. And it's been ever so much fun."

"Oh, it's gay enough," said Maria. "I love the dances. But wherever is it leading?"

"I don't guess it *goes* anywhere. Your debutante year stands by itself. You meet everyone you're supposed to know. You get placed in Richmond. You get identified. I'd certainly hate to live around here if I hadn't come out. Why, it'd be awful for your children growing up."

> **There are thousands willing to do great things for one willing to do a small thing.**
> —GEORGE MACDONALD.

"Oh, rats," said Maria. "I don't really mind that part so much. What I mind is the pretending. Now, all year, I've been nodding and bowing and scraping ——"

"You haven't done too much of that," said Marjorie truthfully.

"I feel smothered by manners. It seems to me people would get sick and tired of carrying the burden of Southern charm. You have to lie; you have to pretend you don't know anything, so you won't stick out and make somebody feel inferior; you have to agree with your elders; you have to be all sly and discreet and smiling. It's frustrating."

"You're just talking wild. I don't understand you."

"Oh, Marjorie!" Maria impatiently scrunched up some leaves in her fist. "Take you and Aunt Phoebe. 'You look wonderful, Aunt Phoebe!'" she mocked.

"You're being perfectly nasty." Marjorie drew her skirts closer. "I think uncle is right about your attitude. Your Great-aunt Phoebe has done everything for you. Everything."

"She wouldn't have to, if she'd only leave us alone. Allow us to sink gracefully into our comfortable poverty. But she won't do that. Have to keep up appearances, you know. A Beraud must look *Beraud*, not Brown, or Jones. Especially considering I am the last of the Berauds, like the last of the Mohicans. No, sir, I am not fooled by Aunt Phoebe, not one little bit. What she does for me she does for herself."

"Maria, you sound like somebody in a delirium. I just think you don't know what you're talking about." There was a short pause. Then Marjorie cried in an altogether different sort of voice, "There's Bill!"

Maria rolled over and sat up. A number of dry leaves stuck in her hair. William Featherstone was walking up the path. He waved.

"Hello, Bill," she called.

William smiled indulgently at them both. He left the path and strolled across the lawn to them. "Well, well. Hard labor, eh?"

Marjorie leaped to her feet, and began brushing leaves off her coat. "We must look a mess!" she cried, smiling at him. But he didn't see the smile; he was looking at Maria. Marjorie gazed at him a second, and the eagerness died out of her. Sadly, she said, "I better go check on some things in the house." She left.

Bill sat on Marjorie's pile of leaves. "I have a compliment for you," he said. "Not that you haven't got plenty of them this fall! You've been wonderful; you've certainly changed, Maria. So many of the older people have noticed you. The compliment came from Mrs. Algie Cullen; she stopped mother on the street yesterday and told her that in that black dress of yours with the pink rose at the neck you are the replica of the famous Miss Luly Beraud in the portrait at Retreat. A perfect replica, she said."

"That was nice of her," said Maria absently. She was enjoying the sky. Dusk was nearly on them; the air had turned smoky blue, and against the blue the branches of the naked trees stood in stiff fans of coarse lace.

"It was a swell compliment, I thought. I guess Miss Luly Beraud was one of the most famous beauties ever in the state." Bill leaned closer and began picking leaves out of her hair. "I have something important to talk to you about. Something *very* important I want to ask you. Perhaps I ought to wait until your Year is over, but I ——"

"I'm frozen!" cried Maria suddenly. She leaped to her feet. "Let's rake to get warm." She began nervously pulling the rake through the leaves. "Take Marjorie's rake," she cried. "We'll have to hurry!" She raked violently.

There seemed to be nothing for Bill to do but pick up Marjorie's rake and get to work. Unenthusiastically, he began scratching up leaves.

Watching them from the parlor window, Phoebe brightened. "*Sweet*, the way he is helping her." William Featherstone's courtship of Maria was the only aspect of her great-niece's existence of which Phoebe thoroughly approved. "Has he . . . said anything yet?"

"I don't believe so," said the Captain. "But he's always *around*." He allowed himself to dream a little. "It'll be good to get Maria safely married."

"Good!" shrilled Phoebe. "It will be the most glorious event since Pickett's charge!" She stuffed her trumpet back in her bag. "My coat, Richard." He got it and placed it about her shoulders. "Thank you." She stumped across the room, but paused at the door. "You realize that we must, *absolutely must*, see to it that Maria hasn't picked out some utterly impossible dress for the ball. I am depending upon you to get that dress out to *me*—I refuse to allow her to appear in it unless I have personally checked it beforehand."

"You're right," agreed the Captain, taking her arm. "I'll see to it we look it over before she wears it."

"I mean, it's your big night," said Bill Featherstone. "You ought to be resting."

"Mffh," said Maria, from the other side of the parlor. Her eyes were shut and she was mumbling to herself.

"I mean, here it is the afternoon of your own party, and you're rehearsing. I don't understand how you could pick the night of your own ball to be in a play."

Maria opened her eyes and looked surprised. "I didn't pick it, Bill. It's just an ugly coincidence that the ball is on Christmas Eve. Besides, the pageant will be over by the time the party starts." She shut her eyes and began mumbling again.

"You don't seem to realize how important this is. Everybody in Richmond, practically, will be there. All my family. I don't understand why you aren't more ——" His voice trailed off. Maria wasn't listening to him. "*Well*," he said in a hurt voice.

(Continued on Page 140)

"Hand-done" perfection in washing clothes with the new G-E Activator-Automatic!



1. *"Each piece of my wash is so sunshiny-clean. A fine hand-laundress couldn't do better."*

Yes, like careful washing by hand, G-E Activator® Washing Action is thorough. Each piece is passed through 3 zones of washing action—vigorous, medium, light.



2. *"My very finest things are washed so gently—when they are done the General Electric way."*

Each piece of your wash is dipped, flexed, and gently cleansed individually—just as in fine hand laundering. NOT just sloshed around in a tangled mass.



3. *"My whole wash smells so sweet and fresh. And to me that's a test of clean, clean clothes."*

G-E complete rinsing—a spray rinse to kill suds, then a deep rinse—removes loosened soil and hidden soap film, leaves clothes clean-looking, clean-smelling.



4. *"My G-E-washed clothes feel fluffy-dry. After spin-drying, there's not enough water left to wet my hands."*

Spin-drying is most important. Unless rinse water is removed thoroughly, some dirt stays. The drier clothes are spun, the cleaner they are!



1-YEAR WARRANTY ON ENTIRE WASHER • Never needs oiling • Water-temperature Selector automatically mixes hot and cold water • No bolting • Porcelain top and washbasket. Baked-enamel front and sides • ALL THESE, *PLUS* 21 OTHER GREAT FEATURES. Model AW5B5 Illus.

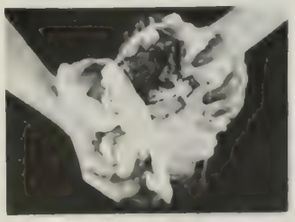
AND ALL YOU DO IS SET A DIAL!

This new General Electric is completely automatic.

It washes, rinses, damp-dries your clothes, and shuts off—with one setting of the dial. But you can re-set it to shorten or repeat any cycle.

And you can tell—as you SEE, SMELL, and FEEL your G-E washed clothes—that here is a wash you'll be ever so proud of.

NOT THE OLD WAY...



NEVER do clothes come out of this washer tangled, matted, soggy, dripping!

BUT THE NEW WAY!



CLOTHES are washed individually and many pieces come out dry enough to iron.

Your G-E dealer has the new Activator-Automatic now.

Go in and see him today and look it over. And while you're looking, we hope you'll remember that there is one outstanding feature that you can't see.

That is famed General Electric dependability!

You will find your nearest General Electric dealer listed under "Washing Machines" in your Classified Telephone Directory. *General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.*

Trim and specifications subject to change without notice.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Orchids to AMERICA'S FIRST COOKING WARE

FARBERWARE

Trade Mark

heavy aluminum-clad Stainless Steel cooking ware



Awarded the Fashion Academy Gold Medal

"for superior design and vital styling achievement"

The Tops in Bottoms

. . . . . exclusive with FARBERWARE!
1/8 inch thick aluminum bottom insures
NEW MIRACLE HEAT SPREAD. Food
tastes better because it cooks evenly. Hot spots
eliminated . . . scorching, sticking minimized.
And FARBERWARE is so easy to clean. Gives
years of satisfying service. 27 matched pieces.

The finest cooking ware at any price —
COOKS BEST! LOOKS BEST! CLEANS BEST!

FREE! Write for Fashion Academy Award Folder. Dept. H-8, S.W. FARBER, INC., NEW YORK 54

(Continued from Page 138)

Maria immediately opened her eyes. "I'm sorry, Bill. I do promise you I'm all ready. I know what it means, to me, and everybody. The pageant will be all through in plenty of time, I *promise*. Why, even the Captain approves of the pageant."

Surprised, but reassured, William left. Maria was even more surprised than he; in fact, she had been quite bowled over by the Captain's attitude toward the pageant. She had expected fireworks when she told him that Mr. Holmes had offered her a small part in a Christmas Eve pageant to depict the whole life of Christ. But she had not reckoned with the strength of the Captain's own faith. Instead of fireworks, the Captain had looked downright pleased. "I'm astounded," he had said, "astounded *and* delighted. I never connected Holmes with the Bible. The life of Christ! Splendid. I'm, well, I'm ah—pleased."

"Yes!" Phoebe shouted into the phone in her bedroom. She found telephone conversations trying. "Yes, of course you can bring a *guest*. I'm *delighted*. Just be sure to get here at *ten-thirty*. That's when the figure begins. *Good-by*." She put the phone down and, gathering up her cane, rose from her chair. "Typical of Berta Cullen," she said. "A guest, indeed. Phoning the very day of the ball! Impertinent." She started downstairs to check on the workmen.

The men were taking the last pieces of furniture out of the great room in the left wing of the house. The room was sixty feet long, with gray paneled walls against which there were banked masses of white lilies. Its length was broken by two white marble fireplaces, and two massive crystal chandeliers hung from the high ceiling. There were crystal candelabra on the mantelpiece, with bowls of lilies between them.

The sixteen debutantes would start their grand march from an arched entrance at the far end of the room. Phoebe could visualize the ante-bellum gowns in her lovely room; hoop skirts would look exactly right.

THE Captain gazed around the table at his relations. It seemed to him that in the candlelight their faces had the rich glow of fine oil portraits. Misses Lelia and Bella Beraud were dressed alike in black lace with bunches of imitation violets at their waists, and they wore minute diamond earrings. They were so old that faint streaks of their little pink skulls showed through their white hair.

Uncle George was a much, much larger male version of his sisters. He had thick white hair, and a snowy mustache, fashioned after the one worn by Robert E. Lee.

Even Marjorie, usually a kind of dun-colored background for other people, looked stunning tonight. She wore a cameo pin at the neck of her pale pink dress.

"We'll have coffee in the parlor," the Captain announced. He rose and led the way. Marjorie passed the coffee around and then, murmuring something about arranging her hair, excused herself.

"I think it's *delightful* of little Maria to take time out for a religious pageant," said Miss Lelia. "Tonight, of all nights."

"Enchanting," echoed Miss Bella in her high, birdlike voice. "What part is Maria playing?"

"I don't know," said the Captain carelessly. "I can't keep up with Maria."

"The child is going to look beautiful," said Miss Lelia. "I've seen her dress. Yards and yards of satin and lace! Grandma Beraud's diamond sunburst will be lovely with it. George, it was a good idea to bring it."

"Well, I shall give it to her when she is married, of course. But it seemed a shame not to loan it to her for her debut."

"Think of the dear child making her debut," said Miss Bella sentimentally. "Why, the last time I saw her, she was just like a colt, all legs and galloping. I suppose she's quite the little lady now, isn't she, Richard?"

THE captain skirted the question. "A lot of people think she's pretty. I ought to warn you, Maria is a bit—ah—spirited. She's——"

He never finished the sentence. At that moment there was a racket at the front door. It flew open. A small bearded man in a long white robe burst into the hall. His head was swathed in a striped turban, and what you could see of his skin appeared to be nut brown. He hesitated a second, then he rushed into the parlor and fell upon the aunts.

"Aunt Belfa!" he cried, hugging her. Aunt Bella gasped. "Aunt Lefia!" cried the little man, and kissed Aunt Lelia. "Sweef fings! And Uncuff Gowge!" The creature whirled upon Uncle George and kissed him too.

"Merciful fathers," whispered Miss Lelia. "Is he safe, Richard?"

"Why, he looks like Grandfather Beraud," said Uncle George.

"It's Maria!" cried the Captain. "What have you got on, Maria?"

Before Maria could answer him, Mr. Geoffrey Holmes weaved into the hall.

"Maria, *why* ar you talking like yo have a persimmon i your mouth? Wha are you doing in that obscene orange beard? What's the matter with you, Maria?" The Captain's face had grown crimson.

"My bearf ——" began Maria, but her voice was drowned out by Mr. Holmes.

"That beard. The heat wouldn't go up in the auditorium, and the glue they stuck her beard on with got all congealed. Still is. She can't *talk*. Her face is all stiff. All she had to say was 'Thirty pieces of silver, thirty pieces of silver,' twice, like that ——"

"And why was it necessary for Maria to repeat such a ridiculous remark?" asked Uncle George with icy hauteur.

"It was her part. She was Judas Iscariot in the pageant tonight."

"Judas Iscariot," repeated the Captain flatly.

"Judas Iscariot," echoed Aunt Lelia. "Oh, my."

Mr. Holmes suddenly spoke in a faraway, dreamy voice. "A lovely pageant. Perfectly lovely."

The Captain could bear no more. He said coldly, "I appreciate your bringing my daughter home. However, I must ask you to leave us now. Maria must be dressed and out of here in forty-five minutes. You'll have to *excuse* us."

Mr. Holmes looked fondly upon Maria. "Don't worry, child. You did very well, considering the unfortunate circumstances." At the door he paused. "Well, good-by now."

There was a long silence in the parlor. Marjorie came downstairs and gave Maria a horrified look, but did not break the silence.

(Continued on Page 143)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Beauty is a Flowing

By Jessamyn West

Beauty is a flowing:
A dry or liquid going
Of air in gusty streams,
Or water that most seems
Like a clear wind blowing.

Beauty is a flowing:
From a hand that's sowing
Wheat—which liquid is as rain—
As it slants across a plain
In its summer growing.

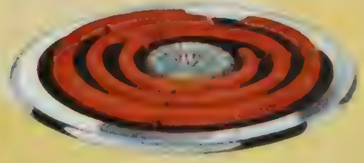
Beauty is a flowing:
Of fallen grass in mowing
That curves to earth as still
As whiteness clothes a hill
In a wintry snowing.

Beauty is a flowing:
A wry and sudden knowing
That nothing is so fair
As that which everywhere
Slides in a groove of going.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



...of course, it's electric!



Time It by Your Watch

and see the new SUPER-SPEED COROX* Unit get

Red-Hot in 30 Seconds!

Talk about speed! This fabulous new Westinghouse SUPER-SPEED COROX Unit is the fastest unit on the market. Gets hot the instant you turn the control . . . *red hot in 30 seconds.* What a time saver!

Dozens of times a week this new, exclusive SUPER-SPEED COROX Unit will clip precious minutes off meal preparation.

You can have piping hot soup for schoolday lunches . . . crisp bacon and eggs for tardy risers . . . frozen or fresh vegetables brought to steaming for dinner extra-fast . . . in 3 short minutes. You can have leftovers warmed and ready for eating in less time than it takes to set the table . . . afternoon tea for a quick pick-up in a minute and a half.

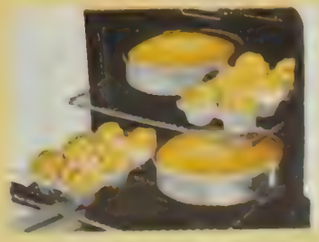
You'll love all the other features of the new Westinghouse *Speed-Electric* Ranges, too. The Color-Glance Controls that tell at a glance what heat is on . . . the Miracle Sealed Oven and the timer that automatically controls it . . . the HeatGuard Seal that keeps out all disturbing air currents and makes it possible to bake in *any* rack position . . . even the "Quality" feel of the door when you close it.

See your Westinghouse retailer, now. Learn about all the new Westinghouse *Speed-Electric* Ranges. There are models to suit every family need and budget, and famous Westinghouse quality is built into each one. Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Electric Appliance Division, Mansfield, Ohio. *T. M.

Only the Westinghouse SPEED-ELECTRIC RANGE

Has this SUPER-SPEED COROX Unit

It's new. It's exclusive. No other unit can compare for speed and accurate cooking results. The SUPER-SPEED COROX Unit gives you short order cooking that is *really* short.

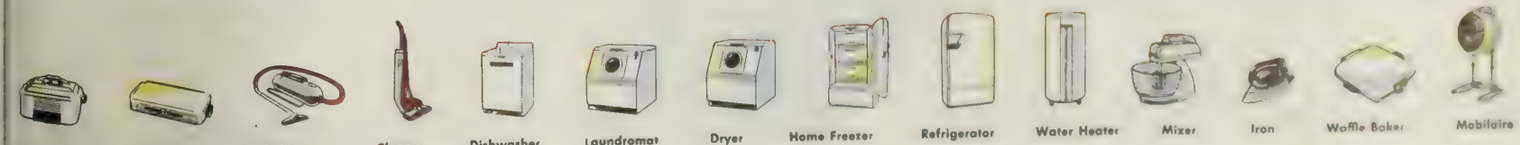


MIRACLE SEALED OVEN

Keeps *all* the heat inside. Now you can bake in any rack position and be sure of perfect results every time.

See TV's Top Dramatic Show... WESTINGHOUSE "STUDIO ONE"... Every Week

YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S Westinghouse



Roaster-Oven · Griddle · Tank Cleaner · Cleaner · Dishwasher · Laundromat · Dryer · Home Freezer · Refrigerator · Water Heater · Mixer · Iron · Waffle Baker · Mobilaire

S.O.S easily removes burned-on grease

to clean your stove

Independent survey reveals S.O.S approved by stove-makers, home economists, home-makers

Of course *you* know it—S.O.S. is wonderful for cleaning stoves. And now, your opinion is confirmed by an independent survey among 3278 home-makers, home economists, stove-makers. They express overwhelming approval of S.O.S. to clean ovens (racks and liners), broilers (racks and pans), burners (rings and bowls), griddles. Keep S.O.S. handy.

©The S.O.S. Co., Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A. • S.O.S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



Stove top—burned-on spatters clean right off with S.O.S.

Oven rack—burned-on crust wipes right off with S.O.S.

Broiler & pan—burned-on grease easily cleaned with magic S.O.S.

Griddle—burned-on scorches quickly cleaned with magic S.O.S.

It's the most useful cleanser there is— *...use S.O.S for all your pots and pans*

(Continued from Page 140)

Finally Miss Lelia spoke. "Of course, Judas Iscariot repented," she said thinly.

The Captain disregarded this. "Maria," he thundered, "do you realize you have exactly forty-five minutes to get into your evening clothes? Does it mean nothing to you that you are leading your own ball tonight? *Nothing?*"

"I'b sowry," gurgled Maria in her orange beard. A tear rolled out of one eye and down her hairy cheek.

Marjorie suddenly and efficiently took charge. "Leave her to me," she said. "We'll get the beard off. You all can go on to Retreat. You'd better hurry." She began half pushing Maria toward the stairs. "Just leave us a car," said Marjorie. They went up the steps.

"All right, let's go, then," said the Captain. "I have implicit faith in Marjorie. I'd trust her anywhere." He gathered up his relations and left.

Maria and Marjorie scrubbed frantically at the beard, using grease, rubbing alcohol and soap. But though they soon reduced it to the point where Maria could talk, there was still a downy orange fuzz over the lower part of her face.

"I *can't* get it off." Maria scrubbed violently. "Oh, Marjorie, it *won't* go!" She peered closely in her dressing-table mirror.

"Powder. Powder." Marjorie grabbed up her powder box, and began slapping its contents on her cousin's face. The beard dimmed.

Panting, Maria scrambled into her dress. She rapidly hooked it up, and jumped to the powder box again. She patted on another layer.

"It isn't enough." Marjorie was wringing her hands. "It still shows!"

Maria looked in the mirror. Sure enough, a pinkish fuzz with an orange shadow underneath covered her lower jaw. Her hands and neck looked a little dirty, too, for the dark brown stain she had used as part of her make-up had not entirely come off.

"I look a hag!" she cried. "I'm hideous. Oh, Marjorie!"

"We've got to leave! We've *got* to." Marjorie grabbed up the puff and added another layer to Maria's face, as well as plastering a thick layer on her neck and arms. "See, it's better. Much better."

Maria looked. The hair on her face was very nearly invisible. "It's nearly gone!" she said. "I'll have to do!" She grabbed up her evening coat.

THE Captain's party stood near Phoebe, in the right wing of Retreat. Phoebe was elegant, in black velvet and pearls. Looking at her, and at her magnificent house, electric anticipation in the air, the Captain swelled with pride.

People were beginning to cluster around the archway into the left wing. Two spotlights were trained on the entrance. The girls would enter one at a time, walk the length of the room alone, and line up at the opposite end, where they would be joined by their partners for the figure. Colonel Marshall was standing by the orchestra, watch in hand, issuing last-minute instructions.

Phoebe was rising, which meant the figure was on the verge of beginning. She started toward the Captain, but was stopped by Mrs. Algie Cullen, who was accompanied by a large dark young man with the sloping shoulders of a fighter. He looked bored.

"Phoebe, dearest!" cried Mrs. Cullen breathlessly. "You look utterly divine. Such a beautiful party. I want to introduce Cousin Winnie. Cousin Winnie's down here from the New York Times, he's ——"

Phoebe held up her hand. "Not now, Berta, not now. The figure's about to begin." Phoebe waved them away, and turned once more toward the Captain. "Where ——" she began grimly.

BUT at that moment, he caught a flashing glimpse of Marjorie and Maria, running through the hall toward the back. "They're here, thank God," he breathed. A roll of drums from the orchestra punctuated his sentence.

Maria ran wildly to her place at the head of the line of girls. She heard the first roll of the drums and she was walking through the arch into the glare of spotlights. The debutante march had started.

Mrs. Algie Cullen and her guest had crowded to the line of people waiting for the figure. "Now you shall see the *pièce de résistance* of local society. This is the top, Winnie. We simply do not go any higher."

The big young man moved restlessly, but he grinned down at her. "I'm sure it's a big promotion, Roberta, but you know I don't much go in for this kind of thing."

"Winthrop, your attitude is perfectly absurd. When I think that your mother and father ——"

From farther up the line a low but unmistakable groan burst forth. Winthrop Spaulding looked curiously in the direction of the sound. The groan had evidently issued from the lips of the distinguished-looking gentleman standing with his hostess and the two wee ladies in black lace. Mr. Spaulding could not possibly know that the groaning gentleman was Maria's father, and was almost the first person to realize that something about Maria was not right.

She walked stiffly down the great room, head up. In the pitiless glare of the spotlights, no amount of the world's powder could camouflage her darkly bearded jowls. A shadowy, burnt-orange mustache curved down the corners of her lips and a border of little orange hairs sprouted from her chin like a fringe from ear to ear.

As she walked past her father the rustle of her skirt was not so loud as the rustle of comment accompanying her progress down the room.

As she neared him, Winthrop Spaulding's shoulders began to shake silently. "I'm damned if the big wheel in this operation isn't a bearded lady!" He choked. "Berta, how *could* this happen in the inner fortress of Southern aristocracy?"

Mrs. Cullen's eyes were glued to Maria; she was fascinated, horribly so. "It's the first time I realized—why, she's been one of the most popular ——"

The rippling wave of whispers increased as Maria advanced to the end of the room; it was now a definite roar. But it failed to distract Winthrop Spaulding, whose eyes eagerly followed the stiff young back.

(Continued on Page 145)

NEXT MONTH

Suppose you knew a thousand people—knew them as well as yourself, knew about their grandfathers and grandmothers, about their children, about how those people had been when they were children—could you read anything, in a book about people, that would surprise you?

NOBODY knew the quiet girl named Faith Goodbind, who lived near Two River Junction. Then her book was published. It was a simple, moving book—a scandalous book, some thought—about people in a small town. It wasn't about Two River Junction. But there were terrible weeks while Two River people read Faith's book, looked at their neighbors, and *knew* . . . things they'd never thought of before.

The Spellbound Village

By Julia Truitt Yenni

Complete in the June JOURNAL, condensed from the novel soon to be published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.



Drain tasty fried foods on clean, absorbent ScotTowels. Grease soaks up *fast!*

NEW ScotTowels – so strong when wet

YOU CAN USE THEM LIKE A CLOTH!



WIPE UP SPILLS with ScotTowels—they don't fall apart when wet! Now so cloth-like, you can use them with cleansers, polishes, soap, for *dozens* of household chores.



PEEL TOMATOES—other fruits and vegetables—on handy ScotTowels. Then toss away both scraps and towels for a quick, neat clean-up. Saves work—saves time!



KEEP WASHBASIN TIDY with ScotTowels. Easy even for *children*—because sturdy ScotTowels hug up to surfaces, quickly whisk away grime. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

SOFT-TUFF PROCESS

keeps them soft, absorbent!



150 SCOTTOWELS TO A ROLL

Compare really new

Murray Gas Ranges and Electric Ranges

feature by feature with any other on the market!



Special Murray methods bring you luxury units

FOREMOST IN BEAUTY AND CONVENIENCE!



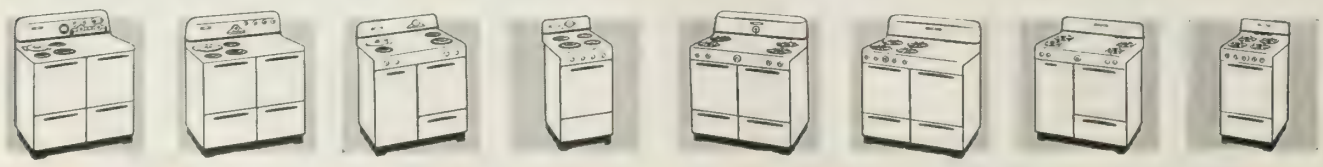
ELECTRIC RANGES that are so easy to use! Take, for example, the new push-button, graduated-color heat controls. Each represents the 7 heat intensities of your surface units. But more than that, each is colored from deep red (hot) to light pink (simmer). Select your heat at a glance—*before* you press any buttons! Yes, cooking electrically is simple—if you have one of the wonderful, new, high-speed Murray ranges.

Remember, Murray combines *highest quality* with marvelous *low cost,* mass production methods.



GAS RANGES that are a perfect blending of advanced styling and efficiency! Lustrous porcelain enameled (acid- and stain-resistant) units that are chock-full of every modern feature you've ever wanted. A high broiler that's really smokeless . . . swings to you when door is opened. The giant oven, also porcelain finished, has rounded corners so easy to clean.

Choose a divided-top range, or one with grouped burners. Either style can accommodate large utensils without crowding. Each range can use *any* type gas supply!



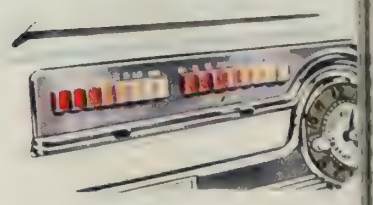
NO ONE MAKES KITCHENS LIKE

MURRAY

THE MURRAY CORPORATION OF AMERICA, *Home Appliance Division,* SCRANTON 2, PA.

MURRAY

Color Control Heat-Tuning



If you want the hottest of the 7 electri heat intensities at your command, pre the button colored deep red . . . or f the lowest heat, simply push the lig pink one. There are 4 groups of grad ated-color buttons representing your surface units. And every group is plain marked "Front" or "Rear." Indicat lights show when each surface unit is o

MURRAY

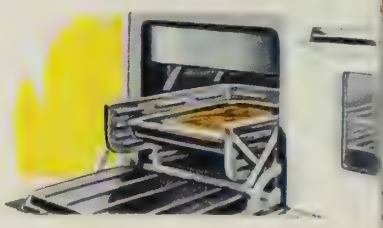
Clear-View Oven



Double window panes that never stea or fog, give you a clear view of hc your cooking is progressing. Insi lighted, of course! Every Murray ran is Fiberglas insulated for greater ef ciency. Helps keep your kitchen coo All ranges have *welded* (not bolte frames for lifetime performance.

MURRAY

Swing-Out Broiler



Up high where it is so easy to reach . truly smokeless . . . that's the kind broiler you have always wanted in yo gas range. In addition, it swings you for greater convenience! Murra drawers are extra-rigid, glide on *silen nylon rollers.*

* * *

TO HELP YOU *complete your dream kitchen, Murray manufactures highest quality wall and floor cabinets and cabinet sinks, style-matched t your range. Remember, over 1,500,000 Murray-made appliances are in American homes coast-to-coast!*

(Continued from Page 143)

'Marvelous!" he said happily. As he tched, the bearded lady turned, and stood ietly waiting with her back to the wall. do believe she has on some sort of ake-up," he said, intrigued and curious. Roberta, I shall have to meet that girl." But his voice was lost in the buzzing ound them. While the talk boiled and bub- d, Winthrop Spaulding silently admired e girl on the floor. Whatever her game was, had courage. She stood perfectly straight, eyes fixed on the line of debutantes walk- toward her. As each girl first saw Maria's ntenance, she visibly hesitated, got out step, recovered herself, and continued rvously to her place. A few tittered, some sped, and several flushed, but not a mus- twitched in the preposterous face.

As the last girl stepped into place, the usic switched from march time to a Vien- se waltz. Colonel Marshall walked confi- ntly through the arch toward the evening's noree. He moved gracefully, yet with an gant *snap*, as he had for years approached re cotillion figures than anyone could re- ember. Midway down the room, he stopped, look of utter terror crossing his features. e cleared his throat. Then he walked wly forward, like a somnambulist, until he od before Maria.

Though he must have en aware of the eady murmur in the ll, the colonel made s preliminary bow, lvanced a foot, and tended his arm. But, aring into that visage, compulsively with- ew it.

Above the music, ove the buzzing, aria's voice sounded early. "Don't, then. ward!" With that, e panicked. She broke m her place, ran rough the group of ung men who, hav- g been picked as rtners for the figure, d followed Colonel arshall out upon the or, and disappeared through the arch.

Every guest began to babble at once. The olonel made a helpless, dismissing motion ward the milling debutantes, and, with hat he prayed was composure, left the or. He paused before the honoree's stricken milv, and bent upon Phoebe the most kill- g look she had ever received.

"I shall never speak to you again," he id concisely. "As for your niece, the next me you plan to present *her* anywhere, I ggest Barnum and Bailey's."

"Here," said Maria glumly, "Merry hristmas." She handed Lizzie a small quare package, and sat down on the kitchen tool to watch her open it.

Lizzie hastily tore off the silver paper and pped the top off a cardboard box. Gently, he lifted out a little crown glittering with hinestones. "A brewch! Oh, Miss Maria, I o thank and thank you!" She pinned the ttle crown at the neck of her uniform, her ear knotting with her emotion.

'It isn't anything much," said Maria in a mall voice. "Wish it could have been more." She sighed, and accepted a cup of coffee. "I ope I won't be in your way here in the itchen. I'm waiting for the relations to eave."

"They've gone. The Captain's driving hem to the train right now. You sure riled im, Miss Maria. Yessir, he's gonna crack is teeth all this day. Christmas day too! You riled him *good*."

"I make a mess of everything I do," said Maria sadly. "I'm going for a walk. Thanks or the coffee."

She went to the back-hall closet for her oat. Caught like a bur in her mind was the nemory of last evening. She had been a fool. Instead of sensibly retiring to Phoebe's dressing room, working on her face until it was clean, and carrying everything off with a laugh, she had simply run away. Filled with a wild desire to escape, she had run out a side door, and driven herself home.

She had not lost her panic until she was in her own room, with the door locked. Then she felt safe and ashamed. She had wept a little, scrubbed her face, and gone to bed to dream of the Captain in a furious red beard and golden earrings.

SHE put on her old coat. The sleeves were too short, but the coat was a rich, warm crimson, a color that always perked her up. She went outdoors and wandered disconsolately down the path. It was typical Christmas weather in Richmond, damp, chilly. Feeling miserable, she walked toward Mr. Stewart's house. She walked with her head down, occasionally kicking at the ratty brown leaves blowing across the path like bits of trash.

"Good morning." Mr. Stewart stood on the path. "Merry Christmas. I was just going up to the Captain's for a glass of nog."

"I know he'll be glad to see you," said Maria.

As Maria and Mr. Stewart walked across the porch, the Captain flung open the front door. "Hello, John. Come in." He stood back to allow them to enter. "I'm sick as a dog. Ulcers, I guess. No man can continually put up with what I do, and not end up with something seriously wrong."

Maria turned to her father. "Daddy, I'm sorry——"

"Just don't speak to me, please. Just keep your opinions to yourself." The Captain took Mr. Stewart's arm, and started toward the sideboard where a silver bowl stood brimful of eggnog.

"I think it's darned mean of you not even to let me apologize!" Maria said.

The Captain whirled about. "I'll tell you one thing, miss, you have hurt and insulted your good aunt to the degree that she has washed her hands of you. She's perfectly right to do so too!"

"But I couldn't help it. I didn't *plan* for the make-up to stick."

The Captain groaned pitifully. "The entire family disgraced," he said to John Stewart.

"Don't you think you'd better try some bicarbonate of soda?" asked Mr. Stewart solicitously.

Marjorie poked her head through the door at the back of the hall. "Where have you been?" she asked Maria. "Bill called and said to tell you he had to break his date for this afternoon." Marjorie looked downright happy. "He said to be *sure* to tell you he won't be out today at all."

"All right," said Maria.

The Captain had paid no attention to Marjorie's speech. On the third eggnog, he was feeling much better. John Stewart always knew how to soothe him, and in this instance he was having an even more calming effect than usual. For he had come with an idea. An idea of what to do about Maria. She could take a job. Oh, not an ordinary job, he added hastily, understanding that the Captain shared his own views about ladies' being in trade. No, it was the job of assistant society editor on the morning newspaper, the Richmond Virginian-Gazette. Catherine Carter, the society editor, had told him she needed an assistant. She had said all the assistant had to do was call up the right people and find out what they were doing. Socially, of course. If the Captain liked the idea, John Stewart could promise that a word to Miss Carter was all that would be necessary.

After he left, the Captain did some mulling. There seemed to be very little left to

BITTER END

Many people familiar with the handling of a large sailing ship may not be aware that a vertical piece of heavy timber used for securing hawsers and ropes is a *bitt*. A sailor will fasten a rope around the belaying pins fixed into the *bitt* either to fasten it or to slacken it gradually. The rope used is usually two to three hundred feet long, but only the first hundred feet are much used. In an emergency or crisis, however, all the rope may be paid out. Naturally, the little-used portion of the rope is a better end. The change-over was taking place in the seventeenth century, for Robinson Crusoe refers to the "bitter end" of his anchor cable. —DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.

What an easy way to do dishes!

WITH Rubbermaid

Look over these Rubbermaid Dish Drainers and matching Draining Trays . . . select the combination that will suit your sink and space . . . then start looking for it at your dealer's again.



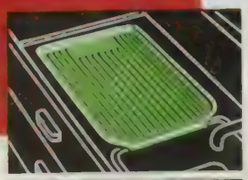


TWIN-SINK SPECIAL. This scientifically designed *Rubbermaid Dish Drainer* fits into either bowl, lets dishes dry as they drain. Cushioned covering protects your dishes and hushes noise.

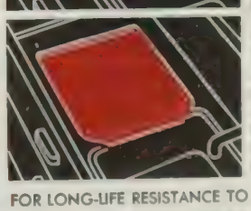


STANDARD SIZE WORK-SAVER. *Rubbermaid Dish Drainer* fits standard drainboards, combines with any *Rubbermaid Draining Tray*. Put your washed dishes in Drainer, rinse with scalding water, and they dry sparkling in minutes.





SILENT PARTNERS DRY YOUR DISHES. *Deluxe Rubbermaid Dish Drainer* cradles more dishes, has special stand-up holder for drying silverware. Extra-wide *Rubbermaid Draining Tray* protects entire drainboard surface, provides space for utensils. Ribbed and sloped to guide water into sink.



DOUBLE-DUTY DRAINING TRAYS. Put a sloped *Rubbermaid Draining Tray* under your Dish Drainer to carry off the water. It protects dishes and drainboard . . . makes a perfect place to thaw frozen foods. Sizes for standard and short drainboards.

Write for free folder showing matching items in the original complete line of home-tested rubber housewares.



FOR LONG-LIFE RESISTANCE TO HEAT, SOAP, GREASE AND WEAR, ASK FOR GENUINE

Rubbermaid HOUSEWARE

THE WOOSTER RUBBER COMPANY, Dept. L-20, Wooster, Ohio





Just *one* all-purpose beater. That's all you need with a *KitchenAid* Food Preparer to get the most thorough, efficient blending, whipping and beating action. It's only natural because the single beater principle is the *natural mixing action*. The offset beater travels completely around the inside of the bowl surface . . . *it turns instead of the bowl!* No part of bowl contents can escape this mixing action.

You'll like the other "work-saving" *KitchenAid* features, too. *KitchenAid* users tell us they use many more attachments because they're so practical. *Pyrex* brand bowl gives you greater utility and safety . . . permits you to mix hot ingredients. "Up Front" Mixing Guide makes speed selection easy. You work from the front of the mixer, the easy, convenient way.

Yes, you'll like the smart, practical new styling of *KitchenAid*. And, *KitchenAid* has the plus power to operate every attachment without need for expensive power boosters. You'll like the *KitchenAid* Food Preparer whether you *receive* it as a gift or *give* it!



For informative literature, write KitchenAid Electric Housewares Division of The Hobart Manufacturing Co., Dept. KS, Troy, Ohio.

KitchenAid
TRADE MARK
The Finest Made by Hobart

World's Largest Manufacturer of Food and Kitchen Machines

try on Maria. He finally concluded that John's scheme might work.

She at once seized upon the idea. She was in bad graces everywhere, and haunted by feelings of inferiority. She also longed to become independent; the idea of making money to spend as she chose was exciting.

"You're on trial, Maria," the Captain said severely. "Do you understand that? You've disappointed everybody. I don't want it happening again. Are you listening?"

"Oh, yes! Daddy, I promise it's going to be all right. I feel it in my bones. It's going to be wonderful."

Maria warily entered the offices of the Richmond Virginian-Gazette. The Virginian-Gazette gave the impression of noisy confusion more than might another newspaper office, because its departments were not separated by partitions. At one end of the building was the women's department. Next to this were the desks of the sports department, and from these desks on across the building stretched the big city room. Contributing to the general confusion were noises from across the hall, for on that side of the building were the offices of the Richmond Journal, the afternoon paper. Both newspapers were owned by the same man, a fact that did not soften a fierce competitiveness between the two.

MARIA was quite timid in discussing the job with Miss Carter. But the society editor, who had red hair and disenchanted green eyes, put her at ease almost immediately by saying she would like to give Maria a try.

"You have the very qualifications I'm looking for," said Miss Carter. "Good name, right school—you ought to know the right people."

Maria felt better, but was still suffering from that sense of inadequacy which newspaper offices inspire in the breast of the newcomer. "I—I hope I can do the job."

Miss Carter yawned. "Dearie, it's perfectly routine. You simply sit here all day long dialing telephone numbers, and typing up state weddings." The phone rang. Miss Carter said, "Excuse me." She reached for the instrument, and drawled, "Hello?"

Maria looked timidly toward the sports department. A fat boy wearing an unbecoming straw hat on the back of his head was hunched over a typewriter.

The fat boy looked up, raised his left eyebrow, gave a low, appreciative whistle. "And what are you doing here, my pretty?"

"I'm going to be Miss Carter's assistant."

"You are? Oh, boy." The fat boy looked happy. He wrenched himself up from his chair and ambled over to where she stood. "My name's Levering." He reached in his coat pocket, and handed her a stick of chewing gum. "Stoogie Levering."

"Glad to meet you, Stoogie," said Maria, feeling easier about the newspaper business.

Maria soon grew used to her job, but she discovered she could not grow fond of it, no matter how hard she tried. Maria's column was composed of about twenty daily items. Four or five of these usually came through the mail. The rest were the result of thirty to forty phone calls. Maria soon learned that the column was divided into three parts. The top items were always concerned with comings and goings of the royal blue bloods. Medium blues, those shading off into a kind of aquamarine, formed the middle section of the column. The bottom was reserved for everyday red bloods, not yet even on the outer perimeter of the inner circle. Maria soon began to think of people as Top, Middle or Bottom, or as well done, medium and rare.

Miss Carter was always in a nervous fret until the afternoon paper came out, and she could scan its society news. The competition between the two departments was murderous.

The first weeks of her job, Maria made some bad mistakes. When Miss Carter took a week's vacation at home, Maria ran the Pffiffier-Smith item. It read: "Stanley Pffiffier-Smith, Jr., accompanied by Miss True Seal Hawkwood, will spend this week end at the Hotel Indianhead, Virginia Beach."

TO SPARK UP YOUR MENUS, USE
B in B MUSHROOMS
FRESH HOTHOUSE MUSHROOMS
Broiled in Butter



B in B Mushrooms are freshly-picked, hothouse mushrooms, broiled in creamery butter to a natural brown color, then packed in mushroom broth.

Save time and money by using B in B Mushrooms already prepared as called for in your favorite recipes.

Enjoy these three ready-to-use styles:

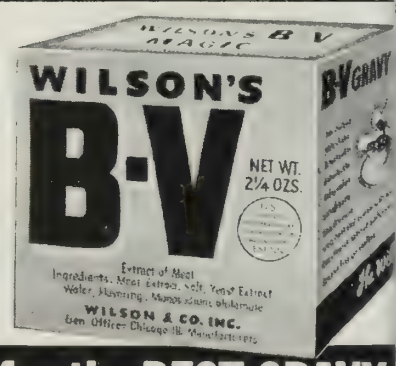
B in B Whole Mushroom Crowns
B in B Chopped Mushrooms
B in B Sliced Mushrooms



BROILED IN BUTTER

JOLLY TIME POP CORN
ALWAYS POPS BETTE

IF YOU CAN BOIL WATER
you can make the finest JELLY
MAKE JELLY Now!
SUN GOLD Spredon
USE NO FRUIT
1 PKG SPREDON
2 CUPS WATER
3 CUPS SUGAR
5 GLASSES JELLY
CHOICE OF 7 FLAVORS
AT YOUR GROCER'S . . . if not SEND $1 for 4 PKGS. assorted (POSTPAI
Write CALFRUIT Pasadena 3, California • Dept.



for the BEST GRAVY you ever tasted

B-V GRAVY

Blend 2 tbsp. fat or drippings with 2 tbsp. flour. Gradually stir in 1 cup water or milk. Mix smooth, cook and stir to gravy thickness. Add and dissolve 1 tsp. Wilson's B-V. Result: the best gravy you've ever tasted and enough for three servings.

Delicious served with Rice

The Wilson label protects your table

Miss Carter telephoned Maria. "How uld you do such a thing? According to ur item, the Pffifier-Smith boy has gone for the week end with a girl. No mention a chaperon! Miss True Seal Hawkwood— 'll be sued!"

"Oh, it's all right," said Maria. "Miss ue Seal Hawkwood is a horse. He is en- ing her in the Indianhead horse show. I ought it would sound odd if I said in the ciety column that she was a horse."

"Oh, a horse! All right, write another ragraph saying he's entering her in the ow, and pray that Mrs. Pffifier-Smith esn't see the first edition."

Maria started to type, but remembered at because of a quarrel with the public- ations man for the horse show, the man- ing editor did not want the paper to carry ws of the event. She thought, and came with: "Stanley Pffifier-Smith, Jr., ac- mpanied by Miss True Seal Hawkwood, s left for a week end at Virginia Beach, ere Mr. Pffifier-Smith will be a guest of e Hotel Indianhead, while Miss True Seal awkwood will reside in the Hotel Indian- ad stables. The latter is a horse."

After reading this, the managing editor ld her that in forty years of newspaper ork he had never seen a more pure example crackbrained journalism; he informed her at if she made one more bad mistake, she as to be fired.

Maria was in truth a poor society re- rter, unable to get her heart into her job, it she adored the sports department. She ved the general air of excitement, the skill- l, nerveless sports heroes, and especially e jargon, full of imagery.

It was an unusually warm March, and the cal baseball team started spring practice rly. Stoogie took her to the first warm-up. om then on, Maria had a violent love fair with baseball that left her no time for ss important affairs.

NUTS to Ilio Touranetti!" Maria would out scornfully at Stoogie. "You say he's a od all-around pitcher, but you saw him at e last practice—every single right-handed itter got by him. He hasn't struck out a ght-handed batter in the last three games! ll-around pitcher, my aunt."

"Lower your voice, Maria," Miss Carter ould request. "Suppose someone walked in id heard my assistant screaming about a aseball player! Don't you *ever* consider ap- earances?"

But Miss Carter was certain that, in fact, laria did not care a hang what people ought. There was something about the as- stant society editor's attitude that simply asn't appropriate in a girl with Maria's ackground. She didn't know what it was, but it made everyone in the woman's de- partment a little fidgety.

Bill Featherstone drove contentedly to the Captain's house. It was eight-thirty, a gentle evening in April, and he felt fine. True, he had skipped a Cub Scout Pack meeting, but that wasn't too bad. He had faithfully worked on the Scout program all year, and tonight he felt like seeing Maria. Though he hadn't phoned, he felt the chances were good of Maria's being at home. Since she'd been working, she'd been a lot less active in the evenings. And how nicely the job was turning out! She had been with the Virginian-Gazette for nearly four months.

SEVERAL times she had called his mother for news. Mrs. Featherstone had been impressed with her attitude. Maria had been deferential and grateful. Mrs. Featherstone had remarked to Bill that the child seemed to be growing up. Bill had glowed with pleasure at this; Mrs. Featherstone had been cool about Maria for years, and after the unfortunate debacle at her own debutante party, she had firmly announced that Maria needed to do a lot of maturing before she could properly be called a woman.

For three weeks of the new year, he had punished Maria by not once going out to call. But he had been miserable.

Oh, well, it didn't matter now, he thought. He swung into the Captain's driveway.

The Captain was delighted to see him. So was Marjorie. But Maria wasn't there. Bill felt awfully let down. But he had come all this way; he guessed he'd stay.

Marjorie came into the parlor, carrying a tray with drinks and a small bowl of peanuts. The Captain rose from his chair, scattering sheets of newspaper like falling petals over the floor at his feet.

"Well, I think I'll go to bed," he said. "You young people—ah—enjoy yourselves. Maria will be in soon. Glad you're on deck, William, yes, indeed, good night."

"Good night, sir," said Bill, rising.

"Sweet dreams, uncle."

The Captain marched upstairs, conscious of the glad sensation of escape he always felt when he had separated himself from young men and women together. They still made him nervous, even when one of them was Marjorie instead of Maria.

Downstairs, Bill was talking animatedly to Marjorie. "Oh, yes, the organization is tight as a drum. You won't find a tighter outfit than the Cub Scouts. First there is a pack, and under the pack, a number of smaller units called dens. Heading up the pack is a pack leader, usually picked from the Cub dads, and in charge of the dens are den mothers, also chosen from Cub moms."



"So, you're 'dreamboat'!"



"I *know* you're going to give me a gift... so please make it a... Presto COOKER

"You can make me a cooking expert right from the start . . . by solving my cooking problems with one or a set of wonderful PRESTO COOKERS! "Mother says PRESTO Cooked foods are so delicious . . . so economical, because PRESTO Cooking retains more natural food flavors, vitamins and colors . . . and cuts fuel and cooking time up to 75 per cent, too! "I know that with a PRESTO COOKER, I can become as kitchen-handy as Mother . . . and I'll keep *my* husband as happy as Mother keeps Dad. So if you're planning a gift for a bride, make it a PRESTO COOKER."



So easy, so safe, so wonderful to use PRESTO COOKERS are available in these sizes:
6-quart "MEAT MASTER" (illustrated)
4-quart "COOK-MASTER" and the
3-quart "VEGE-MASTER"
Priced from $10.95



GIVEN... with every PRESTO COOKER, at no extra cost, a valuable 128-page illustrated instruction and recipe book on pressure cooking and canning.

NATIONAL PRESSURE COOKER COMPANY, Eau Claire, Wisconsin
World's Largest Manufacturer of Pressure Cookers
Makers Also of The Amazing PRESTO VAPOR STEAM IRON



"It leads a double life"



Right for the family! For all its exquisite hand-made quality, Caprice is so modestly priced, so sturdily practical you'll use it every day. Breakfast, lunch, supper or snacks. Name the occasion — there's a piece in Caprice, no less than 70 in all.

Bright for your guests! House dress to hostess gown — but your crystal's still Caprice! Goblets agleam, centerpiece aglow, your table gala with sparkling hospitality. Clear Crystal or Moonlight Blue, it's right, it's bright, it's Caprice — product of 50 years of fine glassmaking. The Cambridge Glass Co., Cambridge, Ohio.



GENUINE HAND MADE Cambridge MADE IN U.S.A.

CAMBRIDGE 50th year FINE GLASS MAKING

Caprice by Cambridge

fine American hand-made crystal

"It sounds grand. I should love to be a den mother someday."

Bill looked at her. "You'd be an awfully good one," he said sincerely. "If you are interested, you might talk to Maria about it sometime. She doesn't seem to care for Cub Scouts."

"You know Maria and organizations. She says she hates organization with a capital *O*. But nothing would run without organization. Besides, it is up to people like us to do civic work."

"You're one hundred per cent correct in your attitude," said Bill enthusiastically.

Marjorie smiled. She looked quite pretty.

"What are your plans for the near future?" asked Bill. "I hope you plan to stay on here; it's wonderful for the Captain and Maria. But I guess there's a beau somewhere, isn't there? There's bound to be, a girl like you."

"There's nobody much," said Marjorie faintly. It was the first time Bill had ever spoken of her personal life. A terrific tingling shot through her veins. The only thing near to this she had felt years ago when she fell off a horse. She gasped, and looked at Bill Featherstone.

But he asked casually, "I wonder where Maria is?" He looked at his watch. "It's nearly eleven."

It isn't fair, it isn't fair! thought Marjorie violently. Maria would never understand him, never help him; Maria would ruin him, while she —— She felt a tear sting her eyelid. She sighed.

There is no such thing as gratitude. Do things for your own satisfaction, and that means do them well.

—BERNARD M. BARUCH: (Advice from his father).

At about the time Bill Featherstone had decided to drive out to see her, Maria was editing some late copy. She was hurrying. In a little while, she was going to see her first night baseball game. It was to be a warm-up for the summer season, and Stoogie was covering it. He and Maria were going to root for the Richmond Bears, a local team backed by Rudy Bleeker, owner of R. F. Bleeker and Sons, whose advertisements stated they were Makers of the South's Finest Corrective Corsets. The opposing team was to be the Newport News Wildcats.

Maria did not look up when a deep masculine voice inquired from the doorway, "I wonder if you could tell me where I might find the managing editor?"

"All the way to the rear," Maria flung shortly over her shoulder. She was in a dreadful hurry. "Third door to the left." She continued to scribble.

"Thank *you*, Madam Queen," said the voice sarcastically.

Maria's head jerked up. All she saw was the receding back and big shoulders of a very tall man. "You're welcome," she muttered snappishly to the back.

The big shoulders had barely disappeared from the doorway when Stoogie appeared. He turned his head and looked after the tall man. He whistled. "There goes hot stuff," he said. "It's Winthrop Spaulding."

Maria crossed out the last word of her copy, and threw it on Miss Carter's desk. "Ready," she said. "Who did you say that man is, Stoogie?"

"Winnie Spaulding. Roving correspondent for the New York Times. He's been in Virginia for several months, doing a series of pieces on economics of the state. He's pretty well known."

"He's pretty rude, too," said Maria unfairly. "Well, let's go."

She and Stoogie left.

The tall man stopped by the city editor's desk. "Hello, Eddie."

"Hyrah, Winnie," snarled the city editor, who was nearing a deadline. "Whatchadoing here?"

"Got a date with the managing editor. Look, who's the good-looking blonde in the women's office? Wheat-colored hair and nasty temper?"

"They all have tempers, over in the women's department. Let's see, wheat-colored hair—oh, yeah. The new girl. Maria Something-or-other. She's assistant societ editor."

Winthrop Spaulding looked contemptuou "Society," he snorted. "Too bad. She looke like she had something. Well, so long, Ed die." He walked off, and promptly forgo about the bad-tempered blonde in the wom en's department.

Out at the ball park, Maria was sufferin from disappointment. The game was ove lost to the Newport News Cats. "Oh Stoogie, you promised the Cats didn' have a chance," she said accusingly.

"It's just one of those things," sai Stoogie.

They climbed down off the bleachers, an headed for Brick's Grill, a hangout near th ball park, where everyone went after th game.

"I'm ill. Perfectly ill," said Maria.

"You don't look ill. In fact, you look ex actly like Lana Turner tonight. A picture o radiant health. Isn't that a new sweate you've got on?"

But Maria was too disappointed to an swer. They were at the door of the restau rant. She opened it, crying loudly, "We wer robbed." They went in. "Definitely, we wer robbed," she repeated. She led the way t an empty booth. "But no matter what hap pens, I still know the Richmond Bears ar the best ball team in the state of Virginia.

Hearing these words, a short, cigar-smokin gentleman in the adjoinin booth turned and gazed a her with bright interes So did several of the Bear themselves who wer seated with him, unhappil drinking colas.

Stoogie nodded to th short man. "How are you Abie?" he said. "Toug luck."

"Yeah," answered the man in a sa voice. "Still"—he looked brightly at Maria— "you heard what the little lady said— the Bears are still the best ball team in th state of Virginia." He stood up. "I'll get a coupla chairs, you folks come sit with me."

"Miss Beraud, this is Mr. Schoon," sai Stoogie. "Maria, Abie Schoon is the manage of the Bears."

"I'm awfully glad to meet you, Mr Schoon," said Maria, seating herself. "I have lots of questions to ask you. Now, about Touranetti ——"

Mr. Schoon seemed delighted, and Maria and Stoogie spent the next two hours with him and the Richmond Bears. Other members of the team wandered over to Mr. Schoon's booth. Finally things got so crowded, they all moved to a large table in the middle of the room. Mr. Schoon declared Maria was the nicest little lady he had ever met, and the smartest.

"How come you been watching us all the time and we never knowed it?" he asked "We oughta to have you for our mascot oughtn't we, boys?"

The Bears loudly agreed. Mr. Schoon announced that she would indeed be the team's mascot.

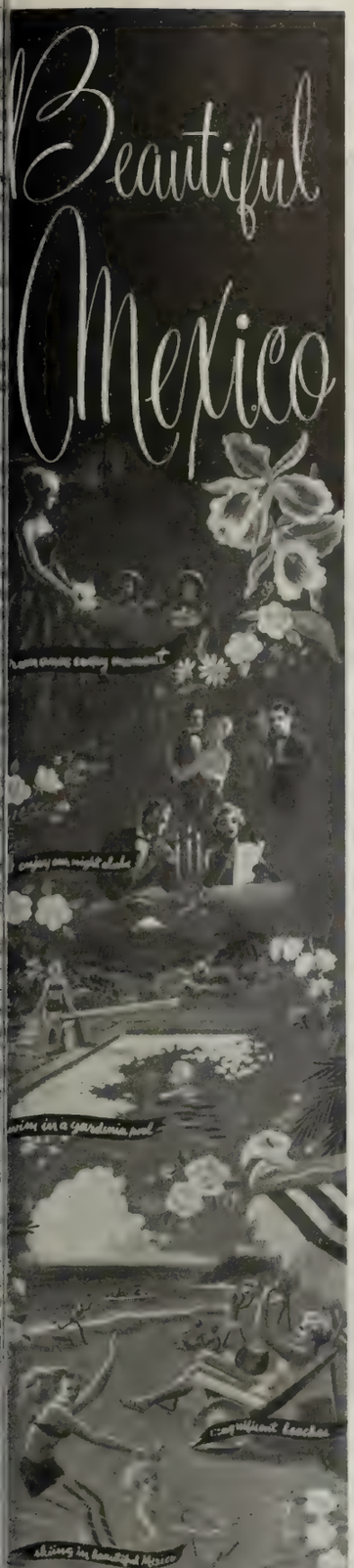
Maria arrived home feeling inflated. When she went upstairs, Marjorie opened the door of her room. "Bill came to see you. He waited until twelve o'clock."

Maria said gaily, "I'm sorry. But I've had such fun! I've been to a night baseball game, and talked to the whole team afterward."

"Baseball game? You mean in the public park?" Marjorie sniffed. "You've been drinking beer. Maria, you know what Uncle would think of your running around at a public park and drinking beer with strange people and all."

"Piffle," said Maria. "What possible harm could come from going to a baseball game? That's the first fun I've had in *months!*" Humming, Maria went to her own room.

The following Monday afternoon, Maria received visitors at the office. She was seated at her desk typing, and had just deleted the word "radiant" preceding the noun "bride," when the noise of many feet in the outer hall caused her to raise her head.



— . . . Yes—"Beautiful Mexico" is called by all who visit "Old Mexico".

Just a few hours from home.

No other country can offer you so much in pleasures - comfort - beauty and health-for so little money!

No matter what you want to do - you can do it in Old Mexico!

Enjoy your vacations in the land of beauty where bright sunshine will greet you 365 days in the year.

For further information write to!

DIRECCION GENERAL DE TURISMO
Av. Juárez 89 México, D. F.

Mr. Abie Schoon entered. Behind him streamed the Richmond Bears, sixteen strong. As they filed into the office, and Mr. Schoon bade Maria good afternoon, a small man in a checked coat pushed through the crowd. Three feet away from her desk, he began setting up a camera. Behind him came a boy in a felt cap with a visor. Around his neck he wore the hinged type of sign used for sidewalk advertising; across the front was the legend: "Try R. F. Bleeker and Sons, Makers of the South's Finest Corrective Corsets."

Maria smiled hesitantly.

Mr. Schoon bowed to Miss Carter and to the rest of the members of the women's department. He cleared his throat and unrolled a scroll which he held in his hand. In a loud voice he read:

"Know ye, all those here present, that on this day the Richmond Bears do unanimously adopt as official and permanent mascot of their team Miss Maria Beraud, of Richmond, Virginia. In appreciation of her good will."

Mr. Schoon gave a signal. The Bears broke into their team song, to the tune of The Music Goes Round and Around. At the end, they rallied to a quick cheer. Mr. Schoon rolled up the scroll and handed it across her desk to Maria. A flash bulb went off. Mr. Schoon spoke proudly, in what was the first real silence ever achieved during working hours in the offices of the Virginian-Gazette.

"I made it up myself," he announced. "Mr. Bleeker put a wax seal on it, and every one of the boys signed it. It's kind of cute, isn't it?"

Though Catherine Carter was gazing at her in stony fury, and half the staff of the newspaper was trying to jam into the women's department, Maria rose from her desk and gave her best smile to Mr. Schoon.

"I can't thank you enough, sir," she said gently. "You, Mr. Schoon, and all of the Richmond Bears. It's a real honor."

The following afternoon, the Journal published a three-column photograph of Maria receiving her document from Mr. Schoon. Some of the Bears showed up in the picture, as did the R. F. Bleeker and Sons sign.

The caption stated: "Society Lioness Mixes with Sports Bears: Miss Maria Beraud, assistant society editor of the Richmond Virginian-Gazette, yesterday became the mascot of the Richmond Bears in a ceremony held at her office. Abie L. Schoon, manager of the Bears, which are sponsored by the president of a local company specializing in corrective corsets, is shown handing Miss Beraud a document signed by team members. Miss Beraud is one of the past season's debutantes and a provisional member of the Richmond Junior League."

The Gazette managing editor had been praying for something like this. "This is the end," he snarled, and amid tears and protests from the sports department, Maria was fired from the society department of the Richmond Virginian-Gazette.

"Daddy, I've told you over and over that I'm sorry. It's all I can say, I'm *sorry!*" Maria hunched glumly in one corner of the sofa. Glaring down at her was the Captain, his face apoplectic.

"You're always sorry. You need a hairbrush to your backsides, that's what you need; you should have had it long ago. Do you realize that there isn't a person in Richmond who isn't laughing at us today? Five different people called Phoebe yesterday about that disgusting picture! Phoebe's so upset, she's gone to bed. She won't even come to the telephone."

Tears sprang into Maria's eyes. "I know I've disappointed you. But, daddy, I have never *deliberately* ——"

"No alibis!" he told her. "You have never in your life had a normal attitude, and what is the result? You abuse every opportunity given you. Just what is there to do with you now?"

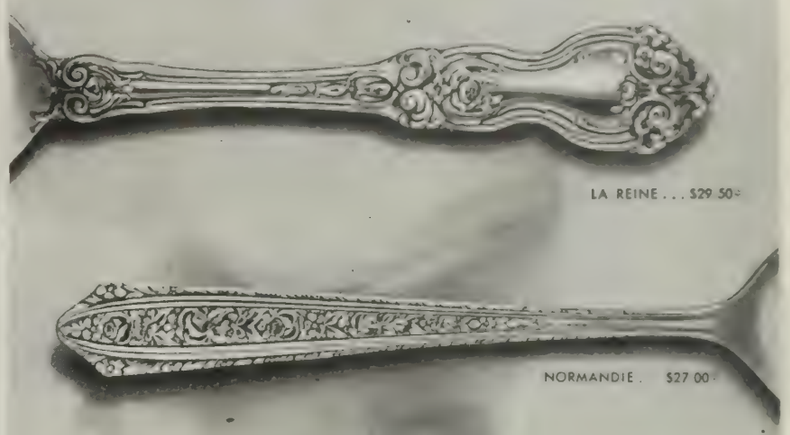
"I don't know." Maria ran from the room, sobbing loudly.

(Continued on Page 151)

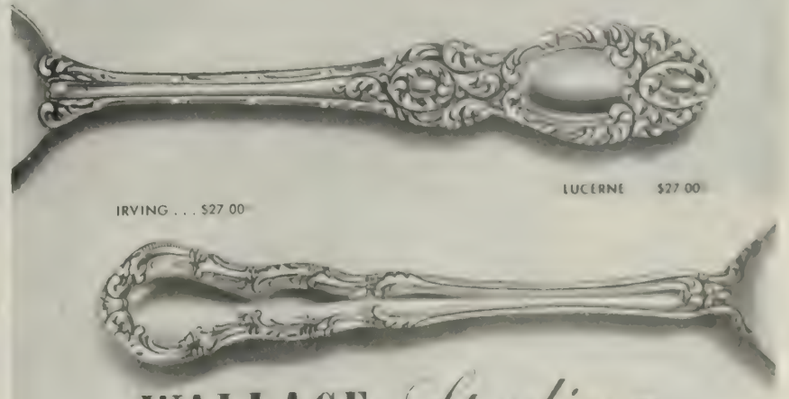
For young American homes

Wallace Silversmiths introduce

CONTEMPORARY CLASSICS



Here are four sterling silver patterns—designed to grace young homes, appeal to the fine taste of young homemakers—best of all, suit modern young incomes! They are Wallace patterns, exquisitely wrought, superbly crafted by Wallace Silversmiths who have been making the most beautiful sterling silver for over a century. Select your Wallace pattern today. It will grow richer with use, more treasured through the years!



WALLACE *Sterling*

Wallace Silversmiths at Wallingford, Connecticut also create the exclusive and famous "Third Dimension Beauty" patterns in sterling silver.

**All prices quoted are for six piece place settings including tax.*

For home and hospitality



Put a carton of Coca-Cola on your shopping list. When guests drop in, it's there to help you bid a refreshing welcome. For the family...Coke is always a treat.



Keep Coke in the coldest spot in your refrigerator and serve ice-cold . . . right in the bottle.

COPYRIGHT 1951, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

(Continued from Page 149)

She ran all the way out of the house and into the garden. There, she flung herself on a bench, her face buried in her hands.

The Captain was right. She had fouled up a lot of things, and there seemed to be nothing left to do with her. For the first time in her life, Maria felt utterly unsure of herself. Fresh tears rolled slowly out of her eyes and she cried more bitterly than ever. This was the way Bill Featherstone found her.

The events of the last day and a half had upset Bill, but he had not been angry with Maria until his mother had shown him the newspaper picture. For the first time in the long years of his slavery, he felt an honest spark of resentment toward Maria. He resolved to give her a good piece of his mind and drove out with the intent of ticking her off. Firm in this resolution, he marched stiffly back to the garden.

But at the gate, he stopped dead. He had never before seen Maria cry, and the sight completely unnerved him. Without even knowing that he was doing it, he rushed through the garden gate, and put his arms around her. At this evidence of affection, Maria's tears began to flow like a waterfall.

"Now," said Bill, patting her shoulder. "Now. Now. Now. Try to control yourself. Now. Now."

Maria hid her face on his chest and continued sobbing. This action filled Bill with a violent wish to help her, to cherish her. In a flash, he knew what was needed here; Maria simply needed someone to protect her. She had needed him all along. That was what had been the matter. She needed someone to guide her. Someone with judgment and good horse sense. Feeling seven feet tall and strong as Atlas, Bill lifted Maria's chin and kissed her firmly upon the mouth.

"Oh!" wept Maria. "You're so *kind*, Bill." She sobbed again. The sob was followed by a small hiccup.

I remember my youth and the feeling that will never come back any more—the feeling that I could last forever, outlast the sea, the earth and all men.

—JOSEPH CONRAD.

"Do you know why I came out here today?" he asked the drenched face, the streaming eyes. "I came to ask you to marry me." There, it was out. After five years. He completely forgot that he had come out to tick her off. "Will you marry me, darling?"

Maria hiccuped again. She gulped. "You're so sweet to want to m-marry me ——" But Maria was unable to continue. She mopped her eyes with his handkerchief. Despite her failings, Bill still wanted her! At that moment, he seemed the kindest and most generous man in the world. "It's—it's terribly *good* of you," cried Maria. "I—I guess I *will* marry you, Bill, dear. If you're sure ——" She jumped up. Suddenly, she was crying again. "I—I, oh, I don't know what's the matter with me, Bill! Excuse me, I—I—I—I have to f-fix my f-face." She ran out of the garden.

Left alone on the bench, Bill felt awfully let down. *Well*, he thought, *well, well. I've a lot to do. A lot to do. First, tell the Captain. Then, mother. Oh my, mother, gosh, well, I'll have a long talk with her. Then tell the fellows at the bank and a ring; I have a lot to do.* He got up from the bench, and went into the house. The Captain first, of course.

But Lizzie said the Captain had gone out somewhere. There appeared to be no one about. Lizzie went back to the kitchen, and Maria seemed to have decided to remain upstairs indefinitely. Bill hung around the parlor, feeling lonely. He had about made up his mind to call up the stairs to Maria, when Marjorie came down.

"Maria is up in her room *screaming*," she said, looking at him curiously.

Bill felt he had to tell somebody. "You'll be the first to know," he said formally. "She's screaming because we just got engaged." He smiled politely, waiting for her congratulations.

But Marjorie looked as though he had hit her in the stomach. "Oh," she cried, "oh. Oh. Oh!" She turned on her heel and ran back up the steps. He could have sworn *she* was crying too.

"Well, my gosh ——" Bill's voice trailed forlornly off into the silence. There loomed blackly ahead the job of informing Mrs. Featherstone of his engagement. Suddenly, he felt he would have to go home immediately, and get it over with. He left the silent house.

But his mother was not at home. And while he was waiting for her, Maria phoned.

"Bill?" she asked in a small, humble voice.

"*Yes*, darling," he said tenderly.

"Bill, I didn't thank you properly this afternoon. I'm sorry I be-behaved so badly. I was upset." The voice faded away from the phone.

"Of course you were upset," he said with melting tenderness. "Getting engaged is enough to upset any little girl. Don't you worry one bit."

"And, Bill, it was so sudden that I completely forgot Boo Ellerslie asked me this morning to go on a house party until Sunday. Just girls, four of us. They're due here in another hour and a half! I promised. I don't know what to do."

"If you accepted, you should go," said Bill instantly. "Can't let other people down, you know."

"Well ——" The voice trailed wispily off.

"You go right ahead. Besides, I've got lots to do." He felt crushed under all that there was to organize, to think about, to work out. "After all," he said, "what's four days compared to the rest of your life?"

"The rest of your life," repeated the fragile voice at the other end. There was a little silence. "Very well," said Maria, speaking more strongly, "I'll go ahead. If you think it's best."

When the Captain got home, Maria had already gone, so he received the news of her engagement in a hastily scribbled note left upon his desk. The information acted upon him like benzedrine; he leaped to the phone and dialed Phoebe's number. He whistled while he waited.

"Yes?" Phoebe's voice shrilled at the other end.

The Captain bugled into the phone, "Phoebe, Maria's engaged to William Featherstone!"

Upstairs in her room, Marjorie could hear the Captain bawling out his news. She lay on her bed, unshed tears in her eyes, allowing his shouted conversation to wash over her like hurricane waves.

"Yes—isn't it splendid! . . . What? . . . Oh, soon, I guess. . . . Oh, I'll have a little something to throw in the kitty, Phoebe, but of course —— Oh, that's *grand* of you, Phoebe. I'll come on over right now—yes, right away!" The Captain gaily tossed the phone into its cradle. Snatching up his hat from the hall table, he shouted, "Marjorie, are you upstairs?"

Marjorie lifted her head, and called thinly, "Yes, uncle."

"I'm going to Phoebe's for a while. Hold dinner for me, will you?"

"All right," said Marjorie in a muffled voice.

The Captain rushed from the house. Marjorie lay where she was for a while; then she suddenly turned over and sat up.

"I'm getting out of here myself," she said aloud. "I can't stand this another minute!"

She slid off the bed and began packing a bag, quickly and efficiently, just as though the world had not crashed to bits around her.

But when she went to the closet to get her suit, she stopped short. The suit hung next to a robe belonging to Maria. The suit was of an uninspired tan gabardine; the robe was a brilliant silken red with a little gold cord. Suddenly, it seemed to her that any fool would know who belonged to what article of clothing. The suit even looked like her. She was the brown one, all right, the mouse. The lady mouse; no, the *maiden* lady mouse.

"Damn it to hell," said Marjorie for the first time in her life.

"Happy Birthday!"



Says **ELMER L. HENDERSON, M.D.**
President, American Medical Association

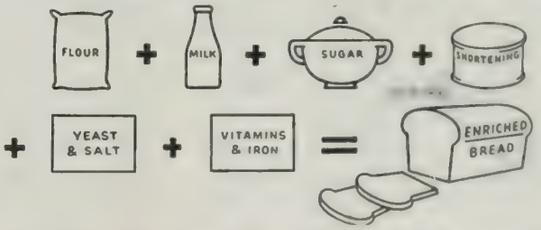


"It is encouraging and gratifying to compare the health of the American people today with what it was 10 years ago.

"And I do not think it is too much to say that a very important part of the more buoyant health and the increased mental and physical vigor the American people enjoy today can be directly credited to the enrichment of bread with essential vitamins and minerals.

"That is why this 10th birthday of enriched bread is a significant occasion to the medical profession—one on which our nation owes a debt of gratitude to the scientists, the doctors, the millers, and the Bakers of America who *voluntarily* brought to the people of our nation one of the most significant contributions to better health in our generation. It was done with the wholehearted cooperation of our federal government, but *without coercion*."

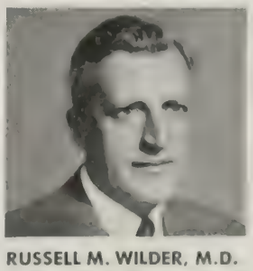
Penny for penny, enriched bread provides more of the things your body needs —more generously—than any other food you eat at every meal. Here's why:



These and many other doctors, nutritionists, and scientists join Dr. Henderson in hailing the enrichment of bread as "one of the most significant contributions to your better health."



THOMAS PARRAN
Dean, Graduate School of Public Health, University of Pittsburgh



RUSSELL M. WILDER, M.D.
Emeritus Professor of Medicine, Mayo Foundation; Member, Food and Nutrition Board, National Research Council; Chairman, 1940)



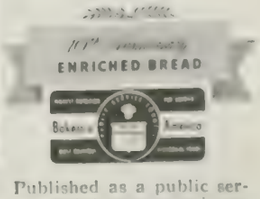
PHILIP C. JEANS, M.D.
Professor of Pediatrics, Children's Hospital, State University of Iowa; Member, Food and Nutrition Board, National Research Council



L. A. MAYNARD
Professor of Biochemistry and Nutrition; Director of the School of Nutrition, Cornell University



R. R. WILLIAMS
Member, Food and Nutrition Board, National Research Council; Chairman, Williams-Waterman Fund for the Combat of Dietary Diseases



Published as a public service to help give you a better understanding of the food you eat most often.

1951 American Bakers Association, Chicago

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of... **MOR**



RANCHBURGERS AND MOR BURGERS

- For lunch-time, munch-time or a yummy square meal, try MOR 'n' cheese with mustard or chili sauce.
- Tasteful MOR 'n' slaw made with mayonnaise and relish. Good eating!
- Thrifty MOR cut in strips — — bacon wrapped and broil!

SQUARE MEAL SANDWICH PLATE

- Tender, thrifty pork shoulder MOR, tasty jelly or preserves, with lettuce, is dee-li-cious!
- Meaty MOR with lettuce and crumbled fried bacon—superb!
- Hot barbecued MOR or cold MOR with onion and chili sauce. Um-m-m!

MOR MAKES DAINTY SANDWICHES, TOO

- No trouble, no work, better eating.
- Versatile MOR meat with lettuce, tomato, pickles or cucumbers tastes wonderful.
- Always-ready MOR, minced with hard-cooked eggs, celery and radishes or pickles is grand.

So easy, so quick and mighty delicious!

Around the year, *housewives'* thoughts turn to Wilson's MOR. Tender, sugar-cured, pure pork shoulder meat, delicately seasoned, it's the handy meat of many uses. Everyone loves sandwiches with MOR meat in the middle. And, fried or baked, MOR makes hearty main dishes that satisfy the lustiest appetites. Buy Wilson's MOR at your favorite store.



A thrifty Meat— so good to Eat!

WILSON & CO. INC.

The Wilson label protects your table

She snatched the suit off the hanger and, rolling it into a ball, jammed it into the suitcase. She slammed the top down over it, and went to the dressing table to put on her hat. In the act of lifting it to her head, she changed her mind. It was a tan hat. She flung it away from her; it sailed through the air and dropped on the floor.

Panting a little, she looked in the mirror. That pale face, that neat brown head, with the hair drawn back and knotted in a disgusting bun! There was a crimson lipstick of Maria's in the clutter on the table top; she knocked over an unopened bottle of Christmas cologne, reaching for it. Ignoring the bottle, she flipped open the lipstick and recklessly smeared it over her mouth.

"I don't care, I don't care!" she cried, staring at her brilliant mouth. Breathing hard, she snatched the pins from her hair. It fell down around her shoulders. She looked in the mirror for a moment, then ripped open a drawer of the dressing table. With a quick, nervous motion, she jerked out a pair of shears, and without hesitation slashed off a thick hunk of her hair. She began to slash and chop all the way around her head and did not stop until she was completely bobbed. "I don't care, I just don't care!" she said again wildly. She jumped up and swept the hair into a trash basket. Then she grabbed her suitcase and pocketbook, and ran downstairs.

She did not give Lizzie instructions for holding dinner, and she did not write her usual note for the Captain. All she did was call in a loud, unnatural voice, "I'm going home for the week end, Lizzie!"

With that, Marjorie marched forth into the night, rudely slamming the front door behind her. She began striding toward the bus stop.

It is against the will of God to eat delicate food hastily, to pass gorgeous views hurriedly, to express deep sentiments superficially, to pass a beautiful day steeped in food and drinks, and to enjoy your wealth steeped in luxuries.

—CHANG CH'AO.

Maria sat on the shore end of the pier and gazed in a depressed fashion at the York River. On the other side of the river was Yorktown. Usually, Maria felt at home on the rivers, and she thought the flat tidal plains of Tidewater were the loveliest part of Virginia. But today she felt tired and cross.

Well, she thought, *I'm engaged. Been engaged since yesterday afternoon about four-thirty p.m., EST. It is a clear Wednesday in April, I am at a fine house party, and the weather is good. I am a lucky girl.*

But she still didn't fit, somehow. One of the nicest boys in Richmond had asked her to marry him. The Captain would now be happy. Phoebe would be proud. She would be a credit to the family. But something was all offside about the thing; getting engaged hadn't changed anything inside her. Bill was dear and good to want her, and marrying him had for a long time seemed an almost inevitable step. Now the die was cast, why didn't she *feel* differently?

MARIA was feeling so cross, she didn't look up when her hostess spoke behind her.

"Down to the end of the dock, my love!" cried Boo Ellerslie. "We're all going sailing. Got some men too. Marshall Blade has three of the lovely creatures down with him. It makes one apiece."

"All right," said Maria.

Boo Ellerslie, who was a lean, swart individual with a head of cropped black hair, stopped dead in her tracks and made a clucking sound through her teeth.

"It is the end of the world," she cried. "I said *men* and Maria Beraud didn't make a move! Did you understand me, honey love?" She pointed out to the middle of the river. "See?"

Maria looked. Sure enough, four sailboats were tacking across river for the pier. They were Snipes, part of the colony's racing fleet. She managed a feeble grin. "I'm sorry I'm not up to par, Boo." She felt terribly guilty. For some reason, she had been unable to say a word about her engagement. Every time she got ready to tell them about it, the words stuck in her throat.

Boo went down the pier, and Maria rolled over on her back. She gazed vacantly at the sky. Soon, mixed male and female voices were borne up to her. Finally, she had to sit up; they were yelling for her.

"Come *on!*" shouted Boo.

Two of the boats were already off, running before the wind for the Yorktown side of the river. One, with Boo aboard, was just casting off.

Boo waved frantically at the remaining Snipe. "She's all yours!" They were off.

Maria went down the pier. A huge, dark man was standing on the bobbing deck of the boat, gripping the pier with both hands.

"Snap it up," he said impatiently. "I haven't any line out. She's trying to sail off."

ON top of everything else, this was too much. "You ought to know better than to try to hang onto the dock with this wind direction, anyway," snapped Maria.

The man looked startled. "Oh," he said. "It barks. It probably bites too. Well, climb aboard."

Silently, Maria let herself down off the pier and onto the boat.

"Okay," said the man, "the jib's yours, baby." He pushed the Snipe off from the pier, grasped the tiller, and, clear of the pier, let out the mainsail. They began to sail downriver on a reach.

Maria cleated her jib. "The rest of them are going that way," she said, waving across the river.

"That is exactly why I am going *this* way," he said firmly. "I never was one for following." He took another turn of the main sheet around the winch. "Just so you will be under no misapprehensions from the beginning, I am a damyankee. My name is Winthrop Spaulding."

The Snipe settled into her reach, slipping toward the Yorktown shore.

"Maria Beraud is my name," she said absently, then suddenly turned and looked directly at him for the first time. "Why, you're *Winnie* Spaulding."

He was the toughest, blackest, craggiest-looking creature she had ever seen. He had thick dark hair, great dark eyes under black brows, and a jutting jaw. She supposed some people might call him handsome, and she was sure Boo would say he looked just like Cary Grant. But at this moment, she considered him hideous. For he was frowning at her, an annoying, disapproving frown. Men never frowned at Maria.

"And *you*," he said, "are a blonde with a foul temper who works at the Virginian-Gazette. I spotted you the minute you walked down on the dock." He yanked viciously at the main sheet. "I don't suppose you could possibly remember back about ten days ago when a humble Yankee peasant politely asked you a question, and you couldn't even spare a glance from your typewriter? That peasant was *me*."

"I am sure *you* don't remember that it happened to be right at a deadline, that people working on newspapers are often rushed at deadlines, and it's just faintly, faintly possible that they might be too busy to employ Chesterfieldian manners!"

"Busy, in the society department? I love that." The man laughed derisively. "Busily writing about that marquisette veil under the lace cap surrounded by orange blossoms, no doubt."

Maria winced. That was what she had been doing. "We can't all be important, brilliant correspondents like you," she told him.

"You have a perfectly vicious temper," said Mr. Spaulding. "You'll have to learn to curb it." His voice suddenly changed. "Because outside of that, you are the most superb creature I've ever seen in my life." He yanked at the sheet, letting his sail out. "Wonder what's the matter with this boat? She's slipping badly." Mr. Spaulding frowned.

(Continued on Page 154)



ANDY ACCESSORIES like these are not only convenient to use d pleasing to look at, but can withstand all the rough and ugh wear of carefree vacation living.



NO HEAVY BURDEN HERE — this light-weight ice bucket made of Styron in modern design has many uses and it is easy to carry and easy to clean.



THE COLOR goes all the way through. Vanity cases like these will give years of service without the color chipping, peeling or wearing off.

HOW TO

Take a vacation with

easy to pack, easy to clean

Plastics Housewares

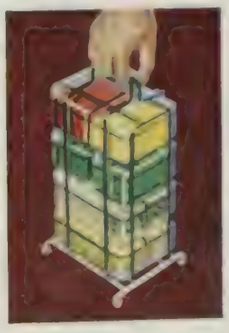


LOOK FOR THE STYRON LABEL

. . . it's your assurance that the product has been Evaluated for proper application of plastics, sound design and good workmanship.



COLORFUL AND LIGHT-WEIGHT—this rainbow-bright picnicware adds a note of gaiety to all vacation occasions and washes so easily.



EASY TO PACK and stack in the handy rack and such a joy to use—conveniently sized boxes that save space and make light work of carrying and serving picnic meals.

"Dad and the kids have all the fun, but Mother gets all the work!" That's the way the old-fashioned mother described a vacation. But not the modern mother; she has discovered and enjoys the many work-saving advantages of plastics housewares made of Styron. She knows that these *Evaluated* housewares are light-weight and easy to handle, that they can be washed and cared for with a minimum of effort. AND that the gay colors that add so much zest to a carefree vacation cannot chip, peel or wear off!

Yes, the modern mother selects housewares made of Styron (Dow polystyrene) because they mean less work and will withstand the rough usage of vacation life. So make your coming vacation a really enjoyable one —get plastics housewares made of Styron—at leading department, chain and variety stores everywhere.

DOW plastics

Plastics Division, Dept. MSHP-4 • THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY • MIDLAND, MICHIGAN



Spam n' Rice Creole
-easy with Uncle Ben's

The always Fluffy RICE

UNCLE BEN'S RICE 'N' SPAM CREOLE

Slice...1 whole SPAM†

Mix together in skillet... ⅔ cup uncooked UNCLE BEN'S RICE, 1 can condensed chicken gumbo soup, 1 can water

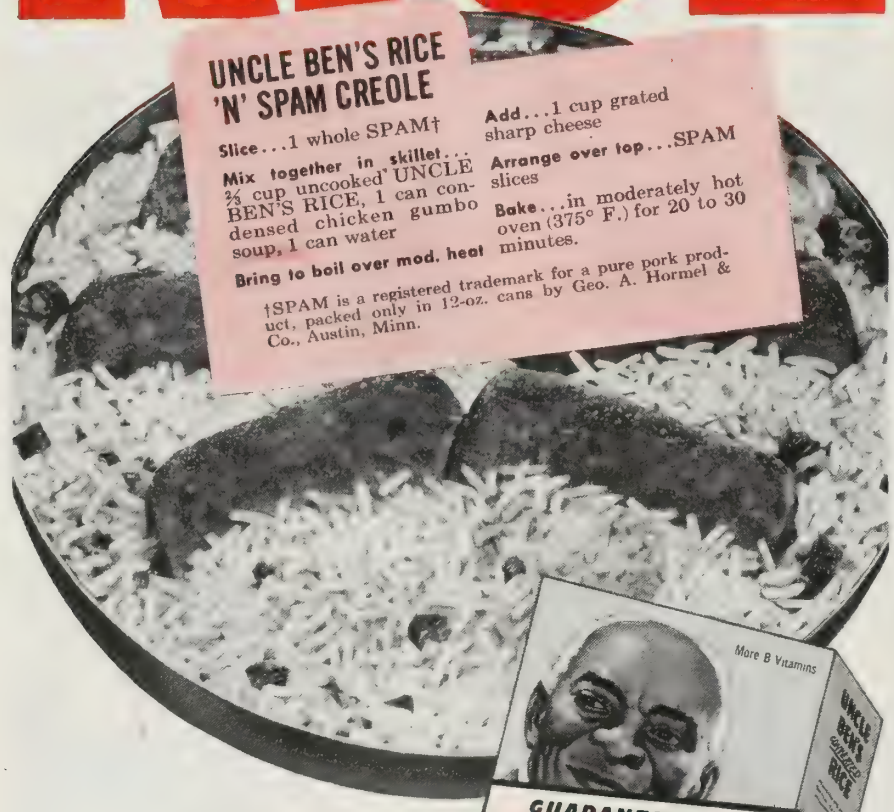
Bring to boil over mod. heat

Add...1 cup grated sharp cheese

Arrange over top...SPAM slices

Bake...in moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 20 to 30 minutes.

†SPAM is a registered trademark for a pure pork product, packed only in 12-oz. cans by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.



Here's an easy way to make the good flavor and nourishment of meat go farther: Serve it with the easiest-cooking rice you ever tried —Uncle Ben's—the *extra-long-grain* rice with the extra B vitamins. *Guaranteed to cook white and fluffy every time or your money back!* Make thrifty, delicious rice dishes a favorite at your house. Get Uncle Ben's, the guaranteed fluffy rice.

* Uncle Ben's CONVERTED LONG GRAIN RICE

"Uncle Ben's" and "*Converted*" are trade-marks of Converted Rice, Inc., Houston, Texas

*Uncle Ben's Rice, before milling, is put through an exclusive patented process. This assures retention of natural B vitamins and flavor, and at the same time makes this rice the easiest to cook. It's always fluffy.

CONVERTED RICE, INC., Houston, Texas

(*Continued from Page 152*)

The Snipe was slipping way off her course toward the opposite shore.

"Tell me, Mr. Spaulding," Maria asked icily, "have you ever sailed a boat before?"

"Only for about twenty years, that's all."

"It didn't take *me* twenty years to figure out that you put down the centerboard on a reach." With grimly tightened lips, Maria reached for the pin in the board, yanked it out, dropped the board halfway down the well, and resumed her seat on the windward side. She smiled acidulously as the Snipe instantly stiffened, and nosed into her proper course.

"*Touché!*" he cried with delight. "That ought to teach me to keep my mouth shut! So you're not just a porcelain lady on a pedestal, after all! You know, now that I think about it, you don't *look* much like what you are. You're a nice little Virginia girl who works in the society section of a newspaper, but you were spitting like a bobcat a minute ago, and your shirttail has been hanging out ever since you wandered down the dock."

Maria instinctively reached back to tuck her shirt inside the band of her dungarees.

"No, don't," said Mr. Spaulding quickly. "I like a girl with her shirt hanging out. It means she's thinking about something else. There's another thing"—Mr. Spaulding leaned forward confidentially—"you *don't* have a nice, modulated voice. That's another thing I dislike about Southern ladies." He frowned. "Those honeyed, whispering, ladylike voices make the hair rise right off my head!"

A CURIOUS thing was happening to Maria. At some point in the last few minutes, her depression had left her. She wasn't in the least tired. Instead, she felt light as air.

She turned and smiled joyfully at Mr. Spaulding. "I'm happy. I'm just as happy as I can be!"

"Good. Then we won't fight any more," said Mr. Spaulding, comfortably leaning back. "I like a good row now and again. Clears the air. But usually, I just like to enjoy myself. Look at that sky, awfully ratty clouds."

"Like the stuffing coming out of an old pillow."

"The kapok kind," agreed Mr. Spaulding. "There's a bit of wind up there, I see. Let's put her about."

They came about, and started back upriver.

"I'm working for your paper now," said Mr. Spaulding. "They're sending me to Europe. Germany first. Then Paris. I'd like to wander about for years and years, just sampling places and people. Then when I found I particularly liked a sample, I'd dig in there for a time."

"Yes. Yes! I'd give my front teeth for a chance to walk across the whole world, listening and looking and . . . feeling. But the people would mean more to me than the places. People *are* the world."

Mr. Spaulding looked hard at her. "I believe you *would* like to be a wanderer. That flapping shirttail is a *good* sign. But somehow I can't see one of you sheltered Southern girls leaving home. You all seem so rooted to the spot. Besides, the life I want to live would be too unconventional for most women. Dear me, no! I'm afraid my life requires a definite flair for disorganization." He twisted around and pulled into a more comfortable position the life preserver he had been sitting on. Then he settled back again, and looked at Maria. "You have marvelous hair," he said. "You know, I keep thinking I've seen you somewhere else. Not at the paper. Some other place. I could swear to it. Tell me how you happened to get mixed up with the society department."

"I'm not mixed up with it any more." A return of the guilty feeling swept over Maria. "I got fired. You see, I never was very good at society. I—I couldn't get excited about it."

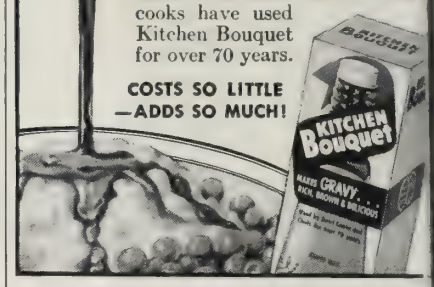
"Swell." Mr. Spaulding nodded approvingly.

"But the main reason they kicked me out was because of the Bears." Then, with the same sensation of relief the confessionalist feels when he pours his burden through the

USE KITCHEN Bouquet TO MAKE GRAVY EXTRA RICH· BROWN·DELICIOUS

It's easy to make your gravy *extra*-rich, *extra*-brown, *extra*-delicious every time. Just stir in Kitchen Bouquet! Ah! What rich, brown color and how it brings out that true meat taste! Adds no artificial flavor. Good cooks have used Kitchen Bouquet for over 70 years.

COSTS SO LITTLE —ADDS SO MUCH!



RITZ CLOTHS



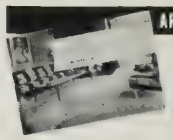
won't Stretch or Sour

ITEM SHOWN Ritzie 3 for 75¢

RITZ Since 1892

There's a Ritz Cloth for every household cleaning purpose at your local department or hardware store.

JOHN RITZENTHALER, 73 Franklin St., N. Y. 13



ARE CARPET TACK MARKS NECESSARY

Not when you specify SMOOTHEDGE *Tackless* Installation for wall-to-wall carpet. It *adds beauty* —it's *easier to keep clean*

Write today for free color book "New Carpet Beauty."

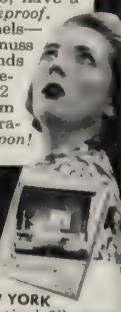
Smoothedge

1532-B N. Indiana St., Los Angeles 63, Calif.

CEILINGS CRACKED?

Plaster Loose — Ready to Fall?

No need to *re*-plaster! Send for our booklet! In just a day or two, have a beautiful ceiling—*forever crackproof*. Apply Upson Kuver-Krak Panels—*right over old plaster*. No fuss, muss or delay. Hundreds of thousands of Upson Ceilings giving lifetime satisfaction. Practical 32 page full color booklet shows room arrangements by leading decorators. *Sent postpaid—10c. Use coupon!*



UPSON KUVER-KRAK PANELS

THE UPSON COMPANY
935 UPSON POINT, LOCKPORT, NEW YORK
I enclose 10c. Send me your practical 32 page idea booklet, "New Interiors For Old."
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State

t onto the priest, Maria told Mr. Spaulg about her disgrace.

Mr. Spaulding seemed amused, but looked little puzzled. "But why did it throw eryone in such a tizzy? You didn't do ything illegal, immoral or subversive, did u? I don't get it."

"It was the picture in the Journal. It ade a laughingstock of our department. The anaging editor was sick about it! Oh, it set everyone terribly. My father felt disaced. My aunt wouldn't even answer the one afterwards. Somehow, I seem to have alent for . . . sort of scrambling things up."

"Wait a minute. You're jumping to conusions on this thing. Point one, the reason ou were fired. I have no doubt the manging editor felt a little tender about the cture in the Journal, but I'll make a bet the al reason you were kicked out is that they dn't need an assistant in society. I know ey've been trying to cut down on the omen's department for a long time. Point vo, your family's disgrace. Is it your attide that's off base? Or is it theirs? Only a erson with a terribly nsound, if not downght unhealthy, attiude would feel disaced by a funny ttle thing like that."

They now sailed ast the pier.

Mr. Spaulding opped talking while e came about on the ther tack to beat n to the pier. The ind had freshened onsiderably, and the nipe took a little sea ver her deck as she eeled and plunged nto her new course. When she had stiffned, he continued, "Did you ever conider the situation in hat light?"

The sun was behind them. It seemed o Maria that Mr. Spaulding's head and houlders were bathed n bright yellow glow, s though the sun had all at once conentrated on him lone. "No," she said, "I hadn't looked at t that way. You have a way of making me see things in a differ-ent light altogether." She smiled impulsively. "Excuse me for being personal, Mr. Spaulding, but you . . . do make such a lovely light! I feel—I feel as though I'm in a new climate, in some place I've never been before."

He leaned forward and looked at her very hard. "Go on," he said quietly. "Please don't stop. Keep on being personal, please do! I feel strange myself. I'm sure I've seen you before, I know it! I ——"

Mr. Spaulding had been gazing at her so intently that he was caught napping when a strong puff of wind hit the sail. The Snipe lay over on her side. Maria leaped farther to windward, and Mr. Spaulding tried to let out his sheet, but it had snarled around the winch. He cursed, Maria jumped out on the topsides, the wind strengthened, and the Snipe capsized.

THE water was cold, and when Maria hit it she went under, gasping. By the time she had bobbed back to the surface, the Snipe had drifted a few feet downstream. She began to swim for the boat. On the other side of it she could see Mr. Spaulding's head. He was frantically looking to right and to left as he swam. Looking for her, of course; it was charming of him to be so worried, especially since she had three swimming medals at home. She called: "Don't worry, Mr. Spaulding! Here I am."

He twisted his head around. "All right, all right, I see *you!*" he shouted. "But where is the rudder?"

Maria was furious; never in her life had any man treated her with such unconcern. She was so angry that she went under. She emerged, gulping water, with a long streamer of seaweed draped like a wimple over her head. She saw she was at the hull. Grabbing it with both hands, she yelled over it at the head on the other side:

"You're a swell guy! I might have drowned, and you're worrying about the *rudder!*"

A WAVELET hit her and she went under again briefly. She came up, seaweed streamers wrapped around her neck and plastered to her cheekbones. Mr. Spaulding was swimming around the stern of the boat, triumphantly pushing the rudder before him.

"Look here," he was panting, "you can't get away with that clinging-vine stuff with me! I saw you swimming, perfectly adequately, and the rudder was drifting awa——" His face was a foot from hers, and his mouth suddenly dropped open. Some water went in it, but he didn't close it. He stared at her prophetlike beard of seaweed. "Now I've got it!" he cried. "I should have known it all along. Why, *you're* the girl with the beard!"

He cast the rudder off into the current, grabbed the hull with one hand, and gripped her shoulder with the other.

"You *are!*" he cried, taking a little more sea by mouth. Treading water, he let go the hull and carefully picked along trailing streamer off her cheek. Then, again bracing himself on the boat, he nearly drowned her with a kiss.

It took Maria from the time they were picked up until she got into dry clothes to know that she was, for the first time in her life, quite desperately in love.

It doesn't matter what theories are advanced about the impossibility of falling in love off the bat. It not only happens, but when it does, it is the most devastating blow ever to strike two innocent people. Love off the bat has the paralyzing effect of an electric shock.

So Maria moved in a daze the rest of that day. She hadn't the slightest idea who was around her, what they were saying, or how they looked. Except for Winthrop Spaulding, who, dried, dressed and pale, came immediately to her cottage.

When he first drew her to him, she had one sudden, flashing desire to go hide, in a safe place, a little dark place, just big enough for her, so that she could be alone with the overpowering feeling over which she had no control. She wanted to crawl into this little dark hole *now*, pull the door shut behind her, lock it, and simply lie there in the safe enveloping dark.

But when Winthrop kissed her, the feeling disappeared; she spun off into rosy space, and madly whirling in this lovely entrancing rosiness, she heard him say he loved her.

"And you love me, don't you? Don't you?"

"Yes," she heard herself say, "I reckon I do."

They moved for two days in an unnatural golden world of their own. Though she wasn't aware of it, Maria was undergoing a sea change. Like a warm iron on silk, Winthrop Spaulding's influence smoothed out the wrinkles inside of her. One by one, her tensions dropped awa .

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Girl Child's Chant

By Sally Blanding

Keep a secret? Never will I,
Till crows give buttermilk . . .
And cows fly . . .
Or till I fiddledum fiddledee die!

Stitch up my lips
With a silvery needle,
But I'll tell you played hooky
However you wheedle.

Button my lips
With a buttonhook,
And still, lad, I'll tell
Of the pie you took!

But seal up my teasing mouth,
Lad, with a kiss,
And I'll keep any secret you ask—
But this!

Keep a secret? Never will I,
Till crows give buttermilk . . .
And cows fly . . .
Or till I fiddledum fiddledee die!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Cool as Waikiki—

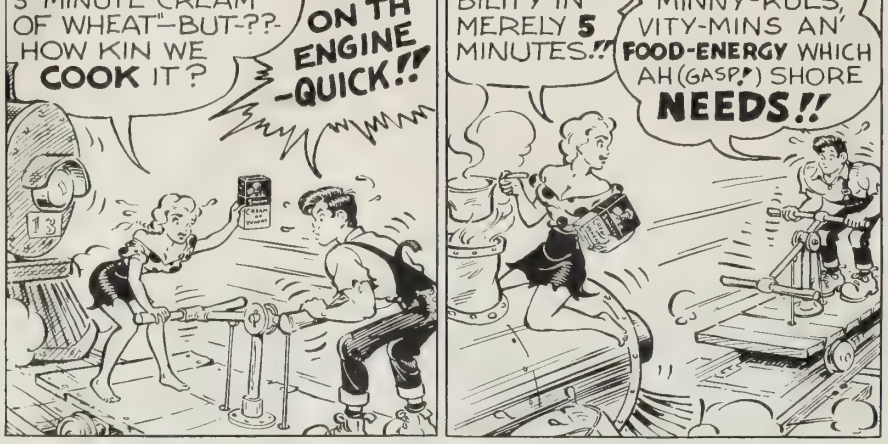


with flavor by→













"You're the only real person I've ever known," Maria said to Winthrop on the second afternoon. They were lying on the end of the pier, gently baking in the warm April sun. "You perceive, and you respond. Oh, Winnie, you are so wonderful! I never knew anyone at home like you. You see, everyone I know in Richmond is occupied with holding his head up. Sometimes I honestly believe that being born a lady is one of the most terrible handicaps life can offer."

"Not unless you bear down on it too hard." He nudged her shoulder. "You mustn't worry at it so—I like ladies. I *love* you." He kissed her ear. "Besides, you aren't fretting because you're a lady. It's because you were born an adventurer and you haven't yet been able to explore. This could have happened to you anywhere."

An alarm sounded somewhere in the back of Maria's numbed brain. She gasped, rolled over, and sat up. "Bill Featherstone!" she cried. "Why, Winnie, I'm already engaged!"

Winthrop's face immediately blackened with a frown. He sat up too. "What are you talking about?"

"Oh, my. Oh, my. How could I forget?" Maria sighed. Then her face cleared. "I guess it isn't really serious. Actually, I'm just sort of engaged."

"What do you mean, sort of?"

"Well, as I remember—I was upset at the time—I only said 'I guess so.' It was all very quick. He asked me to marry him, and I mumbled something to him, and then I came straight down here. Still, he might be counting on it." If Maria had been at all normal, she would have realized that of course Bill was counting on it. And so, by now, were a number of other people.

"What kind of guy is he? Do you mean to sit there and tell me that you told some man you guessed you'd marry him and he left it at that? He let you leave town, after *that?* Why didn't he come down here after you? What kind of fool is he anyway?" asked Winthrop angrily.

"William?" said Maria vaguely, trying to concentrate on Bill Featherstone. "Why, Bill is terribly sweet and has wonderful manners. He's superior to me in every way."

"Look here—I don't like the idea of some poor fool wandering around thinking you're going to marry him. You're going to marry *me*, of course, and soon too."

"Good," said Maria dreamily.

"We ought to get married right away. We'll only have a month and a half before I'm supposed to leave." He was looking at her and he suddenly kissed her on the cheek. "Why, I can hardly wait!" he cried exuberantly. Then he frowned again. "But I *don't* like the other thing. The fool should be enlightened, at once."

"All right," said Maria, still dreaming. "We'll call my father tonight. I ought to warn you, he's going to be pretty upset."

"Don't you worry a minute," said Winthrop with great confidence, "I'll handle everything."

But he had to admit that Maria was right to warn him. When she called her father, the noise at the other end of the phone reminded him of that time in the Army when their ammo dump on the beach had blown up, sending a hundred tons of steel and explosives into the air; it was terrific.

Maria had hung up on him. Politely, excusing herself, she had still hung up on him. The Captain was so stunned by the blow he had received, he stumbled as he made for the parlor and a chair. He carefully lowered himself into the chair, boiling inside like a kettle with the lid still on it.

It was fantastic, unbelievable. Maria was crazy; she'd gone off her rocker. It was impossible; she couldn't have fallen in love with a stranger, she couldn't have fallen in love —— Why, she was *already* in love—she loved William, and was going to marry him! Falling in love wasn't like buying gloves, or something; you didn't have to have a pair of lovers, no, you could use only one at a time. Oh, it was impossible! Impossible!

And there had been her voice over the phone! It had been different, calm, adamant. It had sounded . . . well, mature; it had been the kind of voice that says, "Don't try to stop me. I know where I'm going." It had been *that* kind of voice.

Maria had never sounded like that before. Never. Panic began rising in his breast. She might really have meant everything she said! He leaped from the chair. She had said she was bringing the monster home with her tomorrow! The shock wore off; he grabbed his hat and rushed sizzling from the house. At a fast trot he headed for John Stewart's house. He had to talk to somebody, quick.

"I tell you, she's lost her mind!" The Captain agitatedly banged on the top of John Stewart's coffee table, making the ash trays jump and rattle. "I can't have it! Won't have it! After all these years, after finally seeing things settled between her and William, this comes up. Why, she's insane!"

"Slow down, Captain, slow down," said John Stewart soothingly, his thin, bony face full of concern. "In the first place, it is probably nothing in the world but one of those hysterical flare-ups that girls have. You know how they are; they go to pieces when things happen to them. Especially something like an engagement. Mrs. Stewart cried all over the place for two days before our wedding! I wouldn't worry about Maria. Not a bit." Mr. Stewart felt positively that the unreliable emotional machinery of the female was prone to jamming at the smallest thing. He could perfectly understand the whole works' breaking down under the burden of a new engagement.

Today the average man lives twenty-five years longer than a century ago. He has to in order to get his taxes paid. —JOHN L. CHAPMAN.

But his assurance did not seep out to the Captain.

"Damn it to hell, you don't understand, John. She was definite. She even said—she said—she was going to marry the monster right away. Within a month. A month! Did you hear that? All this over long distance, mind you, money draining away by the minute." His face paled a little as another alarming thought entered his mind. "Why, John, I haven't any money for a wedding! Phoebe—Phoebe—of course she has always planned to give Maria her wedding; it's the only way Maria can have a decent send-off, you understand. We've already discussed it. But, Phoebe *won't* marry her to the wrong man! Why, Phoebe has her heart set—damn it to hell, I wouldn't dare even let Phoebe know what's happened!"

"Now, Richard, it isn't as bad as all that. I'm sure Mrs. Sutterfield wouldn't let you down, whatever the circumstances. After all, she's Family."

"You're wrong, John! *Wrong*. Phoebe has been horribly upset by Maria this year. When I told Phoebe Maria was going to marry William, she said that as far as Maria went, marriage to him was absolutely the *only* further venture she was willing to support. Don't you understand that she won't support a marriage to somebody else? And to a Yankee—oh, impossible!" The Captain groaned. "Some damyankee who works on a newspaper!"

"It does sound bad," agreed John Stewart. "But you can't figure on females doing anything normal. I'm positive it will all blow over in a couple of days."

"John, listen to me; suppose—just suppose that it *doesn't* blow over? Just suppose she does marry some damned stranger within a month?" The Captain leaned forward, his eyes wild; the ash trays rattled like castanets. "Do you understand what that means, John? I haven't the money! I *can't* marry her off. Don't you see?"

"Dick, you've got to calm down," Mr. Stewart said firmly. "I have two or three hundred dollars myself. You can have it."

"A couple of hundred!" yelled the Captain. "Why, that won't even pay for the champagne."





Right now, tremendous quantities of aluminum are needed for national defense. In cooperation with the government's rearmament program, the manufacture of aluminum household foil has been suspended. Many stores are already out of stock.

As soon as sufficient civilian supplies of aluminum are available, Wear-Ever Foil will be back . . . ready again to help you wrap your roasts, store your foods, line your pans, make your housekeeping easier in countless ways.

Meanwhile, here's how you can make the foil you have last longer: Wash soiled pieces gently in light suds, rinse, smooth out, dry; use again. It's amazing how long a single piece will last.

WEAR·EVER
Aluminum **FOIL**

★ ★ ★ WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ★ ★ ★

AN ALCOA ALUMINUM PRODUCT

"Does a wedding cost all that?" Mr. Stewart felt considerably jolted. Silently he congratulated himself, as he had so often done in the past, for having survived without producing young.

"Certainly. It costs thousands," sizzled the Captain, "by the time you've got all their white stuff with lace and the damned chicken patties and the silver teapots and the awnings, and oh, hell, Phoebe's told me all about it! It's thousands! For a decent show, I mean, and you could hardly go to a justice of the *peace*." He groaned again.

"No, of course not," agreed Mr. Stewart, who, like the Captain, felt that for a Beraud anything less than the rotogravure type of wedding would be unthinkable. "Well, I wouldn't worry too much, Dick. We can get hold of the money. After all, there are banks."

"Not for me there are *not*," groaned the Captain. "I'm up to my neck now." He hit the table again. "*Damn* Maria," he shouted.

"You've got to take it easy," warned John Stewart. "You'll worry yourself into a heart attack. We'll get the money, *if* we have to, which I seriously doubt. Stop worrying so."

"Stop worrying! You might as well tell me to stop breathing!" The Captain's anger began to rise. "This whole awful business is the most damnable, insane, impossible and perfectly typical trick Maria has pulled yet!" He leaped up from his place, and, his anger at a full, rolling boil, slammed out of John Stewart's house. Going home, he furiously decided he wouldn't be able to sleep a wink that night. No man on earth could sleep with the hell *he* had on his mind, and then, of course, bright and early in the morning he would face Maria.

But for some reason he slept soundly through the night, and when he came down to a late Sunday breakfast, there was as yet no Maria.

It was one of those unbelievable mornings you never see anywhere in the world except in Virginia in the spring. The Captain's dogwood trees had burst into prodigal bloom; every branch was thickly strung with white flowers. Beneath the trees the lawn spread out fresh and new, as though a layer of pale green tulle had been laid lightly upon it; the box hedge also was shrouded in delicate green. Clumps of crimson azaleas flamed against the box bushes, and the tulip beds were like flung confetti at their feet. Everywhere, everywhere was clean and new and faintly scented. Even the sun, a golden stream pouring in the dining-room windows, seemed cleansed and brighter.

In the dining room, the sweet warm air lightly swirled the curtains and made a little dancing movement among the ferns in boxes on the window sills. It was a day in which to be supremely happy, but the Captain was profoundly miserable. He had waked up on the tail end of a nightmare. In it, Maria had been unable to marry a hairy monster because her father lacked the fifteen dollars necessary to pay the Reverend Mr. Downing of Saint Mark's Church. And the Reverend Mr. Downing had refused him credit. Screaming with derisive laughter, the hairy monster had borne Maria off on his back. As they disappeared into the distance, Phoebe had arrived from nowhere and informed him that despite his frantic efforts to keep her ignorant of what was happening to Maria, she knew all about it. Then she, too, had burst into contemptuous laughter, and it was on this note that the Captain had opened his eyes. He considered it a perfectly terrible Sunday morning.

As soon as Lizzie saw his face, she ran for his coffee. Miss Maria must have been at him; his teeth were cracking again. She rushed a steaming cup to his place.

The Captain grunted, sugared and creamed his coffee, took a sip, and roared in the direction of the kitchen, "*Lizzie!*"

The pantry door whisked open. "Yessir?" hissed Lizzie.

"Miss Maria is bringing in a guest this morning. You'd better fix an extra place at the table."

"Yessir, yessir. Miss Marjorie, she said she's coming back in time for lunch too. And

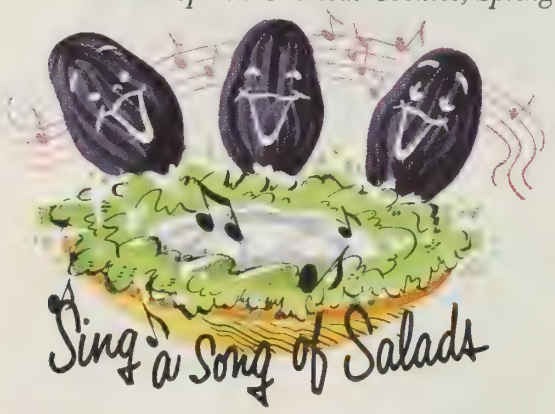
(Continued on Page 159)



Beatrice Cooke's Mealtime Adventures



FOR MAY: Spiced Oatmeal Cookies, Spring Salad, Chocolate Recipes, Heat-and-Eat Chinese Dinner



. . . light and refreshing as the spring breezes! This is the month for serving salads and it's such a delight to find one that's both different and delicious, isn't it? Here is a new way to serve that old favorite salad ingredient, prunes. The combination of prunes and cottage cheese, rather than cream cheese, with really good salad dressing makes more difference than you'd think possible!

Prune Cottage Cheese Salad

1 envelope unflavored gelatin
¼ cup cold water
2 cups Meadow Gold Cottage Cheese
1 cup Meadow Gold Salad Dressing
½ cup Meadow Gold Whipping Cream, whipped
2 cups cooked prunes, diced
½ cup nut meats, chopped

Soften gelatin in cold water and dissolve over hot water. Add salad dressing and whipped cream to cottage cheese and mix with gelatin. Fold in prunes and nut meats. Pour into mold or individual molds and chill. Serve on lettuce with Meadow Gold Salad Dressing. Makes 6 servings.

And for this recipe, of course you want the salad dressing with the most perfect dressing flavor. I honestly believe that is MEADOW GOLD SALAD DRESSING. Here in a jar is that delicately tangy flavor usually found in only the very best of home-made dressings. Of course, that's because MEADOW GOLD uses the finest of ingredients blended as carefully as the best cook would do it. You'll want MEADOW GOLD COTTAGE CHEESE, too. And it's creamed to make it soft and yet firm, without the tendency to separate and become watery. Do try MEADOW GOLD COTTAGE CHEESE; you'll never want to change.

Easy short cuts to tempting chocolate dishes



Can you imagine being able to make a grand variety of delectable chocolate recipes without ever having to go through the extra work and fuss of melting chocolate? Well, here's a way to do it! I'm really thrilled with the number of tempting chocolate dishes that can be made with delicious new MEADOW GOLD CHOCOLATE DAIRY DRINK. They're all simple and easy to prepare and still so nutritious. And CHOCOLATE DAIRY DRINK gives you phosphorus and calcium and all the other valuable minerals found in the best natural milk. I've resolved to keep MEADOW GOLD CHOCOLATE DAIRY DRINK in my refrigerator at all times and I think you will, too. Here is just one of the recipes you can make with it:

Chocolate Mint Frost

4 cups Meadow Gold Chocolate Dairy Drink
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
¼ teaspoon peppermint extract
1 pint Meadow Gold Vanilla or Chocolate Ice Cream

Combine all ingredients and beat with hand beater or electric beater until blended. If desired, garnish with fresh mint leaves. Serves 4.

I am particularly fond of this recipe because it uses creamy-rich MEADOW GOLD ICE CREAM—my favorite. It's no more expensive than ordinary ice creams, but oh, so much smoother and better! And you can get it at your neighborhood food or drug store. Look for it!

A FREE FILE OF CHOCOLATE RECIPES

. . . made with MEADOW GOLD CHOCOLATE DAIRY DRINK is ready for you now. Fourteen recipes for delicious chocolate dishes. The recipe folder is a standard file card size, easily fits into your personal recipe file. Just write to me in care of Beatrice Foods Co., Dept. BC-4, 120 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 3, Illinois.

Here's a flavor Genie in a can!



I have been simply fascinated by the exciting difference I can make in the plainest of dishes just by the use of LaChoy Chinese Vegetables! And it's so easy—just open the can! Besides the exotic oriental savor Chinese Vegetables lend, there's a different texture one finds only in bean sprouts, water chestnuts, bamboo shoots, mushrooms and peppers. Of course, I insist on LaChoy in buying any Chinese foods—I've seen LaChoy products prepared in sparkling clean, modern American kitchens. I'm sure once you try them your pantry shelf will never be without them, either.

Free Chinese Recipes!

A book of 24 of the most exciting Chinese recipes. Just write to Dept. J-20, LaChoy Food Products Division, Beatrice Foods Co., Archbold, Ohio.



For successful baking, delicious eating, always ask for MEADOW GOLD BUTTER!

CELEBRATING MAY DAY as the coming of Spring and warm weather is an old, old custom and a most pleasant one. According to tradition, the children who leave May Baskets of spring flowers at your door must be rewarded with goodies, and the practice has grown to include offering sweets to all callers. If callers come to your house, here's a recipe to help you play your traditional part.

Spiced Oatmeal Drop Cookies

1 cup Meadow Gold Butter
1½ cups brown sugar, firmly packed
2 Meadow Gold Eggs, well beaten
2 cups all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon ground cloves
⅔ cup Meadow Gold Milk, soured
1½ cups rolled oats, uncooked
1 cup chopped raisins or dates
1 cup chopped nuts

Cream butter and sugar. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with sour milk to the creamed mixture. Add rolled oats, fruit and nuts. Drop from a teaspoon onto an ungreased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (350°) 15 minutes. Makes 64 2-inch cookies. Sweet milk may be used instead of the sour milk and the soda omitted.

Those spices, raisins and nuts just call for the rich deliciousness of MEADOW GOLD BUTTER! Its sweet freshness is guaranteed by the extensive testing each batch undergoes—17 tests from the cream stage to the finished product. And in most communities MEADOW GOLD is *kept fresh longer* in shining aluminum foil. That flat package is a grand refrigerator space saver, too! Please do try MEADOW GOLD BUTTER as well as MEADOW GOLD MILK and EGGS.



© 1951, Beatrice Foods Co.

(Continued from Page 157)

Ir. Bill's coming. I'll fix everything up." he door whipped shut.

"Mr. Bill!" groaned the Captain loudly.

"Sah?" Lizzie poked her head through the oor.

"Nothing, *nothing*."

The door shut. The Captain groaned gain. William. Of course, William was com- ng to lunch. This was the day Maria was ue back, anyway. His insides began churn- ng. He could feel his digestive juices turning o acid; he was sure the inner lining of his omach was being torn piece by piece to hreds. Maria was slowly killing him, that as all. He gulped down his coffee and aped from the table.

Lizzie appeared with his bacon and eggs. Mr. Beraud, ain't you gonna eat your reakfast?"

"No," snapped the Captain. "I've lost ny appetite. I'm going to church." He went ut, banging the door behind him.

The Captain did not this Sunday leave aint Mark's with the warm, comfortable low church usually gave him. He faced a errible ordeal; he hadn't the least idea how o handle it.

If Maria hadn't meant what she said over he phone, and was simply suffering from a emporary female aberration, he must some- ow tactfully rid them of this stranger, who as obviously a cheap opportunist, and he must do this before William or Phoebe dis- overed that Maria had again gone off the rack. Then he must quickly shove, grease, mooth and push things back into place.

On the other hand, if Maria had meant what she said (and he winced as he remem- bered her voice), he was in an utterly im- possible position. It was too impossible to consider seriously. No, no, it had to be the former state of affairs; the latter would be unbearable. Thus, on a note of purest des- peration, the Captain opened his front gate. With a dreadful sinking of his heart, he saw the stranger waiting for him on the porch. Even at this distance, he could see the dan- gerous sloping shoulders, the big frame of a powerfully built man.

THE man started down the steps to meet him, and the Captain's heart ran all the way down to his heels. He looked black and enormous; the Captain was filled with sud- den foreboding. As the big man strode down the path toward him, the Captain had a curious sensation of having shrunk a little. It seemed to him that he was mincing, rather than walking. But he had no time to lengthen his stride, for the man was now directly in front of him, looking frightfully alert and healthy.

"Ah, how do you do?" said the Captain warily.

"I'm terribly glad to meet you, sir." The man grabbed the Captain's hand and wrung it in a mighty grip. When he let it go, tiny pains began shooting up the Captain's wrist. "This *is* a bit awkward, isn't it?" continued the man, grinning at the Captain. "How shall we begin, I wonder?"

The Captain coughed nervously. "I—ah—didn't get your name?"

A great roar burst from the man. "Marvelous! Simply marvelous! Of course Maria would leave off my name. She's terribly vague, isn't she? My name is Winthrop Spaulding, sir." The young man lowered his big head. "It's one of the things I love about Maria," he said softly and confidentially, "her vagueness, I mean. I despise efficient women. The kind who make lists and remember names. Female executives. You know what I mean?"

THE Captain suddenly remembered a little toy man he'd once had. There was lead in the base of the toy; every time you hit it, it rocked over as far as the floor, but it always rocked back again, so, though you knocked it down over and over, it always stood right where it was. The Captain felt he was the little toy man; this big black boy had knocked him over at least twice, but he was actually still standing there in the warm spring sun as though nothing at all had happened.

The first knockdown was the stunning fact that Mr. Spaulding was not a hairy monster. He might be a Yankee, and he might work on a newspaper, but his half-negligent, half-arrogant manner, his easy use of "terribly glad" and "simply marvelous" were marks as telling as the track of a cat; they were signs by which members of the privileged class instantly recognized one another anywhere in the world. Mr. Spaulding was a gentleman born. The Captain had not realized until this instant how much he had counted on the stranger's being outclassed and therefore at a disadvantage.

The second blow was that Mr. Spaulding had taken the lead; he was managing things. Maria's other beaux never took the lead with the Captain. For years and years, William Featherstone had deferred to the Captain. But this man—it was as though everything had been attended to, and the Captain had come late to the meeting.

He realized that he had not answered Mr. Spaulding and that a little silence had occurred there on the path.

"Well," he offered ineptly. He simply could not think of what to say next. But in

(Continued on Page 161)



"I don't see how you can call it true love if your family approves of him."

ON SALE AT ALL GOOD GROCERS!

ANGLO



Corned Beef Egg Scramble

CORNED BEEF

Rim platter with Anglo Corned Beef, piping hot—then scramble eggs in the savory drippings. Anglo is all solid, *lean* meat—no bone, gristle or excess fat.





Roast Beef with Horseradish Sauce

ROAST BEEF

Add ½ cup drained, grated horseradish with dash of cayenne to 1 cup of hot white sauce. Serve on hot Anglo Roast Beef. Anglo is unsurpassed in quality. Makes tasty meat pies, stews and ragouts!



ANGLO IS BEEF AT ITS BEST

Short cut to heaven! One box of the new Swans Down *high-ratio* Instant Cake Mix with butter frosting or 7-minute frosting—and what a spectacular beauty! *Higher*, *finer*, *richer* cakes—because Swans Down Instant now blends its ingredients a new *high-ratio* way!

Choose your quickie for today—make it "Swans Down wonderful"!

Planning a children's party? Thrill the kids with their own personal cakes. Make cupcakes with Swans Down Instant or Devil's Food Mix. Frost. Then write names with tinted frosting using pastry tube. Such an easy way to do something *wonderful*, to make cakes "Swans Down good."

Better double this recipe! Bake Swans Down Devil's Food Mix in a square 9-inch pan. Spread thick with fudge frosting, sprinkle half with chopped nuts, leave remainder plain. Cut in fingers. Extra-lush, extra-rich! And so fast-disappearing from the plate, you'd better make a lot!

Calling all chocolate lovers! Here's the devil's food you dream about—chocolate-rich, tender, moist! Whisk it together in minutes with Swans Down Devil's Food Mix—top with 7-minute frosting, tinted pink, peppermint-flavored. Elegant!

Company dazzler! The tender perfection of a real Swans Down cake. (Only Swans Down Cake Mixes can give it to you!) Use recipe for white cake on Swans Down Instant box. Bake in 9-inch square pan; split and spread with whipped cream and berries. So impressive—yet so easy—you'll bless that new *high-ratio* Swans Down Cake Mix.

Swans Down Cake Mixes

INSTANT CAKE MIX— the new *high-ratio* mix for higher, finer cakes!

DEVIL'S FOOD MIX— with that super chocolate richness!

Products of General Foods



The only mixes that make cakes "Swans Down good"

(Continued from Page 159)

his desperation, an idea struck. "Ah—how about a drink, Mr. Spaulding? Suit?"

"Splendid," said Mr. Spaulding enthusiastically. "May I help?"

But the Captain had seized upon the drink as an excuse to flee the scene; he was already past Mr. Spaulding, headed for the steps. "No, thanks! No, thanks!" he flung over his shoulder.

Ordinarily, the Captain loved the drink after church. In Richmond, this was a ritual almost as old and respected as was the church service itself. But he was not looking forward to it today. Instead, he faced it with dread and terror. Things had got out of hand with Maria before, over and over again. But *this* time, for the first time in her life, she was being greatly aided and abetted by someone else. That man out there. Nervously, he mixed the drinks, and prayed for a miracle.

He carried the tray into the parlor. They were sitting on the sofa, entranced with each other. He was struck with the look of his daughter. Maria was radiant. There was something shining, yet soft, about her face. She looked entirely different, somehow. What? He thought, *She looks neat!* But he was not going to let a little shine and polish deflect him from his course.

"Maria," he said shortly. There was a world of suppressed fury in the word.

She jumped to her feet. "Oh, Captain! Isn't it wonderful, Cap! I'm so happy, Captain, *dear!*" She grabbed the tray from his hands, set it upon the coffee table, and threw her arms around him. He stiffened and turned his face aside. Her arms fell, and she gave him a hard, calm look. "I know it's sudden. I know it hit you like a ton of bricks. That's the way it hit me. But I am so terribly happy ——" Her voice stumbled at his unyielding expression. "Very well," she continued sternly, "if you're going to take it this way. I'm sorry. But I'm in love for the first time in my life, and I hoped—I wanted—your blessing."

If you want to get on in life, never tell people that they are getting stout.
—MARTIN SWAYNE: Cupid Goes North (Doubleday & Company, Inc.).

"Of course your father's going to give us his blessing." Winthrop Spaulding also rose, and stood beside Maria. "I'm going to take awfully good care of her, sir," he said strongly. "Always." He linked his arm through hers.

The Captain did not look at either one of them. He stooped over the tray and handed them their drinks. He took his own and sat down with it. "Maria," he said grimly, controlling himself with a mighty effort, "you are engaged to William Featherstone."

Maria and Winthrop sat down again upon the sofa. "I'm in love with Winthrop, daddy, and I'm going to marry him. I'm telling Bill right away." There it was, that stony voice.

Winthrop leaned toward the Captain. "Mr. Beraud, it's a darned shame about this Featherstone. A tough break. But from what Maria tells me, the poor fellow is some clerk in a bank. Can you imagine Maria—*Maria*—married to a bank clerk? A little man in a cage?" He frowned earnestly at the Captain. "She'd go crazy! She needs scope, plenty of it, and that's what I'm going to give her." He smiled tenderly at Maria. Then he turned again to the Captain. "I know it's a big shock, sir, of course it is. And naturally, you'll want some credentials. Let's see: age, thirty; tastes, catholic; schools, Saint Paul's and Princeton; clubs, Ivy and Racquet; jobs, New York Times ——"

"I'm back!" a voice from the door interrupted him. "What's happened out here, is Grant's army back in town?" Cousin Marjorie appeared in the hall, suitcase in hand. "I saw a New York license plate —— Oh." She had seen Spaulding. "How do you do."

The Captain jumped nervously from his chair. "A—ah—friend of Maria's, Marj—— Good heavens, Marjorie, what have you done to your hair?" He stared at his niece, his mouth open.

Maria cried out with pleasure, "Marjorie, you look wonderful! What *have* you done?"

Marjorie slung her suitcase against the wall, and advanced into the parlor. "I've streamlined myself," she said loudly. "You like?"

She whirled around twice in the middle of the floor. Her lips were bright red, and her hair curled all around her head like a cap, wild, springing, but becoming just the same. She had on a crimson silk dress, quite tight in crucial places. Upon her right forearm there were a number of jangling silver bracelets, and her once-sensible-looking feet were shod in spike-heeled patent-leather shoes. She ended her pirouette, sat down, and flamboyantly crossed her legs, thrusting one shining, bow-bedecked foot out as far as it would go.

"But, Marjorie!" The Captain stared in disbelief. His neat, brown Good Influence, his wren, his brake—*Marjorie* whirling and jangling! *It can't be true*, he thought heatedly. *No! It can't be—yet, Marjorie is like, she looks like—why, Marjorie looks like—Maria!* "I'll—I'll get you a drink," he said thinly, starting out of the room.

Everything was wildly off base; he couldn't bear it another second; he had to get out of there, quick. In the pantry, he did something he had never in his sixty-odd years done before—he took a big, black drink all by himself. It calmed him a little. He fixed Marjorie's highball, and feeling quieter, but shaky, he went back to the parlor. The minute he got in there, he knew they'd told Marjorie their news. She was talking rapidly, excitedly, through her nose.

"You just can't do it, you can't," she said with an odd mixture of hopefulness and anxiety in her voice.

"But you see, we are doing it," explained young Spaulding, smiling.

Marjorie was facing the window toward the street, and on the tail end of his sentence she rose agitatedly from her chair. "Oh, Fathers—there's Bill coming in the gate right this minute!" She pointed, her bracelets jangling. "He's got his mother with him!"

Everyone rose and looked. Still wearing the mantle of self-sacrifice, Bill Featherstone walked slowly and heavily up the path. On his arm was Mrs. Featherstone, sporting a formidable plum-colored hat with a jutting feather.

"Well," said Winthrop Spaulding calmly, "this is *it*."

When the Featherstones started up his front steps, the Captain plunged out upon the porch to greet them, silently thanking God for one thing, anyway—the explosion could not possibly occur right away. In social Richmond, it took a long, long time to get to the point; complicated preliminaries always preceded the main bout. The Captain stretched out the flurry of preliminaries as far as they would go, twice informing Mrs. Featherstone that in her plum hat she didn't look a day over sixteen, and repeatedly asking with vigorous concern after Mr. Featherstone's health. Everyone was talking at once, like October crows in a tree. Maria's voice, an unnatural falsetto, rose piercingly above the rest:

"—— and the most becoming hat! And I want you to meet Mr. Spaulding. Mrs. Featherstone, Mr. Spaulding. And this is Bill Featherstone, Winthrop Spaulding. And Bill, dear, I want to talk to you right away ——"

"Lower your voice, little girl," said Bill critically. "You'll burst my eardrums. . . . How do you do, Mr. Spaulding. Friend of Marjorie's? . . . Hello, Marjorie—why, *Marjorie*, you've cut off all your hair! Gosh, it makes you look naked, kind of. But it's swell. . . . Now, Maria ——"

Mrs. Featherstone's clear tones interrupted Bill, and took over the room. "—— from New York, you said? Hm-m. Well, Mr. Spaulding, you certainly picked an auspicious occasion for your visit. I suppose the Captain's told you that my William and——"

"*Won't* you have a drink, Ella?" yeeped the Captain desperately. "I know you will,

The Proof of the Range is in the Cooking





Grace Hartley, FOOD EDITOR OF THE ATLANTA JOURNAL,

recently made a strictly controlled, laboratory test of the performance of a Hardwick Range. "The results are a joy to report," writes Miss Hartley. "The food proved what the precisely maintained temperatures had promised. The cake, baked at 375°, was browned evenly, beautifully, and every inch of the fine texture was the same. Buttermilk biscuits, at 500°, turned out to be light, fluffy and golden brown. And the second slice of the rib roast (at 300°) was just the same as the middle—my favorite 'medium well'."

Gas has got it!



YES, BEAUTY IS AS BEAUTY DOES WITH A HARDWICK!

Why pay for extra gadgets when cooking performance actually depends on just three things"

1 **TOPS IN TOP BURNERS**
Simmer-Center burners are two flames in one—one for fast boiling and frying, one for keep-boiling and keep-warm heats.

2 **BALANCED HEAT OVEN**
No turning or shifting of pans, no peeking. Bake anything and everything perfectly anywhere in the oven.

3 **SMOKELESS BROILER**
Live flame assures perfect flavor for all meats, keeps your kitchen clean, smoke-free. Broiler is easy to remove—wash it like a pan.

Established 1879

HARDWICK
AUTOMATIC GAS RANGES

See your dealer, your gas company, or write to Dept. L-14

for natural, manufactured or LP Gas

HARDWICK STOVE COMPANY — CLEVELAND, TENN.

In 8 Seconds An Acetylene Torch Burns Through One Inch Of Steel... But In Only

TWO SECONDS

Bayer Aspirin Is Ready To Go To Work!



MAKE THIS TEST!

To see how fast it's ready to go to work, drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water, and time its disintegrating speed. What happens in the glass, happens in your stomach.

How *fast* you get relief is important when you have an ordinary headache, neuritic or neuralgic pain. And one reason Bayer Aspirin brings relief that's amazingly fast is that it's actually ready to go to work in *two seconds*.

But there's *more* to pain relief than speed. *Dependable* relief is also important. And Bayer Aspirin is one pain reliever you can rely upon. For its single active ingredient is not only *so effective* doctors regularly prescribe it for pain relief, but is also *so gentle* to the system mothers give it even to small children on their doctors' advice.

So when you are in pain, and want fast, dependable relief—don't experiment with drugs that have not stood the test of time. Instead, do what millions do—use genuine *Bayer* Aspirin. And when you buy, don't ask merely for "aspirin". Always be sure to ask for it by the name "Bayer".

NOW... BAYER ASPIRIN IN CHILDREN'S SIZE

New 2½ grain tablets (containing half the amount of regular size Bayer Aspirin tablets) provide proper children's dosage as prescribed by your doctor. They're neither flavored nor colored, so they cannot be mistaken for candy. 30 Tablets—25¢.

Because no other pain reliever can match its record of use by millions of normal people, without ill effect, one thing you can take with complete confidence is genuine

BAYER ASPIRIN

Ella! Yes, indeed. I'll just rush right out and get you one. And one for William, of course. Of course." Slapping at a wet trickle of perspiration trailing down the back of his neck, he fled the room.

By the time he got back to the parlor, the trickle had been joined by several others, and he felt damp all over. He was sure he could not bear the tension another moment. They were all sitting in curious frozen attitudes, like figures in a Greek frieze. Evidently one of those suicidal silences had descended upon them. But it was obvious from the calm atmosphere that the point was still being deferred.

As he handed out the drinks, Marjorie talked feverishly into the silence. "Oh, you must see Retreat, Mr. Spaulding! Retreat is our great-aunt's place, a lovely place, simply beautiful in the spring!"

"Yes, it's an interesting house," said Winthrop. "I was there last December."

"What?" Mrs. Featherstone cried out involuntarily. "I thought you said you were from up north?"

"My aunt, Berta Cullen, took me to the Christmas ball. It's a beautiful interior, I think. And there's something familiar about the name. I'm positive there is connection between our family and a place in Virginia named Retreat. Odd, isn't it? I should have liked to ask a few questions of my hostess. But in the rush, I was never introduced. We were late. We got there just in time to see"—Winthrop grinned suddenly, and looked as though he might burst into one of his roars—"to see Maria's beard," he said, nicely suppressing the roar. "Wasn't it marvelous?"

"'Marvelous' is hardly the word for it," said Mrs. Featherstone. The look she gave him declared deep suspicion.

"It was a very unfortunate accident," said Bill Featherstone stonily. "But I hope that everyone's forgotten about it by now."

"Winthrop!" cried Maria. "I can't bear this another minute! Not another single——"

Marjorie flung herself into the breach. "I forgot to say Retreat will soon be opened for Garden Week. And really, I think it's the loveliest place on the tour! Really! Don't you think so, Bill?"

"I certainly do. Retreat is fine. I've always admired Retreat."

"Retreat! Retreat!" bawled the Captain nervously. "It sounds like Coxey's Army!" He was ill, ill. Damn Maria. Retreat indeed. If Phoebe had known a Yankee was under her roof —— Damn Maria. Silently, he prayed for a miracle, while out loud he inquired vehemently, "Doesn't anybody want another drink? Please!"

"You're jumpy this morning, Richard." Mrs. Featherstone looked reprovingly at him. Then her expression changed to one of deadly seriousness, and she said to Maria, "We are certainly a long way off from the main subject! Now, about the ring, my dear. We've decided not to buy one. William, fortunately, has his grandmother's canary diamond, left to William for his wife."

THE Captain knew with horror that here was where he must speak out, but Winthrop Spaulding's voice came out strongly: "Then I am afraid the ring will not go to Maria." He looked at Bill Featherstone. "The fact is, old man, there's been a mix-up. I realize Maria got herself more or less engaged to you last week. But it was a mistake. Then she met *me*. And the truth of the matter is, Maria and I are going to get married. In a month."

Mrs. Featherstone gasped.

"Oh, Bill, if you'll only let me talk to you a minute," Maria entreated.

But William Featherstone did not look at Maria. His face reddened, and his mouth went into an ugly line. "Is this man drunk?" he asked the Captain. "What is all this silly talk?"

The Captain and his daughter spoke simultaneously.

"William, my boy, its none of my ——"

"Bill, if you'll let me expl——"

Winthrop Spaulding interrupted. "It's not silly talk, Mr. Featherstone. There's nothing silly about it. Maria just happened to fall in love with me. And I with her. It's a perfectly normal occurrence."

"THIS is the most outrageous thing I've ever heard in my life." The gray feather on Mrs. Featherstone's hat vibrated with her outrage. She shot a venomous look at Maria. "Though *perfectly* typical of you, Maria. You've always behaved strangely. Quite strangely *indeed*. I am sure this is nothing but a passing fancy, something you'll get over and regret later. Yes. But it makes me wonder. It makes me *wonder*."

Bill spoke angrily. "I'm getting tired of your wildness, Maria. I don't know what's the matter with you, but let me tell you something—I am not going to put up with it any longer! You can cut out this funny business, or else."

"You can take that back, sonny." Winthrop Spaulding spoke in a dangerously calm voice. His fist clenched on the arm of his chair, and his body seemed to gather itself into an ominous crouching position in the chair. "Take back every word of it, or I'll mess you up so you won't be able to sit down in that cage of yours for a month!"

"Look here, I didn't mean anything *gross*. I was just talkin' Everybody knows that Maria"—Bill Featherstone inched perceptibly closer to his mother—"Maria is hard to settle down."

"I said take it back."

"Oh, retract it, William, what do you care?" Mrs. Featherstone sniffed. "This person obviously isn't aware that Virginia gentlemen do not engage in fisticuffs at a social gathering."

"All right," said Bill in a low voice, "I take it back."

"Good." Winthrop Spaulding picked up his glass, noted that it was empty, and handed it to Maria. "Here, sweeting, fix me up for me, will you?"

Without a word, Maria picked up the glass and left the room. The Captain gazed after her in complete amazement. But he had no chance to linger over his surprise, for Winthrop Spaulding was continuing.

"Now, nobody is going to pick on Maria around me," he said to Mrs. Featherstone. "Social gathering or not, I simply won't allow it." He gave her a sociable smile. "The trouble with all of you is—you don't see Maria. You keep trying to see someone else in her, or perhaps a lot of other people, but you don't see *her*." He now smiled agreeably around the room, in a good humor again, at including everyone in his happiness. "I rather think she's been a handful. Maria has too much imagination—she has . . . well, flair, you understand, a lovely dramatic flair, for living out the hour. She isn't a routine person at all." He sighed contentedly. "I'd have liked to see her around here these last few years. A sight! But really" turning to Bill Featherstone, he raised his voice—"you know *you* wouldn't be happy with her, not for a minute!" He turned his eyes upon the Captain. "You must realize that, sir. You're her father." He grinned at the Captain, taking him in on his own side. "You can see Mr. Featherstone would be miserable with your daughter. When you come right down to it, perhaps I'm doing him a favor."

"I'll be the judge of that, thank you," snapped Bill Featherstone, but he slipped a tiny bit closer to Mrs. Featherstone, who sat grimly silent.

(Continued on Page 164)

On the opening day of school, the first-grade teacher did not attempt to begin instruction. Taking the children one by one, she asked them to give her the necessary information for their enrollment blanks. All went well until she asked Frank to give his father's name.

"Daddy," the tot replied solemnly.

"I know," persisted the teacher, "but what is his name? What does your mother call him?"

"Mamma doesn't call him anything," Frank retorted indignantly. "She likes him." —WEBB B. GARRISON.

Be Happy—Go Lucky!

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!

Fine tobacco—and *only* fine tobacco—can give you the perfect mildness and rich taste that make a cigarette completely enjoyable. And Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. So if you're not happy with your present brand (and a 38-city survey shows that millions are not), switch to Luckies. *You'll find that Luckies taste better than any other cigarette.* Be Happy—Go Lucky today!

L.S./M.F.T.

Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

For once I hit a good shot, then
This pooch picks up the ball;
But I am smoking Lucky Strike,
So I don't mind at all!

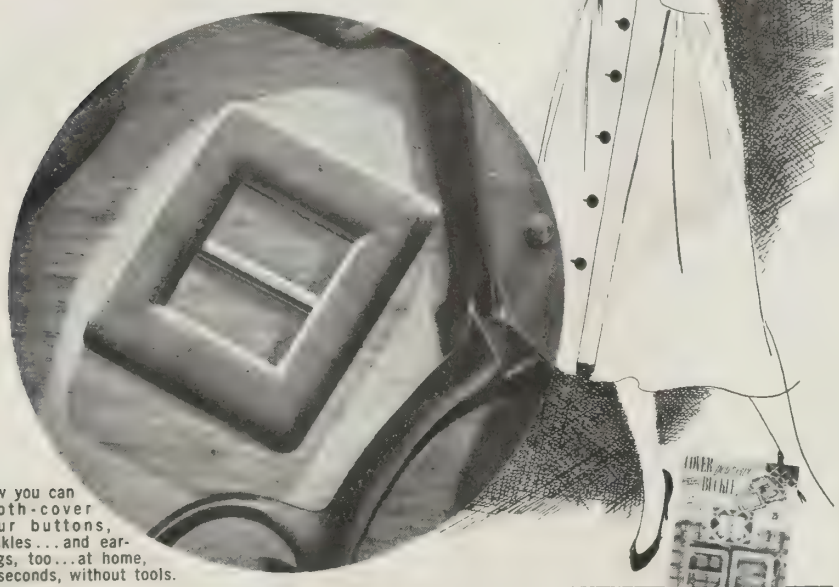
My job is typing all day long
At Treasure Island Base,
Where Luckies are the favorite smoke—
You see them every place!



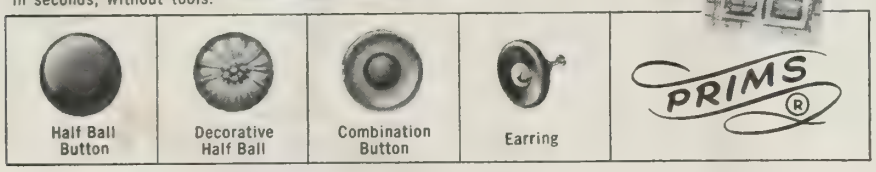
Exclusively yours...

PRIMS SMART COVER BUCKLE is fun to make. Just **snip, stretch, snap,** and it's done... smartly, distinctively your very own! PRIMS Buckles are brass . . . guaranteed rustproof and dry-clean proof. Get them at notion and button counters everywhere... only 25¢—(Slightly higher in Canada).

Pat'd—Add. U. S. & Foreign Pats. Pend.



Now you can cloth-cover your buttons, buckles... and earrings, too... at home, in seconds, without tools.



WILLIAM PRYM, INC., DAYVILLE, CONN.



curbs your curves from waist to hip

Made of flexible, airy nylon, this is a girdle to control your pounds, extoll your curves. Giving you hips you'll hooray, a waist worth buying a belt for. All at a purse-easy price—with money over for the matching bra. ▪ Style 5452—14″ sizes 25 to 34. ▪ Style 5652—16″ sizes 26 to 36 White and pink. **$5.95** ▪ Matching nylon bra—Style 6094. **$1.50**

BESTFORM

no finer fit at any price

(Continued from Page 162)

The Captain knew, with a flash of shining perception, that Winthrop Spaulding had taken over. He could take a walk around the block, he could go off on a trip. Winthrop Spaulding was handling Maria and Maria's troubles. He was a man! A *man's* man! That fist clenched on the chair arm. Murder! That drink off to the kitchen with Maria. Miracle! And hadn't William chickened out? Damned if *he* would have swallowed a "take it back." Not he. Hell, no, he would have rammed it down somebody's throat first. Stuffed his teeth after it! Before he'd have taken it back. Oh, that Spaulding was a real man!

The Captain's mind went shooting off to the ghastly problem he now faced. Money. He hadn't any money. He hadn't any money at all. And if Maria was going to marry this man within a month—oh, it wasn't "if"; he knew as well as he knew his name that the thing was as good as done—he had to get his hands on some money. Immediately. Of course, Phoebe wouldn't contribute a cent ——

He guessed he had about a hundred and thirty-some dollars in the bank. Married in a month! Oh, damn Maria. Always, ever since she'd been born —— It was so typical of Maria to put him in the ghastly position of having to marry her off almost immediately, of borrowing money or, worse, having to go begging to Phoebe.

Oh, he prayed, *just let it be over with. Just let it all be settled.*

But the Featherstones were still seated. Mrs. Featherstone was saying coldly to Maria, "Naturally, William has told people." She turned her head as the Captain essayed a smile. "I suppose you realize," she said to him, "the position this puts *us* in."

"Ella, I'm terribly sorry about the whole affair," said the Captain. "Maria has put all of us in a most awkward position. I can only apologize. From my heart, Ella."

"Maria never thinks of anybody's position," said Bill Featherstone in sudden loud irritation. "It's her attitude."

"Do you want to walk to that cage of yours tomorrow?" asked Winthrop Spaulding. "Or crawl?" He rose ominously.

"I didn't mean anything," said William hastily.

SUDDENLY, Marjorie leaped to her feet. The Captain realized with a start that except for a murmured comment here and there, she had barely opened her mouth during the latter half of the hour.

"I'm sick and tired of this!" she cried in a loud, angry voice. She stamped her shining foot, the bow on it jiggled. "I'm ashamed of this family, and everybody in it! Poor Mrs. Featherstone and Bill going through this—this *revolting,* rude, common treatment! I feel like apologizing for all of us." She whirled to Mrs. Featherstone, her bracelets jangling. "You ought to leave, ma'am. Bill ought to leave. And I'm going with you!" She ran, a flash of red, to Bill's side, and grabbed his arm. "Come on," she cried loudly, "you don't have to sit here and take this."

Bill automatically rose. "There's certainly nothing to stay for."

Mrs. Featherstone rose too. "Thank you, my dear," she said to Marjorie. "At least one person here has risen in my defense! Indeed we shall go. And we'll be happy to have you with us. There's nothing further to say. Nothing."

"Mrs. Featherstone, Bill, I'm so terribly sorry," cried Maria in genuine distress.

"You're not sorry! You're not!" shouted Marjorie, again stamping her foot. She ran to the newel post, and snatched up her coat. She threw it around her shoulders and yelled, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Maria Beraud! Bill's been too good for you all along! You've treated him like dirt, and you aren't good enough to shine his shoes!"

"Why, *Marjorie!*" said Bill in a pleased, happy voice.

He handed his mother through the door, and held it open for Marjorie.

"She's perfectly right," said Mrs. Featherstone from the porch.

Meds Meds Meds Meds

Can Single Girls Wear Tampons?



YES!

Any normal, fully grown girl can wear MEDS. Thousands and thousands of single girls wear them with comfort, with complete assurance every month.

Doctors overwhelmingly approve tampons, like Meds, according to a recent national survey of 900 leading gynecologists and obstetricians. Meds, the Modess tampons, were perfected by a woman gynecologist . . . are used by nurses. Quick, easy to insert, thanks to the new, improved applicator. No bother with pads, pins, belts. No chafing, no odor.

FREE! Send this ad with your name and address for a free sample package of Meds in plain wrapper. One package to a family. Personal Products Corp., Dept. LH-5, Milltown, N. J. Check Regular ( ), Super ( ), Junior ( ). Offer good in U. S. only.

Meds Meds Meds Meds

Meds Meds Meds Meds



Amazing New Ingredient in

Studio Girl

LUXURY CREME SHAMPOO

Reveals hidden beauty instantly!

A single sudsing with Studio Girl's new instant actio Creme Shampoo and your hair will shine like the "stars —be easier to shape and style! Permanents will "take better, last longer!

★ It's new! ★ It's different! ★ No other rinse needed Billows of fragrant, lanolin-rich suds—even in harde water—seem to work a beauty miracle ★ After your *fir* Studio Girl Shampoo, your hair will sparkle like moo beams on the water! Sold at cosmetic counters and l Studio Girl Distributors everywhere



Guaranteed by Good Housekeepi

Makers of Famous
STUDIO GIRL COSMETICS



"That's what I said and what I meant! She isn't good enough to shine his shoes." Marjorie rammed one arm down the sleeve of her coat, and made for the front door, still shouting, "You're all three downright common and tacky! It's the tackiest thing I ever heard of, the whole vile, tacky affair!"

The Captain was shocked to his marrow. "Lower your voice, Maria!" His face flooded with color. "I mean Marjorie. Where in the devil are your manners? You're yelling the roof off!" His voice rose with his irritation. He ended on a bellow, and glared at Cousin Marjorie with smoldering eyes. But even as his eyes blazed, his internal self was puzzled. What on earth was happening here? Everything seemed to be vice versa. You'd think Marjorie was Maria. "What *is* hap——" he started to ask, but Cousin Marjorie went through the door, and slammed it behind her.

The Captain returned slowly to the parlor. "I just don't get it," he said.

"Whew!" Winthrop Spaulding threw his great length on the sofa, and breathed a gusty sigh. "What a tantrum! Mr. Beraud, how have you stood it around here? With my beautiful Maria on one hand and that hellcat on the other?"

"But Marjorie isn't—wasn't like that! It was Maria—*Marjorie's* never been any trouble."

"H'm-m," responded Winthrop Spaulding, evidently not believing. "And of course I can see you tangling with a few customers like Featherstone! Or have all Maria's constituents been as bad as that one?"

"No," said the Captain feebly. "On the other hand, most of them have been a great deal worse than that one. It's been hell around here, I can tell you that, hell on earth."

"I'll bet it has," said Winthrop Spaulding sympathetically. "But you don't have to worry any longer." He sat up. "From now on, *I'm* taking care of your gorgeous child. You just leave everything to me."

There was something about Mr. Spaulding's voice. It was a big, sturdy voice. It was a voice to lean on. The Captain knew, with the most glorious sensation of relief, that he was indeed going to turn over Maria, lock, stock and barrel. He envied Mr. Spaulding not a whit for what he was taking on. In fact, he thought the man was just a little bit crazy. But the man would take charge, all right. He would take charge of Maria. Despite all the hell he yet had before him, the black burden he still carried, the Captain knew one thing—he had met Maria's keeper, at last. What a lovely, lovely feeling it was!

The Captain slapped Mr. Winthrop Spaulding on the shoulder. "Come on, son," he said, "lunch is ready."

Two weeks later the Captain knew he would have to face it—it now was obvious that miracles were not granted in modern times. God wasn't going to drop a bag of gold at his feet. He must go to Phoebe. He must go to her immediately; he had no time to lose. But the thought of facing her with Maria's latest aberration made him cold all over.

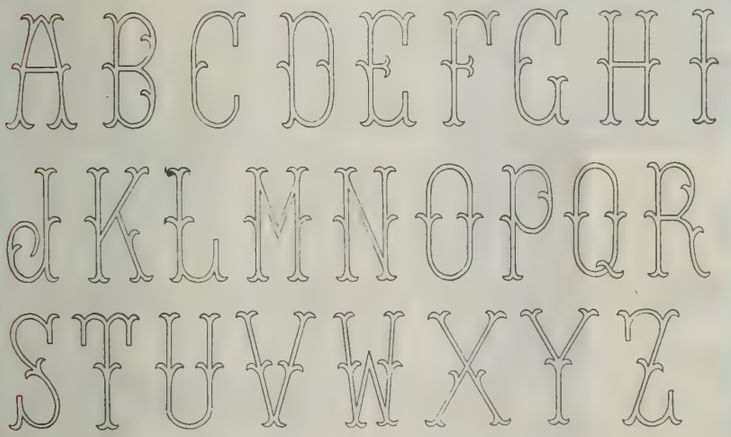
Phoebe remembered with a stinging bitterness the aftermath of the Civil War, and now she was an aged recluse, he knew the past was much closer to her than the present. But he refused to believe that Phoebe was so rigid, so blind, that two terrible world wars had not softened her pungent antipathy toward an ancient enemy. No, it wasn't her damyankee complex alone that worried him. It was the combination of things. Phoebe's heart was set on the Featherstone match; she would be utterly incapable of understanding Maria's broken engagement, and her sudden wild flight to the arms of a man

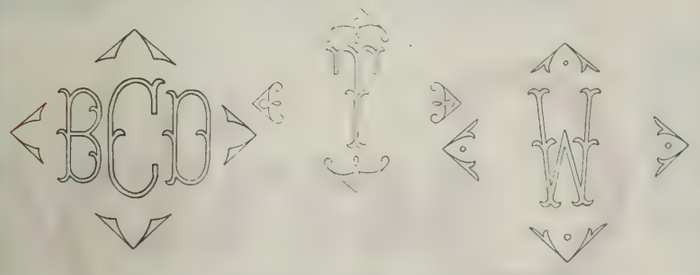
(Continued on Page 167)

Alphabet for Monogramming

for:
Blouses
Dresses
Scarves
Sweaters
Linens

One of the nicest details for a summer dress or blouse is a neatly embroidered monogram. Our hot-iron transfer pattern has two complete alphabets in two different sizes, along with professional advice for the working of the letters. Also, many ideas for how and where to use them. Transfer pattern, No. 2687, 10¢.



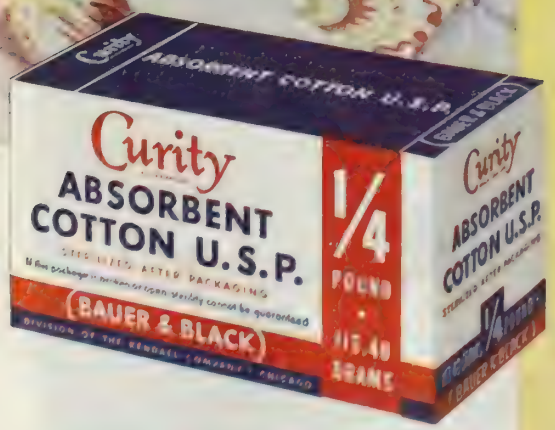


Turn to Page 21 for order coupon, for ordering the pattern.



For the love of Mike...

Michael is busy acting brave (and wishing his chin would stop wobbling). Mother is trying to act unconcerned (after all, it's not a *deep* cut). But for them both, this is an important moment. Even a small hurt can become a big one. She helps keep that from happening by following the first rule of first aid: "Get it clean and keep it clean." And she uses the same first-aid dressings most leading hospitals use . . . *Curity*. In fact, she wouldn't dream of using less . . . for the love of Mike.



Over Half a Century of Adhesive Tape Leadership—
Bauer & Black,
Division of The Kendall Company

Use the Same First-aid Dressings Most Leading Hospitals Use



Most of America's leading hospitals use *Curity* Dressings as a standard of protection. Isn't it good to know that you can get these same famous dressings packaged for home use at any leading drugstore?

Curity

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BAUER & BLACK

(Continued from Page 165)

she had known only a few days. A Northern man. The combination was ghastly; Phoebe would be horrified. True, if they had time, Phoebe might in a few months be able to absorb the mess, and come around. She had come around before, after Maria had shocked and disappointed her, for her Family feeling was as strong as his own. But they had no time!

How he hated to beg of Phoebe! He had never before been in this position, for in the past he and she had always been aligned in a mutual struggle to turn Maria into a recognizable Family product; Phoebe had always offered her financial support. But now for the first time, he had to buck Phoebe. He had to buck her and beg from her, all at once. Suppose she turned him away? If she refused him, he knew it would kill him. Not only because without her money there could be no proper wedding. But because there, at last, would be the Family divided. The feeling of Family solidarity meant everything, everything in the world. He could not bear to lose it; how he dreaded even risking the loss! But surely Phoebe wouldn't want to lose it either; it meant as much to her. *Oh,* he thought, *Phoebe can't, won't turn me away!*

Phoebe's long black car was parked in the drive. He had an immediate desire to turn around. His house was home no longer. Still, he would have to plunge, there was no alternative.

Like a small boy who takes the offensive when he knows he's in the wrong, the Captain crashed loudly through the hall and into the parlor. Phoebe sat there alone, her cane beside her, and her trumpet in her lap.

"Well, well, well!" cried the Captain with vehement heartiness. "It's about time you came out, Phoebe. You've been neglecting us. Have you been here long?"

"I've just come," said Phoebe harshly. "Though it does seem that it is *your* place to make the calls, not mine. You'd think someone from here would have taken the trouble to at least phone me in the last two weeks."

"I—we've been rather busy," said the Captain, taking the chair opposite her. "Been meaning to come over to your place, but everything's been topsy-turvy." He pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket and mopped his brow.

"Naturally you've been busy," said Phoebe coldly. "But since I am the—what shall we call me, the bank?—the method by which you intend to finance your affairs, it would seem wise to keep me informed."

"Yes, yes, I know," cried the Captain. "And I'm sorry. But things will calm down soon. Everything will calm down." He desperately cast about for some way to begin, some opening wedge. "One thing about marriage," he said wildly, "it has a calming effect. No matter *who* marries *who*. You know what I mean? We'll all be able to settle down once Maria is married. I mean, marriage has, *well,* a splendid settling effect ——"

"Marriage," interrupted Phoebe acidly, "is a cut-and-dried ending for all females. There is nothing whatsoever to excite and unnerve you about Maria's getting married. Though I must say in her case it is unusually *appropriate.* However, it is no reason for you to blush and twitch in your chair like a schoolgirl. What is the matter with you, Richard?"

"Everything's the matter!" burst forth the Captain in a loud, panicky voice. "Everything in the world! The truth is—Phoebe, the truth is—Maria is not going to marry William Featherstone after all."

PHOEBE'S face instantly closed against him. Her mouth folded together in a grimly stubborn line. "What say?" she shrieked. "I can't hear you. You'll have to speak *louder.*"

"I said, Maria is not going to marry the Featherstone boy," shouted the Captain.

"I can't get a word," said Phoebe cunningly. She jiggled the trumpet up and down. "Sometimes this thing gets out of whack. Then I can't understand a *thing.*"

"Phoebe, listen to me! Please! I *said* Maria is not going to marry William Featherstone. She has met another man. *Another man!*"

Phoebe shook her head in innocent bewilderment. "It must be clogged up," she said, fiddling with the trumpet. "Well, Richard," she added in a decisive tone, "we'll just have to leave our talk for another night."

THE Captain's temper snapped in two. Driven beyond endurance, he half rose from his chair.

"Put that damned horn back in your ear, and listen to me, Phoebe Beraud! I know you can hear me!" he roared.

Phoebe drew back from the menacing figure of the Captain. "I believe this thing *is* working, after all," she said hastily.

"Maria isn't going to marry William Featherstone. She is going to marry somebody else. Furthermore, the wedding will take place within a month. And, Phoebe"—he leaned farther forward in his chair, his face set in lines of desperate resolve—"I need your support more than ever. I must have it, can't swing the wedding without it! Phoebe, will you lend me two thousand dollars tonight?"

"So," said Phoebe, "another of Maria's tricks! She is not going to marry the Featherstone boy. She is going to marry someone else. Someone I've never heard of, no doubt. An actor? A cab driver? Or perhaps a nice red baseball player? I *see.* And you, my dear nephew, have the continental gall to sit there and calmly ask me to hand over two thousand dollars for her! Altogether, it's the most stupendous brass I've ever known!"

"Not hand it to me. Lend it to me. I want to make a loan. As for the boy—no, man; he's a man—he's a perfectly splendid ——"

A man often repents that he has spoken, but seldom that he has held his tongue.
—DR. THOMAS FULLER.

"Let the fool man go a minute, and consider this request! No money. You actually have the gall to ask me to throw away my good money on one of Maria's tricks! Two thousand dollars on a trick! I love it." Phoebe had begun to enjoy herself. "The emphasis these days on material things is so disheartening! After all, what is money?"

The Captain knew that Phoebe's excursion into generalities was deliberate, her way of bullying him. He said firmly, "It's all very well for you to talk that way. You're not poor. But I am. And I have a desperate need of money. Right now. Please do answer me, Phoebe. Will you or will you not make me a loan?"

"Things have been very tight with me," said Phoebe happily. "I seriously doubt if I have two thousand dollars to lend."

"Phoebe Beraud, you have half a million dollars!"

"Oh, let's drop it," said Phoebe suddenly. "If worst comes to worst, I'll probably have enough for you." She had lost interest in baiting the Captain.

"Thanks, Phoebe!" cried the Captain, nearly bursting with the glad flood of relief coursing through him. "Thanks a thousand times!"

"Now, what's happened, Richard?" Phoebe's eyes glittered with curiosity. "Nothing we can't *fix,* I'm sure. Featherstone got cold feet, I presume. Such a disappointment! But you can hardly blame him, in a way. Still, it seems a bit . . . insulting. Imagine anybody in that family backing down on a *Beraud.* If it *can't* be fixed, I suppose the best thing *is* to marry Maria off quickly. Provided this other is a decent man. Can't have people talking." Phoebe broke off, looking angry.

"You've got it all hind part before," broke in the Captain, surprised at the defensive heat with which he spoke. "It was Maria who backed out on William."

"*Maria* threw over *William?*" Phoebe looked incredulous. "Absurd!" An expression of extreme wariness came over her face. "Who is this other man?" she asked suspiciously. "Is he a Richmonder? Who is his family? Ah—if this *is* another trick ——"



NEW PILL
KILLS BODY ODORS AND BAD BREATH!

Absolutely Harmless! Take Nullo Like a Vitamin!

For Body Odors: Take Nullo—like a *vitamin!* Then never "back away" from close contact again! Nullo not only stops underarm perspiration odor—it controls all body odors, including odors of the feet and scalp. No amount of rushing or nervous excitement can produce the slightest body odor when you take Nullo daily.

When used as directed women's special odor problems—during the menstrual period, for instance—are solved once and for all! Your socks, underwear, dresses, and sweaters will carry no odor. That's because you have no body odors when you take Nullo regularly.

For Bad Breath: Chew Nullo for speedy, complete breath cleansing. Be sure of your breath—even in contact as intimate as a kiss! Not even onions, alcohol or tobacco odors can last against Nullo. Try Nullo today. If not delighted your money back!

SAFE as a lettuce leaf. Nullo contains only an ingredient you eat every day in green vegetables—nature's chlorophyll, specially processed by Dr. F. Howard Westcott's formula to safely control breath and body odors!

The De Pree Company
Holland, Michigan
Established 1906 Manufacturers of Nurse Brand Drugs and Wheatamin Vitamins

30 day supply $1.25
Economical family size (100 tablets) $2.95

NEW POCKET SIZE 29¢



nullo®
IT REALLY WORKS!

Nullo is the original and only advertised chlorophyll tablet featured in Reader's Digest!

© 1951



For laundry wear and ironing heat— The strongest is a Pequot Sheet

PEQUOT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PLUS-SERVICE
SHEETS
PILLOW CASES

PEQUOT
Fine Combed
PERCALE
SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES
OVER 200 COMBED THREADS PER INCH

More than 144 threads to the inch for strength and stamina — finest cotton for softness and comfort — no wonder these famous sheets and pillowcases have *earned* the name "Plus-Service"!

When sheer *luxury* is your first consideration it's Pequot "Fine Combed Percales" — more than 200 combed threads to the inch—the smoothest feeling, best looking sheets you can buy!

To help you select the right sheets, send for our booklet "Do's and Don'ts"—it's FREE!

PEQUOT MILLS
Dept. L-3, Salem, Massachusetts

More than 40 million PEQUOT SHEETS are continuously in use

"The Nation Sleeps on PEQUOT SHEETS"

Enjoy BETTER HEALTH IN A La-Z-Boy

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



Automatically reclines to any degree of comfort you desire.

You want to feel comfortable . . . you want to feel better, yet you want a reclining chair you'll be proud to have in your home. *La-Z-Boy* is the only chair that gives you both . . . style and healthful comfort. *La-Z-Boy* also gives you scientifically correct posture control in *any* position you desire from sitting to full bed position. And best of all, when you want to change your position in a *La-Z-Boy* you don't have levers or mechanical gadgets to adjust, you merely relax and the *La-Z-Boy* relaxes with you. Yes, *La-Z-Boy's* floating back and seat is a patented feature no other chair or lounge can offer. One demonstration is worth a thousand words, so why not ask your *La-Z-Boy* dealer to show you this amazing chair . . . Write for his name today!

LA-Z-BOY CHAIR CO. • Monroe, Mich., U.S.A. • In Canada: LA-Z-BOY Furn. Co., Ltd. • Waterloo, Ont.

YOU CAN CHOOSE THE STYLE OF LA-Z-BOY TO FIT YOUR HOME



"He's a damned good man," interrupted the Captain warmly. "I was very taken with him. Yes, very. Why, do you know, he's been at Retreat—right under your own roof—just last Christmas? Now, Phoebe, he's from New York, but ——"

"*New York!*" Phoebe's lips immediately tightened. "At Retreat, in a pig's eye! To my certain knowledge, no Yankee has set foot in Retreat since I've owned it. At the tradesmen's entrance, perhaps, but *not through my front door.*"

"You're wrong. Berta Cullen brought him to the ball. Christmas. He ——"

Phoebe snorted her contempt. "Berta took care not to introduce him to *me*, I warrant." Phoebe began to tap her foot agitatedly upon the floor. "This is all too ridiculous! What has Maria done? Who is this man? Get *on* with it, Richard!"

The Captain had been afraid that she might terminate all discussion then and there. That she was still talking was a small victory in itself.

"You'll be awfully impressed with Winthrop!" he bellowed enthusiastically. "He comes from an old New York family, one of the oldest, Winthrop Hazlitt Spaulding the fourth. Isn't that a splendid mouthful? He's the fourth Spaulding in a direct line——Why, *Phoebe*, what's the matter with you?" The Captain was shocked at what had happened to Phoebe's face. She had turned so white that her wrinkles stood out sharp and spidery like the lines on an ancient map.

"Winthrop Hazlitt Spaulding the fourth," she repeated in a strangled voice. "Yes, I know that name." She laughed bitterly, a little acrid whiff of a laugh. "There is no other name in the world like that one." She grabbed her cane and rose from her chair, her eyes glittering like diamond points in her parchment face. "Ah ——"

The Captain jumped up and ran to her side. "Phoebe, Phoebe, what's the matter? Are you ill?"

"Not ill, precisely," choked Phoebe. She leaned heavily upon her cane, but when he put his hand on her arm, she shrugged it violently off. "I don't need your help! Ah, yes, I know the name of Winthrop Hazlitt Spaulding very well indeed; I have lived with that name most of my life!" She gave the Captain a flaming, swordlike look of utter contempt. "The first Winthrop Hazlitt Spaulding was the general in charge of the Richmond area after the war—that's all!" Phoebe began to shake as though she had a chill. "He was the fine general who took over Retreat for his headquarters. He was the pig who drove your own ancestors out, and used their home for his study! He was the fine, upstanding damyankee who stole the family silver and ripped the portraits from their frames! *That* was Winthrop Hazlitt Spaulding the first!" Phoebe shook so violently that the black ribbon with which her trumpet was tied around her neck began to jerk against her throat.

"PHOEBE!" cried the Captain in alarm. "Sit down ——"

"Don't stop me! If you had ever bothered to look among my old papers, you would find there a touching epitaph written for General Spaulding by none other than your own father. I will quote it for you: 'Here lies the body of Spaulding the Beast, hated by all men South, West and East; his body pollutes this small plot of ground, his soul, if he has one, much lower is found!' How do you like *that*, suh? Answer me, *how do you like it?*"

"But, Phoebe, it was nearly a hundred years ago! It ——"

"But me no buts!" Phoebe stopped shaking, but her hand gripping her cane showed white at the knuckles. "My own great-niece carrying on with General Spaulding's great-grandson! Thank *God* your father is not here to see it!" She began to walk jerkily toward the hall. "I wish I didn't know it myself. I wish I had never heard of Maria!"

THE Captain took a step toward her. "Phoebe, can't you forget the past?"

"I cannot and I will not!" Phoebe had made the hall. She stopped. "You," she cried, pointing a trembling forefinger at the Captain, "you, a member of my family, trying to cozen me into selling your daughter to General Spaulding's precious heir!" She began to shake again. "Let me say this much—either you put a stop to this thing at once, at once, or I shall *never again* set foot in this house. Do you understand? That is my last word."

The Captain felt a hard, rebellious core of resolve forming within him. He didn't know how it got there; it just came. The core, rather than the Captain's conscious self, was the operating control on what he next said.

"Maria loves this man," he said clearly. "Winthrop is a good man, he's *right*. You can't ignore these things! You can't—not for something that happened a hundred years ago."

"Oh, yes, I can. I can and I will. I repeat, I repeat, it's that man or me. One or the other of us." Phoebe gave him a level, uncompromising look. "Are you going to get rid of him?" she asked violently.

There was a short silence in the hall. In it, the Captain's resolve swelled and hardened; his negative cracked out like a rifle shot.

"No," he said, feeling a tearing somewhere inside, "I am not going to get rid of him."

Phoebe straightened her back. Terrible things looked out of her eyes at him.

"Very well," she said instantly, a metallic harshness in her voice. "I'm leaving. You'll never again get a penny of mine. Never a cent. Maria can marry in hell for all I care. Good-by." She began stumping across the floor.

The Captain stayed rooted to his place. The rent, the tear, the ragged hole in the fabric of his Family was all that he could see. There it was, the thing he had dreaded, the hole as big as daylight, and he himself had helped to rip it open.

Phoebe opened the front door. The Captain did not try to stop her.

Maria was in her bedroom above the parlor when Phoebe arrived on her disastrous call. Reluctantly, she started from her room, but she had not reached the upper landing when she heard the Captain crashing into the front hall. Feeling greatly relieved, she left the initial fireworks to him, and went back to packing away a pile of old clothes. But she found it hard to concentrate on what she was doing. The two downstairs were on her mind, and besides, their voices rose clearly to her through the old floor; they were inimical voices, and getting more so. Finally, she heard the Captain ask Phoebe outright for a loan. She immediately stopped what she was doing, and stood in stiff, listening silence. She

(Continued on Page 170)

Tidiness

By Bianca Bradbury

What female of a species
comprehends
Destruction? Whether
Wind invades her nest, a stone her lair,
Or war pulls down the framework of her house,
Impatiently she puts it back together.

The future of her kind is no more sure
Than the comfort she receives
When her bits and twigs are tied in the swaying tree,
Her things are tucked away in lavender,
Or buried in warm leaves.

The closing of The Button Box

EMILY WATKINS, neat, trim and sixty, climbed up the ladder, looked at the sign a little resolutely for a moment and then said, "Honest, bby, I hate to do it!"

Her sister smiled up at her and said, "I now, Emily, but we've got to quit sometime. et's take it down . . ."

And that is how the Button Box was closed.

It had been opened thirty-odd years before Emily and Abby Watkins, just a year or so ter their parents died. The girls, then in their te twenties, were unmarried. Their money heritance was small, but they had a rich talent r needlework. And so they converted the ing-room of their home into the Button Box. ressmaking and alterations. Hemstitching a ecialty. Pleats and buttonholes carefully made. ogether, they had done well.

But there was always the worry, as the ars went on, as to what would happen to her Emily or Abby in case the other—well, ey had seen death before, and had learned that leaves many painfully practical problems.

It was Sam Thomas, the New York Life ent in town, who had worked things out for em. A simple arrangement, really. So much t of the earnings of the Button Box for life surance policies for both Emily and Abby, each ming the other as beneficiary.

And, as is so often the case when people stop rrying about the future, Abby and Emily atkins lived on . . . and enjoyed both useful d contented lives.

The time had come, now, when they would able to enjoy the income from the policies m Thomas had written for them years before.

Emily Watkins lifted the weathered wooden gn from its bracket on the side of the house. e looked down at her sister and said, "Know hat I've been thinking, Abby? I was just ndering if we shouldn't write Sam Thomas a te and tell him how glad we are that erything has worked out this way . . ."

Abby smiled and said, "Wrote it this rning, Emily. Want to look at it fore I drop it in the mail?"



EW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



THE ORIGINAL—ALL FINE HAM—ZESTFULLY SEASONED

For 86 years America's favorite spread

Gracing the Tables of Eleven Million American Homes!



Airko*

FREE-FLOW MOISTURE-PROOF SHAKERS



Eleven million women can't be wrong! They know that wonderful Airko* Shakers actually keep salt dry the year 'round in the dampest, slushiest weather. The patented Airkonite element in the gleaming chrome top is a self-reactivating drying unit. It requires no further attention.

Beautiful in design, these Deluxe Airkos stand four inches tall and are made of sparkling crystal glass, hand-cut, satin-finish base.

Packed in unique "Show-Case" gift boxes, **$1.00 PAIR**

At Better Stores, Leading 5 & 10's
Dealer Inquiries Invited

Keep salt dry!



*AIRKO ORIGINALS

These smaller Airkos have the same amazing drying element . . . Ring-designed crystal clear glass, metal tops with plastic colored shields . . . Only **39¢ PAIR.**

*T. M.

AIRKO MFG. CO., Clermont, Florida

(Continued from Page 168)

was shocked to the core with the quality of desperation in his voice. *Why*, she thought with amazement, *he must be flat broke! Oh*, she thought, *he should have told me!* She could get married any which way, preferred it, and she would tell him so the instant Phoebe left!

As she stood there, her surprise gave way to anxiety, for it occurred to her that the Captain wasn't sounding like himself at all. He was sounding . . . whipped. The Captain was down there begging, begging from Phoebe. For *her!* And Phoebe was humiliating him, Phoebe in her trumpeting voice was bullying him, treating the *Captain* like a beggar, instead of a member of her precious Family, the Family in which the Captain so implicitly believed. Maria's anxiety was short-lived; she was suddenly terribly angry.

She could not, would not, stand the thought of the Captain in a beggar's role. Even when he had hurt her the most, understood her the least, she had looked upon her father as all-powerful, intensely male, unconquerable. And now, down there in the parlor, he was being humiliated, chopped down, sorely hurt—and all for *her*. She was filled with a rush of protectiveness and love for him; she could not stand still. She tiptoed to the door, and leaned against the jamb, dying to go down and flail Phoebe with her fists. She listened with cold fury to the ultimatum Phoebe delivered in the hall. She felt then she *must* go down. But she stiffened as, suddenly, the Captain's voice rose too. It was a different voice from the one he had used in the parlor; it was clear and firm. The Captain was bucking Phoebe! For the first time in his life, he was bucking Phoebe, and he was doing it for her! The Captain sounded strong now, not pleading, not desperate, but very masculine indeed. A large lump rose in Maria's throat.

If you are beset by the fear of failure, remind yourself that life invariably brings each one of us the chance to find happiness. It brings this chance by putting us close to other people, and offering us the opportunity to help them. In forgetting ourselves and seeking to enrich life for others, we find, as Jesus discovered centuries ago, the joy that no disappointment or disaster can take away. You do not need to be rich, famous or gifted to gain an immensely satisfying life. Such a life lies wide open to you, no matter who you are or where you live. It lies open in the needs of other people, and in your power to forget yourself and try to meet these needs.

—JAMES G. GILKEY:
from Today is Mine, compiled by
Thomas Curtis Clark
(Harper and Brothers, 1950, used by permission).

Surely, she thought, *Phoebe will unbend, she knows what the Family means to him. She can't* —— But Phoebe was repeating her ultimatum. She would not darken his door again. There it was—the Captain's family was torn in two, and Maria could bear it no longer. Filled with righteous fury, she rushed out into the hall and hurtled down the stairs.

Phoebe was partly out of the door when Maria landed in the hall.

"How dare you speak to the Captain like that?" Maria cried to her in a hard, angry voice. "How dare you come out here and bully him and kick him around and deliver your blasted ultimatums? Where is your decency, where is your heart—what are you, Aunt Phoebe, that you can be so cruel . . . for *nothing!* Nothing!"

Aunt Phoebe's eyes flickered in surprise from her white, angry face. She deliberately turned around, stepped back inside the door, and balanced herself on her cane. She pursed her lips, but remained silent, staring coldly at Maria.

"Maria," roared the Captain, "you mustn't speak in that tone to your Aunt Phoebe. Remember your manners, Maria."

"*My* manners! What about hers? She dares to come here and ——"

"Let her speak," interrupted Phoebe harshly. "She has never had the slightest conception of manners, anyway."

Phoebe picked up her ear trumpet slung around her neck. She held it daintily, just away from her ear, as though it was something just slightly offensive.

"No, damn it, this is something for your elders," the Captain said to Maria. "It is no affair of yours!"

"But it is my affair!" Maria whirled on Phoebe. "If I'd known the Captain had to crawl on his knees to you for money to g me married, I'd never have stood for it She looked quickly, anxiously at her fath "Why didn't you tell me there wasn't a money? I wouldn't have cared, daddy." S gave him a warm smile. "We would ha made out," she said confidently, "y and I."

"Maria, I beg of you—please, this is your affair."

"Perhaps your father preferred to keep himself the drab fact that he makes ve little money," said Phoebe viciously. "E barrassingly little."

"It's enough for us!" blazed Maria. "W don't need your money! You just use it a big stick to bully us with! You never spent on me out of love, only out of pride! W you said you aren't going to use it on us a more, and I say thank God for *that!* W get along perfectly beautifully without it

"Maria, control your tongue!" bawled t Captain. "Damn it, I forbid you to speak Phoebe this way. Your own great-aun Phoebe has been generous, yes, generous the extreme for years. I could never ha raised you without her. Apologize!"

"You could hardly expect her to appr ciate what I've done," said Phoebe furious "She's never been the least grateful. Aft all I've put out—t wretched years of t ing to turn her i somebody we could proud of—she ends a complete mess, pi up with her comm damyankee friend and yes, despite fact that I have s I disapprove, she—y both of you, insist sh in the right! I wash hands of you both."

"Good," said Ma angrily. "It suits to a T. But it's a di trick for you to pl on the Captain. sides"—she aga whirled upon Phoebe "what right have y to object to Winthr Spaulding? For ye and years, you've be the Grand Old Lady of the Confederacy. B if you take it apart, you aren't that at all

Phoebe's mouth opened in a long, whistli gasp. Shock broke the glacial lines of h face. One hand knotted into a fist, while t other gripped her cane tightly as though s would like to raise it and strike out with She started to speak.

"*Maria!*" roared the Captain.

"Let me finish!" Maria now was so ang there was nothing short of physical assa that could have stopped her. "*You* are t elegant lady who first married a *traitor* to t Confederacy, and when *he* died, got yours a Harry Sutterfield—traded in your gr big wonderful Family name for a pile of gr cash!" Maria stamped her foot. "All t Johnny Rebel stuff is a phony—if yo been a real Confederate lady you would have been able to marry either one of the But you *had* to—otherwise how would y have paid for the pretty picture of Phoe Beraud, last of the Confederacy, holding t line at Retreat, famous bastion of Virgi aristocracy?" Maria stamped her foot aga and then she gazed straight into Phoeb eyes. "You know, I don't mind that part don't care who you married, or why. Mat of fact, I've always admired you for taki matters into your own hands. But I do mi your being a hypocrite about it. I mind —

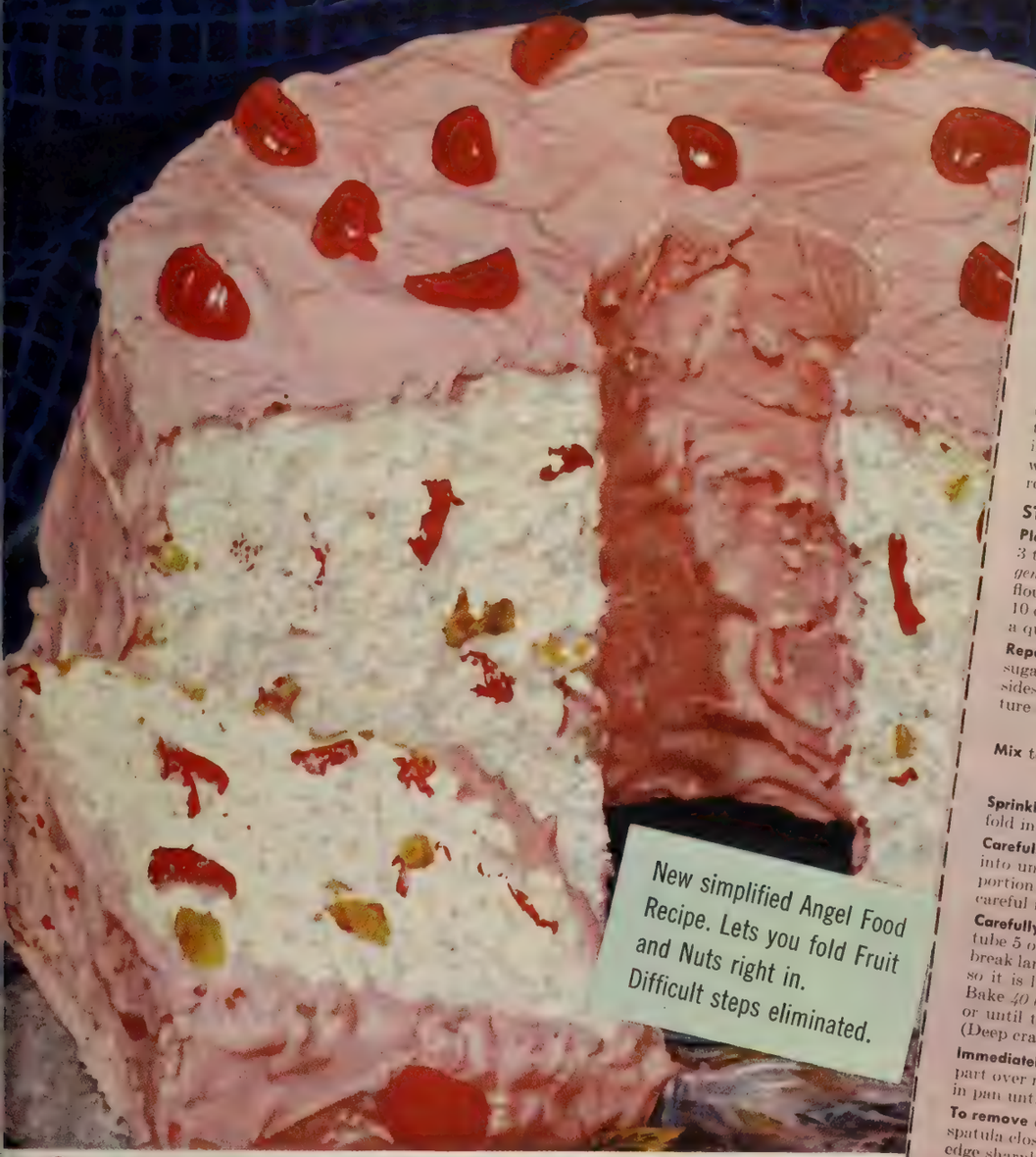
"Maria!" The Captain grabbed her ar "This is enough. You've said enough!"

"Let her speak." Phoebe's high, crack voice cut like a saw through the air. She h not moved, though she had visibly stiffen and was convulsively working her lips.

"I mind the sham! People who act one way and talk another. Who stand in jud ment when they have no right to it. I sides"—Maria took a step toward Phoeb

(Continued on Page 172)

Betty Crocker says: "Here's the Biggest News in Angel Food!"



New simplified Angel Food Recipe. Lets you fold Fruit and Nuts right in. Difficult steps eliminated.



Betty Crocker of General Mills

Betty Crocker CHERRY NUT ANGEL FOOD

USE ONLY SOFTASILK

Preheat oven to 375° (quick moderate). Have egg whites at room temperature. Sift an ample amount of SOFTASILK CAKE FLOUR onto a square of paper. Chop nuts fine. Chop maraschino cherries fine; *drain well* on paper towel.

STEP 1

Measure and sift together 3 times
- **1 cup sifted SOFTASILK Cake Flour**
- **⅞ cup (¾ cup plus 2 tbsp.) sugar**

STEP 2

Measure into *large* mixing bowl
- **1½ cups egg whites (about 12 whites)**
- **1½ tsp. cream of tartar**
- **¼ tsp. salt**
- **1½ tsp. vanilla**
- **½ tsp. almond extract**

Beat with wire whip until foamy throughout.

Gradually add, 2 tbsp. at a time . . . **¾ cup sugar**

Beat about 10 seconds after each addition. Continue beating after the last addition until meringue is *firm* and holds *stiff straight* peaks when wire whip is gently lifted out of meringue. (This requires considerable beating.)

STEP 3

Place flour-sugar mixture in sifter and sift about 3 tbsp. over the entire surface of meringue. Fold *gently* with wire whip or rubber scraper until flour-sugar mixture disappears using about 8 to 10 complete folding strokes and turning the bowl a quarter of a turn with each stroke.

Repeat this folding process until all of the flour-sugar mixture is folded in. Then scrape down the sides of the bowl with rubber scraper. This mixture will be very thick.

Mix together. . . .
- **½ cup finely chopped maraschino cherries, *drained* on paper towel**
- **½ cup finely chopped nuts**

Sprinkle, ¼ cup at a time, over the batter and fold in gently.

Carefully, with a rubber scraper, push the batter into ungreased tube pan, 10 x 4-in. Lift the last portion lightly from the bowl into the pan, being careful not to stir it.

Carefully cut through the batter going around the tube 5 or 6 times with a knife or steel spatula to break large air bubbles. *Be sure* to even up batter so it is level and touches the sides of the pan. Bake *40 to 50 min. in quick moderate oven* (375°) or until top springs back when *lightly* touched. (Deep cracks in the top are typical of this cake.)

Immediately turn pan upside down, placing tube part over neck of funnel or bottle. Let cake hang in pan until cold.

To remove cake, loosen from sides and tube with spatula close against pan. Turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen.

TO USE ELECTRIC MIXER

STEP 1 and 2 . . . Follow the above directions. Use medium speed (middle of the dial). After last addition of sugar, turn to highest speed. Continue beating until meringue is *firm* and holds *stiff straight* peaks. Scrape sides of bowl constantly with rubber scraper.

STEP 3 . . . Fold by hand as in STEP 3 above, BUT make sure to bring rubber scraper or wire whip down through center of batter and up at the side, turning the bowl a quarter of a turn with each stroke. This will insure thorough blending.

When mixer is used, the volume will be slightly less and the texture will be finer.

If you live at an altitude over 3,500 feet, write Betty Crocker, General Mills, Minneapolis 1, Minnesota, for recipe adjustments. Specify recipe wanted.

CHERRY BUTTER ICING . . . Cream together 2 cups *sifted* confectioners' sugar, ¼ cup shortening (part butter for flavor). Stir in 2½ tbsp. maraschino cherry juice, 1 tsp. vanilla. Add more cherry juice if the icing appears too thick. For more generous icing, make 1½ times the recipe.

Cherry Nut Angel Food

AT LAST, a really moist, tender Angel Food that holds high, gay bits of cherry and rich nuggets of nut. A glamour cake with a really distinctive flavor. And even a beginner can follow the simplified Betty Crocker recipe successfully.

Because it's a "special occasion" cake, it's made with Softasilk Cake Flour. For Softasilk, you see, is milled for cakes alone, so, naturally, it gives you higher, finer, more delicate cakes than ordinary flour could do. Try it and see for yourself!



The Secret of this Wonderful Cake is SOFTASILK

So Good IT'S BETTY CROCKER'S ANGEL FOOD CAKE FLOUR



Soft-Weve is a two-ply toilet tissue that combines cleansing tissue softness with practical strength. We call it "water-woven." Try it for its wonderful softness and firm, clothlike texture. Chances are you'll use it always!

Cleansing tissue soft...
yet toilet tissue firm ...because it's double!

"Soft-Weve" "Scotties" "soft as old linen" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



(Continued from Page 170)

"you say you love the South, but you are its worst enemy. The South is not what you think it is. It's not injured, poor-but-proud, smug and nasty-nice! No more. My South will record what you do, not what you are. And I say that without performance—blood lines be *damned*."

"Maria," said the Captain in a low, miserable voice.

Phoebe began to open and close her fist; her lips worked rapidly, folding in and out; her head jerked spasmodically. But she spoke almost quietly, her voice a thin kind of scream from her throat. "Is this the end of your offensive diatribe?" she asked in her weak scream. "Have you quite finished?"

Tears sprang into Maria's eyes. "The only thing left is—daddy. No matter what you have thought of me, it isn't fair to blame the *Captain*. He's done the best he could. You have no right to boot him around, and bully him with Mr. Sutterfield's money. It's unfair! Oh, and the Captain was so proud of you! You were his *Family*. He loved you. And you cut him off." Tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"Maria," said the Captain again in a low, numbed, almost inaudible voice. He glanced at Phoebe. She seemed to have shrunk a little, to have bowed down over her cane. She raised dull eyes and spoke in a thin, chill voice.

"Through?"

Maria burst into a storm of tears. "Love is hard come by!" she choked. "You were lucky to be loved, and you brutally—brutally ——" She choked again. But she tried to go on. "And now, you'll be alone, and s-so will the C-Cap——" she could not continue. Spinning upon her heel, she turned and fled.

The Captain said in a low, miserable tone, "Phoebe, all I can do is to apologize."

"Don't speak to me," said Phoebe in an odd tone of voice.

She turned and stumped slowly out on the porch. The Captain silently followed her. They had begun to go down the steps when Marjorie and Bill Featherstone appeared in the circle of light thrown out upon the path from the porch globe. They were holding hands.

"Good evening, Aunt Phoebe," said Marjorie breathlessly. "And uncle!"

"How do you do, Mrs. Sutterfield? Captain, how are you?" asked Bill Featherstone in a blithe, confident, wholly different sort of voice from the heavy one the Captain usually associated with him.

"Hello," said the Captain miserably.

Pursing her lips, blinking her eyes, Phoe continued toward her car.

"Dear Aunt Phoebe, can you wait just moment?" cried Marjorie excitedly. "W have something to tell you."

"I do not wish to be told anything mor said Phoebe tartly, not even turning arou Assisted by Jackson, she disappeared i the back seat of her car.

"What on earth's the matter with Au Phoebe?" Marjorie looked at the car wit puzzled frown on her face.

The Captain sighed, a deep, final sigh, a started back up the steps. Then, rememb ing his manners, he said to the two stand on the path, "Oh, coming in?" He gazed them wanly, his shoulders sagging.

"Indeed we are!" cried Marjorie in carol of a voice. "And we have something tell you. Bill and I," she grinned, "well we're engaged."

"Fine," said the Captain absently. T engine in Phoebe's machine began purri in the rich, contented fashion of engines side expensive automobiles, and the car s out of the drive. He kept his eyes on it.

"I guess it seems kind of wacky. But you know, Mr. Beraud, it just came to All of a sudden," said Bill eagerly in his n voice. "I guess I was all mixed up th about Maria. And all. And all of a sudd we realized *we* belonged. Just like that— *knew*."

"Congratulations," said the Captain. T car was rolling up the street. He watche until it disappeared from sight.

"Somehow, I just didn't *see* Marjorie. something. Until lately, I mean."

"Oh, we just couldn't see what that right there before our noses," amended M jorie happily. "That was what was wr with *us*."

The Captain focused his eyes upon th He said with an effort, "Well, I'm glad. I glad something around here is panning ou He would never have thought, after all t wild, confused mixture of sensations Mari engagements had given him, that such announcement would leave him cold. But did.

"As soon as Margie's hair grows out, w get married," said Bill jubilantly. "I holding out for that. I like it better long. does mother."

"Isn't he crazy?" caroled Marjorie. "A way, my hair grows real fast."

"That's good," said the Captain in tired voice. He began trudging heavily



"Oh, Lester, you poor dear! If only you had said something!"

Time To Store Your Furs!



NOW MORE THAN EVER, WOMEN WHO KNOW INSIST ON

Certified* COLD FUR STORAGE

Because it is

Safest

BY ALL KNOWN STANDARDS

FINE FURS COST MORE THAN EVER NOW. If you value yours, it's more important than ever before to see that they get the better protection and care that Certified COLD fur storage assures. Then they will stay soft and supple through years of wear, undamaged by drying summer heat and other enemies of treasured furs . . . and be well worthy of restyling if fashions change!

Check your telephone directory for the Certified member nearest you—or drop us a card.

Over 5,000,000 women choose Certified, the best protection for fine furs!

CERTIFIED COLD FUR STORAGE VAULTS — CERTIFIED COLD FUR STORAGE ASSOCIATION — TRADE MARK

* Trade mark

Certified Cold Fur Storage Association, 500 E. Third, Kansas City 6, Missouri

RECOGNIZED NATIONAL AUTHORITY on FUR STORAGE

the steps. "Excuse me," he said over his shoulder. "I'm a little tired. Another night ——" His voice trailed off, and he went into the house.

The Captain spent an utterly wretched night, and a worse day followed it. It seemed to him that his world had folded in on him like a cardboard dollhouse; he lay, flat, supine, beneath the pieces, neither thinking nor caring.

The only positive thoughts that penetrated his dull consciousness were stray bits and pieces concerning his daughter. Like minnows darting about in a stream, little mixed pictures of Maria flashed in and out of his mind. They were all jumbled together with the look on Winthrop Spaulding's face when he spoke Maria's name. They were mixed up with that dumb, jangling Cousin Marjorie spending the winter at his house so she could act as a sobering influence on Maria. Yet it was Marjorie, not Maria, who had changed. But most of all, there flashed brightly before him, several times, the picture of Maria in the hall last night, standing Phoebe down—for *him.* If there was one thing he admired, it was loyalty!

It occurred to him that perhaps the only thing the matter with Maria was that she was strong. Tough and strong. Well, so was he. There was nothing the matter with being tough and strong. If there was one thing he hated it was namby-pamby people!

THE stray thoughts about Maria were still nagging at him when he drove home from the office, but they did not help to lift his gloom. He dragged into the house like an accident case, and found Maria waiting for him in the parlor.

"I tried to catch you before you left this morning," she said, "but you got away too early. I—I wanted to apologize. I've been thinking and thinking about the things I said last night—I know I shouldn't have said them! Aunt Phoebe is so old, she can't help her attitude. I was unkind. You and Phoebe might have patched things up if it hadn't been for me. You have before. But oh, no, I had to stick in *my* oar! And now—oh, it makes me so ashamed that I should be the cause of alienating you from her! I am so terribly, *terribly* sorry, daddy."

"It's all right," said the Captain in a dead voice. "It—well, it's done now." He slumped onto the sofa in the parlor and stared blackly before him. "I don't know how you'll get married," he said in an utterly defeated tone. "I can't see a way clear. I'm a failure, all right." His heart's wish—to guide Maria through a decent rearing and a brilliant wedding—had disappeared into thin air.

"*You* a failure! I'm the only failure around here, I'm the one who's always getting in a mess." She could have cried for him; he never slumped!

"Well, we're in a hell of a mess this time," said the Captain inaudibly. It was the first time he had ever used "we" with her.

"What do we care?" said Maria. "Winthrop and I can get married any which way. The wedding part doesn't mean anything."

"Damn it, it does mean something!" cried the Captain with a return of his old heat. "The whole business means something. I don't *choose* for you to get married any which way!" He slumped back, the fire gone. "But it looks as though you're going to," he said wretchedly.

"It's all my fault," said Maria.

He grunted. They sat for a while in a sad, sterile silence. It was a blank and negative silence, but it was not an inimical one; they were like two soldiers caught in the same foxhole.

A sudden rattle of the door knocker broke into the stale quiet.

"I'll go," said Maria without enthusiasm. She rose, and went to the door. Aunt Phoebe stood there. Maria was so surprised that she stood stock-still with her mouth open. "A-aunt Phoebe?" she said weakly. Unaccountably, she blushed.

Aunt Phoebe hit the porch floor an impatient whack with her cane. "*Well,*" she said

(Continued on Page 175)



Blemishes*. "I first started using Noxzema when I had some annoying blemishes*," says Joan Murray of Rye, N.Y. "It helped my skin look so much smoother and softer, I've used it regularly, since! As a make-up foundation, Noxzema helps powder *stay* on."

Look Lovelier in 10 Days with Doctor's Home Facial ...or your money back!

New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With just *one* dainty, snow-white cream—*greaseless, medicated* Noxzema—you can help your problem skin look lovelier!

The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women with problem skin look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

With this Home Facial, you "creamwash" to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling. You give skin the all-day protection of a *greaseless* powder base . . . the all-night aid of a *medicated* cream that helps heal,* soften, smooth.

Money-Back Offer! If this Facial doesn't help skin in 10 days, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—money back.

*externally caused blemishes

Save this! Follow Noxzema's easy Home Facial daily for a lovelier-looking complexion!



Morning Apply Noxzema over face and neck. Using a damp cloth, "creamwash" with Noxzema just as you would if you were using soap and water. When you "cream wash" your skin clean, there's no dry, drawn feeling afterwards!

Now, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. This greaseless, invisible film of Noxzema not only holds make-up beautifully, but it also helps protect your skin *all day!*





Evening—At bedtime, "creamwash" again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, the day's dirt without harsh rubbing!

Now, lightly massage your skin with Noxzema to help soften and smooth. Put a little extra over any blemishes to help heal them. Medicated Noxzema is a greaseless overnight cream. No "smeary" face or messy pillow, when you use dainty, snow white Noxzema!





NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM

Like an Angel of Mercy to your skin

At any drug or cosmetic counter

40¢, 60¢, $1.00 plus tax

Look only to Englander for the New Sleep!



Cocoon



Mr. Big



Slumberbug

because only Englander brings you an Airfoam* Mattress and RED-LINE* Foundation

What makes this sleep so *new*? Two things: *comfort*, such as tired nerves and muscles never knew before, and wonderful *support*, the kind that gives your body true rest.

You sleep on the world's most relaxing mattress, an Englander mattress of Goodyear's Airfoam. Millions of air cells float you, give with every turn and twist, fit every curve.

This supreme luxury demands a new type of foundation, designed just for Airfoam. It is Englander's Red-Line Foundation, providing firm, healthful support. So perfectly are they matched that we guarantee both mattress and foundation for 20 years against any defect in materials or workmanship, when used together.

Englander
SLEEP PRODUCTS

2 great companies join forces for your sleeping comfort

GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER



Just press down on Airfoam. Feel how it molds itself to your hand, responds with a buoyant "uplift." Millions of tiny air cells cradle you, allow the mattress to breathe.

No other foundation looks like this inside. The Red-Line is designed especially for an Airfoam Mattress. Unlike other springs, they are joined only in the middle by flexible steel bands. Top half adjusts automatically to your every move. Lower part acts as stabilizer for firm, healthful support.

NON-ALLERGIC, DUSTLESS
COOL SLEEPING
ALWAYS ODORLESS
NEVER NEEDS TURNING
HELPS PREVENT BODY ACHES
NEVER SAGS OR LUMPS

★TM The Englander Company, Inc. *TM The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company ©1951 The Englander Company, Inc., Chicago, Illinois

(Continued from Page 173)

h her loud, harsh voice, "don't just stand here."

Maria moved numbly while Phoebe tumped into the hall.

The Captain had risen. He stared at Phoebe, a mixture of wild hope and shock pon his face. His mouth hung open too. Phoebe?" he finally managed. "Phoebe?"

"Phoebe! Phoebe!" she mimicked, her yes glinting. She stumped across the parlor o her chair. "Titwillow! Titwillow!" In the eep silence, she sat down, balanced her cane gainst the arm of the chair, and arranged erself. Her trumpet in her hand, she looked t the Captain and his daughter, still standg stupidly in the middle of the floor. She ughed harshly. "You look like prisoners at he bar. And well you might, well you might. fter the words that were said here last eveing."

Maria cleared her throat. She had never efore apologized to her great-aunt; it was ard for the words to come out. She forced hem: "Aunt Phoebe, I want to a-apologize."

he swallowed. "I was ery rude last night," he said humbly.

A flicker of satisaction glimmered in hoebe's small eyes. You were," she agreed arshly. "Well, sit own! Sit down!"

They sat down.

Phoebe looked directly at the Captain. he said without preamble, "Did you know hat when I married Ir. Bacon, your father orbade me the house? or a good five years r so, I never set foot side his door. Later, course, he took me ack." She coughed, nd continued in a hardned voice, "But things ere never the same etween us. You didn't now that, did you?" he asked sharply, ercing him with her ady eyes.

"I didn't know anying about it," said e Captain in a weak ne.

"Well, it's true. It as a mistake, all right. e admitted he'd made mistake." Then her face changed a little, ftening slightly. "I thought it good of him say he'd been wrong. It's hard to admit u're in the wrong." Her face stiffened. ery hard." Then gripping her cane until r knuckles showed white, she said quickly, a loud, harsh voice, "I am here to admit y mistake." She did not take her eyes from s face.

"Phoebe ——"

"Oh, Aunt Phoebe ——"

"No comments, please!" Phoebe said ortly, holding up her hand as if to ward the words. "This is . . . costing me enough it is," she said more to herself than to em. She slumped a little in her chair, and oked down at her seamed and knotted nds. "I'm old," she said hoarsely, still oking at her hands. "Out of touch. Someies it seems to me the world has gone on thout me. As though it had taken a new ite, and *I've* been by-passed, somehow." e moved restlessly. "I resent that."

TEN she sat up straight, and directed a ce look at Maria.

"It has occurred to me that you might be ht. About some things," she said stiffly. he South. Virginia. You know I love ginia. All it stands for!" she cried out lently. "It's mine. A part of it has been nded down to me since its very birth, m father, to son, to me!" A strange look rantic appeal crossed her face. She looked the Captain. "How can I help but love place where all of us, all the way back, have lived and died?" she asked him helplessly.

But it was Maria who answered her. "Of course you love it," she said gently, leaning forward a little in her chair. "You are one of those who have kept it alive. I've been stupid—not to see that before."

PHOEBE gave Maria a sharp but not unfriendly look. "Yes, I helped! When Virginia was dying, I helped! I bucked the stream to do it, I was forbidden my brother's house for it, but I was one of them—one who restored, who renewed, re-created. I didn't sit back! Not I."

"You," said Maria warmly, "were an example of breeding plus performance. I never saw that before, either."

Phoebe sent her another sharp look. She slumped in the chair again. But now, "I'm old. Old," she said fretfully. "There's not much life left here now. And I know this much—nothing stands still. Everything keeps moving. Forward or backward, life keeps moving. That's what they didn't understand when I married Bacon." She sat up, and in a loud, strong voice, she shouted at Maria, "*You're* moving! You're not sitting back. I know that much. I don't even know how I know it, but I do. I see it's the time of change, the time of renewal. Just as it was once before. I see it all now. All!" She pointed a finger at Maria. "And you're not going to have to buck me, to move on. No! That's what I've decided—you're not bucking me." She fumbled in her purse. She pulled out a folded green check. "Here," she said abruptly, holding the check out to Maria, "a fat slice of the Bacon."

Maria sat dumbly where she was.

"Come here," said Phoebe sharply. "It is for you."

Maria stumbled across the room and slowly drew the check from between Phoebe's fingers. She opened it; it was made out to her, for the sum of five thousand dollars.

"Aunt Phoebe!" she gasped. "You can't, you mustn't —— Daddy, here"—she thrust the check upon the Captain.

He had one astounded look, and opened his mouth to speak, perhaps to scream, when Phoebe shouted in her harsh voice, "Take your hands off that check, Richard! It's not for you. We'll talk about wedding bills later. That check is for Maria, in her new life with Mr."—she stumbled over the name, but she grimly pushed it out—"Spaulding," she croaked, as though she had just got rid of a frog in her throat. "I admit it's not a very high stud fee, but it's all right when you think of the remarkably fine breed Mr. . . . Spaulding is getting along with it." She cackled, and picked up her cane.

"Aunt Phoebe, oh, Aunt *Phoebe*, how can I tell you ——"

"No remarks! No remarks!" shouted Phoebe, rising. "I do not wish to talk any more tonight. I'm tired. Bone tired." She suddenly looked much older, like an old rag doll slumped over her cane. She started from the room.

"But my dear Phoebe," cried the Captain, "how can we ever thank ——"

"I *said* no remarks, Richard," Phoebe interrupted imperiously. "I meant it. You can thank me tomorrow. Nobody can say that when I go out, I don't go *all* out—but heroics are fatiguing. Terribly fatiguing." She was at the front door. The Captain jumped to

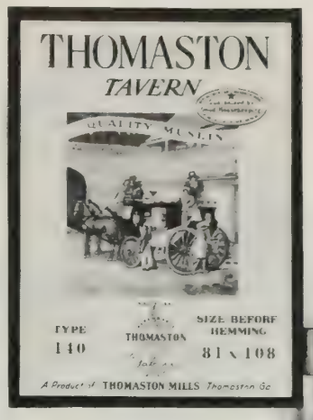
(Continued on Page 177)

Betrothal rings probably have a longer history than wedding rings, but for centuries one ring was deemed adequate for both ceremonies. Diamond rings came into vogue in the seventeenth century. The engagement ring which Prince Albert gave Queen Victoria was a gold snake consisting of fourteen hinged joints, twelve of them set with one diamond to each joint: the inside was enameled in black and white, and the head joint unscrewed and passed through a loop in the tail.

The third-finger-of-the-left-hand convention is a modern invention. In sixteenth-century England thumb rings were the vogue at weddings, presumably on the theory that the bigger the ring the greater the love, and the custom recurred in the reign of George I. However, there were other reasons for thumb rings. The Roman Emperor Maximinus was so fat that no ordinary ring would slip onto his pudgy fingers; so he used his wife's bracelets as thumb rings. The little finger was long deemed the "love finger," and for centuries the right hand was preferred to the left—Rubens' and Murillo's betrothal paintings always show the ring on the right hand.

—J. R. McCARTHY: Rings Through the Ages.

This ticket is your **ASSURANCE** *of* **GOOD VALUE**



You rest assured when you sleep on Tavern Sheets. They are the traditional choice of the wise woman who realizes that as clothes make the man, bedclothes make the beds where you and your family spend a third of your lives. These trousseau-quality muslins are everything a good sheet should be—soft but strong, smooth yet sturdy. Indispensable for gracious living, Tavern Sheets are the stuff that dreams are made on.



Thomaston Sheets

Other Thomaston Sheet Qualities:

PAGE, TYPE 140 • FIRESIDE, TYPE 128 • PEDIGREE, COMBED PERCALE • PILGRIM, TYPE 128

Ask for THOMASTON SHEETS *at your favorite store—a quality for every purse and purpose*



Do you keep your bedroom behind closed doors?



If only that bedroom were as beautiful as the rest of your home . . . what a wonderful addition it would be! Make Mengel Furniture your choice for your bedroom now, and you'll make your whole house more gracious.





THE SILHOUETTE GROUP . . . see how beautifully it curves away from modern in the usual sense. Smooth, simple, functional . . . everything you want a contemporary bedroom suite to be . . . yet different, and more graceful, than any you've seen before. In grey walnut or korina tan.



Open the door to compliments with

MENGEL

FURNITURE

If what your guests say makes a difference to you . . . choose Mengel Bedroom Furniture. It wins compliments from everybody. Such beautiful styling! Such a fine gleaming finish! Every piece of Mengel Furniture speaks openly of your good taste . . . but keeps your budget a secret.

Look closely, look twice . . .
here's furniture you could look at forever!

Permanized MENGEL Furniture



GOLD COAST MAHOGANY . . . a modernized 18th Century group in hand-rubbed mahogany veneers. See how it adapts the fine elegance of 18th Century design to the home of today . . . gracious and beautiful, but simply, and deliberately, more functional.

THE MENGEL COMPANY

Growers and processors of timber • manufacturers of fine furniture • plywood • flush doors • veneers • corrugated containers • kitchen and wall cabinets

FURNITURE DIVISION • LOUISVILLE 1, KENTUCKY

(Continued from Page 175)

pen it for her, but before he did, she put
er old clawlike hand on his arm a moment.
To tell you the truth, I didn't much relish
eing all alone. Did you, Richard?"

"No. Oh, no!" he cried gratefully.

She jerked her head toward the parlor
where Maria stood mutely pleating and re-
leating the green check.

"She was right about one thing," said
Phoebe hoarsely. "Love is hard come by."

Though it was only ten-thirty at night,
he Captain was already asleep when the
hone rang. Its high, insistent shrilling half
oke him; he turned over and said grumpily
n the dark, "Shut up." Then he heard Maria
nswer it, and he closed his eyes again. He
as sprawled out in a swastika, happily
noring, when someone began banging rudely
pon his back. The banging was accom-
anied by noises.

"Daddy, daddy, wake up!" Maria was
aying. "I'm getting married tomorrow.
Daddy! Get *up*, daddy."

The Captain groaned, turned over and
pened his eyes.

Maria was still beating on his shoulder.
Winnie just called! We have to get married
omorrow! Tomorrow,
addy!"

"You are getting
arried two weeks
om now," said the
aptain stupidly.
What is all this damn
ool ——" He sat up
nd began experimen-
ally opening and shut-
ng his eyes.

"I'm getting mar-
ied tomorrow after-
oon! Have to. I just
alked to Winnie, they
ant him to leave for
urope right away.
ight away! The boat
oes day after tomor-
ow. Hurry, hurry,
ake *up*."

The Captain was not
lly awake. "Who is *they*, damn it? Does
e have to listen to *them*, whoever in hell
ey are? Tell him to just get hold of the
roper authorities and explain that the
edding ——" He was suddenly wide awake.
What is all this fool talk in the middle of
e night? Just go tell Winthrop to settle
," he said crossly.

"Daddy, daddy, you don't understand.
e can't settle anything. He *has* to leave day
ter tomorrow. He's on *assignment*. It's just
ce being in the Army. Don't you see? The
litor is like his superior officer. Get up!"

"Superior officer be damned!" The Cap-
in gave his bedcovers a convulsive kick.
Just let him pull some wires, get hold of the
ght people. Why, the things I could tell you
out the Army ——"

"Daddy, daddy, please get off the Army!
e haven't time! Winthrop isn't *going* to
ll any wires; he's on assignment. He has
en given an order by the managing editor.
ou've got to help me! There's everything
do. Winnie gets here at three tomorrow
ternoon. The wedding will have to be as
on after that as we can make it. Are you all
wake?"

HE Captain groaned again and fumbled
the bedside table for a cigarette. "Oh,
ll, we'll do it somehow," he groaned. "How
n we get the church ready in time?
etter call the Reverend Mr. Downing, no,
, I'll call Norfolk first; oh hell, the Spaul-
ngs ought to be phoned—let's see ——" He
gan to prowl up and down the room, wav-
g his unlit cigarette. "So many things—
st let me think, let me think ——"

While the Captain prowled, Maria calmly
nt and woke up Marjorie.

At three-thirty the next afternoon, the
ptain's place made the state insane asylum
Williamsburg, Virginia, look like Paradise
ined. A caterer's truck was just back-
g out of the drive as the elder Spaul-
ngs, on the road since six that morn-
g, attempted to turn in it; the resultant exchange of horns and words would under ordinary circumstances have awakened the dead. But there was so much noise inside the Captain's house that no one even heard it.

There were a dozen assorted neighbors inside, rushing to and fro. There were four men from the caterer's in the back of the house and three servants, Phoebe having sent over her butler and cook to help Lizzie. Nannie Stewart was just lurching in the front door, bowed down with the weight of the flowers she had taken from her cutting beds. Maria was upstairs rapidly taking up the hem of a suit she had purchased right after breakfast to wear as her wedding costume. Seated at the table in the hall, Cousin Marjorie was frantically telephoning.

"YES, I said Maria is getting married in a half an hour! Up at the church! . . . No, you didn't get mixed up on the date, it's changed to now. . . . But I couldn't *help* calling this late, Mrs. Brown! I've been phoning since seven-thirty this morning and I have four other people phoning *for* me! I'm *sorry*. But we had to call her close friends first, and besides, we had to get hold of all her old beaux. You know what a job that was. . . . Yes'm, it was a change in plans. . . . All right. . . . I've got to ring off now—good-by."

Marjorie put down the phone and looked at her watch.

"Fathers! Fathers! I've *got* to dress!" she cried to no one in particular. "Can't *somebody* besides the maid of honor do all this phoning? I haven't even tried the dress *on!*"

Chic, handsome and worldly-wise, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Hazlitt Spaulding, III, entered the front door. Marjorie saw them standing there, empty-handed, and running to Mrs. Spaulding, she thrust the list in her hand.

"Take over, will you?" she cried. "I've got to dress! I checked the ones who've been called. Get the rest—*quick*—the information's written at the top." She grabbed Mrs. Spaulding's arm, and dragged her back to the phone table. "There!" she panted. "*Thanks!*" She ran upstairs.

Nannie Stewart hurtled through the hall, and grasped Mr. Spaulding by the arm. "Where's the Captain? Quick! I don't know where he wants the lemon yellows!"

"I'm terribly sorry—I haven't met any Captain," said Mr. Spaulding in a reserved voice. "I haven't met anyone yet."

Mrs. Stewart began pushing him toward the back hall. "Help me decide!" she cried. "I've put out every vase in the house; I can't make up my mind which one to use. We haven't a second to lose ——"

"But I say, I'd like to introduce myself to ——"

"Just hurry!" screamed Mrs. Stewart, pushing harder.

She was interrupted by one of the caterer's men, who tapped Mr. Spaulding's free arm.

"There's not near enough plates for the chicken patties, sir. And nobody knows where the family's banquet cloth is kept."

"Faugh!" cried Mrs. Stewart in exasperation. Dropping his arm, she rushed away.

Mr. Spaulding stood where he was a moment, lost in hopeless confusion. Three elderly persons entered the hall, two tiny ladies and an old gentleman who Mr. Spaulding instantly felt must have been the original model for the colonel in the Kentucky bourbon ad.

He started to speak, to ask them for help, but the Kentucky colonel darted an annoyed glance at him.

"See here," he said, "you'll really have to move out of the front hall. As you can see, they are very busy here today."

(Continued on Page 179)

Early in her marriage, the youthful Queen Victoria discovered the difference between ruling a nation and ruling a husband. One day the Queen lost her temper. Her husband, Prince Albert, wordlessly went to his room and locked himself in. The outraged Victoria stalked after him and pounded: "I demand you open this door!" There was no answer. She rapped again, furiously. "Who is there?" shouted Albert. "The Queen of England!" The door remained shut. She rapped again, this time uncertainly. Still no answer. After a while, she whispered meekly, "It's your wife, Albert." Albert instantly opened the door, his face wreathed in smiles.

Buying a Mattress?

Be sure it's *REINFORCED* with

STRONGER* LONGER-LASTING

PERM-A-LATOR
TRADE MARK

Wire Insulators



Look for this tag *when you buy* MATTRESSES BOX SPRINGS UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE

Steel wires keep padding out of springs—Prevent "Coil Feel" . . . Lumping . . . or Sagging!

PERM-A-LATOR . . . the new miracle *wire* insulator is the *strongest* insulator used in making mattresses, box springs and upholstered furniture. Tough spring wire pad is placed directly over the springs before padding is applied. It acts as a permanent barrier to keep padding from shifting or sinking into springs—prevents "coil feel", lumping or sagging. PERM-A-LATOR Wire Insulators allow greater spring action, giving you more comfort and adding years of life to mattresses and upholstered furniture. Insist on this extra value that costs no more!



*PROVEN STRONGER

Over 2½ million rolling cycles have been made in independent tests on standard mattress made with PERM-A-LATOR Wire Insulators. Tests proved conclusively that PERM-A-LATORS do not let padding sink into the springs, and last more than twice as long as other insulators.

PERM-A-LATOR
TRADE MARK
Wire INSULATORS
"The Backbone of Your Mattress"

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Write for Free Booklet!

Tells how Wire Insulators add longer life . . . greater comfort to all upholstered products.

Manufactured by FLEX-O-LATORS, Inc. Carthage, Mo.

FACTORIES IN CARTHAGE, MISSOURI AND NEW CASTLE, PENNSYLVANIA

CAREFREE AND NEW

AND DESIGNED FOR YOU!



Coloramic dining set. Table opens to 58 inches. Bronze, silver-gray or avocado green legs. Daystromite top in green, gray, chartreuse, and limed oak wood grain. Chairs in green, cocoa, wine, and chartreuse, Goodall Nomad or faille pattern.

Merrily Modern and Practical is Daystrom's new Coloramic* dining set in lighthearted colors. Sleek-lined steel legs are sheathed in petal-smooth plastic that resists scratching, cracking, peeling. The hospitable table has Daystrom's own Wonder Top, made for hard wear and easy care. Mannerly modern chairs are curved for comfort, richly upholstered in patterned plastic that wipes clean with a damp cloth. Yes, Coloramic fits into formal décor—but it's right at home in the most modest budgets! *Trademark

So Easy to Live with is this cheerful and versatile little table that's perfect for breakfast, brunch or lunch—opens out to seat 6 for dinner —and moves into the living room for cards when company comes. Wonderful space-saver for small apartments and little rooms. Like all Daystrom tables, it's tidily topped with Daystromite. And every inch is washable—chromed surfaces, Wonder Top, even the blossom-bright upholstery.

• *Daystrom sets $79.95 and up at furniture and department stores everywhere.*



Chromed dinette set, 4 chairs. Table top 30 by 30 inches closed, with 12-inch center extension. Chromed steel legs. Daystromite top in gray, green, red, blue, or yellow pearl design. Table also available in wood grain colors. Chairs to match or contrast.

1950 1951

For the second consecutive year, Daystrom has received the Fashion Academy Gold Medal Award.

–it's DAYSTROM furniture !

The Tables with the Wonder Top

Daystrom Furniture
Olean, N. Y.; Friendship, N. Y.; Fullerton, Calif.
Division of Daystrom, Inc.



Daystromite Resists Heat!



Daystromite Resists Scars!



Daystromite Resists Stains!

(Continued from Page 177)

This was too much. "Allow me to introduce myself, sir," he said bitingly. "I am Winthrop Spaulding, the father of the groom. Back there"—he pointed to the rear of the hall where Mrs. Spaulding sat clenching the phone, and speaking into it with an air of concentrated purpose—"is my wife, sir. *Mrs.* Spaulding. Who, I might add, is in the process of inviting the wedding guests to the church."

The Kentucky colonel became terribly agitated.

"Oh, forgive me, suh! I never dreamed—a ghastly mistake, suh! I am George Beraud. And may I introduce Miss Bella Beraud. And Miss Lelia Beraud. Mr. *Spaulding*, Bella, Lelia. . . . Oh, hello, Mr. Munroe," he cried as Hubert Munroe burst into the hall carrying a dustcloth and a floor mop. "Mr. Munroe, have you met Mr. Spaulding?"

"How do you do," said Mr. Spaulding faintly.

"Glad to meet you. The church is ready!" cried Mr. Munroe breathlessly. He balanced the mop against the newel post of the stair rail, and nervously began to wring the cloth between his two hands. Mr. Spaulding noted that he wore a pair of grimy gardening gloves. "Get the Captain!" cried Mr. Munroe urgently. "The church is aired and dusted, and a lot of people are already there! Get him! We haven't got but ten minutes!"

At that moment the bride, looking nervous but ravishing, descended the stairs with the Captain right behind her.

"Mr. Spaulding? I knew it from your picture! Why didn't somebody *tell* us you were here. I'm so glad to see you—where is Mrs. Spaulding? Isn't this the most confusing —— Oh, and this is my father; daddy, this is Mr. Spaulding. Oh, hello there, Uncle George, and aunts. Where's Marjorie? And where is Winnie? Is *Winnie* here?"

"Don't worry," said Mr. Munroe. "Young Spaulding is up at the church, nervous as a cat. Stamping around in the little chapel with Mr. Downing riding herd on him. . . . Now, Mr. Spaulding, he wants *you* right away. Come on now—everybody—we've got to get *up* there!"

Marjorie rushed down the steps. "What do I do when I get up there? How do I walk? Where do I go? Oh, I wish we'd rehearsed!"

"Just walk up the aisle and wait at the altar steps. I'll be right behind you. I'll start when you're halfway up. Oh, daddy, daddy, we've got to *go!*"

The bewildered Mrs. Spaulding sat down in the front pew on the groom's side of the altar. She had barely seated herself when she felt a sharp pinch on her shoulder. She looked around. Mr. Munroe stood in the aisle holding out a corsage of camellias.

"Your flowers," he hissed. "We forgot them at the house."

"Thank you." She smiled and took them from him.

Mr. Munroe bowed, a low, courtly bow, the effect only slightly marred by the fact that he had forgotten to remove the gardening gloves in which he had cleaned up the church.

Pinning the camellias to her dress, Mrs. Spaulding felt eyes upon her. She looked up. In the opposite pew, just across the aisle from her, sat an ancient, elegant *grande dame* in a Queen Mary hat; from under the hat, small piercing eyes stared at her. The old lady gazed only a second more, and something cold and furious blazed in her face. Then she evidently made up her mind to pursue a different course, for her expression miraculously changed, becoming smooth and warm; with a smile, she graciously inclined her head. Mrs. Spaulding nodded back, not knowing that she was acknowledging Phoebe Beraud Bacon Sutterfield, who had at that moment passed a milestone; for the first time in her life, she had recognized a damyankee *first*.

By twisting her head a little, Mrs. Spaulding was able to observe that the church was crowded with what seemed to be an extraordinary mixture of people. Members of the local Four Hundred were easily identified by their hats and their closed, arrogant expressions. But sprinkled among them like crab grass in a fancy flower border were a number of persons who reminded her of the members of a Broadway chorus: several beefy males whose collars looked too tight, and three starving young men in loud coats who from their strained, wolfish expressions seemed not to have eaten for days. She could not know that they were representatives from the Holmes Studio, the Richmond Bears and the Richmond Virginian-Gazette sports department—all she knew was that it was one of the most curious assemblies she had ever seen. Her New York friends had varying opinions of Virginia; some of them considered it a run-down, sparsely settled village somewhere between New York and Florida. Others of her friends thought of Virginia as a storybook place filled with Confederate colonels and their ladies, in mansions with columns, surrounded by singing darkies and magnolia trees. But no one had ever expressed the thought that Virginia might be a kind of state madhouse, full of remarkably ill-assorted, mildly insane people.

A swelling wave of music burst from the chancel. It heralded the entrance of the young lady whom Mrs. Spaulding had seen briefly at the house. Clinging rather desperately to a bouquet of camellias, the young lady moved jerkily up the aisle. Midway, she stalled, cast a quick look over her shoulder, and then with an expression bordering on despair, continued her uneasy approach to the altar. At the altar, she stalled again, looked rapidly from left to right, and then, evidently making up her mind, almost ran to the right side, where she stopped, turned her head and began to stare anxiously down the aisle.

She stood there straining with her eyes down the aisle for a remarkably long time. Numbers of wedding guests began twisting around in their seats and looking back toward the rear of the church. The organ started up the same piece again, and was nearly through it, when through the open church door the Captain's voice could be heard clearly.

"Damn it, Maria, where have you been?" he bawled.

"Just in the yard. That was *Stoogie* taking the pictures! It's his first society assignment! I couldn't let Stoogie down."

"You're holding up the entire works!" thundered the Captain. "The wedding has started. *Give* me your arm!"

With his daughter on his arm, the Captain stepped smartly out into the aisle; while the

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

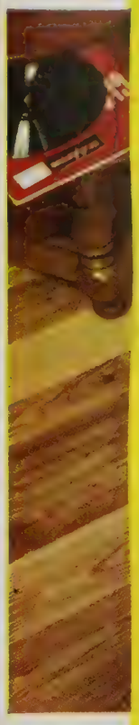
Author

By Ethel Barnett de Vito

Suddenly neighborhood trees,
streets, walls
Bear news items chalked in
straggling scrawls
And every eye may absorb such
facts
As "Jim loves Betty" and "Claire
loves Max"
And "Bob is nutty" and "Ann's a
pill"
And "Joan's a dope" and "Marie
hates Bill."

And neighbors, seeing there's only
one
Unmentioned, unslandered and
unsung,
Divine that this literary flight
Means that Dick, aged seven, has
learned to write!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★





Shining floors... Safe from slips!

now yours with GOLD SEAL self polishing FLOOR WAX







59¢* Pint 98¢* Quart

Listed as antislip material by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., under reexamination service. Look for this seal.

AT LAST a wax that shines floors brightly, yet *doesn't make them slippery* — Gold Seal Self Polishing Floor Wax.

TRY IT. Prove to yourself here's the wax for gleaming floors you can walk on, run on, with safety!

ON ANY TYPE FLOOR, Gold Seal adds lustre that lasts. Use on hardwood, linoleum, rubber and asphalt tile—for shining floors, safe from slips!

**Prices Fair Traded where state laws permit.* © *Gold Seal Co., Bismarck, N. Dak.*



You, too, could be more **charming attractive popular**

Millions of women have found Odo-Ro-No a sure short cut to precious charm. For over 40 years we have conducted hundreds of tests on all types of deodorants. We have proved Odo-Ro-No safeguards your charm and attractiveness more effectively than any deodorant you have ever used.

- **Odo-Ro-No is the only cream deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.***
- **Odo-Ro-No is *the* deodorant that *stays* creamy longer—never gets gritty, even in open jar.**
- **No other cream deodorant is so harmless for fabrics.**
- **No other cream deodorant is safer for skin.**

**Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the best deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.*



New
ODO·RO·NO
CREAM

GUARANTEED *Full 24 Hour Protection*

organ boomed and swelled with music, they walked quickly to the altar, and Winthrop took a step to meet them.

The Reverend Mr. Downing opened his book. But before he could speak, a news camera flew into the church door and, with a series of loud thumps, rolled to a stop in the aisle. A fat boy fell in behind it; his breath was knocked out of him in a swopshing groan, as every other pair of eyes in the church turned toward where he lay. Mr. Downing resolutely continued with the service while the fat boy picked himself up, retrieved his camera and furtively crawled to the nearest pew. He had just sat down, furiously crimson and wet with perspiration, when the ceremony ended.

Well, said Mrs. Spaulding to herself. She could not know that to the last the Captain's daughter had pursued her abnormal course—accompanied to the end by the special genie in charge of excursions and alarums, by wild crisis, and cry havoc, everywhere.

THE reception was in full swing. The jolly sound of popping champagne corks mixed with the hum of many voices; the Veuve Cliquot was rapidly oiling the psyches of well dones, mediums and rares, providing a happy, swinging bridge between Mrs. Thurston Brown and the Bears, between Phoebe Beraud Bacon Sutterfield and the Holmes Studio of Dramatic Art.

Standing not far from Mr. Holmes was Stoogie Levering. After a few hastily downed cups, he was feeling much better; he thought that perhaps with time, with the passage of several years, the terrible memory of having fallen into Maria's wedding ceremony would somehow be blotted out, and he would again be a whole man. But he knew one thing right now—it had cured him of blondes. He never wanted to get mixed up with one of *them* again.

The Captain moved absently among his guests, noting empty cups and politely accepting congratulations. He had something on his mind. In a little while, Maria would be leaving home. The thought gave him an extraordinary, hollow sensation under his ribs. He couldn't exactly define it; he only knew that it was uncomfortable, and he had the vague idea that perhaps if he went up and spoke to his daughter, the hollow place would go away. He decided to fix her a drink and take it up to her. This very instant. She needed a drink. Why, she needed *him*—a girl needed her father at a time like this. Of course. Having made his decision, he was all at once very anxious to get upstairs, and he began wending his way through his guests toward the pantry.

Mrs. Featherstone stopped him, and said some polite things about Maria, but he hardly heard her. He excused himself, and pushed past her. As he left, he heard her say to Marjorie and William, standing beside her, "How they got Phoebe Beraud to condone this, I'll never know! A real about-face! I suppose the Captain must have somehow



"Please, boys! All I ask is that you let me admire it for a few minutes!"



Enjoy intriguing comfort in these smartly tailored "CUSHIONIZED" shoes, with those wonderful exclusive features. Just slip on a pair of "CUSHIONIZED" shoes in the morning and you're all set for the day! Featured in 2,000 fine stores from coast to coast.



WRITE
FOR ATTRACTIVE FOLDER AND NEAREST DEALER

LUMBARD-WATSON CO. • AUBURN, MAINE

WHEN YOU HAVE A Headache



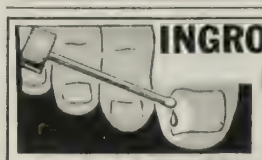
Alka-Seltzer

FIRST AID for Headaches—Alka-Seltzer!
FAST Relief when you need it most.
ALWAYS rely on this famous headache preparation that is giving relief to thousands every day.
When You have a headache, remember Alka-Seltzer—**FIRST, FAST** and **ALWAYS.**

© 1951 Miles Laboratories Inc.



AT ALL DRUG STORES, U.S. & CANADA



INGROWN NAIL Hurting You?
Immediate Relief!

A few drops of OUTGRO® bring blessed relief from tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTGRO toughens the skin underneath the nail, allows the nail to be cut and thus prevents further pain and discomfort. OUTGRO is available at all drug counters.

persuaded her it was the best thing to do. Well, to change the subject, Marjorie, I must tell you about the family project. The Episcopal ——"

The Captain was now out of earshot. He snickered. *Maria persuaded Phoebe, my dear madam,* he silently answered Mrs. Featherstone. *Yes, my dear madam, it was Maria.* Feeling much more impatient now, he pushed quickly through his guests. He had almost made the door to the pantry when Uncle George detained him.

"Just a minute there, Richard."

"Not now, George. Not now," said the Captain brusquely.

"I want to explain something," persisted Uncle George, frowning at the Captain's short tone. "You know Grandmother Beraud's diamond sunburst? Well, I ——"

"Later," said the Captain, with irritation. "I'm trying to get up to Maria." He tried to brush Uncle George aside. "Can't you see I'm in a hurry, George?"

"Will you please listen to me, Richard!" Uncle George was annoyed with the Captain's lack of respect, and he looked quite sullen as he continued, "I know you wanted Maria to have the pin when she was married. But I want to explain that we are afraid we are going to give it to little Cousin Marjorie instead. We can't see the Family jewelry going North, Richard, and I ——"

The Captain was furiously angry; he could feel his gorge rising.

"George, you infernal ass," he growled, "Maria doesn't give a damn about your pin. Not a damn!" he repeated in a roar, for the first time in his life completely losing his temper with a member of the Family, in Maria's behalf. "Give it to Marjorie! Give it to Lizzie! Give it to the Salvation Army, but *get out of my way!*"

He gave Uncle George a rude push and burst through the pantry door. He began to hurry in earnest now; suppose she left before he got up there? He took from its hiding place behind some fruitcake tins a bottle of very old brandy, so old he had never entertained a guest important enough to warrant breaking it out. He poured some in a glass, and ran to the icebox for egg and cream. He made a brandy flip, and though he was consumed with impatience, he was careful to sprinkle a little nutmeg on top—girls like theirs dressed up.

He put the flip on a tray, and to avoid the wedding guests, he took the back stairs up to his daughter's room. He knocked on the door.

"Come in," she said in a muffled voice.

He went in. She was sitting upon her bed, wearing a new straw hat; he could have sworn she'd been crying. "Well," he said inadequately.

He put the tray on the table by her bed, and stood indecisively beside her, dying to say something, but not knowing how to begin. The hollow place inside him rapidly expanded; it became so enormous, he felt hollow all over.

"I—I feel queer," said Maria, "now that I'm leaving."

"Hrmfh," said the Captain. He reached over and awkwardly patted the top of her hat.

Suddenly, she leaned against him, sniffing. "I—I'm going to miss you, Captain," she said. Her lower lip trembled.

Hesitantly, the Captain put an arm around her and began to pat her shoulder in a nervous tattoo. He felt horribly awkward; he wasn't at all sure he was doing the right thing, but he got a lovely thrill of warmth from it just the same, and it seemed to him some of the hollow place was filling up.

"I'm going to miss you, too," he said gruffly. "Damned if I'm not. But before you say Jack Robinson, you'll be back for a visit!"

"Oh, Captain, you're the *sweetest* thing!" Maria sniffed again. "I don't know how I'll get along without you. All those lovely f-fights."

The Captain was conscious of a ghastly lump rising in his throat. But it was wonderful, how strong and wise and protective he felt.

"Everything's going to be *fine*," he crooned over the lump. Still patting with one hand, he picked up the glass of flip with the other. "Here, daughter," he said, "it's a loving cup."

NEHRU—MAN IN THE MIDDLE

(Continued from Page 50)

Gandhi's campaign of civil disobedience—3 months.

April, 1922, to January, 1923, again in Lucknow District Jail for participation in the civil-disobedience campaign—8 months.

In the autumn of 1923 in Nabha jail for breach of an order to leave Nabha territory—3 weeks.

April 14, 1930, to October 11, 1930, in Naini Prison for opposition to the British Salt Tax Act—6 months.

October 19, 1930, to January 26, 1931, in Naini Prison again for his part in the no-tax campaign in Allahabad—3 months.

December 26, 1931, to August, 1933, first in Naini Prison for civil disobedience, then transferred to Bareilly District Jail, then transferred to Dehra Dun Jail at the foot of the Himalayas—20 months.

February 16, 1934, until September 4, 1935, in Alipore Jail, Calcutta, for again taking part in the civil-disobedience movement; released on August 11, 1934, for eleven days to visit his seriously ill wife, Kamala; returned to prison August 23, 1934, at Naini Prison and then transferred to Almora District Jail because it was nearer to his ill wife's home—19 months. (Kamala died in 1936.)

October, 1940, to December, 1941, in detention as one of the initiators of Gandhi's token civil-disobedience campaign against the "Defense of India" regulations—14 months.

August, 1942, to June 15, 1945, in Ahmadnagar Fort Prison for taking part in the Congress Party's resolution to campaign on nonviolent lines for India's independence—34 months.

All told, he was imprisoned on nine different occasions between 1921 and 1945 for a total of 107 months and 3 weeks, or just one week short of nine years, all in connection with the Indian campaign for independence from Great Britain.

Nehru's three principal books were all written during these periods in prison. His first book, Glimpses of World History, is a collection of letters to his daughter, Indira, written between October, 1930, and August, 1933. His second principal book, the autobiography, Toward Freedom, was written between June, 1934, and February, 1935, with final additions in 1940. Discovery of India was written in Ahmadnagar Fort Prison from April to September, 1944. His other three volumes are collections of speeches given since 1922, the last being Visit to America, published in 1950. In addition he wrote Soviet Russia in 1928, following a brief visit to Moscow in 1927 on the tenth anniversary of the Communist Revolution.

During these early years, in prison and between prison terms, Nehru was strongly attracted to the Soviet Union of Russia and to Communism as it was practiced there. He expressed then the confident belief that India had nothing to fear from Russia and that British rule over minorities in India compared very badly with the Soviet rule in Russia.

In his autobiography written in 1934–1935 Nehru stated:

"I had long been drawn to socialism and Communism and Russia had appealed to me. Much in Soviet Russia I dislike—the ruthless suppression of all contrary opinion, the wholesale regimentation, the unnecessary violence (as I thought) in carrying out various policies. But there was no lack of vio-

(Continued on Page 183)

BUY LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE'S NEW THRIFT-PAK...

SAVE $3.00 A YEAR!



YOU GET ENOUGH Listerine Tooth Paste to last the average family for a whole month every time you buy a Thrift-Pak. You get *two* regular 45¢ tubes for 59¢, a saving of over 30¢. Within a year the average family's *bound* to save as much as $3 or more!

You're *sure* of Listerine Tooth Paste quality! As makers of Listerine Antiseptic, we would never put our name on a product that isn't top quality. There is no dentifrice you can buy that beats Listerine Tooth Paste for:

- **Reducing tooth decay**
- **Thorough polishing**
- **Sparkling flavor**
- **Cleaning teeth and breath** *("Listerine" means breath control!)*

Only modern machinery, mass production, and more than sixty years of "know-how" make this low price Thrift-Pak possible.

Change to Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Thrift-Pak today, and that $3 saving is yours to do what you want with. Lambert Pharmacal Co.



...UP TO 60% LESS TOOTH DECAY!

Research at a famous university definitely showed that modern dentifrices like Listerine Tooth Paste, used regularly immediately after eating, can reduce cavities as much as 60%. When it comes to cleaning, no tooth paste...not a single one...beats Listerine Tooth Paste.

You Use This Versatile Ashcraft Furniture So Many, Many Ways

There's no limit to the wonders Ashcraft can work in your home the year round, upstairs, downstairs, and on covered porch or patio. It's so decorative, so useful!

It takes naturally to casual life in recreation or family activities room—yet is perfectly at home in formal settings. It stands on its own, yet makes a happy combination with Modern or Traditional. Graceful, lightweight Ashcraft is sturdily made from solid, steam-bent Ash for years of year-round service. Department and furniture stores carry Ashcraft in a *full* range of pieces for any room in the house, and in a grand choice of decorative fabrics. Be sure to see Ashcraft soon at your favorite furniture or department store, or write for free, illustrated folder about versatile Ashcraft. Heywood-Wakefield Company, Dept. LH-18, Gardner, Mass.



Its usefulness indoors as well as on covered porch or patio makes Ashcraft truly double-duty furniture.



There is no limit to the good-looking, pleasant-to-use ways you can arrange sectional units.



Ashcraft brings genuine comfort to game-room fun.

Ashcraft *BY* HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD

125 YEARS OF QUALITY

The famous Heywood-Wakefield trademark means that each piece of Ashcraft brings you the full benefits of our 125 years of experience in making fine furniture.



Ashcraft sets a happy mood for dinette or full-size dining room.

This Ashcraft center of attraction adds to the fun of playing host.



(Continued from Page 181)

ence and suppression in the capitalist world, nd I realized more and more how the very asis and foundation of our acquisitive so- iety and property was violence."

He went on to say that the violence of the apitalist order seemed inherent in it, while he violence of Russia, bad though it was, imed at a new order "based on peace and o-operation and real freedom for the lasses." He was especially impressed by hat appeared to him "the great progress nade by the backward regions of Central sia under the Soviet system." But though, t that time, he believed the Soviets, on the hole, were setting a good example, he hought it "absurd to copy blindly what is aking place in Russia, for its applications epended on the particular conditions pre- ailing in the country in question and the tage of its historical development."

"As between Fascism and Communism," e wrote, "my sympathies are entirely with ommunism." But in the next sentence he aid he was far from being a Communist. He isliked dogmatism and the treatment of arl Marx's writings or any other books as evealed scripture which cannot be chal- nged. He didn't care for the regimentation nd heresy hunts which seemed to him to be feature of modern Communism. "I dislike lso much that has happened in Russia, and specially the use of violence in normal times, ut I still incline more and more toward a ommunist philoso- hy," Nehru stated.

But after noting the evelopments in the alkans after World ar II and observing e violent and subver- ve role of the Com- unist Party in India nd in other Asiatic ountries following the ommunist Calcutta onference of Febru- y, 1948, Nehru was lly disillusioned.

Last December he id, "What I object to out Communism . . . the suppression of e individual, which I am convinced is bad r the individual, the race, and everybody."

In his visit to Indonesia in June, 1950, he ld the Indonesian Parliament that Com- unists do not tend to build up anything t rather disrupt everything, producing aotic conditions and evoking reactionary rces.

If anything, this attitude has stiffened. uring my visit to New Delhi, I found him be not only thoroughly alert to the evils Russian Communist imperialism but lly aware that a campaign of passive re- stance would be ruthlessly crushed by Rus- n Communism. He well knew that passive sistance could be effective only against a tion such as the British, a nation with a oral code and a restraining public opinion. is clear, therefore, that he, and India with n, intends to resist—actively and effec- ely—all Communist threats from within from without.

DIA continues to hope, I think errone- sly, that Chinese Communist leadership ll not be aggressive and will take a benign rn. Nevertheless, India is concerned over bet, took forthright measures to stabilize pal on the Chinese border, and continues take vigorous action against internal Com- unist activity. For instance, late in Febru- y of this year the national Parliament, h only one dissenting vote, took firm ac- n against Communists within India.

This change in Nehru's attitude toward ussian Communism, and the effect of that ange upon America's relations with him d the nation that he leads, raises the very portant question of Nehru's integrity. n we believe him? Is he a man of his rd? Does he have inflexible personal nor? I believe the answer is Yes.

This was Gandhi's appraisal:

'He [Nehru] is pure as the crystal. He is thful beyond suspicion. He is a knight without fear, without reproach. The nation is safe in his hands."

Nehru's India has many serious problems. Five of the most acute are represented by these five words: Land, Water, Babies, Cows, and Capital.

A sweeping land reform, to wipe out the major abuses of the old landlord system, under which most of the land is tilled in small fragments by peasants without either ownership or tenure rights, must be put into effect if the peasants' progress and increased food production so urgently needed for political and economic stability are to be obtained.

THE shortage of water and periodic drought must be met by vast new irrigation projects which will utilize the dependable, even inexhaustible, flow of the many rivers that have their never-drying sources in the vast Himalayan Mountain snow fields.

The birth rate is high—very high—and this, combined with the reduction in the death rate through the control of epidemics and famine, has produced a sharp rise in population in the past thirty years. No accurate statistics are available as yet, but all indications are that the population growth of the past five years has set a record. There are approximately 10,000,000 births each year and approximately 6,000,000 deaths—a net gain of 4,000,000 in population every year. The effect of these additional hungry mouths on already existing shortages of food and present low levels of living is evident.

I think very much of the people as an old friend said he thought of women. He said when he lost his first wife, who had been a great help to him in business, he thought he was ruined, that he thought he could never find another to fill her place. At length, however, he married another, who he found did quite as well as the first, and his opinion now was that any woman would do well who was well done by. So I think of the whole people of this nation; they will ever do well if well done by.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Another important economic fact is that the Hindu philosophy results in the refusal to kill or eat cows—200,000,000 overgraze the dusty countryside and congest village and city streets.

The extreme lack of the capital needed to expand the industry, develop the extensive mineral resources, irrigate the soil and expand the trade is a serious handicap. The Indian leaders do not realize how different our American people's capitalism is today from the colonial imperialistic capitalism and from the classic capitalism of decades ago. They sense the difference, but they do not fully understand it. They are seeking for, in fact are almost groping for, an economic system that will fit with their philosophy and outlook on life and will not create the evils of Communism or of Imperialism.

Capital formation, therefore, is one of the great problems. India has been a country of extremes—of riches and poverty—of multimillionaires and misery. The millionaires as a whole have not been merchants or industrialists. Rather they have been landlords and rulers of provinces. Most of the enterprise capital came from Western countries, and much of it left India when national sovereignty was obtained. At first the new leaders planned to fill the gap by putting government into business and nationalizing the major industries. But as they became aware of the unfortunate experience of England with its nationalization of coal, and of the very bad results of nationalization in the Soviet Union, they veered away from a state-operated economy.

Much depends upon what happens to Indian economy. India does have one of the lowest standards of living in the whole world. If under Nehru's leadership it can successfully keep out of the clutches of Communist imperialism, maintain political stability, and slowly but steadily improve its standard of living, its success may mark the crucial turning point in the world Communist drive. It is my own view that the men in the Kremlin now look on India as the number one target of world Communism. I base that belief on the indications of heightened activity in the Communist cells in India. I base it also on the Tibet move. The march of Chinese Communist troops into Tibet does not make

how to pull a new floor fashion out of a $20 bill...



It's a stunning new fashion . . . as American as a Cape Cod home or a Modern Ranch house. Deltox Fibre Rugs—crisp, textured weaves—lively and inviting underfoot. Vibrant colors . . . many right-for-every-room patterns. Deltox Rugs are marvelously practical—no nap or pile to catch dirt and lint. You get twice the wear because almost every Deltox Rug is reversible. And those low, low Deltox prices mean goodbye to bare floors, or shabby floor coverings.

DELTOX
*America's smart low price rug

*Ask at any floor coverings department for Deltox Rugs . . . *in special sizes, too!* If you can't find them send name and address; name of rug pattern, color, size. We'll see that you are supplied. Deltox Rug Company, 25 Wisconsin Ave., Oshkosh, Wisconsin.



How many lives has beautiful U.S. Naugahyde upholstery?

It has beautiful life—so many glowing colors and textures in Naugahyde can make your home most inviting.

It has a long life. It washes clean and fresh, without fading—as often as you like.

It has a hearty life. Won't split, peel, chip, crack, scratch or scuff. Indeed you could add up more than nine lives for this fine, modern upholstery fabric, top choice with decorators and with makers of fine furniture.

Scores of Everlastingly Rich Colors and Textures!

SMART NEW FURNITURE is now covered with Naugahyde. Or ask your decorator, upholsterer or department store for Naugahyde by the yard.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

U.S. Naugahyde

THE FINEST IN PLASTIC UPHOLSTERY

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

MISHAWAKA, INDIANA

sense on any basis other than as a move by the Soviet Union to bring pressure on India.

I believe India will feel more of these pressures. The Communists will try to keep the Kashmir dispute aflame. They will stir up other conflicts between Pakistan and India. They will constantly endeavor to divide Nehru and India from the West, and at the same time try to undermine Nehru at home by clamoring that he is subservient to the West.

Lenin said:

"The outcome of the world struggle will be determined by Russia, India and China, in as much as they constitute the overwhelming majority of the population of the globe."

The five acute problems I have named are recognized by Nehru and his government. I believe the seriousness of the situation will result in lessening the negative emphasis implicit in the religions of India and will substitute a more affirmative approach to national problems.

Not only are the top leaders of India Hindus, but also 270,000,000 of the 350,000,000 people. Only 40,000,000 are Moslems, 10,000,000 are Christians, and the remaining 30,000,000 are divided between Buddhist, Jainist, Sikh, tribal and other religions. On the other hand, in Pakistan, both the leadership and 66,000,000 of the 80,000,000 people are Moslem.

I give these figures because in seeking an understanding of Nehru and India, some knowledge of the religious population of the country and of the Hindu religion is essential. Hinduism has developed through at least six different forms, set forth in successive sets of documents which together constitute the sacred scriptures of Hinduism. The oldest set of documents are the Vedas, written about 1000 B.C. In its essence, the religion of the Vedas is a matter of prayer. The second set of sacred documents, written between 1000 and 800 B.C., are called the Brahmanas, stress sacrifice. The third set, the Upanishads, which were written between 800 and 600 B.C., stress philosophic speculation. The Laws of Manu, which came fourth, were written about 250 B.C. and contain the elaborate code of Hindu religious law with commandments and prohibitions for daily living in all stages of life. Fifth is the Bhagavad-Gita, a sacred dramatic poem written about A.D. 1. I believe that it is the most highly esteemed sacred scripture of the Hindus. Finally, between A.D. 1 and A.D. 250, came a set of sacred documents entitled the Epics and Puranas.

THE fundamentals of Hinduism that run through these six sets of sacred documents are that caste is the basic social organization, that there is one all-inclusive being or spirit—Brahma—that the "Karma," or the total of the individual creature's acts, determines his fate or destiny after death, and that at death the individual soul transmigrates from one material body to another, perhaps to a higher order, perhaps to a lower.

Outsiders insist that the essence of Hinduism is the mere requirement that you do your duty as a member of your caste and then trust to God for your salvation. Because the "Karma" may well have unfortunate consequences, it is asserted that Hinduism encourages abstention from all efforts and all desires; by doing nothing, a Hindu avoids the consequences of previous deeds and thus may escape altogether into "Nirvana," that superior state of complete impersonality in which the individual soul is wedded to the universal soul, Brahma. The human individual, in this view of Hinduism, is looked on as only a temporary phenomenon of no permanent worth, and there can be no possible improvement in a person's condition except after he dies.

TWO other religions founded in India, Buddhism in 560 B.C. and Jainism in 599 B.C., are similar to Hinduism in many respects. As an outsider would look at them, they all appear to agree in their general pessimism concerning human life on earth, and specifically concerning the worthlessness of the human body, of human activity, and of the individual as such. They seem to accept subservience and passivity as the ideal of conduct; salvation is to be obtained by methods that are largely negative and not self-expressive. And they have a common acceptance of the religious value of suffering, even voluntary self-imposed suffering, and finally a common belief in "Karma" and transmigration.

If this interpretation of the religions of India is correct, it is especially interesting to note that Rajagopalachari, whom I believe to be the number two man in India, has a much more affirmative attitude toward Hinduism. He speaks out against fatalism, against the caste system, against occupations fixed by birth, and he urges the value of personal effort for material well-being and advancement on earth. He explains that under the Hindu religion human beings are born with certain qualities and potentialities of body and mind which hold them in a strong grip, but that they do have the freedom to liberate themselves, and that the soul's positive activities in its present body decide its future and determine whether there is to be a partial or complete liberation from the past.

It is my personal view that all the major religions have within them elements of negation toward life on earth and also elements of affirmation. Christianity went through a period when great stress was laid on the negative, on renunciation of the material and withdrawal from physical surroundings. But it changed over to affirmation, and in so doing it achieved a vital impact on Western society. It changed men's philosophy and became the motivating force of their active, affirmative life on earth.

Now that the Hindu leaders have come out from under British rule and themselves have assumed and cannot escape responsibility for the material and earthly welfare of the millions of their fellow Hindus, I believe that the affirmative side of the Hindu religion will come to the fore, that the negative indifference to human life will gradually fade.

Much depends on such an evolvement. For it will have a direct bearing upon India's progress in solving the problems represented by the words Land, Water, Babies, Cows, and Capital.

But in the solving of each of these problems, much will also depend upon the future relationships between India and America. Nehru must learn more of the truth about America. I believe he will. I strongly believe that if we in America once realize that Nehru and his country are and will be neither close friends to us nor distant opponents, neither an echo of America nor a voice of Moscow, and then develop a policy toward them that accords full recognition of their third position, tremendous good will result for the people of both countries. **THE END**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Sunday is Different

By David Morton

Bells are blessing the air of Sunday morning,
And there is . . . difference. From the three stone towers
A grace is pouring out upon the sunlight,
Sifts down upon the common street, and shines.
Not ear and eye alone are witnesses:
Others, along the blood, in the bones' marrow,
In the mind's shop, in the heart's passionate rooms,
Are stilled and spelled, aware of a wide strangeness.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Come Over Quick— My New HORTON Washer Just Came!



The Horton "500" Automatic

An Engineering Masterpiece With Amazing Double-Tumble—It's so simple. All you do is lift up the top, put in up to ten lbs. of clothes and turn the dial. The "500" merrily does the rest. Its exclusive Double-Tumble washing and triple rinsing (equal to 1,200 hand rinses) does it quicker, easier, better. And the Horton ironer is wonderful too! Your Horton dealer will be happy to demonstrate these fine products.



DOUBLE-TUMBLE WASHING
Gently whirls clothes one way 24 times, then reverses 24 times. Leaves clothes tangle-free, ready for easy ironing.



NO SET CYCLE—Horton's Selective Dial lets you add wash whenever you wish. And it's so safe . . . automatically stops when you open the top.

HORTON

Washers • Dryers • Ironers

HORTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY • FT. WAYNE, INDIANA

Horton since 1871

They wear the cleanest clothes in town

...his bride swears by TIDE!



They wear the cleanest clothes in town—
At home or at a party.
His bride has learned to wash with TIDE
She's young . . . but she's a "smarty"!

Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!

NO SOAP—NO OTHER PRODUCT SOLD THROUGHOUT AMERICA—WILL WASH AS CLEAN AS TIDE!

JUST TRY TIDE in your washing machine. Wring out your clothes, rinse them, and, lady, you'll hang up a *cleaner* wash than you'll get with *any* soap—or any other washing product sold from coast to coast! You'll get the *cleanest* wash in town!

NOT ONLY CLEANER—WHITER, TOO! In *hardest* water, Tide will wash your shirts, sheets, curtains *whiter* than any soap you can name! They'll be so *shining* white . . . so radiantly *clean*, you'll never want to trust them to anything else but Tide!

AND BRIGHTER! Just wait till you see how your wash prints *glow* after a Tide wash! The colors look so crisp and fresh . . . the fabric feels so soft . . . irons so *beautifully*, you'll say there's nothing like Tide! And there *isn't!* Get Tide today—and hang the cleanest wash in town on *your* line!



P.S. PREFER TO SKIP RINSING?

With Tide you *can* skip the rinsing, and save all that time and work. Just wash, wring out, hang up. Tide will give you the cleanest possible no-rinse wash!

WHAT WE BELIEVE IN

Dear Editors: When we first realized that Bryant was going back into the Navy for an indefinite period, our first worry was the effect it might have on the children. We tried to adjust our sense of values to meet the circumstances. We could have stayed in Boston, and Bryant could have been with us a few more times there. But the uncertainty of Bryant's assignment, and the fact that we would have to change all our regular ways for irregular ones, made up our minds. We decided to move in with Mother and Father Reed in Troy, where the children would have a regular way of life, even if it meant more and longer separations.

We haven't regretted this decision, even though many of our friends told me I could never take care of my children with a mother-in-law in the background. Mother Reed has a big heart—bigger, I guess, than anyone's except my own mother's—and whenever we get on each other's nerves the least bit I have my own upstairs sitting room to go to. It is really our own room, for so many of Bryant's boyhood things are still there and the window looks out over the R.P.I. campus where he and I got to know each other.

As far as the children are concerned, we hope to teach them to realize and accept their responsibilities; do their own thinking and for us to act merely as a guide and counsel.

No, I'm glad we're here, for in time of distress I turn to family love and consultation. I keep so busy I don't have time to feel sorry for myself. Whenever I see Roger charging around the lawn, with his daddy's baby sailor suit on, or watch Marcia rolling in her play pen while the sun streams in the windows, I know that is the best for them too.

MARY E. REED



Two-year-old Roger figures on taking over some duties as the man of the family.

SECOND CALL

Meet the Bryant Reeds of Newton Highlands, Massachusetts · By ROGER BUTTERFIELD

Bryant's '43 call meant leaving only college; today it's a family, a job with a future.



THE national emergency which President Truman proclaimed last December sixteenth, and which had been a fact ever since the Chinese Communists began fighting in Korea, did not cause any immediate change in the lives of most Americans, however much it may have disturbed their pocketbooks and their thoughts.

But for Lieut. (jg) Bryant Bostedo Reed, United States Naval Reserve, and his wife Mary—and for thousands of other young couples like them—it was a real emergency which crashed into their everyday affairs with stunning force. In the case of the Reeds, it broke up their home in Newton Highlands, near Boston, ended their happy evenings together with two-year-old Roger and baby Marcia, yanked Bryant out of his career and back into the Navy as a seagoing officer, and inserted a big question mark in all their plans for the future.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MORRIS ENGEL



With a new job and a new baby the Reeds' saved-for dream of a house of their own was close to reality; must wait now "for the duration."

"Maybe we can't stop wars. But we can try to keep them far enough away so our kids can grow up—"

At the time this happened it seemed to the Reeds that most of their fellow citizens were still going about their usual peacetime jobs, making all the money they could, raising the price of everything, cleaning up on the stock market, and writing or reading editorials telling other people to fight.

Bryant Reed is a level-eyed young man of thirty who sorts out his thoughts with care before putting them into words.

"It looks as though just a few of us were singled out to start things off," he said, at the time. "That isn't fair. If you're going to single out somebody to actually fight a war, everybody else ought to fight at least a little bit, in a military or civilian way. In other words, mobilize the whole country and not just a few.

"Of course what happened to us is nothing to what happened to the men in Korea and their families. But they were singled out too. When the going got tough they had to stay there and take a beating. I'm not criticizing the fact that we went in there. But when you start a thing that big you ought to make sure you can finish it."

If this sounds a little bitter, it should be pointed out that Lieutenant Reed is not the kind who goes around telling his troubles to other people. His ideas came out in a perfectly natural way during a discussion of the problems an average American family of 1951 must face when its breadwinner is suddenly called into service. The

For Bryant a hard part of separation is missing so much of children's growing up. Just reaching the companionable age Roger wants to "help" in all chores, share games or just plain tag along.

Just before Marcia's birth the Korean crisis and uncertainty about Bryant's being called made it hard for Mary, who couldn't pack and move alone then.



Reeds have solved some of those problems with little fuss or hardship. They suffered no financial loss from Bryant's departure, and Mary and the children have a comfortable home with Bryant's parents "for the duration."

But there are other problems which cannot be measured in dollars, or even miles. The main one is prolonged separation, which the Reeds have never had to cope with before. Bryant, who is handsome enough to pass at times for an undiscovered movie star, was a bit hard to pin down to marriage; but once pinned down, he developed into an almost fanatical family man. At Newton Highlands and at Woonsocket, Rhode Island, where they lived before, the Reeds went out to dinner no more than half a dozen times a year, nor did they especially enjoy movies, parties or trips. What they liked most was dinner at home



Systematic Bryant (who likes to pay bills ahead of time when possible) is eaving Mary detailed notes on managing their finances while he is away.

Mary considered staying in Newton Highlands but without Bryant ties there are few—and the children are so young trying to follow him wasn't practical.





Old uniforms still fit (despite 32 pounds gained) but new blues wear added half-stripe. Pending promotion means Bryant's pay, allowances equal or exceed his civilian income.

The Reeds didn't live in Newton Highlands long enough to make friends (only 3½ months), plan to come back because Bryant likes his job. They hope to build then.



"If you single out somebody to actually fight a war, everybody ought to fight at least a little —"

and a full evening of putting the youngsters through their baths and into bed, cleaning up the dishes, reading, listening to favorite radio programs, and just being together.

Bryant, who is both systematic and ambitious, spent some of his evenings boning up on chemical literature, and others going over his checkbook and accounts. He has a passion for paying bills on time, or ahead of time if possible, and the day before he was to report to the Navy he was still fuming because certain bills had not been forwarded in time for him to write the checks himself.

During the weeks he was preparing to go away his small son was developing, for the first time, into a companion who wanted to be with him everywhere. When Bryant went down cellar to fix the furnace, Roger tagged along to help shovel ashes, and when Bryant was pottering with tools at his workbench, Roger dragged a packing box over, climbed on it, and tried to make things too. They also had one sledding and one snowman-making expedition together, and wanted more. But up to mid-January, when Bryant had to leave, the weather was disappointingly mild.

Sturdy Roger had inherited his father's brown eyes and ingratiating grin, along with his eagerness to get things done, and his habit of thinking for himself. He was late in starting to talk—Mary thinks he was just "too stubborn" to try—but once started, the words came with a gush. His favorites are "daddy," "huh-yo" (hello), and "bow-wow," which is delivered with gestures to every dog he meets. One thing that bothers Bryant a lot is the thought that he must be away while Roger is growing up so fast.

As for Mary, she frankly admits that she shed copious tears when the notice first came for Bryant to report. "I was raised in a sentimental family, and I can't help being sentimental myself," she says. But she soon pulled herself together, and the long-drawn-out task of packing their belongings for storage, moving *(Continued on Page 192)*



"Self-propelled power device to bring you back," presented to Bryant at company dinner, turned out to be an oar bored full of holes. Also presented, two checks—"tide-over" from company, personal gift from co-workers.



Mary, Roger and the baby will share comfortable home of Bryant's parents in Troy, New York—her parents and friends are close too. One concern, fond grandparents may spoil children.

Cautious about all important decisions, Bryant considered pros and cons of marriage pretty carefully—but once married, he developed into an almost fanatical family man.





Bryant's parents understand about wartime separations. Mr. Reed was an Army lieutenant in World War I, returned (at 48) to do the same job after Pearl Harbor. This time he was told, "Too old."

Lieutenant Reed reporting. Small-craft specialist Bryant skippered a subchaser in the Pacific in '45—"never got over being seasick." First assignment this time, fleet tug based at Boston.



Packing up their household belongings for storage, Mary ran across the little bride-and-groom figurine that crowned their wedding cake.

Plans for the future aren't changed, only postponed. And two babies leave no time to brood.



White net, two bridesmaids and a maid of honor. Honeymoon—a trip to Atlantic City.



(Continued from Page 190) out of their apartment, and setting up new quarters with her hospitable in-laws—not to mention the intricate and endless process of caring for the children—helped to keep the pain dull. Mary isn't exactly a clinging vine, having earned her own living for several years before they were married. But anyone who has watched her eyes follow Bryant around a room knows where her heart and hopes are centered.

This is Bryant's second call to duty in the Navy. The first time he had nothing much to leave behind but some schoolbooks and skis and his boyhood collection of old guns at his parents' home in Troy, New York. That was in 1943, right after he received his engineering diploma from Rensselaer Polytechnic *(Continued on Page 201)*

"I was raised in a sentimental family and I can't help being sentimental myself"

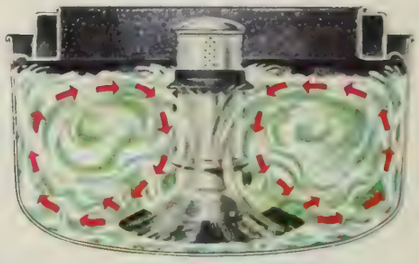


So gentle your finest fabrics are safe



So thorough even dirtiest blue jeans come clean

See how Frigidaire's famous Live-Water Action gets clothes really clean–automatically!





New styling—with high back panel—makes this Frigidaire Automatic Washer equally at home in laundry, utility room or kitchen. It doesn't need bolting down—is so vibration-free, you can balance a coin on top while the washer is running.

Live-Water Action is a wonderfully different washing principle!

Trust your new Frigidaire Automatic Washer to get *any* washable fabrics safely clean—*really* clean! Because its washing action is completely different from ordinary machines!

Just watch the quick-moving Frigidaire Pulsator in action and you'll see why. Its short, up-and-down strokes form foaming currents of hot, sudsy water that do *all* the work of washing. Surging through your clothes, they gently lift out dirt and float it away.

Clothes are never half-in, half-out. They're always completely under water—being penetrated again and again by cleansing currents. No wonder even dirtiest things come quickly clean! And there's no rough rubbing or tugging to wear them out.

What's more, rinsing is just as gentle—just as thorough. Because the same surging Live-Water Action is used in *both* clean water rinses.

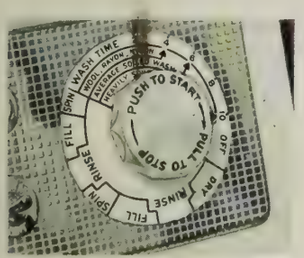
Ask your Frigidaire Dealer to show you this wonderful automatic washer—and the other Frigidaire Appliances for kitchen and laundry. Look for his name in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. Or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, O.

Frigidaire reserves the right to change specifications and prices, or discontinue models, without notice.

FRIGIDAIRE

Automatic Washer

The only one with all-porcelain finish



It's fully automatic—even for nylons and special fabrics—thanks to the amazing new Select-O-Dial. Just set it to the right washing time—the washer does the rest.



Wash is wonderfully light and easy to handle, because Rapidry-Spinning gets clothes so dry that many come out ready to iron. No other spinning action is faster.



Cleaning up is a snap with the only washer finished in Lifetime Porcelain—inside and out. Outside comes clean with a swish of a cloth. Inside is self-cleaning.



Frigidaire Automatic Dryer gets one load dry while next is washing—in *any* weather. It has a variable heat control, and its built-in Ozone Lamp gives clothes outdoors freshness.
Frigidaire Electric Ironer cuts ironing time in half—has exclusive Prestoe-Matic foot control and big, 30-inch, open-end roll.

Week-day and Week-end Wardrobe

by Anne Lincoln

Weekdays for Mary Reed, whose husband, Bryant Reed, has been recalled to the Navy, are devoted to taking care of her baby and two-year-old son. She likes cotton shirts and shorts for the house, cotton dresses and separates for marketing and mornings in the sun—all washable, all inexpensive. Week ends belong to her husband, when he can get leave to come home or meet her in New York. She has a beige linen suit to travel in, a pretty polka-dot crepe stole-dress for evenings and the movies. Her wardrobe totals $92.63, including hat, gloves and jewelry.



Rayon crepe dress — navy blue top, polka-dot skirt, reversible stole. By Jonathan Logan, $14.95.



Mrs. Reed goes to New York to meet her husband. Linen suit by Stanley Wyllins, $28.50.



Knee-length shorts, plaid cotton with deep pockets; shirt, red cotton. Each, $4.



An occasional afternoon for bridge—a tucked mauve cotton dress, patent leather belt, Bea Calish, $10.95.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO · BODI



Mrs. Reed goes to market in a green cotton skirt, checked top, by Stanley Wyllins, each, $7.95.

HOW AMERICA LIVES



This is the year of the pretty leg



Berkshire's Nylace in "Pretty Beige" Marusia Costume. Andrew Geller shoes.

...and Berkshire's Nylace stockings.

These wonderful Kantrun nylons look even sheerer than they actually are.

Our special Berkshire magic? Nylace are knit with lock-stitch, run-resistant loops and they never run. So easy on the eyes—so very budget wise. For here are the stockings so good in every way they're signed with the label that won't wash off.

sheer sheer **Berkshire** stockings

MADE TO FIT **YOU**





Make-up makes the difference in the way Mary Reed looks in these two pictures. Formula for her "after" look: A film of liquid make-up base, black mascara, eye-shadow, pink-red lipstick, clear beige powder.

A trick for evening: Blend a little lipstick with cream and stroke across forehead, along bridge of your nose. With fingertips, smooth lightly over your face to achieve a diffused pink glow. Powder lightly!



LILLIAN BASSMAN



Remember your ears, as well as your throat, when applying powder base or powder. With sponge or fingertips, make them up as deftly as you do your face. Especially important with brushed-back hair-do's!



Let ***the line of your lips*** dictate the line of your lipstick. If you must amplify on what nature gave you, start brush at the center of upper lip and extend color beyond—but along—your natural lines.

KNOW YOUR COLORS

Brown eyes look browner (and prettier!) with matching mascara instead of black . . . *olive skins* find new clarity with bright red lipsticks . . . *fair complexions* glow under pink or peach-toned powders . . . *eye-shadow* is easier to apply in its new stick form . . . *the natural lip curve* has this year's priority on prettiness—the more curve the more feminine . . . *redheads* can depend upon a liquid beige foundation to soften the definition between freckles and fair skin . . . *silver-haired beauties* can cue the color of their eye-shadow to the cast in their hair—gray-blue if it's blue, mauve for violet, luminous gray for salt-and-pepper—and pinky-crimsons are their best "reds." The *new long-lasting lipsticks* keep their place all day and fastidiously avoid smearing coffee cups and napkins. *Brunettes who tan* should wear pink-red or coral-pink lips and fingernails this summer . . . *dark eyes* should beware of dark eye-shadows, but glow nicely for evening with luminous greens and violets . . . *brown eyebrow pencil* and mascara can bring new life to the look of the "monotone blonde" . . . *florid complexions* tone down obediently under the influence of a rich beige foundation . . . *brownettes* with medium (or sallow) skin brighten their outlook by using a make-up foundation that has a rosy cast. Clever restraint in the use of make-up makes the difference in whether your face looks overdressed or—the way you want it to look—well-groomed and lovely!

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal



An eye-liner pencil will give you ***a wide-eyed look for evening.*** To use: Hold eyelid taut and place pencil on lid close to lashes. Now draw line from center to outer corner, extending in upward curve.



Try ***eye-shadow for evening.*** Start color at center eyelid, draw toward outer corner. Use finger to blend it into what it is supposed to be—a mere shadow of color discernible only in its pretty effect on your eyes!

LEE LUNZER



Mascara brings apparent ***thickness and length to eyelashes*** a new depth of color to your eyes. Barely moisten brush with warm water and apply color on underside of upper lashes only with upward strokes.



Too pale ***eyebrows assume new importance*** with the use of an eyebrow pencil. Beginning at inner corner of eyebrow, apply color in short, light, outward strokes, taper off just beyond outer corner of eye.

HOW AMERICA LIVES



Are you always Lovely to Love?

At important moments like this . . . underarm protection must be complete.

Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be stopped and stay stopped. Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it **really stops perspiration.**

Furthermore, with FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated . . . and start to work all over again at those times when you need protection most. **No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.**



New... For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap . . . prevents body perspiration yet mild and gentle . . . contains amazing new soap ingredient Hexachlorophene, reported in Reader's Digest.



Party-going Pork Chops

This versatile tomato sauce is especially good with pork chops, lending a favorite flavor accent — and it is equally appetizing poured over veal.

1 tablespoon shortening
6 pork chops
6 slices onion
6 green pepper rings
1 can (1¼ cups) Campbell's Tomato Soup

Melt shortening in a heavy saucepan; brown chops in hot fat. Place an onion slice and a pepper ring on the top of each chop; pour soup over and around chops in pan. Cover and cook on low heat, top of stove, for about 1 hour. Serves 6.

Smoother...richer...better tasting!

America's Favorite Tomato Cooking Sauce!

Everyone knows Campbell's Tomato Soup is the soup most folks like best . . . but did you know it is used as a cooking and pour-on sauce more than any other brand of any tomato product? Campbell's is made only from choice tomatoes, fine table butter, skillfully blended seasonings! Campbell's Tomato Soup, used as a sauce, is velvety-smooth . . . zestful . . . better-tasting . . . richer. Try it! *It's tops!*

DELICIOUS AS A SOUP... AS A POUR-ON SAUCE ... AND IN COOKING

Yes... CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP MAKES THE BEST TOMATO COOKING SAUCE YOU EVER TASTED!



FREE COOK BOOK
50 PAGES
99 DISHES
FULL COLOR

Mail coupon to Anne Marshall, Campbell Soup Company, Dept. L 17, Camden 1, N. J.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
ZONE STATE



When Bryant's away, Mary eats what Roger does—with additions to taste.

Making the best of it

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

MANY young mothers face the prospect of having the heads of their tables absent for days on business trips, for weeks on the night shift or for longer service periods, Mary Reed and her young son are just beginning this routine, as Bryant gets home on leave only occasionally.

Mary is already struggling with the "why bother" attitude when dinnertime comes. Dinner for the children is no problem. Healthy children are good eaters and their menus follow the same daily pattern. "That's the trouble. You don't feel like cooking for yourself when there's no man coming home to dinner. You get bored eating children's food all the time and often resort to a sandwich and a cup of coffee instead of eating a hearty meal. This habit soon plays havoc with your disposition and appetite, as well as health."

But there are ways of using the situation to advantage. Get the better of it instead of letting it get the best of you. For instance ——

LEARNING COMPANY MANNERS

It's fun to fuss for a small guest, and little people are very appreciative of the really small effort it takes to make a simple meal a special occasion. So ask a neighbor's child to stay for dinner once in a while and make these occasions for your child to practice company manners. You have time to do a little guiding now that will be of benefit to him later on. For dinner all three of you might have:

Chicken Fricassee with Brown Rice
Green Beans
Raw-Vegetable Bouquet
Rennet-Custard Dessert—Cooky Cutouts
Milk

Chicken Fricassee with Brown Rice. A broiler-size chicken, simmered in clear chicken broth or water enriched with a bouillon cube, will make enough for three. And, being a broiler, it doesn't take long to cook. Remove chicken from bones and cut into easy-to-eat pieces. Season chicken and broth and thicken slightly. Add grated onion and curry powder to your portion, if you like, or just add extra seasonings. Serve with brown rice. Fencing the chicken on the children's plates with rice makes it easier to eat.

Raw-Vegetable Bouquet. Children love to munch on raw vegetables—will often eat carrots raw, if not cooked. Even white turnip is mild and sweet, raw. You could, of course, serve plain raw-vegetable sticks—but just for the fun and chatter it would create, arrange the vegetable strips bouquet-like in a small fruit-juice glass. With scissors you can easily cut petaled blossoms from thin slices of raw white turnip and impale on carrot sticks.

DO A LITTLE REDUCING

If you've been meaning to lose a few pounds, but just haven't done anything about it beyond the thinking stage, why not follow a basic chil-

dren's diet deliberately for a period this spring? You can add interest to the menus for yourself with a few simple touches that take little extra buying or doing—add nothing extra in calories. For instance, this might be your child's menu for tonight:

Ground-Beef Patty
(with milk and bread in it to make it soft)
Potato Cooked in the Jacket
Fresh Peas
Bread-and-Butter Sandwich
Stewed Red Plums—
Frosted Graham Crackers
Milk

For you, broiled-beef Hawaiian and no potato this time. Butter the peas, if you like, but if you're serious about calories, just add a little salt, pepper and chopped mint to your portion. Skip the sandwich and frosted graham crackers. Serve yourself skim milk instead of whole milk.

Broiled Beef Hawaiian. **One hour before dinner mash ½ clove garlic and put it in a saucer with 2 tablespoons soy sauce. Add no salt to the plain ground beef. (Make yours an 8-ouncer.) Let it rest in the sauce until dinnertime, turning occasionally until it absorbs all the seasoning. Broil, as usual.**

MAKE HIM THE MAN OF THE HOUSE

Roger likes to eat with grownups now. Most children do when they get to be his age. So if you have a small boy, make him the man of the house temporarily. Two mothers of children three to five have told me that when their husbands are away they make a point not to drop into the habit of eating at the kitchen table. They set the table just as they do when the fathers are home. One mother says, "Children do a certain amount of dawdling anyway—you might as well have your dinner in pleasant surroundings, and the food tastes better." The other says, "My little boy gets a great kick sitting opposite me when his father is away. He's more conversational than usual and I try to make my table talk more interesting than 'Eat your carrots, dear.'"

Braised Shoulder Lamb Chops with Baked Potato
Salad Bowl
Strawberry Tapioca
Coffee for you—
Milk for the child

If the fat is removed, children can eat the braised shoulder lamb chops. Just for you, sprinkle the braised chop with a pinch of *orégano* before serving. An individual bowl of raw-vegetable salad, without dressing, intrigues most children. Make yours with a blue-cheese dressing.

Strawberry Tapioca. **Combine 2 cups strawberries and ¼ cup sugar and let stand 15 minutes. Drain. Add enough water to strawberry juice to make 2 cups. Add ¼ cup quick-cooking tapioca, ½ cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt. Cook over medium heat until mixture comes to a boil, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Cool. Stir once in a while. Add berries and 2 tablespoons lemon juice.**

ALL THE THINGS YOU LIKE

While your husband is away, it's a great appetite pepper-upper occasionally to indulge yourself with some food or dish you like that he doesn't. In Mary's case, it's sea food.

Why not make a special event of it? Feed the children early. When they have gone to bed, prepare something you especially like, that isn't children's fare—or something different you've never tried. Then take your dinner on a tray to the living room where you can really relax.

For the children's meal, you might have scrambled eggs or one of the canned chopped junior meats, buttered beets, mashed potatoes, bread, butter and milk, with applesauce.

For your own dinner, use the juice from the beets for a soup; make a big crab salad—it could be shrimp—with really snappy seasonings in the dressing.

Beet Consommé with Dill
Crab Salad with
Remoulade Dressing
Toasted Crackers
Coffee

Crab Salad with Remoulade Dressing. For the dressing: **Chop 2 hard-cooked eggs. Add ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, ½ teaspoon grated onion, 2 teaspoons anchovy paste, few drops Worcestershire sauce, ½ cup mayonnaise, 4 stuffed olives. Season to taste with hot pepper sauce, salt and pepper.**

Pick over ½ pound cooked fresh or canned crab meat to remove the spiny parts. Combine with ¼ cup diced celery and half the dressing. Mix well and serve in lettuce-lined bowl. The extra dressing will be good another time on lettuce.

Beet Consommé with Dill. **Simmer 1 can condensed consommé with 1 cup beet juice drained from 1 No. 2 can beets. Add ½ teaspoon dried dill, 6 whole cloves and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Simmer 10 minutes. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Strain. Serve hot with spoonful of sour cream, if desired. Any that is left over will be good cold the next day.**

KEEP YOUR HAND IN

If you have always liked to cook, you like to be praised for any good cooking you do. "My, this tastes good! What did you put in it?" are much missed comments when your husband is away. When you get the urge to have a roast or something special and yearn for a bit of adult conversation, invite some company for dinner.

You can always find someone to feed. And you won't have lost the knack of cooking and your hard-earned skills, as many young women did a few years ago. Besides, your husband will be looking forward to those good apple pies you make, your way with a salad. Better keep your hand in.



NEW, EASY RECIPE FOR A

"May Party"

CHOCOLATE SUNDAE CAKE

Chosen from 63,000 recipes to be the CALUMET Cake-of-the-Month

"May Party" Chocolate Sundae Cake

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons CALUMET Baking Powder
¼ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
⅔ cup butter or other shortening
1⅔ cups sugar
3 eggs, unbeaten
3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
* Milk (see below for amount)
1 teaspoon vanilla

*With butter, margarine, or lard, use 1 cup milk. With vegetable or any other shortening, use 1¼ cups milk.

Note: Like the majority of published recipes, this one calls for CALUMET Baking Powder. There are three good reasons why you should use CALUMET: (1) it is not only Double-Acting but *Double-Dependable*, too; (2) it gives just the RIGHT amount of leavening, both in mixing bowl and oven; (3) thus CALUMET guards against baking failures. Result: cakes, biscuits, muffins, pancakes, waffles, coffee cake of highest quality. No wonder . . .

TWICE AS MANY WOMEN USE CALUMET AS ANY OTHER BAKING POWDER

Method. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, and salt, and sift together three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each; then add chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla; blend.

Baking. Turn batter into two round 9-inch layer pans, 1½ inches deep, which have been lined on bottoms with paper, then greased. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes, or until done. Cool.

Frosting. Spread Seven Minute Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Melt together 1 square Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate and 1 teaspoon butter. Spoon over edge of frosted cake to give scalloped effect and allow to dribble down sides of cake.

Seven Minute Frosting. Combine 2 egg whites, unbeaten, 1½ cups sugar, dash of salt, ⅓ cup water, and 2 teaspoons light corn syrup in top of double boiler. Beat about 1 minute to blend. Cook over rapidly boiling water, beating constantly with rotary egg beater (or at high speed of electric beater) 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in stiff peaks. Remove from boiling water, add 1 teaspoon vanilla, and beat 1 minute, or until thick enough to spread.

In Baking Your Best Bet is—

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

DOUBLE-ACTING

A Product of General Foods



Time for Ideas – *a timely service from the meat industry*



Ideas for makin' the most of Bacon

Here are two good ways to buy bacon—in the piece or ready-sliced. For fresh-from-the-smoke-house flavor, include bacon in your shopping list each week.



Idea: To minimize shrinkage, start bacon in a cold pan, cook slowly. For crisper bacon, pour off fat as it accumulates, save for use in frying, seasoning, shortening.



Idea: Bacon is the bean's best friend. The good satisfying flavor in this homey combination comes from husky cubes of bacon baked slowly right along with the limas.



Idea: Here are three good ways to snap up a sandwich: (1) bacon, lettuce and tomato, (2) bacon and toasted cheese, (3) bacon 'n' peanut butter.



Idea: A few strips of bacon and hamburgers go company style! Other main-dish ideas—bacon bits in spaghetti sauce and Spanish rice. Strips of bacon topping a casserole.

Nourishing Meat –yardstick of protein foods

On the side or as a main dish, bacon goes far in flavor *and in nourishment*—food energy in every streak of white—and in every streak of lean the *complete*, high-quality kind of protein all meat supplies. So isn't brushing up on your bacon ideas a good way to help make the most of meat these days?

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION

This food means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

SECOND CALL

(Continued from Page 192)

Institute. Since he had enrolled for a Naval Reserve officers'-training course, and had done well in it, it was only natural for him to step off the campus into the war that was then going on.

He was sent out to the Pacific in a little wooden ship that was classed as a subchaser, but was so lacking in defensive armament that any Jap submarine would have been pleased to catch up with it. After serving in communications and convoy work, and preparing for the invasions of Okinawa and Japan (the latter of which did not come off, due to the atomic bomb), the SCC-999, as Bryant's ship was called, was wrecked in the great 1945 typhoon off Okinawa, and left stranded on a reef. The Navy lost nearly 1000 men in that storm, but Bryant, who was the skipper by then, stuck with his ship and saved most of his crew. He still treasures a snapshot taken from the rescuing lifeboat, showing the 999 as little more than a mass of lumber sticking out of the water.

Bryant was born in the old seacoast town of Newburyport, but he is strictly a landlubber in his digestive habits. For approximately two years in the Pacific he was seasick all the time. "The first week," he recalls, "the condition was acute, you might say, and the rest of the time it was chronic." His sufferings were not alleviated by the carefree behavior of the SCC-999, which in rough weather was inclined to pitch about 70 degrees from end to end. Fortunately the tough little ship was broad in the beam, so it did not rock quite so violently from side to side—a motion that is considered the quintessence of misery by connoisseurs of seasickness.

Bryant and Mary had met and gone out together before his first hitch in the Navy. But at that time they considered themselves "just friends." Mary grew up and went to school in Troy, where her father, Henry Aird, is employed by the telephone company, and both her parents are connected with old-line families. Mary worked as a secretary in Pittsburgh Hall, the administration building at R.P.I., and Bryant had a part-time job in the same building on a student NYA project. R.P.I. at that time was strictly male, and the only girls on the campus were those who worked in Pittsburgh Hall, so they had a pretty wide choice for dates. According to Mary, Bryant stood out from the crowd even then.

They went to football and basketball games together, and to dances at Bryant's Theta Chi fraternity house. But Bryant was not considering anything serious; and besides, his mother advised him against it. "Your father and I waited until the First World War was over," she told him, "and you can wait for this one."

Out on the Pacific, however, Mary's blue eyes and piquant face turned up often in Bryant's thoughts, and his "friendly" letters to her became more frequent—and more friendly—as the war went on. On Christmas Eve, 1945, just as she put on her coat to go to church with her parents, the telephone rang and Bryant was on the line. He announced that he was home and had to see her. After that there were weeks and months when neither of them seemed to want to see anyone else.

But still Bryant didn't come to any definite decision. He is the cautious kind who carries a shovel, red flares and tow rope with him whenever he takes a 150-mile auto trip along a state highway. As for matrimony, he wanted to look a long time before he leaped.

Finally, after he had got a job in Rhode Island and was making frantic trips to Troy every week end to see her, Mary told him, gently but firmly, that it was time to make up his mind. Either they could become engaged, she suggested, or they could stop seeing each other; she loved him, but the strain was getting her down. The next week end was a big one: a campus football game, followed by a cocktail party, and then a formal dance. At some point—Mary thinks it was after the party and before the dance—Bryant slipped a diamond ring on her finger.

They were married six months later, at the Ninth Presbyterian Church in Troy, and spent their honeymoon in the midst of a nurses' convention in a big hotel in Atlantic City. A few days later they moved to Woonsocket, where Bryant was working for the United States Rubber Company.

The Reeds made friends in Woonsocket, and went around more before Roger came. Bryant played golf at the country club with men from the office, and Mary joined a bridge club. Bryant liked his work at the rubber company as a chemical engineer, it was exactly what he was trained for. But after a while he decided he would get ahead faster with a smaller company. There was too much mingling of business and personal affairs, he thought, too much of what he calls "old-pal-old-pal stuff" at the rubber company and beneath it all was a strong current of office politics.

He spent some time looking around, and let it be known through professional channels that he was open to offers. One of these came from Stowe-Woodward, Inc., of Newton Upper Falls, near Boston, a small but highly successful firm which specializes in making big rubber rolls for paper and textile machinery, and other industrial uses.

The work was interesting and offered plenty of chance for individual initiative. In fact, after Bryant took the job he worked out a system for scheduling and continuous control of the various chemicals used in working the rubber, which added to the speed and efficiency of the process.

Everybody at Stowe-Woodward, from President E. W. Peterson on down, liked Bryant, and they all went out of their way to assure him that his job would be waiting when he next gets out of the Navy. On his last day at the office a couple of his colleagues asked him to stop at a nearby restaurant for a farewell drink, and when he got there he found the table set for dinner with the president, vice-president, superintendent and everyone else on hand to bid him good-by. The president handed him a check from the company, to tide him over the period until his Navy pay would begin, and the men at the dinner gave him another as their personal gift. Then the superintendent picked up a long, thin package and made a speech about how he wanted to give Bryant something special to help him get back to work as soon as possible. His first idea, he

NEXT MONTH

STRANGERS, meeting all nine of the Tracy children at once, are apt to ask in awe, "How do you feed them all?"—not to mention housing, clothing and educating them. Scanning their straining budget, Jack and Verna Tracy sometimes wonder, too, how they do it. But since they "just naturally love children," what they're much more likely to be wondering is "How could we ever have done without any one of them?" Meet the Tracys, of Fort Dodge ("the friendliest town"), Iowa, in

Wanted: Nine Children

By Hildegarde Dolson

How America Lives in the June LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

What a hit! Mayonnaise, Cream Cheese and California Cling Peaches score in this

Peach Home Run Salad



recipe

Peach Home Run Salad

6 canned cling peach halves
1 (3-oz.) pkg. cream cheese
2 tablespoons Best Foods or Hellmann's Real Mayonnaise
¼ teaspoon grated orange rind
1 tablespoon chopped maraschino cherries
Lettuce
Whole maraschino cherries

Drain peaches thoroughly. Soften cheese with fork; gradually blend in mayonnaise, orange rind and chopped cherries. Fill peaches with mixture; put 2 halves together to form ball. Arrange on garnished salad plate. Make thin strips from cherries and place on cheese between peaches for "baseball lacing." Serve with additional Best Foods or Hellmann's Real Mayonnaise. Serves 3.

Busy-day dessert *(below):* California cling peaches spooned right from the can. Quick! Easy! Delicious! Peaches with sun-ripe, fresh-picked flavor; the best. You always get your money's worth when you get California clings!



Canned Cling Peaches from California



Cling Peach Advisory Board



said, was a "self-bailing boat," but when he tried this out himself in the Charles River it sank because the self-bailing device consisted of holes in the bottom.

"So here," he announced, "is a self-propelled power device that will bring you back from any part of the Atlantic." He handed the package to Bryant, who could think of nothing it might contain except a fishing rod. He opened it up and found a single oar painted red, white and blue, with "Good luck, Bryant" and naval mottoes like "Don't give up the ship" and "Damn the torpedoes" written on it. The blade was bored full of holes, however, and when Bryant held it up at the table everyone had a good laugh. Then Bryant said a few words about how happy he had been at Stowe-Woodward and how anxious he was to come back. "I'll see you later," he concluded, everybody applauded him and the party broke up by 8:30 o'clock.

Thinking back a few days later, Bryant decided that he had handled the situation about right. "When you're not prepared to make a speech the best thing is to keep it brief," he said.

When Bryant first transferred to Stowe-Woodward he could not find a convenient place to live near Boston, so for several months he drove to work and back from Woonsocket, which is 40 miles each way. On Saturdays, which is a half day at Stowe-Woodward, he drove 80 miles to do three and a half hours' work. The waiting paid off, however, for last summer he heard of an apartment on Woodward Street in Newton Highlands, less than a mile from his office, which could be had for $60 a month. It consisted of half a middle-aged dwelling, with a living room, dining room, kitchen, two bedrooms downstairs and one upstairs, and garage space. It was quite a bargain, so far as rent was concerned, and Bryant likes bargains.

The Reeds already had enough furniture, including a square-cut modern sofa and chairs, and a rock-maple dining-room set they picked out themselves from a model house in Bennington, Vermont. Among their wedding presents was a beautiful set of engraved Sheffield-silver trays, and Mary had used her own savings to buy eight place settings of sterling silver. Before leaving Woonsocket, Bryant made a deal with a local distributor which provided a brand-new refrigerator, washing machine and electric range at a sizable discount.

There were handicaps: the hot-water supply came from a too-small boiler that had to be lighted by hand, and the heat from an elderly coal furnace that required all Bryant's engineering skill to operate. The water pipes were none too dependable either; once they gave way completely and deluged the dining room and kitchen.

WHILE Bryant was on hand to take care of such matters the apartment was livable enough, and Mary's homemaking talents made it a warm and inviting place. The Reeds moved in October first, when Marcia was only six weeks old, and they were so busy getting settled, and then getting unsettled again, that they did not see much of their neighbors, one of whom lent an exotic note to the street with a sign reading: NORWEGIAN ELKHOUNDS TRAINED HERE.

As soon as the Reeds moved to Newton Highlands they began looking around for a piece of land where they could build a small house of their own, with a flower garden for Mary and a workshop for Bryant. That has always been their No. 1 dream, and they have saved for it regularly. When Bryant came out of the Navy he had about $1500 saved from his pay, but most of that went for furniture and rings and medical expenses during Mary's pregnancies and a 1941 DeSoto sedan which he bought from his father-in-law at a real bargain price. He kept on saving, however, even going so far as to buy a pair of clippers and give Roger his biweekly haircuts, at a saving of 75 cents apiece. Early this year he had about $1000 invested in stocks, and nearly as much in the savings bank. Now that he is back in the Navy he can save even more, for his $4800-a-year pay and allowances is more than he earned at Stowe-Woodward, and the family expenses are less. Also in the offing is a promotion to lieutenant, senior grade, of which he has already been notified—this will boost his Navy income to around $5500 a year.

Bryant is not antisocial, but he is pretty stubbornly an individualist, and definitely not a "joiner." He is a Mason and belongs to the American Chemical Society, and that is about all. He likes to keep his business and personal life completely separate. "When I'm working I give the job all I have, and when I'm home I relax," is the way he puts it.

He is registered and votes Republican, but takes a dim view of most political activity. "I'm not what you would call a liberal," he says. "I'm a conservative." He admires Governor Dewey—"a great administrator"—and thinks the Truman regime has often "fumbled the ball." "I don't go for this high-pressure labor stuff," he says. "I'm a management man myself." When he left Stowe-Woodward he was worried because the company had invested a considerable sum in training him for his job, and "hardly had time to get its money back."

After the last war Bryant did not join any veterans' organization—he thought they were all "too political." But late in 1945, while in Woonsocket, he signed up for the second time with the Naval Reserve. "The way things were going I thought I ought to keep in touch. Besides, they were willing to pay me $10 for about three hours' work a week. That added up to around $125 every quarter. The money was a real inducement."

IN the reserve Bryant retained his rank as a lieutenant (jg) and instructed enlisted men in the handling of small craft. It was mostly blackboard work, but in the summer he cruised out of Newport for several days at a time, adding to his income while on vacation. At that time, according to Bryant, it was understood that Naval Reserve officers would not be called to active duty unless there was a shooting war and general mobilization. In that case he preferred being in service to holding a private job. But he agrees that by joining the reserve he made himself liable to be called among the first.

"I have no kick coming on that score," he says. "I knew what I was doing when I signed up."

The first storm warnings went up when fighting broke out in Korea last June, and the United States rushed in troops. Navy ships and planes went along to help them, and there were announcements on the radio that reserve officers would be called. Then there were denials of these reports. Then more reports, and more denials. It was pretty nerve-racking, especially with Marcia almost due, and Mary unable to make a long trip, much less pack up and move.

The flurry passed, however, and as the UN forces surged ahead in Korea, it seemed as though the danger was over. Then, last November twenty-first, Bryant got a fat Manila envelope in the mail. It was not registered, just regular mail, but it contained a receipt and return envelope which Bryant was ordered to fill out and send in at once. It also contained eleven carbon copies of the "first endorsement," seventeen mimeographed copies of Bryant's official orders, three separate printed forms and three pages of mimeographed "instructions." But the gist of it all was on the second page—LTJG Bryant B. Reed, USNR, 338888/1105, was ordered to report within 72 hours for physical examination, and if found fit, was ordered to report for active duty to the Commandant, First Naval District, Boston, on January 6, 1951!

This was it, and Bryant knew it. But there were still some time-consuming formalities to go through. There was the medical examination, which of course he passed. Then he could apply for a six months' deferment, on the ground that the company he worked for was classified as an "essential industry," which it is, and that his own job was listed as a "critical occupation," which it was. He took this up with his superiors at Stowe-Woodward, and they insisted that he make the application. President Peterson

wrote a personal letter to the Chief of Naval Personnel in Washington, pointing out that Bryant's departure would reduce his technical staff by 25 per cent and "could not help but hamper our activities." Bryant wrote to the Commandant, First Naval District.

The result was a fifteen-day deferment from the Boston authorities, a more or less routine matter for men with families to take care of. But from Washington came back word that the Navy wanted Bryant. "In view of the urgent need for officers possessing the qualifications of Lieutenant (jg) Reed, it is impracticable to comply with your request," said the letter to his company.

At first the Reeds considered keeping their apartment, or perhaps finding a smaller one nearer the Boston Navy Yard. Bryant's first assignment was on a fleet tug based at Boston, and he might be able to come home fairly often. But there was no assurance that he would not be transferred at any time. Anyway, the idea was discarded when Bryant's parents offered to take the whole family in with them at Troy. The elder Reeds are well acquainted with war and separations—Bryant's ruddy-faced, athletic-looking father was a first lieutenant of artillery with the AEF in France during World War I, and when Pearl Harbor came, he went back and applied for the same job at the age of forty-nine—and got it. Last December he tried to enlist again, but this time he was told, "Too old."

Bryant's old double bedroom was still available at the family homestead, along with a smaller room for Roger, and a second-floor study and sewing room which Mary and the children could have for a private sitting room. Bryant's younger brother, Bill, aged twenty, sleeps on the second floor, but he isn't around the house much, what with dates and his job as an announcer for radio station WTRY.

THE Reed home is on one of the highest hills in Troy, and quite unusual architecturally. It was built by a professor at R.P.I. who had a passion for sweeping views and solid construction; the whole house is made of steel and concrete, with windows that look out over Albany, Troy, Schenectady and as far south as the Catskill Mountains. On a clear night the sparkling lights of the Triple Cities make a Hollywoodian spectacle, while just below the windows the whole R.P.I. campus, with its happy memories for both Bryant and Mary, is spread out to view. The house itself, with its reinforced-concrete walls and floors, is impervious to anything but a direct bomb hit.

Mary's family would have liked to take them in, but they have only a small apartment with no extra rooms. But they are close enough for frequent visits back and forth. And when Mary has to be away for more than a day her mother, Mrs. Aird, takes care of little Marcia.

The Reeds have a spacious but somewhat rocky lawn, with gardens and a picnic fireplace and a patch of woods for Roger to adventure in. They also have a breezy front porch where he can be safely enclosed with his toys and tricycle and Bryant's old ship's bell from the SCC-999 to ring when he wants attention. Mrs. Reed, whose Spanish Basque ancestry accounts for Bryant's middle name, is a wiry, energetic woman who keeps the household moving in high gear. She adores Roger, who does all the things and gets in all the mischief that Bryant did at his age. "The worst thing about this arrangement," she says frankly, "is that Mary has to get along with me, and that isn't easy." But things have worked out fine so far—Mary is a patient listener, and when she thinks the occasion demands, she quietly has her own way.

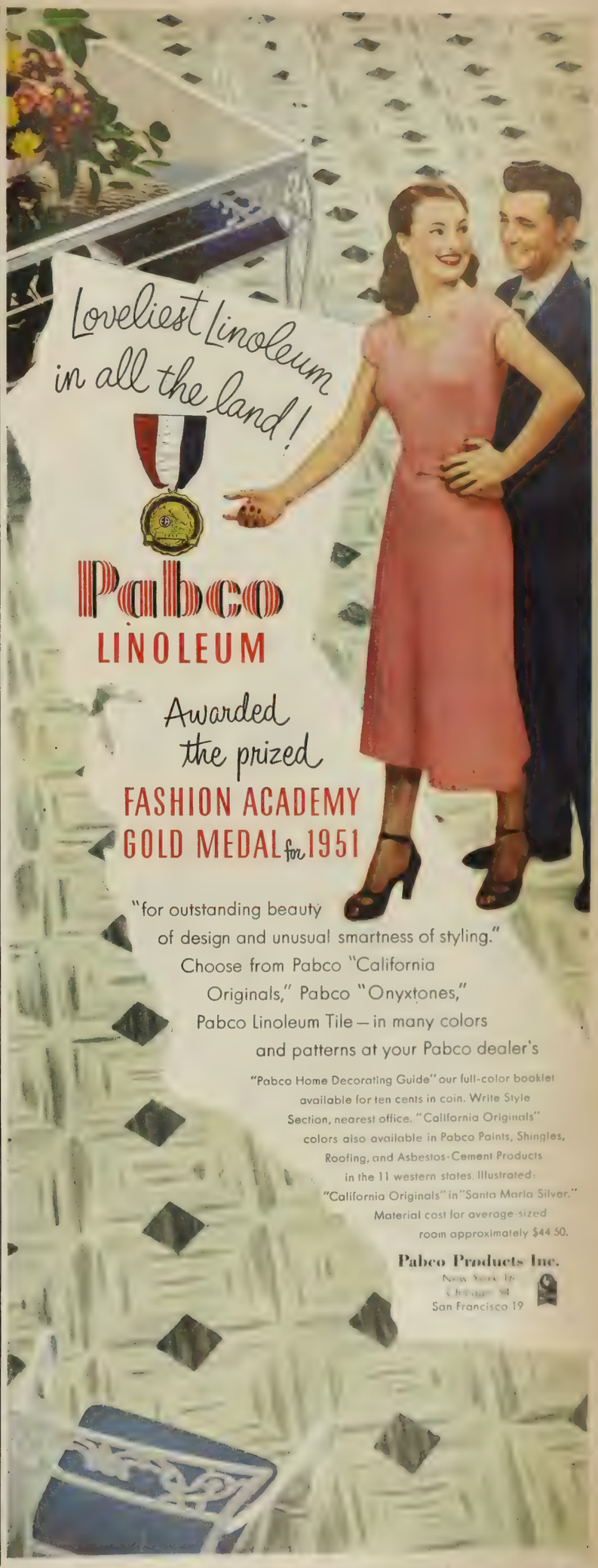
THE weeks just before Bryant reported were too full of work and planning to leave much time for introspection. Most of their belongings had to go into storage, but some things, such as Bryant's bedroom dresser, some of the silver and dishes, and most of the clothes and baby furniture, were needed. That meant endless sorting and packing. Some of this came during the holidays, and the Reeds hurried through Christmas with one eye on the calendar and the other on Roger, trying to make sure he had a good time. (He did.)

On Saturday, January sixth, Mary and Bryant got into their blue DeSoto and drove 150 miles to Troy to leave the children with their respective parents during the final week of packing. The car was jammed to the roof with cribs and baby baths and enameled buckets and clothes, and Bryant drove right through without stopping so as to keep the children asleep. After distributing the first load between the Reed and the Aird households, he and Mary drove back to Newton Highlands early Sunday. The rest of the week was a kind of bad dream, with barrels and boxes all over the place, and the furniture stacked in corners. Bryant personally packed all the dishes in the evenings after work, using big chemical barrels which he brought home from the factory. Each time he put something in a barrel he called it off to Mary, who wrote the items in a black notebook under headings like "D (for dining room)—Barrel—II," or "K—Barrel—III." This inventory, which extended even to the bureau drawers stuffed with linen and bedding, is so detailed that if the Reeds should want to get a single knife or glass out of storage they will know exactly where to look for it.

The movers came early on Friday the twelfth, and that afternoon the Reeds and all their worldly goods were on the road to Troy. Everything arrived safely, but it took two more days to unpack and get things stowed away in the proper rooms and closets. Bryant and Mary had saved out their old



"Is that just plain no, or absolutely no?"



Most make-ups shout "Made-up!"— Magic Touch whispers "Natural beauty"



Replace that heavy "made-up" look with natural-looking loveliness by using Magic Touch. No puff, no sponge.



43c and 1.00—6 magic shades ...a CAMPANA product

Magic Touch is NEW . . . a *tinted cream* make-up so sheer your skin glows through! . . . yet it hides each tiny blemish while it smooths and softens and adds glorious color . . . Apply with fingertips (with or without powder)—so quick, so easy, so *naturally lovely!*

AMAZING CREAM REMOVES UNSIGHTLY HAIR *QUICKLY*, SAFELY



Acts Below "Razor Line" Without Cutting or Scraping Legs

The modern way to remove ugly hair from your legs is with *Neet*® Cream Hair Remover. It works deeper than a razor, below the surface of the skin. Safer too from razor cuts and scratches. Neet leaves tender skin soft and smooth, free from razor stubble. Just apply Neet like any cream, then rinse off and hair disappears like magic.

How to select finest quality hosiery



LOOK FOR THIS SEAL

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

FINISHED BY REXONIZE PROCESS

REX HOSIERY FINISHERS, INC.
"B" Street Above Allegheny Ave.
Philadelphia 34, Penna.

Need EXTRA CASH?

Here's How to Get It

Earn money easily, quickly, selling subscriptions to Curtis Publications and other popular magazines in your spare time. For information write direct to

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
434 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Penna.

If your skin can't take the sun



Use new Sun Allergy cream

You can't burn . . . you can't blister

● Sensitive to sun? Use new Skolex Sun-Allergy Cream! It's an exclusive new formula that **screens out all** the harmful ultra-violet rays . . . you can't burn or blister.

Not for tanning. Skolex is many times more effective than any sun-tan product. It has been scientifically developed for people who are allergic to the sun's rays. Completely protects even the most sun-sensitive skin. Skolex is pleasant to use, goes on smoothly, easily. Get a tube from your druggist and enjoy the sun.

SKOLEX SUN ALLERGY CREAM

skates in the hope they could go skating again—it used to be one of their favorite sports. But the weather refused to cooperate, and the skates stayed in the cellar.

All their friends wanted to see them, of course, and they had invitations for almost every night of their final week. One night they drove out in the country to visit one of Mary's best girl friends, and were greeted by a surprise party of a dozen couples they had known in the old days. Their hosts live in a house once occupied by Legs Diamond, who used to be an important figure in Troy, and everybody had fun inspecting the triple-bolted doors and the bullet holes in the fireplace.

By Friday night, which was the next to last, the party-going had become rather hectic, and Bryant announced that he wanted to stay home and enjoy some of his mother's cooking. (She used to bake him six potatoes for dinner, and pack four different kinds of sandwiches in his school lunch box!) After dinner the family sat around watching boxing bouts on television, and Bryant won a quarter from his dad on one of the bouts. It was a quiet evening, but pleasant to remember.

Saturday was the last day, and there was a lot to do. Bryant got out his old black foot locker and sea bag and jammed them full of shirts and underwear and socks and keepsakes, including photographs of Mary and the children. He had planned to stamp all his clothing, but didn't order a rubber stamp in time, so he wrote "B.B. Reed" on every piece, including the handkerchiefs, with a pen and indelible ink. Then he took the blue wooden box which he had nailed together to hold his personal papers, and went over all his accounts and financial affairs with Mary. He told her what bills to pay, and when, and jotted down notes on his insurance policies, and when they came due. He had already arranged for her to pay $20 a week toward the joint family household expenses.

LATE in the afternoon he went down to Kelly's tailoring factory on River Street and picked up the new set of blues he had ordered the week before. (He can still squeeze into his old blues as second best, though he has added 32 pounds since 1945 and now weighs 172. But he planned to lose some of that.) While in Kelly's he made a snap decision to buy a gabardine khaki uniform that he would need for warm weather. The khakis cost $57.50, as compared with $50 for the heavier blues, but Bryant figured they wouldn't get any cheaper. Kelly's threw in a khaki cap for nothing, and also attached two full stripes to the sleeves of the new blues. That was jumping the gun a little, for Bryant was still a j.g. But it would save trouble later on.

Mary wanted to dance on their last night, so they drove up by themselves to Saratoga and had dinner at Newman's Lake House, a big Adirondack lodge-style place with an orchestra, and steaks at $6.50 apiece. Bryant is a lively dancer and likes to jitterbug or polka, but Mary prefers the slower steps. They danced rather quietly until around midnight, and then they came home. As a final surprise the elder Reeds had some sparkling Burgundy on ice and the evening wound up with festive cork popping.

The next afternoon, when Bryant got in his car and drove off to Boston alone, was almost an anticlimax. And right after that it was time for Marcia to have her bottle and bowl of baby food, and then Roger had to have dinner, and then it was almost their bedtime and both of them had to have baths. There was almost no time to feel lonesome. Through it all Mary kept thinking of something Bryant had said a couple of afternoons before, when they were out in the garden. Roger had run ahead of them and was digging around in the frozen ground with a tin sand-pail shovel.

"I guess," said Bryant, looking at their son's busy little form, "that there's the reason I'm going. I don't think we can ever change human nature enough to stop wars. But at least we can try to keep them far enough away so our kids can grow up."

THE END

make drab hair

Colorful

with this safe Temporary color rinse



Add all the glamorous color you want, without making a permanent change. Noreen Super Color Rinse gives your hair such natural-looking color . . . color that rinses in like it belongs, and stays until shampooed out. There are 14 true-to-life shades, ranging from light gold to lustrous black, and lovely grays. Choose one, and "try it on." Then, when you want a change, try another! Noreen is so easy to apply. It takes only 3 minutes with the Noreen Color Applicator (40¢).

Try, too, Noreen's wonderful Super Satin Creme Shampoo. It's freer-rinsing! (50¢)



Noreen
SUPER COLOR RINSE

15¢ - 30¢ & 60¢ sizes. Also applied in Beauty Salons
NOREEN DISTRIBUTORS, 450 LINCOLN ST., DENVER

CORNS also Calluses. Quick, easy, and economical. Just rub on. Jars, 30¢ and 50¢. Buy Mosco at your druggist.

REMOVED BY MOSCO

Your money refunded if not satisfied. The Moss Company, Rochester, N.Y.

WANT QUICK RELIEF FROM INDIGESTION?

Take this mild antacid!

Just ½ teaspoonful of *bicarbonate of soda* in ½ glass of water brings quick blessed relief from distress of gassy stomach, indigestion or heartburn. This mildest of soluble antacids is **not a patent medicine, not habit forming.** Ask your doctor! Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda is pure Bicarbonate of Soda, U.S.P.



By MARY ELLEN CHASE

Mother found time to open the door to endless treasures.

As I write these words at the kitchen table of an old Connecticut farmhouse above a quiet valley, a January snowstorm is whitening the brown fields beyond the windows and the gray stone walls surrounding them. A gravel road leads from the farmhouse to one of the main Connecticut highways along which cars and trucks are doubtless speeding; but since I can neither see nor hear them, I can be pleasantly unaware of their existence. The red-and-white-checked cloth of this kitchen table, the wood fire burning in the iron range, the smell of a pot roast taking its time in the oven—all these suggest an earlier time and, perhaps, a less confusing and problematical existence. At all events, once I had seated myself at this table and looked out upon the drifting snowflakes, I found the book which I am supposed to review intolerably dull and determined instead to write some desultory paragraphs about other January snowstorms, about another kitchen, and about books not dull at all. For January snowstorms are always indissolubly connected in my mind with those I knew in Maine many years ago, and any kitchen, by comparison or by contrast, is equally closely connected with the one in which I was literally brought up.

In Maine country villages, at the beginning of the present century, the kitchen of all homes was the center of their activities. It was not only the one room in the house sure to be warm, but also the one place where a mother, inevitably dedicated to its never-ending rites and ceremonies, could keep an eye on her children. Country winters in my childhood also added to a mother's responsibilities, for in Maine, at least, there was no school during January and February. Whether this Long Vacation, as we called it, was made necessary by municipal poverty, or whether rural school boards then had more confidence in the educational value of parents than many school boards, rural and urban, entertain at present, I do not know; but, happily for us, the situation persisted throughout my childhood. In January and February our village schoolhouse remained closed and rigid and we, when snowstorms or bitter weather made coasting and skating impossible, went to school in our mothers' kitchens.

Our Maine kitchen was large and sunny, with red geraniums in its eastern windows and from its western a wide view of fields and hills. Jutting from its south wall was our huge black wood stove, known by its name in raised iron letters across its oven door as The Rising Sun; and my mother kept it shining by a polish called by the selfsame name. Between the eastern windows stood our kitchen table with a red-and-white-checked cloth to match the geraniums, and by one of the windows was a Boston rocker, also painted red and flanked by four small red stools, which were pushed under the table when not in use. The black iron kitchen sink separated the two western windows and held on its right shelf a green pump, which often had to be "caught" by a dipper of water drawn from the water pail on the shelf to the left. Against the north wall, opposite the stove and affording a view from both eastern and western windows, was the piece of furniture which most intimately concerned us children. This was what we termed the "secretary." It was in reality a high and heavy chest of six drawers, with two stout and wide shelves above them. The upper shelf had on either side a stout carved post; the lower, below two smaller drawers, was just the right height from the upper to serve as a perfect footrest for small feet.

My mother was a versatile young woman, as she had need to be with four children before she had reached the age of thirty; and she early saw in the old secretary an indispensable ally. Even in a kitchen as large as ours four pairs of feet about the floor could be not only an intolerable nuisance, but a possible source of perils to her and to us; and, long before I can remember, she had solved this problem by elevating us all to the top shelf of the secretary. A roller towel, carefully placed beneath the armpits of the two children on the right and then around the convenient post; a similar securing of the two on the left; and we were proof against any cold drafts across the yellow painted floor, against kettles of hot fat, and, best of all, against the possible boredom of any number of January snowstorms.

I spent innumerable winter mornings on the top of that old secretary with my two sisters and my brother. I can still smell the warm spicy smells of gingersnaps baking in the oven, of apple pies rich with cinnamon, and of countless doughnuts merrily bobbing about on the surface of boiling fat. My



How wonderful to enjoy cool comfort . . . with *shapely curves* . . . through all the torrid months ahead. *Coolaire* . . . by Flexees . . . offers you this happy choice: an "air-conditioned" texture, to mold a figure everyone will admire! *Sheer and airy* Nyralon mesh and leno lastique in . . .

Coolaire Girdles (one style sketched), also a Pantie-Girdle: $8.95.

Coolaire Bra—deep-plunge, strapless, wired for perfect uplift: $2.95.

Coolaire Combinations—for sleek, unbroken curves: $11.95.

Magnolia-white. See your favorite store, now.

Coolaire® by FLEXEES®



mother sang hymns as she went about her work and often encouraged us to sing with her. One of her favorites was "Shall We Gather at the River?" and all of us, joining in the chorus, loved to assure her that we most certainly would gather there. "Yes, we'll gather at the river, the beautiful, the beautiful river," we would all shout together, each, I feel sure, thinking of that river only as some pleasant family picnicking ground on some pleasant, undefined day in the future. When the old clock in our dining room slowly struck eleven, my mother reached up to each of us a fresh cooky and a cup of milk; and we laid aside our spool knitting machines or the books we were reading for this midmorning excitement.

It is always with books that the old secretary associates itself in my mind, for we read for hours there, sometimes the older of us aloud to the younger while they were still unable to read, sometimes, after we had all learned the magic of words, by ourselves. And we learned this magic very early, not waiting to be taught at school. Without doubt, since we possessed a father who when at home was almost never without a book in his hand, and a mother who somehow found time to read as well as to darn and cook, fashion clothes and refashion them, clean and wash and iron, we absorbed while still very young the wholesome truth that books held manifold riches which we must discover for ourselves. And, since fortunately the four of us were separated by only a few years, we could share this discovery without too much responsibility one for another. There we would sit for hours upon our lofty perch while the snow fell or bitter winds blew across our white fields, not actually upon the secretary at all, but instead in Arabia with Aladdin or in the dark forest with Hansel and Gretel, with the four ingenious Robinsons on their mysterious island or with Oliver Twist in the workhouse, with David Copperfield on the Peggottys' houseboat, loving the alluring smell of crabs and lobsters and the blue mug holding a nosegay of seaweed, or with Jim Hawkins, crouching in the apple barrel of the Hispaniola.

My mother usually somehow managed, at eleven, to sit down for half an hour in the red rocking chair by the window. She called this half hour her "respite," a word which early charmed me; and on days when no drafts were blowing across the floor (for even The Rising Sun was not always victorious over the worst of Maine weather) she would help us down from our Parnassus and allow us to sit upon our red stools while, our cookies and milk consumed, she herself would read aloud to us. Here was the very doorsill to complete enchantment, for she was seemingly as lost as we in whatever she was reading. The iron teakettle simmered on The Rising Sun; the red geraniums glowed with life; smells of our approaching dinner filled our noses from stewpans or baking dishes; while my mother's voice brought trooping into our kitchen all those with whom we rejoiced or suffered, admired or feared, loved or hated.

Nor did she bring them among us only by her voice. Seemingly she became as distressed as we over their misfortunes, as angry as we over their misdeeds. "Isn't he a wicked man?" she would cry when Fagin terrified Oliver in the dark attic; and, suiting her behavior to her disgust and loathing, she would slap the passage which chronicled such horrid goings-on. Then nothing would do but that we should each in turn slap the page, she solemnly allowing us this expression of righteous indignation.

There was always the excitement of our father's coming home at noon, stamping the snow from his overshoes, shaking his coat in the entry, commenting on the storm or cold. He was always interested, as he lifted us down from the secretary, in our morning, in what we had been reading; and if he was not too encumbered by the ways and means of feeding both our bodies and our small heads, he would sometimes promise to go on that evening with an especial book, reading to us himself by the living-room fire while my mother, as avid a listener as we, should darn the countless socks and patch the red flannel underwear

II

It is not only in tribute to the old secretary that I write of its blessings, but even more in tribute to two young parents, who knew well that in opening the wide doors of reading to their children, they were building for them houses not made with hands dwelling places of the mind, which would always furnish them with food, shelter and delight. My mother and father, to be sure were not faced fifty years ago with the battle of books against the conflicting forces of the radio, the movies, comics and television; and yet had they been, they would not, I think, have been too dismayed After all, even in those days, which often seem so far removed from life as we know it, parents had to meet other encroachments upon time, to cope with other intrusions The endless tasks which faced a woman from dawn until dark in a house quite without "modern conveniences" took a vast toll of both time and energy and often resulted in physical weariness almost inconceivable today. Nor were country villages and even their outlying farm districts in any sense places of monastic seclusion They had their manifold social gatherings then as now, their church suppers, school exhibitions, village dramatic societies whist parties, lodge and Grange get-togethers. Even a far greater measure of neighborliness took its toll of hours and of effort. Then as now, in fact, all families were faced with the ever-present problem of the salvaging of time, with the wise saving of hours to be used for the common benefit and the common pleasure. Had my parents been besieged by pleadings for a television set in the living room or seen The Lone Ranger, or Hopalong Cassidy, or Superman in the process of winning the day over the family reading circle, I rather think they would have met these claimants to our attention and devotion with the only possible weapon then as now—the clear and uncompromising example of their own enthusiasms and values.

They were only in their late twenties when we four children were learning, or had learned, to read; and like most young parents today they loved excitement and were eager after all things new and strange, even in their relatively stable world. Recalling how my father invested money which he could not afford in the first bathroom to appear in our small town, and daily hauled in his neighbors to view his new pride and joy, I am sure that he would have bought a television set; and I am equally sure that my mother's Wednesday and Saturday baking of many loaves of bread would have been vastly enlivened by a radio serial. But I am even more certain that hours for the enjoyment of each would have been strictly defined and clearly understood and that neither would ever have been allowed to usurp the place of books and reading in our common life.

For there is no substitute for books in the life of a child; and the first understanding of this simple and irrefutable truth must come from his early perception of his parents' faith in it. They alone can give him the knowledge just as they alone are responsible for the practice of their faith. If they themselves look upon radio programs and the television screen, valuable as certain of their offerings may be, as clearly secondary to the chapter from the bedtime book, and if they good-humoredly insist that neither takes the place of hours spent in quiet reading, the battle for the books is won.

There are many ways in which parents can make clear to children their own respect and love for good reading. The gift of a book or the buying of one from the family budget can easily be made an event in the life of a child. He should be taken to the bookshop on the momentous day of the purchase and allowed to look about on its bright offerings. Taught by example as well as by precept, he will learn the careful

handling of such treasures. Once at home and his hands carefully washed before the parcel is opened, the binding of the new book, its illustrations, even its print should be shared with him and the time for its reading discussed. And if in the shop he has been entranced by a comic, as every child I have known in the past decade *has* been entranced, the wise guardian of his destiny will not become either openly disapproving or inwardly too deeply distressed. Most children read comics with their tongues in their cheeks, knowing them, I am convinced, for what they are far better than their elders know them. Parents, I feel sure, worry too much about their baneful influence. The constructive anxiety which results in the quiet substitution of beautiful books for cheap and ugly ones is far more to the purpose.

I would even go so far as to suggest that we concern ourselves much too seriously with *what* a child reads. *That* he reads early and eagerly should be our first concern; and if good books are placed within his reach and he knows, not that they are "good for him," but that his parents once read and loved them, or even still do, he will eventually form his own tastes. In my childhood and young girlhood I was never forbidden to read any book in our relatively small bookcases. I assume that my parents saw to it that none which might be unwise for my eyes and mind was there; but I was never once told that any book was "bad" for me or "too old" for me. I read most of those we owned, novels, poems, biographies, in a "first fine careless rapture"; and once I had done and there was nothing new that I could find, I read them again with almost equal excitement.

ALL MEN ARE BORN EQUAL—TO ASKING

Upon being presented to the great Mozart at the height of his fame, a young man in his early twenties confessed that he, too, was a composer, but that he didn't know how to go about writing a symphony. Would the famous man give him a few pointers?

Mozart looked broodingly at him for a few moments, then suggested: "Symphonies? But you are so very young; why not start with music for folk tunes, or perhaps ballads?"

"Because I am ambitious to be as great as you when I am older! And I know that your first symphony was completed when you were only ten years old!"

"Ah, yes," was the reply, "but, my boy, I didn't ask anyone how to do it!"

Two young parents whom I now know allow their son and daughter, aged eight and ten, to read for an hour every night in bed after they are sent there promptly at eight o'clock. I know of no wiser plan to ensure a love of books and a dependence upon them. The very sight of a book upon his bedside table widens the horizons of a child and affords a spur to his imagination. And a shelf of them of his own, however small in number, kept within reach of his hands, is a possession no child should be without.

The characters in books as well as those of radio programs should be household words and their authors should become familiar presences at family tables, a habit which only parents can generate and preserve.

In this connection I can never forget an incident which happened to me in the year 1894 when I was seven years old. In my childhood, Robert Louis Stevenson, or R.L.S. as he was always called, was such a household word, for his stories were read and adored by the parents and children alike of countless American families. My grandmother, who spent much of her time with us and who was herself an avid reader, returned one December morning from a walk to the village. When she entered our kitchen, we saw to our astonishment that she was crying. She sat down in the Boston rocker by the window and to our further amazement covered her face with the black sateen apron which she always wore. "I won't believe it!" she said in response to my mother's questions. "I can't bear it! They say that R.L.S. is dead."

This, I suppose, was the first time in my small life that I had ever realized the devotion which an author can stir within the hearts and minds of his readers, the part that he may forevermore play in their imaginations, the satisfactions he may be capable of granting them. The impression, though perhaps dimly understood, was a lasting one; and I have never forgotten that December day so long ago.

III

Perhaps I have seemed to speak with undue authority in these paragraphs, written at this kitchen table in this Connecticut farmhouse. For I am still here; the snow still falls on fields now white; the pot roast has long since been eaten and the dishes washed; the short winter day is now, as we say in Maine, "on the edge of darkness"; and the paragraphs have perhaps become far too many.

But I feel that I can speak with more than a little measure of authority, for I have spent forty years of my life in the teaching of literature, to boys and girls of grade-school age, to high-school students, and, in the past thirty years, to girls in college. I have, in these years, learned a great deal about the minds and imaginations of the young. I know that, if they have been nurtured and nourished by an early love of books, they have far finer and more sensitive minds and imaginations; and I know, too, that girls (and boys, as well) who possess books will live far richer lives than they could otherwise live and will contribute that richness to the communities in which they will become the successful parents of children. I am even convinced that many of the girls whom I teach, or try to teach, have received a better preparation for college in their homes—yes, even in their mothers' kitchens—than they have received at school, provided always that their parents have, even without a massive old secretary as an aid, known how to lift them above what Wordsworth calls "the dreary intercourse of daily life" by leading them early into the paths of books. For through their reading in those most formative years from seven to seventeen they have become all unconsciously the dwellers in many lands, the intelligent and eager associates of all manner of people. Through their early familiarity with words they have gained a facility in speech and in writing which no other source can give. They will never be bored, for they can always seek out a world perhaps at the moment more desirable than the one in which they live and companions often more real than those close at hand. The value of the experiences which they themselves will meet in life can be increased by their knowledge of similar experiences in the realm of books; and the sorrows which they must weather can be made more bearable by the lines of poetry forever in their minds. Every year when they come to me as freshmen I know at once whether or not they come from homes where books have been thought indispensable and where parents have already made their study in college rewarding and delightful.

And now since supper is an hour away and the wood in the cookstove is crackling in preparation, I think I shall fetch my ragged copy of Oliver Twist and imagine myself again on the top of the old secretary.

"Please, sir," said Oliver, "I want some more." He was asking for gruel and got but a blow from the ladle instead; yet his words will continue to be spoken by children and wise parents together concerning that better food which is forever theirs for the taking of it.

THE END



The Make-Believe Twins

By PHYLLIS McGINLEY
DRAWN By ROBERTA MacDONALD



Now, what's going on here?
Whoever is That with his whip
and his boots and his haughty tall hat?
And what's this procession
that follows a Clown?

Why, of course!
There's a Make-Believe
Circus in town.

Here's Peter, the Ring Master,
Brave as you please.

He's making the Elephants kneel on their knees,
while Penny goes fearlessly riding
with speed around on the back of
her Rocking-horse steed or
walking a tightrope.
These Two are the Stars.



But there's also the Animals kept back of bars
like this dangerous wolf and these Tigers you see.
(The kittens don't mind but the puppy wants free.)



And there's also a bear which performs when you
wind it. And a gala grand march with the Camels behind it.

This wonderful circus might
last for an age except that
the tigers knock over their
cage and the Wolf has
escaped to the hallway to doze
And there must come an end
to the Finest of Shows.



Stealing the Summer Scene



" The stole . . . now re-
aling, now concealing,
e flattery of your bare-
p dress. This is the
mmer's news in fash-
n . . . while all your
mmers, all your life-
ne, Reed & Barton
lid silver will be treas-
ed for its beauty. Give
urself the lovely, ever-
ting luxury of *Reed &*
rton silver. . . . For as
tle as $28.75, you can
y a 6-piece place set-
g to start your pre-
ous sterling service.



REED & BARTON STERLING

FOREVER IN FASHION



*-pc. place setting, $28.75
$37.50 — including tax.*

*"How To Be A Successful
stess": For this fascinating
page booklet of helpful
ts, send 10c to Box 990 L,
unton, Mass.*

"Good housekeepers use Dan River Sheets"

—says Miss Hilda Noble, Chief Housekeeper at Bermuda's Castle Harbour Hotel





"Naturally, our Castle Harbour guests *expect* luxurious living. For example: smooth snowy-white sheets—fresh every day—are a very important part of the comfort and restfulness our holiday guests always find here. That means day-in, day-out changing of sheets. And that's a *lot* of laundering!

"We've found, after trying almost every make of sheet, that Dan River combed percales really stand up *beautifully*—and under conditions much more exacting than in a private home. They even seem to get smoother, softer, more beautiful to the touch, with each laundering!"

* * *

We of Dan River Mills sincerely believe that, because of the fine cotton we buy, plus our superior production facilities—Dan River combed percale sheets actually improve in smoothness and luxury with repeated laundering.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

DAN RIVER SHEETS

DAN RIVER MILLS, INC., Danville, Virginia—*First in fashion . . . foremost in research*

Makers of Dress Fabrics • Wrinkl-Shed® Cottons • Stormwear Fabrics • Shirtings • Rayon Suitings • Yard Goods • Sheets and Pillow Cases

HOOSE YOUR
AN RIVER SHEETS
T THESE AND
THER FINE STORES:

ALABAMA
Loveman, Joseph & Loeb, Birmingham
CALIFORNIA
Malcolm Brock Co., Bakersfield
Cooper's, Fresno
COLORADO
Crews-Beggs Dry Goods Co., Pueblo
CONNECTICUT
The Gamble-Desmond Co., New Haven
FLORIDA
Cohen Bros., Jacksonville
O. Falk's Dept. Store, Tampa
Palm Beach Merc. Co., West Palm Beach
GEORGIA
Levy's, Savannah
IDAHO
C. C. Anderson Co., Boise
ILLINOIS
W. Lewis & Co., Champaign
Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago
IOWA
Younker-Davidson's, Sioux City
Jas. Black D. G. Co., Waterloo
KANSAS
Geo. Innes Co., Inc., Wichita
KENTUCKY
Kaufman Straus Co., Louisville
LOUISIANA
Muller Co., Lake Charles
MAINE
Freese's, Bangor
Porteous, Mitchell & Braun Co., Portland
MARYLAND
Stewart & Co., Baltimore
MASSACHUSETTS
Bon Marche, Inc., Lowell
Albert Steiger Co., Springfield
MICHIGAN
Herpolsheimer's, Grand Rapids
The L. H. Field Co., Jackson
Seitner Bros., Saginaw
MINNESOTA
Salkin & Linoff, Inc., Minneapolis
The Emporium, St. Paul
MISSISSIPPI
R. E. Kennington Co., Jackson
Fine Bros., Matison Co., Laurel
MISSOURI
Newman Mercantile Co., Joplin
Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc., St. Louis
MONTANA
The Paris, Great Falls
NEBRASKA
Gold and Co., Lincoln
J. L. Brandeis & Sons, Omaha
NEW HAMPSHIRE
James W. Hill Co., Manchester
NEW JERSEY
M. E. Blatt Co., Atlantic City
Quackenbush Co., Paterson
NEW MEXICO
Kistler, Collister & Co., Albuquerque
NEW YORK
John G. Myers Co., Albany
Abrahamson-Bigelow Co., Jamestown
Hearn Dept. Stores, Inc., New York
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co., Rochester
Dey Bros. & Co., Syracuse
NORTH CAROLINA
Belk Bros. Co., Charlotte
Capitol Dept. Store, Fayetteville
The Meyers Co., Greensboro
NORTH DAKOTA
R. B. Griffith Co., Grand Forks
OHIO
Higbee Co., Cleveland
Elder & Johnston Co., Dayton
Lasalle & Koch Co., Toledo
OKLAHOMA
Vandever D. G. Co., Tulsa
OREGON
J. C. Cochran Company, Oregon City
PENNSYLVANIA
Erie Dry Goods Co., Erie
Pomeroy's, Inc., Harrisburg
Penn Traffic Co., Johnstown
Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh
RHODE ISLAND
Callender, McAuslan & Troup Co., Providence
SOUTH CAROLINA
Jas. F. Condon & Sons, Charleston
Meyers-Arnold Co., Greenville
SOUTH DAKOTA
L. S. Donaldson Company, Rapid City
Fantle Bros., Inc., Sioux Falls
TENNESSEE
Lovemans, Inc., Chattanooga
Miller's Inc., Knoxville
Cain-Sloan Co., Nashville
TEXAS
White House D. G. Co., Beaumont
Popular D. G. Co., El Paso
Joske's of Texas, San Antonio
VERMONT
Economy Dept. Store, Rutland
VIRGINIA
L. Herman, Danville
Guggenheimer's, Inc., Lynchburg
Rucker-Rosenstock, Inc., Petersburg
WASHINGTON
Rumbaugh-McLain Dept. Store, Everett
Palace Dept. Store, Spokane
Rhodes Bros., Tacoma
Barnes-Woodin Co., Yakima
WEST VIRGINIA
The Diamond, Charleston
Stone & Thomas, Wheeling

DEFENSE AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

(Continued from Page 12)

need extra classrooms, and 57 per cent will still need them when present construction is completed. In cities of over 500,000, three quarters of the school systems are substandard.

The average class in American schools is not 25 pupils, the maximum recommended by the National Educational Association, but 28.5. Therefore, to catch up with *present* needs requires very considerable expenditures.

Depending on locality, 3 per cent to 6 per cent of teachers today hold substandard certificates. How will the war effort affect the teaching profession in the next few years?

The Army is more generous toward its officers than the state toward its teachers—and most qualified male schoolteachers, if they pass the physical tests, can be candidates for officer's training. Today's Army also employs teachers—and pays them much better than do the public-school systems. Teachers who go abroad to teach the children of Army personnel in occupied countries receive from $3825 to $4718 per year, plus transportation and housing. In as much as the average American middle-class family spends 25 per cent of its income for housing, the salaries really range between $4781 and $5897 per year, not counting other perquisites such as free or very cheap use of a car and access to Army PX's, where everything from canned goods to cosmetics is sold at a fraction of the American price.

These salaries are offered to teachers with a B.A. or B.S. degree and two years of training. A teacher with the same training in New York City earns $2838 per year!

The draft will take many young men who now contemplate entering the teaching profession—and perhaps divert them from it permanently. Defense work of a bureaucratic nature will attract others. The net effect will probably be to increase the ratio of women teachers, which already, in my opinion, is far too high. It is, therefore, almost certain that the defense effort will adversely affect the public schools, in terms of personnel. We will get teachers, probably sufficient teachers, but not as good ones as, under other circumstances, we might have.

But teachers cannot teach except under a roof, and America's school roofs must be extended. They must be extended now. This is one matter where the average citizen can exercise decisive influence, provided he will get together with his fellow citizens in his own school district.

The National Citizens Committee for the Public Schools, whose headquarters are at 2 West 45th Street, New York 18, New York, is prepared to advise citizens how to organize for the preservation and, if necessary, the expansion of their school systems. It has available pamphlets and films. By and large, communities will have good and adequate schools when the parents of the pupils are actively aware of the school situation and energetically organized to support and improve it. And never was public support more necessary.

For though military considerations take precedence over all else, it would be preposterous if, while arming to deter those who might think of attacking American or kindred democracies, we allow the greatest prop of democracy to rot or crumble; and if, while the careers of millions of young men are being interrupted, the education of their younger brothers and sisters should deteriorate.

Because we are in a crisis—not *despite* it—we must protect our schools. Otherwise the rest of what we are doing would be senseless. For great and powerful nations never fall by external enemies, but from their own follies and shortcomings. An ignorant and foolish population is a greater menace to an otherwise strong democracy than any "ism" or external foe.

CATS

A home without a cat, and a well-fed, well-petted and properly revered cat, may be a perfect home, perhaps, but how can it prove its title?
—MARK TWAIN.

The tiger who eats from the hand.
—Old Japanese Description of a Cat.

A house is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is a child in it rising three years old and a kitten rising three weeks.
—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

MR. MORGAN

(Continued from Page 58)

slowly from his house to the church. Then we entered behind him. This took place only at the eleven-o'clock service, but even if it was pouring rain we marched as usual, the Wardens with umbrellas, the Pastor under a canopy held by four boys.

One Sunday, at the end of an unprecedented spell when fish deserted our lagoon, a school of tunny dashed in through the channel, driven by sharks. They arrived just as the procession started and fishermen who had been without food for days looked passionately at the leaping fish, but Wardens dashed up and down striking the men with clubs to keep them from breaking line. On Monday the tunny were gone.

Our law, our parliament, our judge and our business dictator were all one man: the Pastor. His name was Thomas Cobbett and he came from some unidentified rural village, perhaps in New Zealand or Northern England. In appearance he was ordinary, a small man with watery blue eyes. Actually he was an inspired prophet right from the latter pages of the Old Testament, with a penetrating voice and a sure faith that God personally guided him in the government of our atoll. He appeared always in a black suit and when surrounded by his burly Wardens was a terrifying symbol of God's wrath in Matareva.

Often we puzzled why the government permitted him to usurp its powers, but many years later an official explained that there had been so much clamor about Christianizing the islands that it was decided to leave one forgotten atoll exclusively to missionaries so as to test what they could accomplish.

Pastor Cobbett accomplished miracles. Even today many people will say there was never a finer island than Matareva in the old days. We were forced to bathe each afternoon. We had to kill the land crabs that burrowed in our gardens, buy screens for our kitchens, and nail tin around our coconut trees to keep rats from eating the young nuts. We had to burn coral to make lime for painting our houses, and our walks had to be lined with white shells.

Every woman worked one day a week at the church, so that the gardens there were the most beautiful in the Pacific. And the stained-glass windows in our church, brought from Paris, were a miracle to all who visited our island.

The Pastor was equally relentless regarding our spiritual lives. The old music, which everyone knows to have been lascivious, was forbidden and replaced by church hymns. Dancing was completely taboo and Wardens could arrest anyone who dared to start the lewd old hulas. Everyone had to get married, widows must not talk with men except in the presence of other women, and the number of illegitimate babies—a phrase never used on our island before Pastor Cobbett's time—was much reduced. There were some, of





DOES MORE THAN
LAZY
LAXATIVES

PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA

not only relieves constipation, but accompanying acid indigestion, too!

Three tablespoonfuls for constipation and accompanying acid indigestion! Relieve irregularity *effectively* by taking Phillips' Milk of Magnesia! Phillips' does *more* than lazy laxatives which only relieve *constipation*. Phillips' *also* relieves the *acid indigestion* which often accompanies constipation—gives you *more complete relief*. So gentle for children, so thorough for grownups, Phillips' can be taken without thought of embarrassing urgency.

One tablespoonful for stomach upset alone! If overindulgence causes upset stomach, gas, heartburn or any other distressing symptoms of acid indigestion, take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia as an antacid. Phillips' brings amazingly fast relief because it contains one of the fastest, most effective neutralizers of excess stomach acids known!

LIQUID PHILLIPS' AVAILABLE IN 75¢, 50¢ and 25¢ BOTTLES
PHILLIPS' TABLETS IN $1.00, 50¢ and 25¢ SIZES

LADY BERKLEIGH

pajamas



tailored to a man's taste

It's the figure flattering man-tailored pajama, designed for real comfort. L-O-N-G-E-R lasting too...quality broadcloth . . . superb tailoring details. Takes rough washing-machine treatment, and comes back with that fresh crisp newness. About **$3.98**

LADY BERKLEIGH
1107 BROADWAY, N. Y. 10

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



LADY BERKLEIGH . . . *tailored by makers of men's shirts and pajamas for over 75 years*

course, for in the old days girls had babies before they were married as proof that they would make good wives, but Pastor Cobbett raved against the practice and the penalties were brutally severe except when the father proved to be a Warden. If the Warden was unmarried, he had to marry the girl right away. If he already had a wife, he was reprimanded in private and the girl was publicly humiliated before the entire village on Sunday morning. She had to march from the rear of the big church up to the altar, fall upon the floor, put a black cloth over her head and walk back past all of us. It was always surprising to me that any girl would have the courage to risk such public shame, but many did and it was found that old women of the village supported them in their behavior, but as the old women died off, the girls found no consolation and some of them committed suicide, a thing never before heard of in our village.

Did no one revolt against this tyranny? As I said, some old women tried, because not even the Wardens were cowardly enough to beat an old woman. Nor was the Pastor able to quell them, for when he preached against them they stared back with implacable hatred.

The Pastor solved the impasse by having his Wardens spy on the family of the offending woman until a son or husband was detected breaking some trivial rule. Then the old women learned that no one could get the better of Pastor Cobbett. Once a man tried, but he was thrashed so often and spent so much time in jail that he fled to Tongareva, but his canoe was fragile. It capsized and he was eaten by sharks. After that Pastor Cobbett ruled our lives inflexibly.

A family living in a large city, finding the usual notices on the gate ineffective in discouraging canvassers and salesmen, finally found the solution. They put up the following sign:

"Beware of the Agapanthus! If attacked, do not run but walk backward slowly!"

The results have been a total success.

But in 1919 a small schooner from Suva put into our lagoon and landed a man who was to revolutionize Matareva. He was a tall, thin man with stooped shoulders and a dark complexion. He wore a dirty shirt, unbuttoned, and white cotton pants that seemed always about to slip off his hips. He had no shoes, a battered hat, a small suitcase. He stood on the wharf and stared at our village. Then he hitched up his pants with his wrists and said:

"Just what I expected. I'll stop here."

The Pastor hurried up and said, "There are no houses."

"I'll build one," the stranger replied.

"We have no materials. None."

"Those leaf huts look okay to me," the man said.

The Pastor grew red in the face and said bluntly, "We don't want white men on this island."

So the stranger dropped his suitcase, planted his hands on his hips and growled, "You sound like a sergeant."

The Pastor shouted for his Wardens, who ran up with clubs, but the barefooted stranger side-stepped them, searching for some weapon of his own. An old woman kicked him a board, and with it he fairly flew at the astonished Wardens, who were accustomed to punishing men afraid to strike back.

THE stranger fought with such fury as we had not seen before, and soon the fat bullies retreated with bad bruises, leaving the amazed Pastor alone by the wharf. The visitor walked up to him and said, "The name's Morgan. I'll build my house over here."

That night he stayed with my father, and at great risk to themselves, four men of the village crept into our house after midnight. "Morgan Tane," they whispered, calling him by the name of one of our gods, "that was a good fight you did!"

"We were proud to see the Wardens run," another whispered.

"Morgan Tane," said the spokesman, "you were brave to challenge the Pastor. No one has ever been so brave before." There was a long silence and then the spokesma said in a hushed voice, "We have been wai ing for a man like you. Will you help us t fight against the Wardens?"

The stranger answered promptly, "Mc I didn't come down here to fight. I ha enough of that."

"But, Morgan Tane," the spokesma whispered, "here you will find no peace. Th Wardens will never let you spend one nigh in peace."

THE stranger lit a cigarette, puffed on several times, and said, "Then I'll have t do something about it."

"Good!" the men cried. "We'll have great rebellion."

"You don't understand," Mr. Morga corrected them. "I'm not interested i trouble. I'm not going to be your leade I'm not going to fight the Wardens. I cam down here for rest and quiet."

"But if the Wardens ——"

"It looks to me as if each man has got t handle them his own way. I'm going to bed."

He started building his house next day but by Sunday he was completely involve in our struggle against the Pastor, for as w prepared for the customary procession, i was noticed with hushed surprise that Mr Morgan, bare to the waist, was hammerin on his rooftree. Two Wardens were sent t haul him into church but they retreated i dismay when he pro duced a shotgun an said, "This thing loaded."

They rushed off t report the crisis to th Pastor, who came ou into the road an studied the infidel fro a safe distance. The he wiped his face an waited. When the pro cession passed the un completed house, Mr Morgan stopped his hammering and sa cross-legged on a barrel, weaving pandanu during the service. After the closing hym he went back to his hammering.

Pastor Cobbett knew that if he let thi insult go unpunished, his hold upon Mata reva was doomed, so when church was ove he gathered his Wardens and strode to th place where the white man was working.

"Mr. Morgan!" the Pastor cried in hi sepulchral voice. "Do you intend to dese crate the Sabbath?"

"Go away!" Mr. Morgan growled.

"You have spoken," Pastor Cobbett crie in terrible tones. "Now God shall destro this sacrilege."

The Pastor stepped up to the nearest pol and began to shake it as Samson shook th pillars of the temple. "Don't be a damne fool," Mr. Morgan called down from th rooftree.

"Come! Wardens! Everybody! Pull dow the house of evil."

The Wardens, who knew of the shotgu refused, but there were many natives wh believed that Cobbett's voice was the voice God, and these sprang into action, pullin down one of the posts so that a corner of th new house collapsed, tossing Mr. Morga into the dust.

There was a moment of fateful silence a he slowly picked himself up, brushed off h pants, and stood with his feet apart in th dust, studying the Pastor. Finally he asked "Reverend, are you crazy?"

"God has spoken," the missionary crie in his Old Testament voice. "Men, destro the blasphemy!"

The hypnotized natives rushed to th remaining poles and ripped them from th ground. Mr. Morgan remained with his hea cocked to one side, staring with amazemen at the impassioned scene. Still he did nothin and Pastor Cobbett exulted in victory, cry ing, "The devil in our midst has been cas out."

That was enough. Mr. Morgan looked a the Pastor with disgust and said, "They shouldn't of let you out of the booby hatch."

(Continued on Page 214)

The NEW MAYTAG AUTOMATIC gets clothes cleanest!



Only Maytag has Gyrafoam action!

Gyrafoam washing action! That's what it takes to wash clothes *really* clean. And the Maytag Automatic is the *only* automatic that has it.

Gyrafoam action has been proved in millions of homes as the best and *safest* way to remove even the most stubborn dirt and grime.

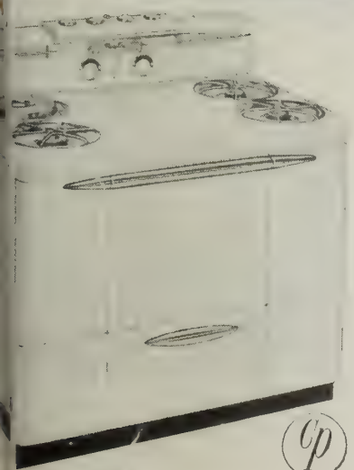
Completely automatic, your new Maytag is so easy to use. Just set two simple controls. Maytag washes, rinses, spin-dries your clothes. It does the complete wash, then even turns itself off. Your clothes are fluffy, light, tangle-free, almost ready to iron!

Put your Maytag anywhere—it needs no bolting down.

When you choose *your* automatic washer—look for the name you can have confidence in—*Maytag*. The Maytag Company, Newton, Iowa.

Maytag

WASHERS • IRONERS • RANGES • [illegible]



New! The Maytag Dutch Oven Gas Range!

Everything you want in a range. Big, super-insulated oven keeps all the heat in—cooks with gas turned off. Table-Serve broiler, Dutch cooker well, visual height controls, and giant burners which cook faster with less gas.

No other range is so easy to keep clean. Your dealer has five Maytag gas ranges to show you.



America's Biggest Washer Value! Gyrafoam action, big double-walled tub, exclusive Roller Water Remover, three models. Choice of more than 6,000,000 homemakers. See your dealer for free demonstration.

Note to every wife
who's ever felt uneasy
about her husband's trips



Ask him to
Go Pullman

COMFORTABLE, DEPENDABLE,
AND—ABOVE ALL—SAFE!



Continued from Page 212

He rummaged among the ruins of his house and then walked doggedly to a spot some thirty feet away. There he raised his shotgun and with six cold, deliberate blasts destroyed each of the stained-glass windows in the church. They had been the glory of Matareva, and as they crashed an anguished sob arose from the watchers.

Pastor Cobbett stood like a man who has seen death striding across the *motus*. When he finally found strength to speak, a last fragment of window fell into the dust. He threw his hands over his face and gave an animal-like wail: "Sodom and Gomorrah have come! Surely God will strike this island with pestilence and evil." So powerful was his cry that true believers started to quake as if the day of judgment were at hand.

Mr. Morgan stalked back through the trembling crowd and hitched up his dirty pants. "Pastor," he said firmly, "if you want to hold prayer meeting, do it on your own land. Get off mine." He flourished the empty gun and the fearful natives drew back in horror as if he were truly cursed.

Pastor Cobbett, still staring at the mutilated windows, made incoherent sounds and licked his parched lips.

"All right," Mr. Morgan said. "Who's going to help put these poles back in place?" No one moved. "Well, come on! You knocked them down."

Pastor Cobbett shrieked, "If anyone dares aid the infidel, God will strike him dead!"

"Please!" Mr. Morgan cried. "Shut up! Now you, Teofilo. Grab the pole."

There was a deep silence. Many men must have wanted to aid the stranger, but they knew that when he left Matareva, Pastor Cobbett and the Wardens would remain behind. No one would help.

"God be praised!" the Pastor exulted.

Then a most memorable thing happened. In Matareva there was a girl named Maeva. Even on our island of beautiful girls she was handsome. She had very long hair that was envied by our women, strong arms and good teeth, but although she was already past twenty no man had married her because Pastor Cobbett said she was cursed of the devil because she refused to carry a lighted lantern at night.

Now she left the huddled crowd and crossed to where Mr. Morgan was waiting. "I will help you," she said.

"Wardens!" shouted the Pastor. "Take that evil girl."

"Reverend," the stranger said patiently, "for the last time, go home."

"Wardens! Wardens! Seize her!"

Mr. Morgan waved the empty shotgun at the crowd and said, "If you don't want to work, get out!"

Slowly the Wardens withdrew. Now Pastor Cobbett stood alone, facing Mr. Morgan and the girl. "Maeva!" he cried in an ashen voice both commanding and pleading. "Your soul will rest in hell."

Mr. Morgan turned his back on the lonely, apocalyptic figure and said to the girl, "You? What's your name?"

"Maeva," she said.

"An odd name. Bring me the hammer."

That night in my father's kitchen a group of Matareva men assembled secretly. They said, "The Wardens are afraid of this man. Even the Pastor can do nothing. It's time for us to drive our persecutors from the island."

My father said, "It would be fatal to start a rebellion that didn't succeed."

"With Mr. Morgan it will have to succeed," another whispered.

A Warden came to the door and the men hid under the porch. "Everybody here?" the Warden asked.

"Yes," my father replied. Then he crept across the yard where my mother plants the crotons and hibiscus and in a few minutes he was back with Mr. Morgan.

"Morgan, I see," our oldest man said, "you are at war with the Pastor. Good! May we join you?"

"Look, old man!" Mr. Morgan replied. "I'm at war with nobody. Now don't bother me any more."

He left us, but on Saturday he discovered that he had been wrong. He was at war. It began this way:

Maeva, who had been working with Mr. Morgan, had slept each night at her brother's, but on Friday the Wardens waited for her and had beaten her severely. Next morning she limped up to the new house and sat upon the porch, her nose dripping blood. Some old women who hated the Pastor gathered in bitter groups along the road. No one spoke. A Warden went past and took the names of all who were watching.

Mr. Morgan rose late that day, for he had been working hard all week. The old women saw him stretch, sluice his head with a bucket of cold water, and look at his tongue in a mirror. Then he came onto the front porch.

He looked with cold fury at Maeva's handsome face, all smeared with blood. Next he looked at the crowd of old women. It was a long time before he did anything. Then he fetched a basin of water and there on the front porch fixed Maeva's nose. It had been broken. After that he took her inside.

All that day there was whispered bitterness across Matareva. Word passed that any plans for rebellion must be stopped, for again

I Dreamt My Love Was But a Child

By Dan G. Hoffman

I dreamt my love was but a child.
Asleep by water's edge, she smiled;
I saw her then to fullness grow
And in her hair the lilies blow
That once a wanton swan beguiled
In the Aegean long ago.

And then I saw the raging years
Shower her with silver spears;
And where the flaming bird had pressed
Those great white wings, beneath her breast
An image grew, too fond for tears,
Asleep in its dark-watered nest.

the Wardens had triumphed. It was said that what had happened to Maeva had finally convinced Mr. Morgan that resistance was useless.

On Saturday night, therefore, the Wardens raided my father's home with new brutality and beat him for some minutes, adding, "We know you were talking with the white man. We know everything."

On Sunday we gathered as usual at the lagoon and lined up as the Wardens directed. The bell rang strangely through the shattered windows and our procession started toward the imposing door.

At this moment Mr. Morgan appeared barefooted on the porch of his new house. Behind him stood the girl Maeva, her face bandaged. With long, careless steps, his toes kicking dust, the stranger walked along the dusty road and right up to the line of Wardens. "Which one of them was it, Maeva?"

The handsome girl, her hair down to her waist, stepped from behind Mr. Morgan and pointed fearlessly at one of the worst Wardens. "That one," she said.

The white man lifted his shotgun and there was a terrified gasp from the crowd, but he handed it to the girl and said, "I showed you how to use this. If anyone . . . a Warden, the Pastor, anyone comes at me, kill him."

Then slowly, like a wave about to crash upon the reef, he went to the Warden who had beaten Maeva and with a sudden grab pulled the hulking man out of line. In silence, and in fearful efficiency, he beat the man until it seemed as if his small right hand could drive no more. The Warden was f cowardly. Twice Mr. Morgan hauled h to his feet and waited until the bully got s Then with merciless blows he knocked h down again. Blood was spattered across t white uniform.

So awesome was this cruel scene that one in the procession moved, but we cou see the beating from where we stood. A when it became apparent that Mr. Morg was willing to fight the entire force Wardens, one after the other, a murmur restlessness agitated the crowd and it peared there might be a general uprisi but this was forestalled by the appearan of Pastor Cobbett.

"No one must move!" he cried in great prophetic voice, but when he saw t ruined face of his leading Warden he turn pale.

Mr. morgan, tired and breathless, st back on his heels, blood across his dir sagging pants. He spoke first. "The Ward told you I'd run away. Well, I like it he I'll probably stay the rest of my life." grabbed the shotgun from Maeva and wal slowly back to his house alone, and as watched him go, barefooted and bent ward, we knew that even though he wo not lead our rebellion, he was from that on an atoll man.

We never called him by any name Mr. Morgan. He received twelve letter year, no more, no less, each from the Uni States Government. Once when he cashe batch of his pension checks with a pass trader he said, "It's good money. I ear it. Got shot up in France while the rich on our block stayed home." His only o reference to America came one night w the ocean hammered the reef in great lence, making thunder. "Sounds like Third Avenue El," he said.

We were much surprised that after fight he did not take the girl Maeva ho with him. It was obvious that he could h any girl he wanted. He was brave and he a regular income. At night pretty wah began to drift by his house, but he took notice of them. When curfew rang he usu went right to bed, and twice when braver than the rest snuffed out their l terns and hid upon his porch, he put on sagging pants and led them boldly to th homes, where he delivered them to th mothers.

It may seem strange to people not of islands, but we were all offended, men women alike, that a stranger should h come amongst us and found our girls desirable. My mother was commissioned talk this over with Mr. Morgan, and asked, "Are they not beautiful?"

"They're all right," Mr. Morgan said. hands in his pockets.

"Then why don't you take one into house? To mend your clothes? To cook

"Look," said the man gruffly. "I d want any women around."

Yet it was he who finally ended the foo ness of the lanterns. It happened this w My mother is not easily put off. She k that every man needs a woman for clea up if for nothing more. So she went to Maeva, whose nose had now healed. said, "Maeva, you must not let Mo Tane live alone. It is no good." But M replied that when she looked in the she was ashamed. The Wardens ha her so that she thought herself pretty. But mother knows we'he aske works and she said, "He wi' hurts you received for him you stay." 'Men, destro

So Maeva combed her of frangipani for her he rushed to th feet. Then she carried ed them from th new house. She arrive ined with his hea was on the reef and by with amazemen at sunset a fine meal wa till he did nothi

"That looks good," ed in victory, cr together. Maeva had idst has been ca joyed to look at, so th eating and finally Mr Morgan looked and ran his finger along and said, "The much of a nose," he apol be booby hatch

(Continued on Page 214)



Newly-wed or not . . . enjoy

Trousseau Luxury

Envy not the blushing bride. You too can have a Fieldcrest trousseau. Blankets like a drifting cloud. Towels to swathe you as proudly as ermine. Sheets and bedspreads, all unabashedly luxurious. Woven to last and be loved (and pamper your budget, too), because Fieldcrest is another word for quality.

Look for these thick, thirsty Hunt Club towels at your favorite department store. In six gorgeous deep tones . . . Derby Black, Gold, Saddle Brown, Leather Tan, Hunt Green and a brilliant Coat Red.



Fieldcrest

TOWELS

Sheets • Towels • Blankets • Bedspreads
Electric Blankets • Karastan Rugs • Lace
Tablecloths • Curtains • Hosiery • Rayons

FIELDCREST MILLS, DIVISION OF MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, INC., 88 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 13, NEW YORK





(Continued from Page 214)

"You fixed it well," she insisted.

"It's all right," he said. "Now you must go home."

Maeva allowed tears to come into her eyes and said, "Morgan Tane, it is no good for you to live alone. See, I have brought my things." With her brown foot she pushed open the door to the small room and there on the floor beside his large bed lay her sleeping mats.

Mr. Morgan studied them for a while and then stooped down and rolled them into a heap. He tossed them over his shoulder and started out the door.

"Please, Morgan Tane!" the girl cried. "Not while it is still light. The village will laugh at me."

He dropped the mats and sat with Maeva while darkness crept over the lagoon.

"Have you a wife?" she whispered. "In America?"

"Me? No."

"I am sorry," she said. "I am sorry you do not know that it is good for each man to have his wahine." She moved very close to him and that night he did not make her leave.

Of course the Wardens noticed this and early next morning, when Mr. Morgan was out to buy some canned beef from the Chinaman, they descended on the house and arrested her, being very careful not to hurt her in any way, for they wished this affair to be completely legal.

At the jail Pastor Cobbett listened to the evidence and promptly sentenced her to three weeks at hard labor. The jail doors were locked and Maeva went to work.

When Mr. Morgan returned with the meat, he assumed that Maeva had gone back to her own home for a while, but when noon passed he felt a little relieved that he was not going to be bothered with a woman about the house. He preferred not to be bothered, so at dusk he carried Maeva's bed mats back to her mother. Within a few minutes he learned what had happened.

In a blind rage he stormed up to the jail and demanded that Maeva be released. The jailer said Pastor Cobbett had the keys, so Mr. Morgan grabbed a chair and knocked the door down. Then he set Maeva free and when the girl stepped into the street she was surrounded by other girls, each with a lighted lantern. Angrily, Mr. Morgan took a big stick and broke every lantern. The Wardens, seeing that he had no shotgun with him, started to close in on him all together, but he shouted for the men of Matareva, and at last the great rebellion was on.

We burned down the jail, ripped the handsome doors off the church, and chased the Wardens all across the island. Whenever we caught one we threw him back to the women, who did many funny things to the fat men, I can tell you.

Under Mr. Morgan's direction all the Wardens were finally herded together by the lagoon. Their uniforms were disgraced in the mud. Their heads were sore from women's fists. "You'll leave the island forever," Mr. Morgan said.

The men of Matareva then cried, "Where is the Pastor?"

The mob rushed to his house, but he was waiting for us. He had been waiting since midnight, a small, watery-eyed man in a black suit. He appeared on the porch and slowly the rebellion stood at attention. Pastor Cobbett raised his eyes and moaned "God will condemn the island of Matareva forever!" The men nearest the porch moved back.

Now Mr. Morgan came up and said, "Go on back to bed, Pastor."

(Continued on Page 218)

Can you wash a slip cover?

Yes, if made of vat-dyed, color-fast, shrinkproof fabric (look for labels) and if you have a well-ventilated place to dry it.

No, if they are very bulky, have skimpy, loosely-sewn seams or complicated trimming; or if you have no washing machine.

These fabrics will wash: Firmly woven, fast-colored cottons like chintz, cretonne, corduroy, denim, ticking and sailcloth. Close-textured linen—unless printed or hand-painted designs are unreliable.

For uncertain colors: Snip a small piece from seam or hem, and binding or cording; wash and roll in a towel. If color runs into water or onto towel, better send to dry cleaners.

How to wash: Vacuum well, mend tears, baste pleats in place, and close zippers. Remove any stains with cleaning fluid. Wash only one large piece at a time in warm water (110° to 120° F.) and mild suds. If heavily soiled, two washings of two or three minutes each are better than one long wash. Rinse at least twice in water the same temperature. Very light starching gives body to limp covers. Dry quickly in breezy shade. Smooth cording and edging between fingers to stretch and straighten it.

How to press: For a snug fit, press pleats or ruffles while slightly damp and ease cover into place on furniture. Fan speeds drying. Smooth creases and sharpen pleats with a steam or regular iron over dampened cheesecloth. Allow corduroy to dry, and brush to raise nap and freshen color. Do not dry slip covers on heavily textured upholstery or those with uncertain colors.



How to iron: Dampen evenly and lightly several hours before ironing. Iron pleated section or flounce, then slide back section of cover over ironing board to iron. Fit narrow end of the board into arms and other rounded sections. Stretch cording and seams gently, and iron thoroughly dry to prevent puckering later. Put covers on the furniture as soon as finished to prevent mussing.

One of society's best-dressed women.

Mrs. Lauritz Melchior says:

"I live in Beverly Hills... I sleep in Utica"



Vivacious Maria Melchior manages her famous husband's career, manages their beautiful Beverly Hills estate as well. "I consider Utica-Mohawk sheets and pillow cases the best that money can buy," says Mrs. Melchior. "I wouldn't be without them." You, too, will appreciate the greater luxury and longer wear of Utica-Mohawk sheets and pillow cases. The fine stores in your community offer you a choice of *five* Utica-Mohawk qualities, all worthy of their place in best-dressed linen closets like Mrs. Lauritz Melchior's—and yours.

Mrs. Melchior wears a gown created for her by CHRISTIAN DIOR.

Outside the Melchiors' wide-windowed bedroom... one of California's loveliest views. Inside, one of America's greatest luxuries... Utica Beauticale sheets.

The Social Register of the Linen Closet...

UTICA BEAUTICALE® SHEETS... *regardless of price... you can buy nothing finer*

MOHAWK COMBED PERCALE... *each night proves their luxury... each year their economy*

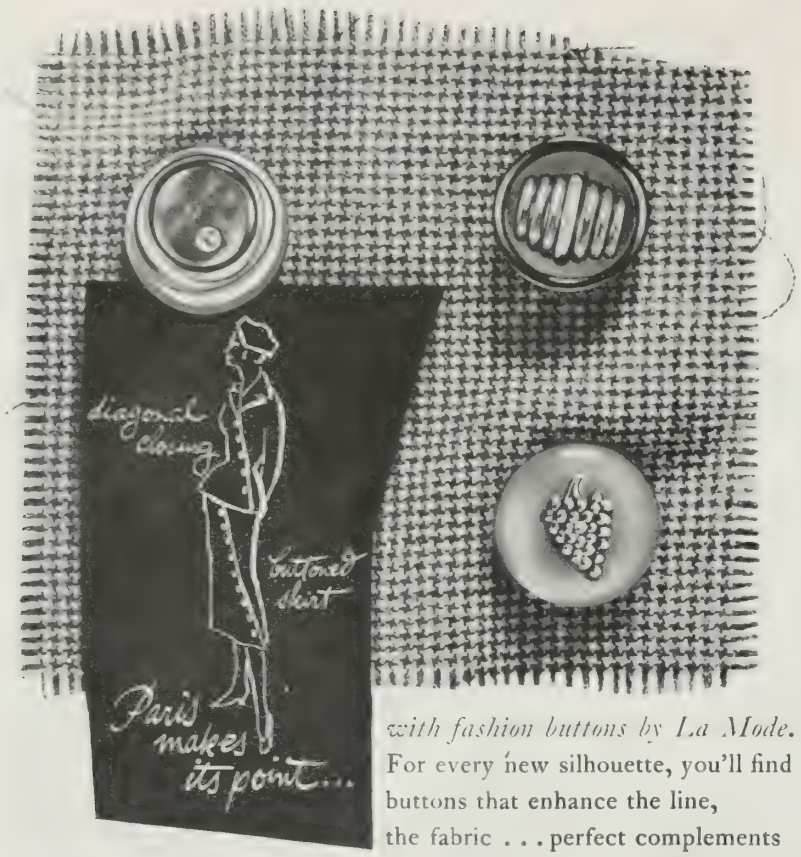
MOHAWK MUSLIN... *the thrift sheets of the nation*

UTICA MUSLIN... *woven extra strong... to wear extra long*

HOPE MUSLIN... *neat, nice... low in price*



Symbol of Quality for over 100 Years



with fashion buttons by La Mode.
For every new silhouette, you'll find buttons that enhance the line, the fabric . . . perfect complements by La Mode. When you shop for La Mode you'll see the whole fashion story in buttons – every shape, every shade, every price!
At your favorite Button Department.
Or write—we'll tell you where.

La Mode
FOR EVERY FASHION...IN EVERY PRICE RANGE
BUTTONS
Since 1877

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

B. Blumenthal & Co., Inc., 1372 *Broadway, New York* 18, *New York*
Also creators of nationally advertised Le Chic buttons, available at variety stores.



"I took 30 lessons to learn to play this thing and all HE does is get his suit *SANITONE dry cleaned!*"

SUCCESS and good grooming go hand in hand . . . that's why millions have switched to the one dry cleaning that keeps clothes looking like-new longer.

It's called Sanitone. Out goes even rubbed-in grime so colors and patterns come back to life! Stubborn spots vanish! No stale cleaning odors! Original texture restored! Better press lasts longer!

Look for Your Sanitone Dry Cleaner in Your Classified Phone Directory

Emery Industries, Inc. **Cincinnati 2, Ohio**

SANITONE

(Continued from Page 216)

"God will bring all the curses of Babylon upon you!" the prophetic voice cried.

"What do you know about God?" Mr. Morgan asked impatiently, jumping onto the porch and shoving the little missionary back into the safety of the house.

Then there was a shout at the lagoon, and Mr. Morgan had to hurry down there, for some women had got hold of the worst Warden and were beating him up all over again. Mr. Morgan made my father's house the new jail and put three men to protect the Wardens until a schooner could be sent to Tahiti.

The long night ended with everyone singing and shouting. Then suddenly there was a profound silence, for to the east, behind the church spire, the sun began to rise. It flooded Matareva with wonderful light, and it was a great majesty to all of us, for in my lifetime the people of my village had never before stayed up all night. An old woman began a few nimble steps, and soon the entire population was chanting the fine lusty songs of long ago. "Wahine! Tane!" The music grew louder and we danced.

In the soberness of daylight my father and the village leaders met with Mr. Morgan to discuss what must be done next.

"Done?" he asked. "I guess we'll have to build a new jail."

"What we mean is, about the Pastor?"

"Why do anything about him?" Mr. Morgan asked.

"We'll need a new government. We must report what has happened."

"We don't need a new government," Mr. Morgan said.

"But the Pastor?"

"There's nothing wrong with him. You've just got to stand up to him, that's all."

"But, Morgan Tane, now that you have led us —— We would like it if you agreed ——"

"Don't take things too seriously," he said sleepily. "It's just like in France. We had a rotten sergeant. We argued with him. Then we beat him up. After that things were all right."

"You mean you're willing to have Pastor Cobbett stay here?" my father asked in astonishment.

"Why not?" the tired man asked, and with that he went off to bed.

THE effect of these events on Pastor Cobbett was unbelievable. When the Wardens were banished we expected him to flee also. Instead, he became more active than ever. Shorn of his temporal power, he increased his spiritual dominion over us. We would see him night and day tirelessly tramping our atoll, exhorting people to mind the ways of God. He had no pride, no shame. He would burst upon unmarried lovers and stand there in the midst of their confusion, pleading with them to marry like decent Christians.

He was now in his sixties, a little man with a mass of white hair. He continued to wear black suits and his voice was more booming than ever. We were no longer required to attend church, but most of us did, for he changed the service to make it more inviting. He introduced twice as many songs and even fitted his own religious words to robust island tunes. I think he knew that our women mumbled the original verses about love-making by the lagoon, but he seemed not to care so long as they came to church. And always there was that small figure, thinner now, probing into every corner of island life.

FOR example, he went boldly to Mr. Morgan's house and said, "Morgan, you and Maeva ought to get married."

"Have a chair," Mr. Morgan said gruffly.

"I don't suppose you've ever thought about it," Pastor Cobbett said, "but Maeva would like it."

"I don't think she'd care," Mr. Morgan replied.

"Why not let her decide?" the Pastor suggested.

"Hasn't she had enough of your religion? Broken nose? Public shame?"

"Mr. Morgan," the Pastor cried as if he were in church, "where God is concerned things like that don't matter."

"You'd better go, Pastor. Such talk makes me sick."

"I'll call Maeva." Without waiting for permission the little man went to the door and shouted for the girl to come in. She was pregnant at the time and seemed one great placid ball of humanity.

"Pull up a chair," Mr. Morgan said.

"Maeva," Pastor Cobbett began, "I've come here to ask Morgan Tane to marry you. In the church. Would that please you?"

The black-haired native girl looked at the two men, the one who had caused her nose to be broken, the one who had mended it with his own hands, and although she knew that she was offending the latter she said quietly, "Yes."

Pastor Cobbett rose dramatically and said, "You're right, Maeva. Any decent Christian woman wants to be married." With that he left.

There was a long discussion between Maeva and Mr. Morgan, but he finally said, "I understand how you feel, but I don't think I'll get married."

Nor did Pastor Cobbett content himself merely with religious matters. He performed all his old governmental functions, aided now by a council of native men including my father, and he evolved the new plan whereby we made a better grade of copra for sale direct to Belgium.

Once, after a long meeting about health rules, he excused himself and went back to



"Did he eat like that before prices went up?"

Is Dry Skin telling lies about your age?

Have you ever looked in a mirror —and thought you needed a long vacation? Or feared your skin would never look young again?

Take the vacation if you can. But don't give in to the fear. Because often it's just *dry skin* that causes a complexion to whisper about its birthdays.

For such skin, there's Woodbury Dry Skin Cream with a new wonder-working ingredient called *Penaten!* A glorious new miracle, *Penaten's* special magic is that it penetrates deeper into the important corneum layers of the skin—carries the rich benefits of lanolin and 4 other special skin softeners deeper than ever before!

Try it! See little dry skin lines and harshness seem to melt away. Your skin will be soft to touch, radiant to behold and, even though your mirror lies—*it will be in your favor!* 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

WOODBURY DRY SKIN CREAM
penetrates deeper because of Penaten

NON-SLIP
CAT'S PAW
Rubber HEELS & Soles

Don't be HALF-SAFE

by ***VALDA SHERMAN***



Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you mature. Now, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a new type of perspiration containing milky substances which if they reach your dress—cause ugly stains and clinging odor.

You'll face this problem throughout womanhood. It's not enough merely to stop the flow of this perspiration. You must now use a deodorant that stops the perspiration itself before it reaches—and ruins—your clothes.

But doctors know, not all deodorants stop perspiration and odor. But Arrid does! It has been proved that the new cream deodorant Arrid stops underarm perspiration 1 to 3 days safely—keeps underarms dry and sweet.

Remember this, too. Arrid's antiseptic action kills odor on contact—prevents formation of odor up to 48 hours and keeps you "bath-after-bath" fresh. And it's safe for skin and safe for fabrics.

So, don't be half-safe. Don't risk your daintiness with half-safe deodorants. *Be sure—safe! Use Arrid to be sure.* Arrid with Carbonogen will not dry out, and it's so pleasant and easy to apply. Get Arrid today.

see Mr. Morgan, who never attended any discussions.

"I'm not going to argue with you, Morgan," he said bluntly. "I just want to tell you that I've seen lots of white men in the tropics. They all face three inevitable tests. One, have they the courage to marry the girl? Two, are they proud of her when she is pregnant for the first time? Three, and when the boat arrives from their own country—it always arrives, Morgan—do they introduce the woman and her dark children to their countrymen?"

That was all he said, and he must have known a great deal about Mr. Morgan, for the white man failed each test. He never married Maeva. Furthermore, he was ashamed and perplexed while she was pregnant, indifferent when the girl was born. And when schooners put into the atoll Maeva and the baby were forbidden to appear in the front part of the house.

Once an American yacht sought refuge in our lagoon, but Mr. Morgan avoided the crew. Finally three of them forced their society upon him with loud cries of, "They say you're a real Yankee beachcomber!" He did not invite them into his house, but they came anyway with three cases of beer. When they were brave with drink one asked, "Is it true you're married to a beautiful native girl?"

"That's right," Mr. Morgan replied, his shoulders bent forward and his hands in the pockets of his sagging white pants.

We never understood what he did with his time. He didn't write. He never read books. He didn't like to fish nor did he sit and yarn with people about the old times. He was a man who lived entirely within himself. He did not even take pleasure in his glowing wahine, who always walked five steps behind him when they went to the beach for a swim.

And yet we knew that here was a brave man, perhaps the bravest we had ever known. Because of this knowledge, our disappointment in him was trebled, for we had hoped that he might lead us to a better way of life, one with more purpose and happiness. He was not concerned with this, and painfully we discovered that he stood for nothing. He was a moral zero and we knew that such a man could never show us how to govern Matareva.

When I became the schoolteacher I understood why my father and the other old men returned at last to the Pastor. He stood for something. Of course, when he ranted, "It's God's will!" we were no longer fooled. We knew that no man can say what God's will is, but we also knew it was important that we be led by someone who was at least concerned about what that will might be. We had hoped for a better man than the Pastor to lead us, but failing that we had to make do with what was at hand.

The years passed and we forgot Mr. Morgan. Life passed him by and he walked the beach, a man of no consequence, a man loved by no one except perhaps Maeva. Then suddenly he was catapulted tragically back into the orbits of our village as he had been years before. Now the women of Matareva gathered before the white man's house and wept, saying to one another, "At least he's human, like the rest of us."

Maeva was deeply stricken with our most dreaded illness, tuberculosis. I am told that elsewhere this disease lingers in the patient's lung for many years. It is not so with us. There is the racking cough, the pallor under our brown skins, and the chest all caved away. There is nothing we can do against tuberculosis, nothing except die.

I often saw Maeva in the last stages of her illness. It was terrifying. Here was a strong woman who had fished off the reef in her own canoe, yet now she was thin like a ghost, her face fallen in. Here was a girl so beautiful that sailors from schooners would walk like schoolboys to her house, bringing gifts, yet now even her lovely lips were sunk into the gasping mouth. She lay on the floor where she had always slept, and no one could look at her without knowing that death must already be sailing his canoe at the reef's edge.

The effect on Mr. Morgan was something nobody could have predicted. He seemed to



Vitality SHOES
for the loveliest... most feminine foot

Excitingly romantic . . . extravagantly flattering . . . Vitality's immaculate white shoes will carry you distinctively into summer festivity . . . complement your delicate summer costumes.

And they're styled with *lasting quality* inside and out . . . slim, snug-fitting heels, smart trim detail.

Do see *your* Vitality dealer soon and make your selection of summer whites from his impressive collection.

Vitality Shoes and Vitality Wanderlust Shoes
Complete Range of Sizes and Widths

RHYME — the graceful lines of this elegant sandal bring sure flattery to your feet

GLANCE — foot-caressing comfort all summer long . . . this smart shoe caters to every mood and costume



AURELIA — your beloved spectator pump, a famous classic shoe that brings new delight with every wearing.

VITALITY SHOE COMPANY, DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS 3, MO.



us never to have loved his wife, yet now he sat day after day with her, his unlighted pipe between his teeth. He had sent his daughter to a family down the beach while he sat in the silent house caring for the dying girl.

Once when Pastor Cobbett came to talk with Maeva, Mr. Morgan could bear no longer the sight of that vanished face and he burst from the house like a madman. He came rushing down to see my father and cried, "God! God! She just lies there!" My father took him for a walk along the lagoon, but the pounding waves that roared upon the reef reminded the shivering man of Maeva fishing. The stars coming out were like the candles she had burned in his house. He walked mechanically until my father had to leave him, and all that night Pastor Cobbett stayed with Maeva.

In the morning Mr. Morgan returned, apparently reconciled to what must happen. When the Pastor had trudged off, the white man said, "The lagoon with stars upon it is beautiful, Maeva." So far as we knew, he had never before commented in any way about the atoll he had shared for many years. Now he walked endlessly among us, hurrying back to Maeva to tell her how we looked, what we were doing that day. Once he stopped me and grabbed me by the arm. "Have you ever seen heron crashing down on a fish?" It was a common sight, the great black bill snipping the water, but he stood there transfixed.

The next day Pastor Cobbett asked Mr. Morgan if Maeva would like to have a few prayers. Mr. Morgan said he didn't think so, but Pastor Cobbett said he would come in anyway. He was there when Maeva died, quietly as if not knowing that this sleep was different. For a moment Mr. Morgan would not believe that she was dead, and then he stood by the bed crying, "No! No!"

All night he stood there by the wasted figure on the mat. Our old women came to dress the body and they thought it improper that he should watch them, but he would not leave. When the village keeners came to wail their penetrating lament for the dead soul on its vast journey, he fell into a chair and kept his hands over his ears. The weird cry of the mourners drove him mad and he shouted that they must stop, but they could no more forsake the dead than they could stop the sun from climbing at last above the trees of Matareva.

At the funeral Pastor Cobbett stood by the grave and preached great moving words so that we all wept for this good woman who was dead, but before the Pastor ended Mr. Morgan left the graveyard and returned to the lagoon beach, where he walked for many hours. Finally the Pastor said to me, "You must talk with him. He would be offended if I did."

I FOLLOWED him until he turned and saw me unexpectedly. Again he grabbed my arm imploringly and asked in a hushed voice, "Have you ever seen a star like that? Casting a shadow across the lagoon?" I said that at Matareva we often saw that star and he threw his hands across his face and cried, "There was so much Maeva could have shown me!" He walked off in agony and I watched him for a long time.

Finally I went up to him and said, "Morgan Tane, I think we should go to the Chinaman's and have a beer."

"That's a good idea," he said.

We went to Ah Kim's and opened two bottles. but after drinking only part of his Mr. Morgan said, "I think I'll go to bed."

We expected this upheaval of his world to bring Mr. Morgan at last into the heart of our village, but instead it drove him farther from us. He did not even bother to recover his daughter from the house along the beach, and the family living there were very happy to keep the girl as their own, for they prized a white man's child.

So once more we forgot Mr. Morgan. He caused no trouble, spent his money cautiously. Sometimes from my school window I would see him shuffling barefooted along the beach, his shirt open, his pants hanging low upon his hips. Often he did not shave and for days on end we might not see him. His daughter Tuna was growing up a bright fine-limbed girl like her mother. Once Pastor Cobbett, now seventy-six, found her with a sailor off an Australian ship and punished her on the spot. Mr. Morgan, when he heard of this, said she probably deserved it.

That is how things were in 1941, and then one day a schooner called to say that Honolulu had been bombed. We had an old radio on Matareva and under Pastor Cobbett's excited urgings a man from the schooner got it working. For days on end the Pastor sat transfixed before it, piecing together the news of war in our ocean. He borrowed a map from my school and called the headmen of the village together. He proved it inevitable that Japan would invade Matareva, and to prevent this organized a complete lookout system, a line of fighters for the beaches, and a hiding place for the radio.

Early in his operations the missionary approached Mr. Morgan, who said, "The Japs'll never bother with this dump."

"But in war we must be prepared!" the Pastor argued.

"I fought my war," Mr. Morgan replied.

"But it's your nation that is threatened!"

"They're tough. They can look out for themselves."

He would take no part in the wild plans evolved by the Pastor, but when the government destroyer put into our lagoon and reviewed what Cobbett had done the defense minister said, "Remarkable! Remarkable! All we need give you chaps is a radio for sending as well as receiving." Later the government had to impose strict rules about this radio, for Pastor Cobbett reported voluminously every four hours.

Yet it was this radio which finally brought Matareva full into the war. Pastor Cobbett was listening one rainy, wind-swept afternoon when he heard the lonely signal of an American plane, lost in a violent storm. He rushed into the road crying, "Plane trying to find Borabora!" We hurried to the radio and heard a plea for any kind of help.

I was handed the microphone, an twenty minutes I repeated over and "C-Forty-seven. C-Forty-seven. Th Matareva. Bad storm outside the ree you can land in the lagoon." It was and haunting, to be sending words that never be heard.

Then finally came the crackling wh "Matareva. Matareva. We cannot la water. Have you level ground?"

The men about me argued for a mo and I reported, "C-Forty-seven. C-F seven. There is no land. Crash on calm a hundred yards from shore. Our canoe save you." I said this fifteen times and we heard the bewildered pilot:

"I cannot get there before dark. M reva. Matareva."

A TALL figure stepped beside me, barefo stoop-shouldered, no shirt. Mr. Morgan "We'll put lights on the *motus*. Lights ar the lagoon."

"C-Forty-seven," I cried in the flat that betrays no hope, no fear. "We will the lagoon as follows." I started to ex but the pilot broke in:

"How will we know where the shore

Mr. Morgan grabbed the microp "Come in, you damned fools," he sna "You've nowhere else to go. Head bet the green lights. Land short of the red o And as I sat there, encouraging the Mr. Morgan dashed out into the rai shouted for everyone on Matareva eit get into his canoe or take a light and along the reef. When the first lights ble he cried above the storm, "Pastor! I you have some extra lanterns in the chu When a man near the lagoon cried, plane can land in this storm," Mr. M snapped, "If we don't save them, they' dumb to save themselves."

He took a motorboat and a dozen lar wrapped in whatever green cloth the w

(Continued on Page 222)

Ask any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

ONE good allergy, properly managed, can protect a husband from most of life's unpleasantries.

●He handed out cigars and joined the passing pa-rade.

No deodorizing apparatus could be installed in our household. The family likes the kitchen door thrown open and the fragrance of what they're going to eat wafted to the very rafters.

In housekeeping, it is ever, "Hills peep over hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

Most-frequently-heard words when I was growing up: "Don't get turned around before it's time to cook another meal."

The woman who covers the davenport slip cover, and spreads an old rug over a new one, is also the one who wears a used apron on top of a clean.

A man has "time" that a woman never has; when she's washing out silk underwear, putting up her hair, mending socks, *he* is reading the paper.

Praise is the best lever for lifting a child's ambition.

For once we were firm when the youngest tried to persuade us we needed an upstairs cat, a downstairs cat, and one for the basement.

A young mother was told that pa also worry when children are growr Her reply, "Well, at least *then* I ca down and worry!"

Paradox: Punctuality in a famil creases with each additional child.

He's one of those men who can t poke at a blazing fire and have it out time.

Some persons learn from experience ers go on putting their toes in the seat a of them.

Television is used by some parents i way their grandparents used paregori keep the child quiet.

A man wants things as they we woman as they *will* be.

Double-ring ceremony: bathing two dren the same night.

To the May bride and groom: The st gle to have the last word may caus first quarrel.

You can't predict what's inside a any more than you can what's ins melon.

A woman happy with her husband ter for her children than a hundred b on child raising.



Rule for today

No matter <u>where</u> you buy it...
No matter <u>what</u> you pay...
<u>Be sure</u> your cottons never
shrink out of fit...
Be sure you <u>see</u> **"Sanforized"** on the
label...and avoid shrinkage woes!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

THE SCENE CHANGES . . .

The Comfort Remains!



The Paula

. . . and wherever you go, be *smart* about it . . . in finer footwear by *Miracle-Tread*. Others will notice the lovely, flattering style . . . the apparent quality in every detail. And, of course, *you'll* be pleasantly aware of enjoying the most wonderful fit ever!

Miracle-Tread

$7.95 to $9.95

SOME STYLES HIGHER
DISTANT POINTS
SLIGHTLY HIGHER

SMART SHOES FOR GRACEFUL POISE

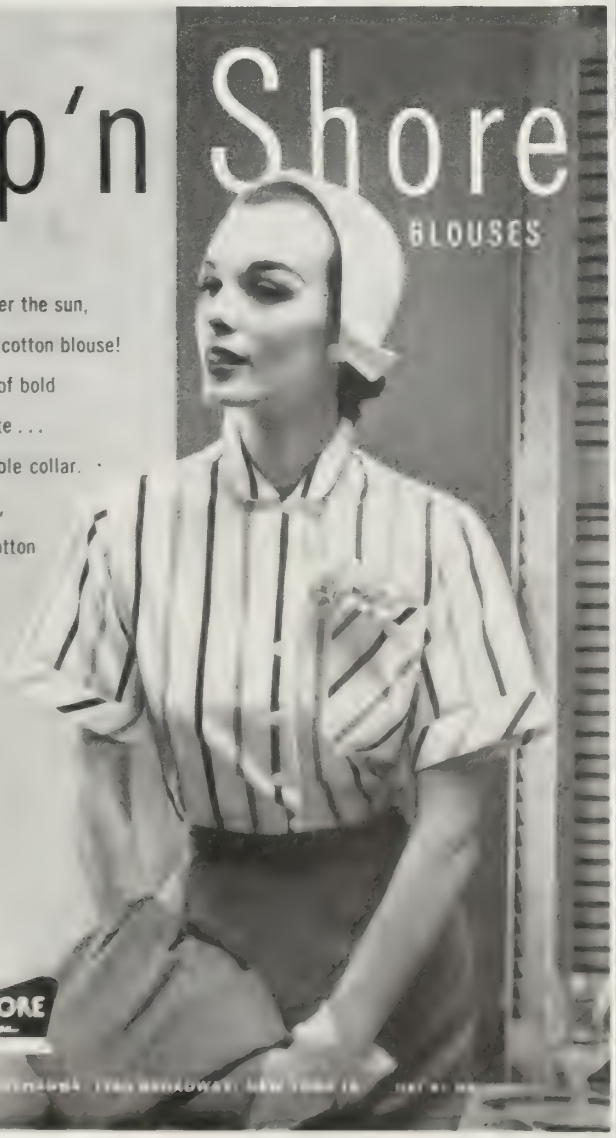
Write for Name of Nearest Dealer

MIRACLE-TREAD DIVISION *Craddock-Terry Shoe Corporation, Lynchburg, Va.*

Ship'n Shore

BLOUSES

Under your jacket or under the sun,
flash the SPACED-STRIPE cotton blouse!
Different: the two tones of bold
color played against white . . .
the small round convertible collar.
Practical: the ever lovely,
ever washable combed cotton
broadcloth, colorfast
and Sanforized. $3.50



(Continued from Page 220)

could provide. He called for volunteers and set out across the lagoon to where the great waves thundered on the reef. Night came, and about the entire lagoon you could see the thin ring of lights, green clusters to the west, a red cluster marking the landing course.

"C-Forty-seven. C-Forty-seven," I called. "Everything is ready. The canoes will be at your side within a minute after you land."

The pilot called back in an ashen voice, "The lights? All set?"

"Come in between the green. Finish at the red."

And then Pastor Cobbett took the microphone and said in a low, powerful voice, "Pilot! God will bring your plane in. God is riding with you."

The wind howled, but above it we heard the droning of a crippled motor. We had never seen an airplane at Matareva, and everyone along the lagoon, those with beacons and those who tensely clutched their paddles, stared into the sky. A wavering light appeared and an astonished cry rose from all Matareva. The plane was so big. It was so low.

It came roaring in between the green lights. Its wing dipped perilously toward the water, then straightened. There was a long hiss, a flash of spray, and gas tanks exploding in the night.

Instantly our canoes dashed in among the flames and our pearl divers leaped into the crackling waters. Not one American was lost.

We had a night of wild celebration. Each man of Matareva thought himself a true hero. We spoke endlessly of what we had done, whose canoe had been first among the flames, which man had stood knee-deep among the sharks, waving his lantern.

There were six Americans and we were amazed at how young they were. Their navigator, no more than a boy, blubbered when he saw Mr. Morgan, "We had a million dollars' worth of medicine and radio in that plane. We lost it all."

"There's plenty more where that came from," Mr. Morgan said.

He took the six men to his house, and for the next three weeks Matareva knew such excitement as we had never experienced before. The talk was all of America, and slowly Mr. Morgan became involved.

He said, "Forget Pearl Harbor. We lose lots of battles. But we win lots of wars." He stared pointedly at Pastor Cobbett and said, "We taught the British all about that."

ONCE the plane captain, Harry Faber, said, "It was almost a miracle! I was scared silly, but when I got my last instructions from your radio I took off the headphones and said, 'Here we go!' Then I heard a voice as clear as I can hear yours, saying, 'You are in God's care.' And even though the plane exploded, we all got out."

"What did the voice sound like?" Mr. Morgan asked.

"Deep. Powerful. Speaking right to me."

"It was a miracle all right," Mr. Morgan said disgustedly. But when the picket boat came to take the fliers on to Samoa, he followed them right to the tip end of the wharf and shouted, "Give those Japs hell!"

Now he was truly at war. The picket boat gave him a large map and some colored pins. He kept them at the Chinaman's, and there he and Pastor Cobbett would sit hour after hour marking out the radio reports. We called them Churchill and Roosevelt, and when pretentious things happened like El Alamein or the entry into Paris, the entire island would celebrate.

When the war ended, an American warship came to Matareva to give the island a scroll thanking us for our part in saving an American crew. The Pastor had a big day! He arranged formal ceremonies and appeared in his black suit to give a long invocation. At the end of the prayer an American flag was hoisted over the church and the American officials gave Mr. Morgan a medal "for improvising a landing strip under extreme difficulties." They also left the flag, which to our surprise Mr. Morgan nailed on the wall of his front room. When boys of our village came to talk with him about America, he served citronade and said, "Now there's one country you ought to see!"

HE lived in this way until 1946, when a schooner from Australia dropped by and landed a young man in khaki shorts. Before he had left the wharf our girls were screaming, "Harry Faber! American pilot! Harry Faber—he come back to Matareva!"

He hurried right to Mr. Morgan's house and clapped the tall man on the shoulders. "I swore I'd get back here to say thanks." He brought us six crates of things contributed by members of the crew we had saved. There were radios, iceboxes, a record player and many jazz records, books, and more than a dozen fine Army blankets. "All stolen," he said proudly.

We made a great festivity for Harry, and the record player was set up in Mr. Morgan's front room, beneath the flag, where we gathered many nights to hear Bing Crosby.

But before long we noticed that Harry Faber was rarely at these pleasant sessions and my mother, who always hears these things first, said that he was spending his nights with Turia Vanaavoa, as Mr. Morgan's daughter was now called.

Soon everyone on the island knew about the love affair, except Mr. Morgan, whom no one told such things. Then one day an old woman said approvingly, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if the American married your daughter?"

It took about a minute for the implication of this question to reach his brain. He looked very puzzled and asked, "Turia . . . Vanaavoa?" He seemed unable to remember that this girl whom he had rejected was his daughter. But next day he found a piece of paper and suddenly his life flamed into purposeful being, as if Turia, and dead Maeva, and lost America, and even the vanquished Wardens had all thundered down upon him like stormy waves upon the reef.

He read the paper twice and said, "Damn such nonsense." Then he carried it straight to Pastor Cobbett and jammed it under his nose. "What do you make of that?" he growled.

The Pastor lifted his spectacles, cleared his throat and read the following poem, which is now famous in Matareva:

SONG OF A TROPICAL TRAMP

I have wandered through the islands with hibiscus in my hair,
I've surrendered my ambitions for a life that laughs at care,
I have loved an island maiden when the nights were far and fair:
And I've seen the constellations upside down.

I have watched canoes go gliding on a faery-tale lagoon,

Mourning

By Polly Toland

For what is once given cannot be taken,
Except from the eye and the touch of the hand;
The power of love in the heart forsaken
Is as green spring stir in the winterland.

There, in that cold hour's empty midnight
The hurt heart feels what the eye sees never,
Divides fear's suggestions by faith's fine insight.
So that knowledge of love is our own forever.

NOW . . . *Real* SALON-TYPE
Home Facial . . .



See your skin clearer, fresher, finer—a professional treatment in 10 minutes

You know the beauty results of a salon clay facial. Now give your skin the same care *at home* . . . regularly . . . for just a *few cents* a facial with Hopper White Clay Pack. So easy! Just smooth on. Let dry. Rinse. In *just 10 minutes*, you'll see your skin softer, clearer, glowing! Tense feeling melts away! Try it today. Money-back guarantee. *25c to $1. Also 10c trial size.

FOLLOW UP your Hopper Home Facial with extra-softening Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream. *plus tax

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

HOPPER®
white clay pack
HOME FACIAL

NEW . . . *Cellu-woven*®
SITRUE
TISSUES



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Try the new Sitrue Tissues . . . "Cellu-woven" to give feather-softness . . . firmer-fibered for added strength and extra absorbency!

For complete removal of superfluous hair use *ZIP* Epilator
ZIP - IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
Safe for face, arms, legs. Good stores, or send $1.10 to Jordeau Inc., South Orange, N. J.

CONSTIPATED TODAY?
After 35, Do This—

Use all vegetable Serutan designed especially for folks over 35. *Serutan is different.* Acts with Nature to give you daily regularity. Results are so pleasant, you'll be reminded of your younger days. What a wonderful feeling to be regular again! Get Serutan at your drugstore today. Money-back guarantee.

POWDER GRANULAR



I have heard the sun come raging up a day, a year too soon.
Then I've waited for Turia and the rising of the moon:
And I've heard the wild sharks twisting near the shore.

When the schooner fled outside the reef to run before the gale,
When palm trees bowed their heads to hear the hurricane's wild wail.
Then her lips on mine were golden brown and mine on hers were pale:
For I've seen the stars surrender to the storm.

Sometimes within the city streets I hear a curlew cry,
I see the reef spume leaping up to meet a cobalt sky.
Then the island fever has me and I think that I must die:
For I've seen the atolls baking in the sun.

Pastor Cobbett finished reading and put down his spectacles.

"What's it mean?" Morgan asked.

"The usual bad poetry a young man writes," the Pastor explained. "I never wrote any, but I recognize the stuff."

"Is it anything serious?"

COBBETT rose and stood with his hands behind his back as if about to deliver a sermon. Then he saw his friend's agnostic face and changed his mind. "Two kinds of men come to the atolls," he said simply. "You came here and made a life. You were one of us, and our problems were your problems. You helped us, for better or worse. But other men come like birds of passage. They think it's part of growing up. To see strange places. To love strange women. Maybe they're right, but it's hard on the places. It's very hard on the women."

"That's what I thought it meant," Mr. Morgan said grimly. "But I never found much time for reading." Clutching the poem in his hand, he strode back to his house, where he found Harry Faber reading a book. "You write this?" he asked.

Harry looked at the poem and said yes.

"It's time you left Matareva," Mr. Morgan said.

"What do you mean?"

The old man began to shout, the only time we ever heard him raise his voice. "I didn't save your life so you could come back and make a fool of my daughter." We were dumfounded! We had even forgotten that Turia Vanaavoa was his child, and now, after all the years, he trembled with fatherly concern!

"Wait a minute, sir!" the flier protested.

"I said it's time to go, Harry. You smart guys who come down here like birds of passage. There's a schooner out there. Get on it!" And that night Harry Faber was on his way to Tahiti.

The girl Turia was heartbroken. She had a copy of the poem and a guitar player set it to mournful music, which our wahines still sing with tears in their eyes. Mr. Morgan amazed us by insisting that Turia come back to live with him as his daughter. The Vanaavoas made no protest, for they had enjoyed the girl as she grew up and now it was time for her to have a life of her own. She started going with a young man of our village and when she became pregnant told her father that she wished to get married. "It's high time," he said.

The wedding was held in church, the last occasion on which Mr. Morgan ever wore a tie. Later he gave a reception in his house, but we noticed that the American flag had been taken down. He gave an embarrassed speech about his daughter's happiness and then disappeared. When I went home I saw him sitting on the sea wall, the solitary man whom life had subtly surrounded as the coral polyps working on our reef once surrounded a portion of the vast sea and made it habitable. I was inspired to rush up to this man and say that we were proud he had made Matareva his home, but as I moved to do so, I saw that he was sitting with Pastor Cobbett. What they were talking about I do not know.

THE END

Brilliant new fragrance idea!



- lasts longer than toilet water
- less costly than perfume extract

TOILET ESSENCE
IN *Tweed* OR *Repartee*

A REMINDER THAT
YOU WERE THERE . . .
AND MAY
COME BACK AGAIN



Lentheric
PARIS LONDON NEW YORK

2.50 PLUS TAX
2 FULL OUNCES

VACATION IN NORTH AMERICA'S
Newest Playground!
UNSPOILED Manitoba



The finest vacation of your lifetime is waiting for you in unspoiled Manitoba. For Manitoba is inside the rim of adventure . . . in North America's newest holiday land . . . where you'll find proud Canadian cities, with endless shopping opportunities, next to nature's perfection.

For sun, sport and a fun-filled vacation for all the family, choose Manitoba. Accommodation is excellent and inexpensive. Send the coupon for your Manitoba Travel Kit today.

Manitoba Bureau of Travel and Publicity
133 Legislative Building,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

DON'T DEPEND ON "FANCY" FADS WHEN KIDS NEED

HONEST FOOD

AND HERE IT IS!



NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT

...100% WHOLE WHEAT...
WITH MILK IT'S AMERICA'S GREAT BODY-BUILDING BREAKFAST!



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Count on NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT to supply your family with *natural* nourishment! This original Niagara Falls product is made of Nature's whole wheat, even the wheat germ and bran. Get this hearty breakfast today — enjoy good, *honest* food!

THE BREAKFAST FULL OF POWER FROM NIAGARA FALLS



A cat never adopts a human point of view, but a dog will. Even Little Sister thinks love is a good thing to have around in the spring.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

PLANTING is an act of faith. The small seeds go in the garden in neat rows. If you pick up a handful of dirt, it is what the gardeners call friable, loose and soft and dark and not wet. But it gives no sign of the miracle coming.

Nor does the seed, small and insignificant. Here is a small envelope of round dark particles. They lie in the earth, and something happens that man has never yet understood. The green tips come up, the garden grows, the packet of seed makes a crop. We go out and pull the delicate scallions, later the round silk-skinned onions are ready, the baskets overflow, the miracle has accomplished itself again!

One of the most hopeful things about mankind is that we go on planting when the maples are in bud, when the maples are in leaf. There is a security in this, which wars have nothing to do with.

Rhubarb and asparagus, the first rosy radishes, the tangy dandelion greens, these herald a season of growth. Rhubarb is so vigorous in our soil that it grows everywhere. The shining opulent leaves open by the pond, back of the asparagus bed, near the compost heap. Jill once tried to control it, make a row of it that she could properly feed—rhubarb is a gross feeder, as is asparagus—but the plants kept on slipping away and coming up where they wished. Or maybe ancient roots revived.

I LIKE to think our rhubarb is a heritage from the early folks who lived here. And as I cut up the juicy bright stalks, I think of the first lady of my house who used to do them the same way. Rhubarb pie is about as good as pie can be. Baked rhubarb is good too. Rhubarb upside-down cake is very good.

Asparagus is so satisfying just lightly cooked and laid on crisp toast and seasoned that I almost never do all the other things with it that are possible. But it is excellent cold, with a mellow French dressing on it.

Lilacs, apple blossoms, narcissuses come in this enchanted month, the tall purple iris, the tulips and daffodils; and toward the end, the sweet rocket, which is wild and lovely all along the edge of the meadow. The air is always fragrant with blossoming, and the clear colors of May are everywhere you look. The birds sing.

The Quiet Garden is perfect now; it will never be like this later on. The tall white tulips are breathlessly beautiful, the dark lilacs lean above the white picket fence. The sky is very blue with small shell-colored clouds asleep in it.

I WISH I could work outdoors all day and walk under the midnight moon too. But when we do come in, we like the house reasonably straight, and we do get dreadfully hungry. Meals will not cook themselves. And the dogs and cats have to have their meals too. There are special dishes to fix for the youngest puppies, extra bowls for Daphne, who is too thin still, a snack for young Flyer, who just never has enough and so it goes all day long. Jill says the only time we aren't feeding one of the animals is when we are sound asleep.

We keep the dehydrated dog meal in a big galvanized container in the back kitchen in its own cupboard. Yesterday the lid was off and Aladdin jumped right into the can. It was a big jump, for the can was half empty. I rushed to rescue him and found a mouse was there too. Aladdin and the mouse began whirling around and around the can at a dizzying pace. The sides of the can vibrated, the dry dog food flew up, the Abyssinian tail was just long enough so it looked part of the time as if the mouse were chasing him, instead of him chasing the mouse.

I used to be a stupendous mouse killer but now I am in an eternal conflict. My head knows that mouse tracks in the bureau drawer, chewed towels and riddled bedding and the danger of disease are all real and true. And I was enraged when my favorite wooden spoon turned up with scalloped edges the other day. Our Connecticut mice eat anything—anything at all. On the other hand, my heart never fails to go out to the sight of a frightened mouse. There is a deal of expression in the beady, shiny eyes

The small nose quivers. The tiny paws are so delicate—the same paws that tonight will track all over the kitchen.

"Oh me," I said to Aladdin, "what do we do now? Do I pick you out and let the mouse go and raise a hundred more and just move out ourselves? Do I *take steps?*" I just stood around, debating. "There is so much killing in the world," I said. "But mice and rats are the greatest scourge and destroy tons and tons of food every year."

Aladdin got out, swayed dizzily to the floor, his head going round and round obliviously as he raised a tired paw and washed his face. I thought it was settled. But as soon as his head stopped whirling, he got back in and started all over again.

I left it all to George.

When I was ironing the sheets today, I decided that my greatest plaint against manufacturers is this business of measuring linens by torn size. I don't give a fig what the sizes of my sheets and pillowcases were before they got to be sheets and pillowcases. I want to know how big they are right now, when I make up the beds with them.

Whether we like it or not, life is one continuous competitive examination.
—LORD AVEBURY.

Why in the world, with all the measuring they do, can't they go on and measure the things after they are finished? Nobody has ever explained this curious quirk to me. Now coffeepots are labeled six-cup, eight-cup, they aren't labeled "Five and a half cups before lining the inside." Every other household product is the same.

I will give a bouquet to the inventors of colored sheets, however. The beds at Stillmeadow are no two the same size. Twin, double, three quarters, antique double, single—we have almost everything. By using colored sheets to fit the various beds, it is easy to get the right sheets on the right ones. Pink sheets for the maple room, blue for my room, yellow for Don's room, and so on. It is very nice. Besides, they are so pretty, the delicate pastels, and they do not fade, not for a long time.

They will rip, when Tiki helps me make beds. Bedmaking is a real chore with an Abyssinian lightly leaping under and over the blankets and a small fat cocker heaving away at any leftover corner. Sister knows she has to get off the bed and stay in the chair until it is done, then she hops back and arranges herself on the softest spot. But the small fry have no inhibitions.

Esmé's favorite trick is to go down cellar and wander around on the coal and then go upstairs and open the closed door to the maple room and make a nice gray accent on the creamy spread. The shape of a Siamese is outlined quite clearly, although when I go up, she is innocently polishing herself on the window sill.

A cat never adopts the human point of view. But a dog will, whether he thinks you are silly or not.

We still have some frozen broccoli in the freezer from last season, and now we are hastily finishing up the old garden pack before the new comes in. I made a casserole for Saturday-night dinner which we like very much.

I cook 2 packages of the frozen broccoli, and lay it in a greased casserole. I cover it with ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese, then put a layer of sliced chicken over this (I use 3 cans boned chicken or an equal amount of leftover roast chicken). Then I make a medium white sauce, about 2 cups, add 1 tablespoon lemon juice, seasonings, and pour over chicken. Half a cup grated Parmesan cheese goes on top, and the whole is baked in a hot oven (400° F.) until delicately brown—about 20 minutes.

This is rather like the famous chicken Divan and is delicious. Olive makes it with curry, which is another variation that is fine. She also adds a little cooked rice, which is elegant with all the sauce.

It makes a good garden supper, easy to carry out and using a minimum of dishes. Coffee goes in the new plastic vacuum-jug thing and stays hot. We can all sit around and watch the sun go down over a mist of apple blossoms and talk quietly. Reminisce, discuss a book, talk about life and love.

For me, I know what love is. Love is glory and rapture, but not so much so as it is putting the choicest portion of the meat on the loved one's plate and hoping it won't be noticed. It is surreptitiously doing some unpleasant chore when your dearest doesn't know it. It is thinking first of easing the troubles of your love and last of easing yourself. Love is tender as a May night, and as enduring as the deep sky over the old apple orchard.

And a very good thing to have around in spring, says Little Sister, as she comes in from another lost rabbit.

THE RECKLESS HEART

(Continued from Page 56)

congratulate me! Or *you*," turning to Todd. "Or is it *me* they congratulate and wish *you* happiness? I'm all mixed up."

"They congratulate *me*—lucky dog!" he exulted proudly.

"If you could've *seen* her face!" Lisbee gloated. "I bet it's all over town by now."

"I can just hear them!" Todd laughed. "Say—maybe I ought to call my mother and father. I wouldn't want them to hear about it from somebody else."

"Don't you think it would be nicer to tell them yourself?" mother put in quickly. "Not just over the telephone."

"Well, yes, I do." He still seemed undecided about something. "When do ——"

"I'm sure they won't mind being wakened with such *interesting news*," mother assured him gaily, "no matter *how* late it is."

"But I thought—Lisbee said she wanted to come home. We've got *lots* of room at our house," he added hopefully.

"Yes, mother," Lisbee said, with something of a rush. "I thought it would be better for us to come here."

"*Of course*, dear. You're absolutely right," mother told her. She turned solicitously to Todd. "But she'll just be here for a little while."

"She—'for a little while'?"—he seemed completely at sea.

"Well now"—mother's voice drew them into a confidential conclave—"since Todd has to go back to Washington tomorrow, you couldn't possibly get anything ready in such a short ——"

"Oh, that ——" Todd tried to break in.

"Of course clothes—and such—aren't really important, are they?" Mother thrust them summarily aside. "But I don't have to tell *you two*"—she approved them warmly—"that marriage is too important—too beautiful a thing to happen to you for us to leave it just to a —— You wouldn't want to leave out the sacred part! I declare, I don't think I'd feel *really married* with just a justice of the peace."

"Well, I do!" Todd said flatly. "Besides, it was Lisbee's ——" He checked himself. "Why, what kind of a fool would I look ——"

"I know," mother interrupted. "You men always *say* how you hate the fuss and feathers of a *real* wedding. But you know, I believe once they try it, they're just as glad as the woman that it was done *right*. After all, marriage is for *your whole enduring life*. And the ceremony's so beautiful."

Todd turned impatiently to Lisbee, but her eyes evaded him, remained fixed on mother. He got up from his chair and bent over his new wife, whispering something to her.

Mother went on hurriedly, "We can start tomorrow—making out lists. And it isn't as though you won't be seeing each other again

(Continued on Page 227)

KVP Paper Maids for Neater, Easier Living

Have Colorful Cupboards... So Easy To Clean!

Add an extra dash of cheery color to your kitchen, dining room, bedroom, utility room! Line cupboard and closet shelves with KVP Shelf Paper. Lies flat. Get economical "Glazed" for pastel shades — "Enameled" for brighter colors — "Kalafilm" for brilliance and washability. At your favorite store.



For brighter, cleaner shelves.



Perfect for gift wrapping.

KVP SHELF PAPER



5 Colors 8 Sizes
9 Colors 3 Sizes
9 Colors 3 Sizes

Paper Maids Save Time—Save Work

Shelf Papers • Freezer Papers • Heavy and Fancy Waxed • KVP and Mrs. Hayward's Dusting Papers • Pie Tape • Baking Cups • Place Mats • Cookery Parchment • Pressing Parchment • Kalacloths.

Your Guarantee of Quality

Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Co. Parchment, Michigan

For safety and savings it's packed in tin
Serve it whenever folks drop in



Your Biggest Beverage Value in taste, quality and price

But why wait? Open a can of Hi-C right now. Children (and grownups, too) love the real fruit tang of Hi-C Orange, Grape and Lemon. Your grocer has Vitamin C enriched Hi-C, the *wholesome* family drink, in handy 46- and 12-oz. cans.

AN ORIGINATION OF CLINTON FOODS INC. PACKERS OF FAMOUS Snow Crop



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



THERE ARE THREE DIFFERENT BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE QUITE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

Each Breck Shampoo is made for a special purpose. Breck pH8 Lather Oil Shampoo is for dry hair. Breck Lacene Shampoo is for oily hair. Breck Regular Shampoo is for more normal hair. When you buy a shampoo mention whether your hair is dry, oily or normal and you will be given the correct shampoo for your hair. A Breck Shampoo is gentle in its action and leaves your hair clean, shining and fragrant.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.

JOHN H. BRECK INC. · MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS · SPRINGFIELD 3, MASSACHUSETTS
NEW YORK · SAN FRANCISCO · OTTAWA CANADA

(Continued from Page 225)

next week end. . . . Just you wait and see, Todd—you'll thank me before it's over. Lisbee's goin' be the prettiest bride you ever did see!"

Whatever it was Todd was trying to whisper to Lisbee I couldn't hear, of course. But Lisbee and mother were getting up from the table, too, so I took this opportunity under cover of the sound to get up the stairs.

Evidently Todd did go home alone, because a few minutes later Lisbee came up to bed with me, as usual.

When she reached our room, I was in bed, but I might just as well have saved myself the pretense of having been asleep. I think she would have told the whole story to the bedpost if I hadn't been there to listen.

"I never knew mother was so religious, did you?" Lisbee ended. "She insists we'll feel better if we have a *real* wedding."

OF course she was under age, and if mother had insisted, the marriage could have been annulled, so Lisbee had to be amenable. But Lisbee didn't mention this.

But she sparkled with success. It's true nobody could say she hadn't made a brilliant match—the Nixons were top of the heap too. On her left hand she displayed Todd's own ring, a huge carnelian intaglio of a heroic head, which he had bought in Rome. It was much too big. After the ceremony, Todd had harnessed the huge ring to his wife's hand with a piece of string. "Neil was here," I broke in. "He left after the telephone—after you called." As though she had turned a page and just obliterated a sizable portion of her past, Lisbee ignored my interruption, coolly went on telling me what receptions she would attend in Washington, where she and Todd would have their house. They were going to build right away, since Todd had money of his own.

I'll admit that I am not the person to give a fair picture of Todd Nixon. His very appearance struck me as wrong (perhaps because he was not tall and dark and reticent and named Neil), though even I could see that this smiling young man, just slightly taller than Lisbee, was very handsome. His almost-white blond hair, often boyishly tousled, helped to thin the effect of his too adept way with people.

Todd was secretary to a senator friend of the family. "Being groomed," his mother would inform people, in a confidential aside.

Though Todd had been sent home the night of the elopement, seemingly willing, if reluctant, to wait for a "real wedding," the Nixon parents had to be reckoned with.

As a matter of fact, after things had been smoothed down in the sitting room, with all parties interested present, and mother and I had excused ourselves to help Techa get the gala luncheon, Mrs. Nixon followed us into the dining room and confronted mother with a behind-the-scenes bluntness.

Mother admitted that if it had been Neil that Lisbee had eloped with, she might not have been so insistent on a church wedding too. But then, Lisbee and Neil had been engaged for months; and yet, evidently, even with all that time to get to know each other, they had been mistaken about thinking they were in love.

Young people were always so impulsive, weren't they? Well, Mrs. Nixon and mother would have to be wise *for* them. Besides, mother added, she would like time to get Lisbee's trousseau ready—clothes would make such a difference in Washington. Worth, mother said, she thought was a good house. Her cousin, Lovell Fernuss, had got all her things at Worth.

Mrs. Nixon nodded. You could see how undecided she was.

"Lisbee tells me you have a beautiful house, Mrs. Nixon—with that lovely long curving staircase. I'm sure the children couldn't have a more beautiful wedding anywhere."

Mrs. Nixon was silent for a space, then said it was a pity they had no daughters. It would make a *perfect* wedding, Mrs. Nixon assured mother enthusiastically, suddenly bursting into a smile as brilliant as Todd's.

"But, mother—Worth!" Lisbee reproached her.

The Nixons had started showering Lisbee with so many expensive gifts that our attic began to look like a high-grade gift shop. It was while mother and Lisbee and I were admiring a newly unpacked silver tea service that Lisbee reproached mother with what Mrs. Nixon had told her.

"I think Worth is a good house," mother calmly assured her.

"But, mother, that means *Paris*."

"Oh, I'm sure some store in New York will have Worth things. Lovell didn't go all the way to Paris."

"It's not that—it's the price!" Lisbee groaned.

"Oh, *that*—that's all right."

Blithely mother took Lisbee off to New York on their first shopping tour, the skeptical Lisbee looking mighty glum. She should have known better.

Mother sold her diamond earrings. When she and Lisbee got back and all of us stood exclaiming over the gorgeous things they had brought home, mother smiled complacently.

"They were mighty big stones," she said happily.

At this, Lisbee burst into tears. "I wish you'd *told* me where you were going to get the money! I've almost never seen you without them. It isn't worth selling your earrings for!" She wept bitterly, fingering one of mother's empty ear lobes. What wasn't worth it she didn't go on to explain.

"You never even noticed I didn't have them on till lunchtime," mother teased.

"But you were so proud of them."

"Fiddlesticks!" mother replied, pressing Lisbee's hand harder. "Seems you don't know *what* I'm proud of!"

I DON'T know whether Mrs. Nixon *was* trying to show the world that Lisbee had made a more brilliant match than if she had married "the Etheridge boy," but she began to entertain for Lisbee, and her parties threw those of even the lavish Mrs. Etheridge into the shade.

To my bewilderment, Lisbee continued to be a fitting centerpiece for all that grandeur. Though I will admit that the shrill something in that happiness which continued to stream from her grew more and more noticeable. But she was as beautiful as ever, her color very high. Todd was beside himself with happiness—or was it triumph?

And now, suddenly, seemingly everybody Lisbee had ever met found his way to Bretton Road; the old house was awash with gaiety—worn carpets, clutter and all.

Apparently only the boys and I held aloof. Lisbee finally burst out at us one day: we acted as though we thought she was doing something immoral! she upbraided us. Well, we could think what we liked, but she wished to heaven we'd treat Todd a little more decently. Was she feeling guilty about her own cool treatment of Todd? Sometimes we had to go all the way up to the attic to find her, to tell her Todd had got in from Washington.

I tried to be more cordial to him. But I don't think Bill and Dickie gave the matter another thought. Todd, with his ambassadorial manners in the making, they dismissed as a "sis."

With the promise of an impressive trousseau, plus her gift of the wedding to Mrs. Nixon, mother was in control. And she took her time assembling that trousseau. She also took it as her right to choose the date of the wedding. Nobody said her nay—certainly *not* Lisbee.

While Todd was in Washington, which was practically all the time except Sundays, Lisbee went everywhere accompanied by his father and mother. Maybe she ought not to go out socially at all without Todd, she told her doting in-laws primly, but the Nixons had brushed this aside. They'd be with her; besides, as a diplomat's wife, she'd have to learn to be nice to everybody.

So Lisbee, duennaed by "Mother and Father Nixon," as she now called them, continued to grace the season.

On one of those first crisp days that insist the summer is over, I came racing up to our room to tell Lisbee that Karoleena had come up from The Cove with a wedding present for her.

"Wedding presents!" she burst out sarcastically. Then in another tone, "Did you tell Karoleena I was home?" she asked sharply.

"No. Why? She's in the kitchen talking to mother and Techa."

Lisbee grabbed her coat and a pair of gloves. "Then tell her you couldn't find me—that I left before you got here." She left swiftly, quietly, by the front stairs.

I stood for a while in the middle of the floor. Then I went down, and of course had to say that Lisbee had gone.



"That's nothing. I just read about a baby who walked at three weeks and talked at two months."



NO FEAR OF SMEAR...Gone is that untidy lipstick trail on glasses . . . cigarettes . . . silverware and people. Lenthéric's creamy lipstick has color cling and color beauty. Alluring new shades. In sleek golden cases.

STA-PUT
LIPSTICK
$1.00 plus tax



Lenthéric
PARIS LONDON NEW YORK

© 1951, LENTHÉRIC, INC.



Karoleena was disappointed, but she could not resist opening the beribboned package to show us the present she had brought. It was an enormous white bedspread she had crocheted, in an intricate acorn and maple-leaf pattern.

Karoleena, though several months younger than Lisbee, was more sturdily built. Her once cottony blond hair was brown now, braided and pinned into two rolls back of her ears. Her stiffly starched pink gingham dress smelled of perspiration and a hot pressing iron, and paregoric which she had been giving her baby. Physically, Karoleena looked years older than Lisbee.

How Karoleena used to prance with delight when she saw us approaching on the streetcar, with Techa. Then, three abreast, we girls walked exultantly in the dusty road, arms intertwined, on our way to visit Agata and Marusia, and Nick, and Jasiek. This was how it always used to be until Lisbee started going to Miss Worthington's.

Karoleena had never said anything about this desertion, and what could I tell her of Lisbee, who had begun calling her "they"? Who now escaped through the front door to keep from even seeing her?

I myself had begun going down to The Cove more rarely, lately, and I hadn't seen Karoleena in over a year—because she had married Nurk, who never bothered to try to talk English when I was around, or noticed me at all. My own conscience was anything but clear on the subject of Karoleena.

Mother gave the maple-leaf bedspread a place of honor, a drawer to itself in the chest that had been set aside for Lisbee's linens. Karoleena exclaimed over the stacks of other things, tied into half dozens with white satin ribbon.

Then I took her to my room so she could leave her coat, and wash. Mother had insisted Karoleena stay for tea.

"*Boze moj!* Iss bee-oo-tiful!" Karoleena exclaimed in pleasure at our huge canopied bed with its gold brocaded valence. But she was especially impressed by the folded gold satin down comforter on the foot of the bed.

"Marusia plucked the down off the goose feathers—you remember," I said. "And mother made the quilt. She'll tell you how."

"*I* can make?" Karoleena demanded in amazement.

"Sure."

Karoleena felt strange to me, here in my own room where I had never seen her before; but there was another kind of strangeness, too, not so pleasant.

"Why do you talk like that?" I finally blurted out.

"Like ——" She tilted her head to one side like a bird listening, a well-remembered gesture.

"Well"—uncomfortably—"you don't *have* to talk like that. You were born in this country and you're just as American as I am."

She flushed scarlet; then laughed shortly. She did not say, "Whom should I talk American to? My American friends have gone off and left me." She took my hand, and all of her was there now. "I forget," she said in straight American. "I talk Polish so much, I forget. You *scold* me," she invited, squeezing my hand.

We walked downstairs, arms intertwined, the way we used to go strolling about The Cove.

Instead of tea, we had hot cocoa, with Karoleena's and my chairs drawn up in front of the open fire in the sitting room.

Just before Karoleena left, mother had me get a brown-paper package out of the hall closet upstairs. "They're not finished," mother said, "but it's been so long ——"

Karoleena gasped when she saw what was in the parcel: two sheets and a pillowcase, with her monogram bulging heavily above the glossy white hme. "Just like Lisbee's," she beamed.

She was moved far beyond what you'd expect by this gift; perhaps it was because it reassured her that she had not been forgotten. This linen was a belated wedding present for Karoleena produced now, long after the sack set mother had knitted for her baby. It was I who had been holding up this present—I was embroidering the second pillow slip.

I ran to get it. It was grimy, and the half-finished monogram, even to my eyes, looked tortured.

Since Karoleena had been so delighted with the things mother had worked, I offered to let mother do the rest on my pillow slip too. "She does it so fast—and it'll look a lot better too."

"No, you finish it—I can wait," Karoleena assured me, putting a tender hand on my head as she looked over at mother. "Mary-Cullen is always the little sister," she said. "*Zawsze siostrzyczka,*" she repeated the last words lovingly in Polish.

Thus she expressed her gratitude for not having been forgotten, while she put an undeserved worth on me for all the love and laughter we had shared, erasing all the neglect. As with her wedding present she reiterated her love for Lisbee, that love which Lisbee refused even so much as to look at.

Mother's face shone as she greeted Lisbee when she came in that evening. "Wait till you see what Karoleena brought you."

"Oh—really?" Lisbee asked.

"She made it herself," mother said. "Mar'-Cullen, run up and show her where it is."

With a closed face I preceded my sister up to the attic.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed at the yards and yards of bedspread, at the perfect pattern, so delicately, patiently worked for her. Lisbee stared at it a long time, thinking *what* I do not know. Nor, in that mood, would I have listened had she cared to tell me.

I told her about how excited Karoleena had been, bringing her the spread . . . reminding Lisbee how Karoleena had followed her about when she used to go down to The Cove, her little girl's face, worshipfully lifted to every word Lisbee uttered . . . and here she was still spending her few passionately hoarded dollars on Lisbee, putting out her eyes patiently, lovingly, working up miles on miles of thread.

There was a long silence after my tirade.

I was taken by surprise when a peculiar, choppy sort of sound with which I'd thought Lisbee was snorting aside my self-righteous outburst turned out to be an attempt to stifle an attack of helpless crying that shook her. She turned her back before she could get it under control.

After a while, we refolded the spread and went downstairs. Lisbee, of course, was in complete control of herself now. She exclaimed remorsefully at the thought of Karoleena's doing all that work for her, spending all that money!

"I didn't send her a thing when *she* got married!" Lisbee said regretfully. "I suppose it wouldn't look so good if I sent her something now."

"Well, hardly," mother agreed dryly.

"I wish I *had!*" Lisbee burst out vehemently. "Isn't there *anything* I could do?"

"You could go see her," mother said. "Take her something for the baby."

"That's it!" Lisbee snapped up the suggestion. "That's just the thing!"

I don't remember, but I think it was this same afternoon somebody informed Lisbee Neil had gone back to Yale for the fall term.

With this and that interfering, it wasn't until two weeks later that Lisbee and I got down to The Cove to see Karoleena. We chose a bad time.

Karoleena, the baby in her arms, let out a gasp when she saw who was at the door. Lisbee and I almost gasped too. An enormous wad of medical cotton, held in place with adhesive tape, covered Karoleena's nose and all but hid her eyes.

"What in the world happened to you?" Lisbee burst out, as we stepped inside the door. "Oh, hello," Lisbee added in a flat tone, as she noticed that Nurk, in dark trousers and a wool undershirt, was sitting at the oilcloth-covered table, eating something out of a soup plate. The smell of the unaired room seemed somehow intensified at the sight of him. Something Lisbee and I had

ot bargained for was to find Karoleena's usband home in the middle of the afternoon.

"*I* give it to 'er!" Nurk announced inolently. "I punch her in da nose!" He threw is spoon down on the table, and walked out, amming the door.

Karoleena flushed, concentrating her atention on little Stevie's reaching hands.

"Uh—I brought you something for the aby," Lisbee said. And added floods of anks for that wonderful bedspread, Karoena self-consciously turning them aside.

As Karoleena tried to open the package hich we had brought, Lisbee said, "Give im to me."

Karoleena handed over the baby, who oked taken aback at first, and then smiled idely. He even gurgled aloud. Lisbee smiled, o, triumphantly.

No wonder Karoleena exclaimed when she w what was inside the package. Lisbee had oured the town for the most beautiful handade dress she could find, and had added vo pairs of blue rompers. This time Karoena flushed with pleasure, her eyes snapng. Suddenly we were all jabbering away, st like old times.

"Why do you stay with him!" Lisbee irst out, in the middle of Karoleena's retal of what town Agata had moved to . . . hat work her brother was doing.

"With him?"

"Nurk."

"Oh." At first Karoleena refused to say ything. Then suddenly she took back the iby. "He's not bad—urk," she said softly, ddling the baby in r arms.

Nurk was merely nhappy, Karoleena plained. It was due his being laid off at e steel mills; that ove him nearly crazy cause they had had start using the money ey'd saved in the nk, money that was · Stevie, the baby. evie was going to be Big Boss, his father isted. Stevie would t go to work at the e of ten, as Nurk had done. Stevie was go- to be a Big Boss, go to school—as ich school as there was!

But now Nurk was out of work, and the ney in the bank was being eaten up. Nurk d got drunk last Saturday night at a beer rty and came home in a rage at the whole rld. Somehow, when Karoleena had tried calm him, he'd struck out at her. The doc- had had to take three stitches in her nose.

But he don' mean it," Karoleena assured "He iss so ashamed!" Karoleena was ck talking broken English. "Poor Nurk—wants to be Big Boss! Not joost alla time mb shovelman on bull gang!"

"*Of course* he's not a bad man!" Lisbee onded her. "Do you think—isn't there nething I could do to help?"

Karoleena's eyes glowed behind the riulous bandage. "*I* help!" As soon as her ther got over her attack of sciatica, roleena was going to take the baby there, ve him with his grandmother while went back to work in the cannery as long as Nurk was out of work.

"You don't have to wait till your mother s better. *I'll* take care of Stevie," Lisbe offered.

was surprised at the passion with which bee begged for the privilege of caring Karoleena's baby.

My head was swimming when Karona finally gave in, with the proviso that could change her mind if Nurk disapved. That, I was sure, would be that. t I was wrong.

Karoleena went to work in the cannery Lisbee and I took over the care of Stevie. rk made himself very scarce. We literly saw nothing of him from the mont we took over the baby until we deited him in his mother's arms in the evening. (This went on almost two weeks, when Karoleena's mother proclaimed herself well enough to take care of her grandson.)

In the meantime, Lisbee had drawn a good many people into helping her. Even father! He agreed to carry down Dickie's old straw carriage. The baby carriage was waiting for us at Karoleena's door when we got down to The Cove.

Lisbee had thought of dressing up Karoleena's two bare rooms by sewing curtains for the windows, re-covering the kitchen table and the shelves with fresh oilcloth. But mother said no, that wouldn't do at all. When Lisbee thought it over, she saw, too, that it wouldn't do.

However, she could give Karoleena a present, since Karoleena had given her one, especially if she worked on it herself.

Lisbee exclaimed in delight when, on consulting me about what I thought Karoleena would really like, I told her how impressed Karoleena had been by our gold down comforter. On second thought, I did not think too much of my idea; Marusia wouldn't be able even to produce enough down for a pillow, in such a short time.

But that only whetted Lisbee's appetite. She got together all of the old crones at The Cove, too worn out to do much but sit like cats sunning, and assembled them in Marusia's basement kitchen. There they and Marusia and Lisbee and I (Stevie fast asleep in the carriage outside the door) set to work on the four fat sugar sacks full of goose feathers which mother had been saving in our attic.

We all sat around a table, industriously plucking the down off each feather, then pitching the spine over our shoulders.

At home, mother started on the sewing up of the ticking, and those yards and yards of heavy maroon satin which Lisbee had chosen herself—red being Karoleena's favorite color.

Well, Lisbee did get the down for that coverlet out of her staff. Then she helped mother stuff the heavy blue-and-white ticking, and quilt the enormous red satin cover.

We both, Lisbee and I, bounced gleefully down to The Cove behind father and his broncos, bearing what looked like a whole bedful of red satin in our arms. Karoleena—her nose normal size, with only a thin pink line down the center—Karoleena wept happily at the splendor of that comforter.

And she had good news; Nurk was working again.

It was about this time, one evening, coming secretly in search of mother, I found her in the kitchen. She was at the sink cutting up a chicken. Tweaking her sleeve, I indicated by a glance and a dip of my head that she was to follow me. Lisbee was in the kitchen, too, ironing a tablecloth which mother had just finished monogramming.

Mother put down the knife and washed her hands, hastily wiping them on her apron as she followed me.

Out on the side porch I whispered, "Neil's here! He wants to see you." I'd put him to wait under Bill's horse-chestnut tree.

But I was the one surprised. Mother merely nodded. Then she followed me around the back of the house to the site of Neil's exstudy.

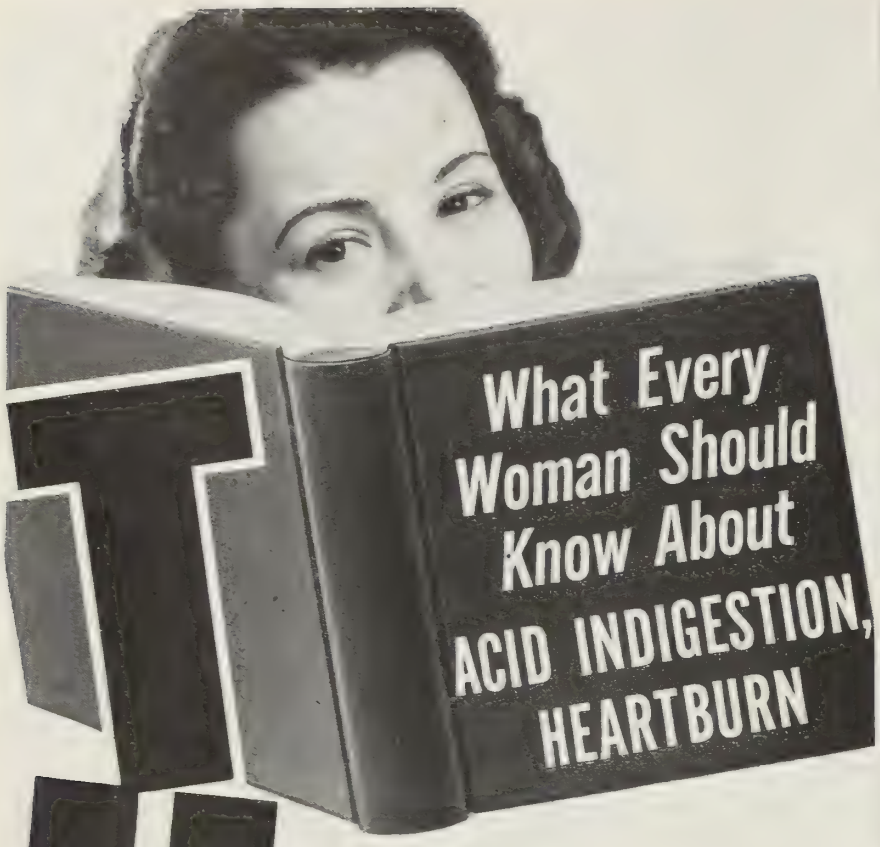
As though this young man had casually dropped into the sitting room for a cup of tea, mother cordially gave him her hand. "I'm glad to see you, Neil. You must be very busy these days."

Copying her manner, Neil told mother about some reading he was doing, as we walked around to the front door. The chill of the high-ceilinged house met us as soon as we entered.

BLUE BLOOD

This has always meant an old and aristocratic family. The term originated in Spain, where aristocratic individuals had veins that purportedly showed more blue to the observer than the veins of an individual of common stock. Because these people claimed pure descent from the ancient Spanish aristocrats without any adulterating admixture of either Jewish or Moorish blood, the term "blue blood" came to mean something special.





TUMS

The important thing for *you* to know is that TUMS offer fast, pleasant, safe relief from the tortures of heartburn, gas and acid indigestion.

SAFE! DEPENDABLE!

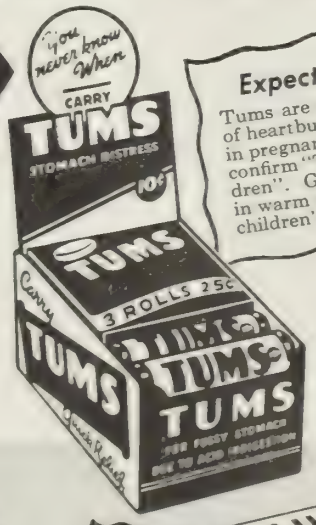
Your doctor will tell you Tums are safe. They're guaranteed to contain no soda or other water-soluble alkalies. Cannot over-alkalize or irritate delicate stomach or intestinal lining.

SO EASY! SO PLEASANT!

Eat Tums like candy mints. No mixing. No water. At very first sign of heartburn, gas, due to acid indigestion, take Tums. Relief follows almost instantly.

SAVE MONEY! KEEP TUMS HANDY!

Always keep the handy family box of Tums in your medicine cabinet.



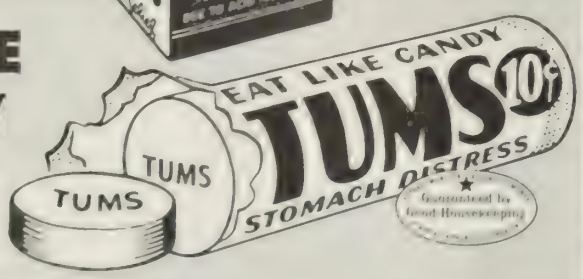
Expectant Mothers!

Tums are wonderful for relief of heartburn, gas—so common in pregnancy. Your doctor will confirm "Tums are safe for children". Give Tums dissolved in warm water to relieve small children's gas and hiccups.

✓ SOMEONE IN YOUR FAMILY MAY NEED TUMS TODAY...TONIGHT!

ECONOMY BOX $1.00
Contains twelve 10-cent rolls

FOR THE TUMMY
GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO SODA



✓ TRY 1 OR 2 TUMS AFTER BREAKFAST, SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER

"I hope Techa remembered to lay a fire—yes, she did!" mother assured herself, pleased, as she held aside the bead portieres. "I'll just touch a match—perhaps you'd be good enough to do it for me." She turned to Neil.

"Be glad to." He started toward the fireplace.

"If you'll excuse me—I left something I must get back to in the kitchen. Lisbee will be right out."

They exchanged smiles, and mother went on down the hall. I followed.

Back at the kitchen sink, mother dropped her apron and took up a paring knife. "Have you ever seen Neil since—since that quarrel with his mother?" she asked.

"No. 'Course not," returned Lisbee, carefully holding the flatiron out from over the board.

"Does it seem fair to you—not to have at least given him a *reason* for suddenly changing your mind?"

"Mother!" Lisbee banged the iron down hard on the tablecloth. "It wasn't just Neil. It was—I can't *talk* about it!"

THAT was one subject Lisbee had never seen fit to broach to mother—Mrs. Shand. As a matter of fact, she felt mother should be protected from any least hint that anybody knew. A sort of tenderness mixed with horror welled up in her whenever she thought about this bitter thing mother had had to take for so many years.

"I don't see any reason for being unkind to Neil," mother pointed out reasonably.

"It's not a question of being *unkind* ——"

"Well, somebody's been unkind to him—you ought to see how he looks!"

Lisbee only stared. Then she hastily put the iron down on its rack.

"At any rate, it can't hurt you to be polite to him for a few minutes. He's in the sitting room," mother told her flatly.

Lisbee reddened and just as suddenly paled.

"I told him you'd be right out." Mother began scraping the chicken with the little paring knife.

Lisbee stood in the middle of the floor for a while, turned and went into the dining room. Then she came back out again, mumbling something about not wanting to see him *like this*. She was quite presentable in a white dimity dress with narrow pale blue stripes, and she was satin-neat, as usual, but she went upstairs to change.

I hurried to the sitting room. "She'll be right down," I told Neil. "She's changing her dress."

He smiled his thanks.

The fire was catching nicely; already its cheery flames were enlivening the chill room. Neil had drawn a chair up in front of the fire, the one chair in the room deep enough to be comfortable for a big man. Beside it he'd placed one of the little lady chairs, the rocker. It was a favorite with Lisbee because it was small and low.

After Neil had placed both chairs to his taste, poked the fire several times, walked around the room, and refixed the chairs a few times, I said I would go see if Lisbee were ready.

She had, to my surprise, gone to the lengths of recombing her hair, in the braided coronet of Neil's choice. Recently, Lisbee had taken to a more fashionable coiffure. I had to help her with the loose tendrils in back.

Putting herself in my hands, she asked me what she should wear. The green "costume," I decreed. She smiled shakily, and my heart smote me. That was one of the things about Lisbee—she looked so lost and helpless in weak moments it made you want to rush in to protect her.

As we started down the stairs, she took my hand, hers was icy. "Stay with me—won't you?" she begged.

I nodded.

"Oh! . . . Oh!" Those short exclamations escaped Lisbee as though painful little jabs were forcing them out of her.

Neil stood beside the old chair and waited for her, his hands deep in his pockets. What had so upset Lisbee were his eyes;

Dr Scholl's SHOES



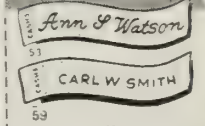
World Famous for their Anatomical Fit

If your feet hurt—or are "hard" to fit—Dr. Scholl's Shoes will give you glorious walking ease—free of painful friction and pressure points on your feet and toes. Their style distinction give no *outward* hint of their foot-comforting, foot-coddling *inward* scientific design.

Dr. Scholl's Shoes are made in all sizes for *all types of feet*—Women's, some styles, 2½ to 13AAAAA to EEEEEEEE; Men's, 5½ to 16, AAA to EEEEEEE. *Expertly fitted* at Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops and Shoe and Department Stores in principal cities. If not obtainable in your city, write for catalog.

Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago 10, Ill.

101 WAYS TO USE Cash's WOVEN NAMES



CAMP & VACATION
Send for your free folder and learn how marking with Cash's Names will identify, personalize, protect your belongings. Genuine Cash's Woven Names are sold by most good stores, or write us.

CASH'S, South Norwalk 4, Conn.

PRICES 3 Doz. $2.25 6 Doz. $2.75 9 Doz. $3.25 12 Doz. $3.75 NO-SO CEMENT 25c a Tube

tiny bosom? PETER PAN
*triple treasure**



slim your hips with a bra



Fits you on the inside. builds you on the outside. Made with a difference . . built-in contours and permanent foam pads to round out the unusually small bust naturally, instantly, secretly.

*pat. pending **reg. u.s. pat. off.

ORDER BY MAIL FROM —BARBARA BRENT—
814 Broadway, Far Rockaway, L. I.

LHJ-5 Please send me the following Peter Pan Bras

style	fabric	color	size	cup	quantity	price
Free Expression* #401 AAA to B	nylon	white				5.00
Suspension Free Expression* #401 AAA to B	nylon	white				5.95
Regular Uplift Free Expression** #401 A-32-36, B-34	broadcloth	white				3.50

☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C.O.D. Add 2% sales tax for N.Y. delivery)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Add 15c to cover mailing and handling costs. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

they seemed to have rings of anguish around them—the thing that mother and I had carefully not seen. Even before she got to him, Lisbee was blind with crying and reached wildly for him.

Ignoring my promise, I stole out and went back to the kitchen to sit with mother.

Those two in the sitting room did not need the little lady chair. She sat on his lap and he held her so tightly you would have thought he was shielding her from some horror. She sobbed with abandon and relief and a kind of tense happiness too. He kissed those tears off her face eagerly, hungrily.

Then suddenly Neil pushed her upright, tore down the front of her dress and began kissing her breasts.

"Neil! Neil!" Lisbee reproached him for this roughness. "*Neil!*" But he would not listen! Was he crazy? Deaf?

In a frenzy of frustration, she began beating him off, finally cruelly lashing out at his face as hard as she could hit. He let go so abruptly that Lisbee almost fell to the floor as he rose and walked away from her.

"What were you afraid of, Mrs. Nixon?" he demanded harshly. "Why so coy, *Mrs.* Nixon?"

Lisbee gasped, "I'm not married! *Not* really."

"Don't *tell* me! Todd's been that much of a fool, has he?"

"The real wedding is to—was to be Thanksgiving. And Todd wouldn't —— Todd's a gentleman!" Her voice broke now. "If you don't believe me," she quavered, "you can ask my mother!"

This comedy line did not elicit the hoot of laughter one might expect. It is an indication of how Neil felt about mother that the mere intrusion of her name at such a moment helped him to pull himself together.

"Sorry," he mumbled jerkily, sarcastically, and dropped into a chair while Lisbee, still sniffing, tried to repair the damage to her green costume.

"All right, what about it?" he demanded brusquely.

"What about what?"

"What am I supposed to be doing here? Your mother seemed to think—at least, in her letter—that you don't love that heartbreaker you so romantically eloped with. Whom are you supposed to be in love with? I mean besides Lisbee," he added bitterly.

SHE hung her head. "You know who I love," she brought out slowly.

"Whom," he corrected wryly. But he came and stood over her, looking down at her bowed head. "Love!"—derisively. "You'd think I was your worst enemy, the way you stab me when I've got my back turned."

"I *do* love you," she said stubbornly, still evading his glance.

"Is that why you ran off with that mock ambassador? I'd thought—at one time—that we could have a good life together, Lisbee. Even when you kept on playing both ends against the middle, I wouldn't believe ——" He laughed angrily. "You find it very hard to make up your mind about what you want, don't you, Delilah?"

"I want *you*." She now looked straight at him.

"You *had* me!" he snapped.

"BUT I didn't know. I—Neil, please, *please* don't ever let me go away from you again. Promise. I couldn't *bear* it. I went crazy after—after your mother said what she did. I didn't know what I was doing!"

"What makes you think a person could ever trust you again?"

"Because . . . I *know*, now." She tried not to squirm under this dark, appraising stare.

"*Who art so lovely fair and smellst so sweet, That the sense aches at thee . . .*" he brought out wryly.

Lisbee was delighted at this unexpected turn. Poetry—this was familiar ground. And such flattering poetry! "You've said that before—that's Desdemona, isn't it?"

"The line ends," he told her, "*. . . wouldst thou had ne'er been born!*"

Lisbee gasped. He angrily waved aside her distress.

"If I ever should take a chance on believing you again, Lisbee," he said coldly, "it's because I have to. . . . But don't be too sure of me! A little thing you never seem to have run across in your extensive reading is that it's possible to kill love."

She put out a hand and drew one of his toward her. She said in a low, uneven voice, "You can do it now. Uh—kiss me that way. . . . It's just—well—*then* I was surprised."

"No, thanks."

"But . . . you wanted to *so much!*"

"I did and I didn't." Furious, angry at himself for his earlier violence, he barked at her, "All right! If you insist on having it spelled out for you: I went for you like that to show you what I thought of you. To pay you back a little, I suppose, for the way you walked out on me as if I weren't even human. I was showing you just what I thought of you—a cheap, loose little chippie that flits from man to man!"

She gasped. "You mean you *deliberately* did that to show me how little you thought of me!"

"Certainly not!" irritated at her stupidity. "I didn't *plan* to do anything. How could I? What did I know about what your next little scheme might be?"

She turned from the contempt in his face.

"The only reason I was willing to come down today," he made it plain, "is because it was your mother who wrote to me. I don't believe she'd deliberately do anybody a mean turn—even for her precious Lisbee."

"I didn't even know mother'd written to you! First thing I knew was when she told

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

While the Great Moon Rises

By May Sarton

Once more the time has come for our thanksgiving,
And to go out together and watch how the great moon
Sails up the sky to be the mirror for all loving,
Aloof and radiant, making the dark air shine.

Remember how one evening we went out together
To gather all the leaves in baskets, so to keep
The garden blanketed against the bitter weather,
And as the moon rose, laid our earth to sleep.

This was a secret that we shared in pure delight
While the old cat went wild, her green eyes glowing,
Leaping and crouching in the leaves, a witching sight—
The presence of love was there and it was snowing;

For the ground sparkled there, or so it seemed,
Turned white and glittered as we brought in the last
Of autumn and strewed it while the garden dreamed;
And stole in then to warmth as it was sleeping fast.

For the small loves that move among us without shoes,
Soundless, all interwoven with the usual days,
Oh, wild and secret that we could not bear to lose,
For them let thanks be given and the dearest praise!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Low-cost, pleasure-packed trips... ready now!



with GREYHOUND'S

Vacation Planning Service



YELLOWSTONE—Explore all its incredible wonders! See "Old Faithful"! With 2 nights at park hotels, 8 meals. $46.75



NEW YORK CITY—Five exciting days at places like Radio City, Statue of Liberty, Chinatown; 4 nights' hotel. $25.20



FLORIDA CIRCLE—Eleven great days from Jacksonville through St. Augustine, Miami, Key West; 10 nights' hotel. $72.10

"VPS" offers you a more delightful vacation . . . and it's available throughout the United States and Canada!

Greyhound's *Vacation Planning Service* is designed to give you complete plans for carefree trips of all types—including *Amazing America Tours*, with transportation, hotel accommodations, special sightseeing, and entertainment—all *at one low price!*

Choose from a wonderful variety of AMAZING AMERICA TOURS!

LOS ANGELES-CATALINA	$24.95
NEW ENGLAND CIRCLE	$57.30
WASHINGTON, D. C. *4 Days*	$22.25
PAUL BUNYAN CIRCLE *7 Days from Minneapolis*	$36.95
EVERGREEN CIRCLE	$25.60
OLD MEXICO *Escorted Tour*	$124.85

To these prices (which include hotels and sightseeing), add Greyhound round-trip fare from your city. U.S. tax extra. Prices subject to change.

FREE! Folder with 40 Planned Trips!

Mail this coupon to **Greyhound Information Center, 105 W. Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.** for free folder describing 40 "Amazing America Tours."

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

GREYHOUND

There's no place like home for Swingline Tot 50



IT TACKS! STAPLES! MENDS!

Put away your hammer, messy glue, dangerous tacks and pins! Your handy Tot 50 has dozens of practical uses around the house every day in the week.

DOES THINGS *Easier, Faster, Cheaper, Safer!*

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



Sold at Drug, Hardware, Stationery and Variety stores everywhere.

SPEED PRODUCTS COMPANY, INC.
LONG ISLAND CITY 1, NEW YORK

famous EATON'S HIGHLAND VELLUM
Now beautifully Gift-boxed



Famous for its rich, suede-like finish, and wonderfully smooth writing surface. Available in smart tints of blue, pink, green, grey and classic white — in a correct size for every use. Beautifully boxed to adorn your own writing desk and to be a gift of distinction. See the new styling in Highland Vellum at your favorite stationery department. Modestly priced at 69c for most sizes.

Eaton's fine Letter Papers
PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

MOSQUITOES HATE SKAT
You'll like it!



New Improved formula—pleasant to use... safe for nail polish, fabrics, all plastics

Just smooth on Skat—say good-bye to horrid mosquitoes, biting flies and chiggers. New Skat is a **delight** to use. Pleasantly fragrant . . . never any stickiness! And don't worry about your nail polish or clothes. New Skat positively will not harm anything but insects. Proved effective in the South Pacific . . . use it freely and garden, fish or sun-bathe IN COMFORT.

NEW SKAT INSECT REPELLENT

BASED ON A FORMULA USED BY THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

me you were here. I didn't *want* to see you. She made me!"

"Well, there's nobody making you now. All you have to do is get up and walk out." Again he turned his back on her.

In the long silence, Lisbee began to be really alarmed. What was she *doing* fighting him! She got up and leaned her head lightly against his taut back.

"I don't care what you do," she told him meekly, "or how you do it. Just so it's *you*," in a whisper.

When he remained stiffly silent, she stole around and put her cheek against his chest; then she softly slid her arms around him. His own arms stayed unyielding. But neither did he pull away.

Lisbee whispered, carefully keeping her face hidden against his coat, "I'm not . . . what you said I was. I never—no matter *what* you think—there never was anybody else. I never," she went on quickly, "let anybody, even Todd . . . do what you just did. Nobody."

"But they all tried, I'm sure!" with mock flattery.

"Well"—softly—"don't all men?"

"I wouldn't know!" sarcastically. "After all, I'm not the adored and adorable Queen of the Water Festival."

"Why didn't you ever tell me you cared—about things like the Water Festival?" she asked in a humble tone.

"You have to be *told!*"

"Well—uh—evidently." She waited a space. "I sort of thought you were proud of having so many people uselessly running after what you had."

"*What* did I have?"

"All of me," she told him flatly.

"And all those other men—not to mention your charming husband—what did *they* have?"

"Nothing. They were just—I was just showing off. I guess I was a little dizzy with all that—that attention. After all, I never had much before—before you." Her voice was thin, and evidently even to him the fear showed through. "But I couldn't have done it if—I mean, nothing would have been any fun if all the time I didn't know *you* were there. That we had *our love*," softly, tenderly.

This did not have the desired effect. "I suppose that's what made your married life so enjoyable, too—knowing that no matter *what* you did, you could still whistle me back whenever it suited you?"

Lisbee waited, to let time draw the sharpness of his anger for her. "I didn't think any such thing," she told him. Then, as though suddenly angry, she butted her head against his chest. "You know very well how *you'd* feel tied to somebody else. You make a crazy, hysterical mistake—and your whole life *ruined!* Why do you think mother sent for you? Because she thought I was so deliriously happy? I know you don't believe me, but I never—there was *never* any more between Todd and me than with any of those other dancing partners. That's all Todd Nixon *is*, or ever will be, a *dancing partner!* He's—he's never touched me any more than to kiss me, and if that's a crime, I'm sorry! It's little enough to keep a man down to when he's gone so far as to marry you. But I did!" triumphantly.

"Trust you not to give too much," gruffly—but he seemed relieved at what she told him.

Silence. He stood glaring morosely over her head.

He finally spoke, but as though half lost in thought, anger still keeping her at a distance. "Somebody—something made you very beautiful. Do you suppose it means anything?"

This was too cryptic for Lisbee, but she did not hesitate. "Made me that way for *you*."

He went on in the same brooding tone, "Even endowed you with *the makings* of a really enchanting woman . . . but without what it takes to make you ——"

"For *you!*" she interrupted emphatically. And pressed her head imploringly against his chest.

He was silent. It might be because he didn't know how to go on, or that his pride wouldn't let him give more.

So Lisbee raised her head. "Think what you want—*say* what you want—but kiss me!" she demanded, lifting herself on tiptoe toward his mouth.

Without either one noticing just how it happened, his arms were crushing her tight as he gave her the kiss she had asked for.

When the reconciled lovers emerged from the sitting room, I got a surprise. I don't know what I had expected, but evidently not the subdued Lisbee and the crisp, businesslike manner of Neil.

It was not until a good many years later, and both of us far from Bretton Road, that

(Continued on Page 234)

JENNIFER



"I know you only told me to get a loaf of bread—but a 'streak of mother' came over me and before I knew it I'd spent the whole ten dollars!"

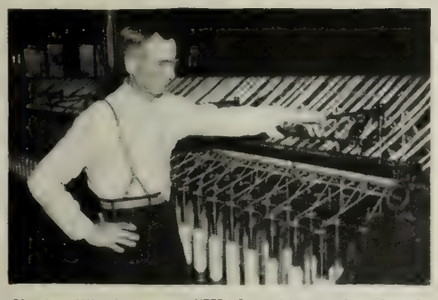
GROVER



"The bonds we bought for our country's defense bought and helped equip our farm!"

MR. AND MRS. CHARLEY L. WHATLEY OF CUTHBERT, GA. CAN TELL YOU—IT'S PRACTICAL AS WELL AS PATRIOTIC TO BUY BONDS FOR DEFENSE

Mr. Whatley inspects a beehive on his 202-acre Georgia farm. "As my wife, Clyde, often reminds me, we wouldn't own a farm, clear, today," he says, "if it weren't for U. S. Savings Bonds. They're surely the best way of saving a working man can have!"



Charley Whatley says, "We bought our first bonds in 1943, through the Payroll Savings Plan at the Martha Mills plant of the B. F. Goodrich Co. over in Thomaston. Those days we were working, and buying bonds, to help Uncle Sam win the war. Our pay averaged about $40 a week apiece and we put about a quarter of it into bonds. We've proved to ourselves there's no better way to save!"



"We'd saved $6,925 when we came back to Cuthbert in 1950. $4,000 bought us our 202-acre farm and a 6-room house. I also bought a brand new truck and Clyde bought a refrigerator and an electric range. Our farm is paying out in crops and timber and Clyde has time for tending her flowers while I spend my spare time on my hobby, which is bee-keeping. We owe it all to *planned* saving!"



"We're still holding bonds, too. We don't believe that anyone should cash his bonds unless he has to, so we're holding about $1,800 worth still. With that cash reserve, and our farm clear, we can grow old with comfort and peace of mind, surrounded by our good neighbors and friends. Everybody should buy U. S. Savings Bonds, the world's finest way to save money!"

The Whatleys' story can be your story, too!

Maybe you can't save quite as much as Charley and Clyde Whatley, maybe you can save more. But the important thing is to *start now!* It only takes three simple steps.

1. Make the big decision—to put saving *first*—before you even draw your pay.

2. Decide to save a regular amount *systematically*, week after week or month after month. Even small sums, saved on a systematic basis, become a large sum in an amazingly short time!

3. Start saving automatically by signing up *today* in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. You may save as little as $1.25 a week or as much as $375 a month. If you can set aside just $7.50 weekly, in 10 years you'll have bonds and interest worth $4,329.02 cash!

You'll be providing security not only for yourself and your family, but for the blessed free way of life that's so important to us all. And in far less time than you think, the financial independence Charley and Clyde Whatley enjoy will be yours to enjoy as well!

A PUBLIC SERVICE PROJECT THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL

U. S. SAVINGS BONDS ARE DEFENSE BONDS—BUY THEM REGULARLY!

Your government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

Perfume That Clings Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings



It flatters . . .
It STAYS UP . . .
It's so feminine . . .

NEW STRAPLESS SLIP
by Skintees
"for around-the-clock wear"

Designing witchery and the magic of an elasticized top, hold you in a caressing embrace, without bones or gadgets. Wear it day and night—for office, recreation and formal wear.

Made of 2-bar Tricot Rayon in pink, white and black, sizes 32 to 40. *And oh! at a very popular price.*

At leading Department and Specialty Stores or, for store in your neighborhood, write to Dept. LH-5.

A. H. SCHREIBER CO., INC.
10 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N.Y.

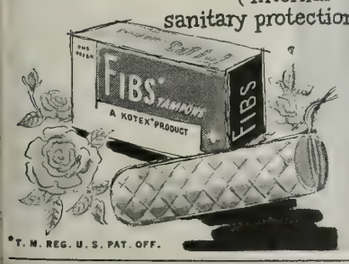
To Tampon users...

Fibs*

the Tampon with rounded ends...the only Tampon "Quilted" for comfort..."Quilted" for safety...

Next time try Fibs

(internal sanitary protection)



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

STOMACH UPSET?

If you have "hunger pains," heartburn, frequent stomach upsets or indigestion due to excess stomach acid by all means see your doctor—*and start taking Sedagel.* For excess stomach acid is believed to be a cause of more serious troubles. Users say Sedagel *acts faster—lasts longer* than anything else they've ever tried. Sedagel "sponges up" biting, burning acid—then it spreads a coating over stomach and intestinal walls that *soothes* and *protects.* Get Sedagel today!

how very weak was one of the chief props that held her up in life.

Finally, the resulting sense of guilt sent Lisbee to the opposite pole, apologetically building up her picture of mother as vehemently as she had torn her down earlier. Lisbee began tabulating, to me, the generosities, selflessness, the warmth, the tenderness . . . finally she was exclaiming in amazement that mother was even willing to take the blame for other people's faults. No wonder everybody loved mother so much! Anybody and everybody knew he could have from mother what he wanted, as far as she had it to give. But then the odd thing was—she had them, their love. Always.

When it came, out of a welter of words, it was with the suddenness of a stab: that flash of insight in which Lisbee saw what she had done to Neil by running away with Todd. Just the opposite of mother's cherishing way with people. Why, she *had* actually treated Neil, *the man she loved,* like a—like a nothing. As he had so bitterly said. She, Lisbee, had done this terrible thing to love! Then raw terror gripped her lest Neil be—at this very instant—turning from *her* as from nothing.

Well, Lisbee had caught on now. Not that she was changed overnight, or that Lisbee ever stopped being Lisbee. But her experiences had left their mark: the spectacle of Karoleena's unshakable faithfulness, shame at recognizing the lack of that quality in herself; beginning to understand mother . . . all these things coming together helped to throw the accent back on people, for Lisbee, highlighted the simple fact that every single one of them is as unique as Lisbee.

Lisbee told Todd, in person. He, I was informed, did not so much display the normal signs of unhappiness over losing his love; on being told that Lisbee felt she'd made a mistake in marrying him, he turned nasty. Righteously resolved now not to spare herself, Lisbee even insisted on going with Todd to break the unpalatable news to his parents.

Then came the wearisome annulment proceedings. Also the embarrassing business of packing up all those resplendent gifts. Then Lisbee went into a sort of eclipse on Bretton Road during the months of waiting, anything but peaceful.

Mrs. Etheridge continued to ignore Neil's choice. That lady's continued coolness toward her took on an air of menace, to Lisbee.

ILLOGICALLY she would set for herself the exact moment at which she felt Neil should arrive from New Haven; a minute's lateness reduced her to despair. Each time she gave up again—he would not come!

I suppose it was every other week end that he came down to Trevore. But after the Christmas holidays, he began coming every week end. Little by little Neil lost his cool businesslike manner and Lisbee's skin took back its pearl sheen. By the time they were married, during spring vacation, Neil had recovered far enough to look like a man in love again.

Lisbee, the bride, was in dead-white satin, the illusion veiling streaming over her face from a *couronne* of starched lace enclosing her own gold crown. Neil couldn't take his eyes off her.

In spite of the enormous number of invitations which were sent out for the wedding reception, Lisbee insisted she didn't want anyone but the family present at the ceremony itself.

I, of course, was maid of honor, in a made-over Worth of Lisbee's.

Father surprised us all. Practically on the instant that the ceremony was over, a brand-new Marmon automobile was driven to our front gate: father's wedding gift to Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Etheridge. Of course it would have been far more helpful of father had he given the young people the money instead. They certainly needed it.

Neil had warned Lisbee that she wouldn't be getting any of his mother's money with him. Lisbee pooh-poohed this; she was all enthusiasm for a chance to show she could





Why wash Dishes?

. . . less work more fun using

SERVISET by Sutherland ®



Roses DESIGN

You can "wash" dishes by throwing them away . . . napkins and tablecover, too . . . when you've used SERVISET—it's that inexpensive! SERVISET consists of "Handi-Handle"* paper cups and plates; matching napkins and tablecover; and plastic spoons and forks. Available in a variety of patterns, colors, and special occasion designs . . . SERVISET items may also be bought singly . . . at your favorite store . . . or write for name of nearest dealer.



NO DISHES TO WASH



NO DAMAGE TO WORRY ABOUT



NO LINENS TO LAUNDER



NO LAUNDRY BILLS TO PAY

HANDI-HANDLE PAPER CUPS • PLATES • NAPKINS • TABLECOVERS • PLASTIC SPOONS and FORKS

SUTHERLAND PAPER COMPANY • KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

be as loyal and as much a helpmate as Karoleena.

Neil had told mother and father, too, that Lisbee would have only what he could earn for her. They agreed with him that it was a good idea to finish the semester at Yale, since his fees were paid. After that he would try to get a fellowship and a part-time job. If not, he'd have to take any work he could get, and do his studying for his doctorate on the side.

In the privacy of our room, Lisbee alternately wept over what a "comedown" this was for Neil, and glowed at the thought of how much he loved her—cavalierly giving up a fortune for her!

That wedding reception! After the greetings were over it turned into a ball, with music and dancing—both chandeliers flashing in splendor and dozens of candles blowing.

Mrs. Agnes Nelson Etheridge did not come to the reception. She'd refused to come to the wedding too. I'm ashamed to say I hadn't even remembered until now that Doctor Etheridge was absent too. But practically everybody else was there.

To mother's delight, father even stood with her for a few minutes outside the drawing-room door, greeting the latecomers—if a stiff nod can be called a greeting. It filled mother's cup to overflowing. Joy burned in her face.

They made quite a pair: father still belligerently in breeches and boots; and mother with that unfashionable pompadour, dressed in her best white waist, its leg-o'-mutton sleeves standing out like exquisitely embroidered Japanese lanterns.

Lisbee came to the door of the drawing room. I saw her startled look when she caught sight of that odd reception line and hurried over to her. "Just when everything was going so perfectly!" I worried.

But Lisbee surprised me. "And the bride dressed by Worth," she laughed impishly, waving the lavish cascade of white satin draped over her left arm.

For Lisbee had taken an important step toward maturity, had begun to recognize that other people, too, have an inner life, and that it is difficult to judge from the surface what might be pushing them. So Lisbee merely smiled possessively at the oddly dressed pair receiving at the drawing-room door, laughed fondly at the contrast they made to her own extravagant finery.

Lisbee had taken off her veil; only the starched crown of lace sat on her shining head. But something more becoming than the mistiness of illusion veiling drew all eyes to her happy face.

Giving me a dazzling smile, Lisbee walked over to father. Without a word she dragged him, boots and all, through the drawing-room door onto the waxed parquet and made him waltz with her.

They danced well together, stiffly, but well. Father cut a fine figure as he swung his daughter, in her Worth finery. There was always a pride of person about father so evident that most people instinctively kept their distance.

We were all on hand, in the small hours of the morning—even the boys—to see the newlyweds off. Neil helped his wife into the automobile with an air of carrying her across their own threshold; Lisbee's fairness shone startlingly from a coal-black hat and coat of some velvety material.

And before the whole family, I had to exhibit my tiny heart locket on its wisp of a chain, clutched in a cold hand. Lisbee had refused to deprive me of it.

"She wants *me* to have it," Lisbee explained to Neil. "You know—it's the lucky locket."

One look at my face and Neil accepted the locket for her. "Why, Lisbee, how could we refuse such a charming wedding present? Thank you *very* much." Lifting my hand, he solemnly kissed it. "I hope it's as lucky as getting Mary-Cullen for a sister-in-law," he added gaily.

Then he got in the car beside Lisbee, and all of us, including Techa, waved them out of sight.

At this point I find myself holding back not wanting to tell the rest.

It began with Mr. Bieder's deciding to d some building down at The Cove. Bieder, butcher, who had "invested in father" fo many years, was going to build two bric apartment buildings just beyond father' holdings and closer to the car line.

About a week before the date on whic Bieder had announced that his apartment would be ready for occupancy, father cut al his rents twenty per cent and sailed fo Europe.

All the time that father was in Europe Bieder kept coming to see mother. He ha succeeded in renting only two of his shin new apartments.

As soon as he heard that father was back Bieder came hurrying over to our house. H asked father to take his grand new building off his hands at cost. He went on to point ou that when father bought up his buildings an his land, he would have the house market a The Cove cornered.

"I've always had it cornered," fathe said mildly.

When it finally dawned on Bieder that fa ther had no intention of taking the new build ings off his hands, at any price, he seeme stricken with astonishment. He left the hous like a sleepwalker.

Then his mother-in-law, tiny Mrs. O'Hara who had stubbornly dragged her laborer family up to affluence, began coming to se mother about Bieder.

After each one of these visits, mothe would plead with father. Until one day h curtly told her that he didn't want to hea another word about Bieder or any of his rela tives. "He should have stuck to cuttin meat," father said coldly.

Even had he been able to afford it, I don believe father would have lifted a finger t save Bieder. Bieder had deliberately set ou to cross swords with him. Bieder!

Father had come back from Europe, tha summer of 1913, loudly proclaiming tha there was going to be a war. The coming wa he talked about was used by all the smal merchants who had "invested" in father a an excuse to ask for their money back. (think the Bieder affair had scared them.)

Father tried to jolly them into changin their minds when they came to the house, i a body. The dining room, kitchen and sittin room were denuded of chairs so father coul take the men into his library. It was the be ginning of many such conferences.

The boys and I were thrilled at this un accountable prevalence of company. Mothe seemed to enjoy it too. She quietly served th visitors her plain cake whenever fathe brought the men out to the dining room for drink.

They were glum and appeared embarrasse during these social interludes, but father wa very talkative.

After a particularly lengthy conference i the library, one Saturday afternoon, the me came out of the dining room looking flushe Father, whose face was always red with win burn, showed the heat about the rims of h eyes.

"Oh, come, Mr. McEwan," father sai "you got what you wanted. Surely you' stop to drink a toast." Father's voice wa jolly, but his hard lips did not smile.

Mr. Eccles took hold of McEwan's ar and held him back. "Thank ye, thank y ma'am," Eccles said politely, as mother o fered him a piece of cake. "Made in you own kitchen, too, I'll bet."

Mother assured him it had been.

"To long life, gentlemen," father an nounced, holding his small glass high. Whe he had drained the glass he smashed against the wainscoting at the floor.

"Alfred!" mother exclaimed, jumpin Then she laughed, but after that her eye seldom left his face.

I was trembling with excitement at this r mantic gesture.

When the men had left, father poured hi self another drink. "To all of us," he smile

I remember preening myself sheepishly o being toasted. Father was feeling so high h

as irresistible. He had us all laughing, other too. Then he left us.

Something had made me sleepy and I slept n the black leather lounge in the dining om. I was awakened by the sound of ocking, and watched mother go to the tchen door to answer.

Curiosity got the better of my sluggish- ss. Getting up, I went out to see who it as. Four of the men who had been at the nference in the library had returned. They st stood inside the door, evidently feeling at ease.

"Mr. Vries isn't in right now," mother ld them.

"Yes, ma'am," somebody agreed, but they ntinued to stand there.

Finally mother said quietly, "Don't be raid to say anything you've got to say. I ow already."

They fell back in amazement at this. It ok quite a bit of talk before it became ap- rent that mother and these men were talk- g at cross purposes. Mother had guessed at if the confer- ces did not win e men over, father uld lose all his uses at The Cove. id these men had got what they nted," as father d put it earlier. When it finally wned on them at this was what ther was talking out, the men has- assured her that ney was not what ey had come out.

Finally Mr. cles cleared his roat. He said, What we wanted tell ye—there's n an accident."

"Oh," said ther, in a softer ne. "Who is it?"

"It's your hus- nd," Mr. Eccles d. "His horse ran ay with him."

Mother, surpris- ly, dropped into tchen chair with- asking our vis- 's to sit down. ow bad is it?"

Eccles shook his d hopelessly and ked at the stove. im and the mare both fell over Indian nt."

The silence that followed was like a blow. Everything that went on for days went on ide and around this heavy emptiness. . . . hat was your answer, father—plunged us over Indian Point? Everybody who loved went over with you for a while. And if it n't been for the stamina which mother's lagging faith had built up in us—day by , hour by hour—the dramatic way you se to go might have left a stone of guilt in hearts of all your children.

T fortunately we had had two parents. y in and day out—in spite of the number knowing, bitter books father read and w piecemeal across the table, in spite of his clever arguments—we listened to fa- and believed mother. In our blood ran a etness: we knew life was good.

ll those years on Bretton Road, our her had gravely regarded us with a re- t and admiration of such quality it ned to set a great worth on us—and by nsion, on all our kind. The love that she ped us in stayed with us, coloring the le being . . . and her faith in life, and in ple.

verything was lost. Even the house on tton Road: every last rosebush mother so tenderly nurtured . . . *everything* inside high iron fence had to be given up.

Lisbee and Neil had finally gone back to New Haven, alone, in spite of the fact that they had already "spoken for" a big house, big enough for all of us. But mother thought young people should have their home to themselves.

Suddenly Mrs. Etheridge threw her anger to the winds, and lovingly embraced the whole Vries family. Mrs. Etheridge asked a surprising thing: could she adopt Mary-Cullen?

I HAD been having tea with Mrs. Etheridge for weeks, every time mother sent me over to her with the mail we'd got from Lisbee and Neil in New Haven. Mrs. Etheridge never said anything about the letters, but she and I had got to be quite chummy.

When Mrs. Etheridge asked to adopt me, mother had exclaimed quickly, "Oh, no!" Then she added apologetically, "The children must stay together."

The Vries contingent, from Philadelphia, had sent Uncle Hal to help mother to straighten out our affairs. He was not really an uncle; he was only father's second cousin.

Hearing how things were with us, the Vries conscience had stirred and Uncle Hal showed mother a lot of papers which explained how money that should really have gone to father from his grandfather was now being made over to us children, with mother as legal guardian.

It was good of Uncle Hal to stay on during those last days, though I did not understand the real significance of this until much later, until he had brought us to a safe haven in his own home.

We children were allowed to pick something to take with us from Bretton Road. I did not need to choose. Mother had given me her tiny Swiss honeymoon watch, with its yards and yards of chain. Bill chose the tiny Indian goddess out of the curio cabinet. And Dickie chose (of all things!) one of the little lady chairs: mother's favorite. That was the one time I saw my mother almost break down. Almost.

Not until the morning of the last day did we children discover that mother was not coming with us to Uncle Hal's. She was going first to a special hospital, for a while, to rest. Certainly nobody could doubt she needed a rest.

Mrs. Etheridge brought Charles and the car over after lunch. First, Charles was going to drive Uncle Hal and us children to our train. Then he would come back and get mother and Mrs. Etheridge and take them to their train. Mrs. Etheridge was going with mother all the way to the hospital, near Washington.

It was Mrs. Etheridge who cried when it came time to say good-by. Not mother. I noticed, as she kissed Bill, how grayed mother's beauty had become, but when she turned those love-melted great eyes on me, things came right again, and all three of us children drove gaily off with Uncle Hal.

Mother wore her usual cheery smile as she waved, when we turned back for a look at her standing in front of that high iron fence. We never saw her again. THE END

The complete novel, The Reckless Heart, is soon to be published by Doubleday & Company.



DIET FOR YOUR DREAM FIGURE

Do you choose a bathing suit to show off your figure rather than camouflage it? When waistlines feel tight, do you adjust your diet instead of your belt? If your answers are "No," send for the JOURNAL's new beauty booklet, FLATTER YOUR FIGURE, complete with calorie chart, diet tips and menus, 25 figure-flattering exercises, and suggestions and directions for overcoming special figure faults—all to show you how to remodel your measurements at home. Send 25 cents to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, for your copy of booklet No. 2567.

Use order coupon on Page 24.



Praises speed of New Dry Yeast

17-Year-Old Mother Wins $5,000 in Nation-Wide Cooking Contest

Mrs. Bernard Derousseau's whole family is interested in her contest photographs! This young homemaker of Rice Lake, Wisconsin, went to New York to compete in the junior division of a national cooking contest. And she won the $5,000 first prize in her division with a secret recipe from her grandmother!

Mrs. Derousseau has been cooking ever since she was ten, and says that Fleischmann's New Improved Active Dry Yeast is the finest she has found. "It's really speedy," she says. "Dissolves in a jiffy—rises so fast. Gives me grand results!"

It's true! Yeast-raised treats are delicious and nourishing. Nothing can top their rich flavor—nothing makes more of a hit with the menfolk.

When you bake at home—use yeast—Fleischmann's New Improved Active Dry Yeast. It's the best ever . . . easier to use, faster dissolving. Buy a supply soon—when you bake at home, delight your family with yeast-raised goodies.

ELECTRIC MIXER!



YOU can earn one of the best-known makes in the country, this Mixer is complete with base, upright and motor, two beaters, two mixing bowls, revolving platform, juice extractor bowl, spout and reamer. It has ten speeds with full power on each.

Send eight 2-year subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post* sold at the U. S. price of $10.00 each or sixteen 2-year *Ladies' Home Journal* subscriptions sold at the U. S. price of $5.00 each (Subs may be new or renewal) and we will send you the mixer, all charges prepaid. Your own subscriptions or subscriptions sold at the Special Gift Prices will not count. No mixers may be sold for cash. Mixer sent in Continental U. S. only, and offer good until August 31, 1951. Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper, with your own. Then mail with check or money order in the full amount to

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
433 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.



Simple but very special—follow the appetizer tray with a clear hot soup, veal-steak paprika with peas and mushrooms, a tangy salad, chunks of hot onion bread.

Conversation Piece

By RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

SUMMER is just ahead of us now and our thoughts will turn to the out-of-doors and to informal entertaining. So why not in May an end-of-the-season dinner party with a touch of formality? Pretty clothes, tulips all over the house and a menu definitely not adapted to buffet service.

We'll begin with a tray of appetizers. There will be cheese sticks, homemade or bought, and for an added touch in both appearance and taste we'll wrap slivers of ham or chipped beef around the middle of each stick. Spiced garlic ripe olives and tomato or other flavored puffs will complete the tray. The puffs, in glass jars, come in various flavors and are pretty generally available now.



A touch of formality in the menu—and a pretty dress

There is no better foundation for a delicious meal than a cup of hot, clear soup, so we'll start the meal with hot madrilène garnished with chives. I'm going to suggest that you buy canned madrilène rather than make it yourself. Madrilène isn't difficult to prepare, but it does take time and bother, and the canned varieties available in grocery stores are perfectly delicious and inexpensive too.

The meat will be veal-steak paprika. This combines meat, *(Continued on Page 240)*

You mean me?

You can easily be the very lady we have in mind. See the picture here? Did you know you can make a cake every bit as fine and luscious as this from one of the new Pillsbury Cake Mixes (White or Chocolate Fudge)? And did you know how very, very easy it is? You merely add milk. Now that we understand one another, how about surprising your family tonight with your very own Pillsbury Cake. Yours. Yours alone.



Just add milk—



Milk is *all* you add—no eggs, flavoring, or extras of any kind required. These are complete mixes.

Pillsbury BEST XXXX Mixes

Remember—
You and Ann Pillsbury
can make a great team

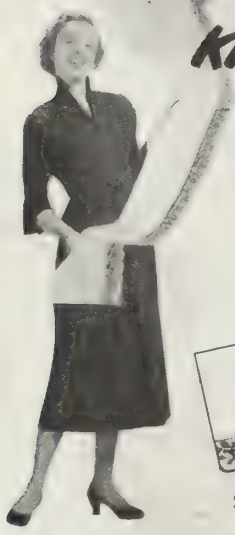
Pillsbury CAKE MIXES

WHITE AND CHOCOLATE FUDGE

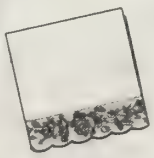


"Rose o' Day" pattern on shelves

KITCHEN DECORATING TIP



Here's how to transform your kitchen in minutes into a new picture of color-beauty: simply place colorful Royledge Shelving on all your shelves, and see the room sparkle with gay reds, yellows, blues, greens! Costs only pennies. Choose from new patterns now at 5 & 10's, Supermarkets, Housefurnishing, Naborhood, Dept. Stores.



Plasti-Chrome
Royledge
Td. Mk. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Shelving Paper & Edging all-in-one
9 ft. & 24 ft. pkgs.

New ADHESIVE Edging
for steel or wood shelves

STARTING APRIL 20, see Royledge Carnival of New Spring Patterns at local stores



(Continued from Page 238)



Loganberry tutti-frutti bombe, not too sweet or heavy, but a real dessert. It can be made in your refrigerator or your home freezer.

petits pois, mushrooms and sauce, all cooked together in one casserole, very simple to prepare and very special to eat. With the peas and mushrooms we don't need another vegetable, but there will be plenty of chunks of hot onion bread—you'll want soft bread to sop up the last delicious drop of the sauce.

For a salad that is out of the groove and perfect for this meal, we'll have grapefruit and orange sections with Roquefort-cheese dressing, and, of course, lots of crisp lettuce leaves. This is a sharp-tasting salad and refreshing, and it's a nice variation from the usual tossed greens or vegetable combinations.

The dessert will be loganberry tutti-frutti bombe. A real dessert, but not too sweet or heavy. It's a layer of loganberry sherbet covered with another layer of the tutti-frutti mixture loaded with nuts and candied fruit—very chewy in consistency and a fine contrast to the sharp, clear taste of the loganberry sherbet. It can be made in your refrigerator or home freezer.

These recipes will serve six or eight.

CHEESE STICKS

Very good little cheese sticks can be bought in the stores, but I'll give you a recipe in case you want to make them yourself. Cream together 3 tablespoons grated American cheese, 3 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese and 4 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add 3 tablespoons cream, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoons sugar and 1 whole egg. Stir until blended and add, gradually, 1 cup flour. Stir with a fork, and when mixture becomes too stiff to stir, transfer to a floured board and knead in the rest of the flour with your hands. Roll into a slab a little more than ¼″ thick and cut into strips about 5″ long and a little more than ¼″ wide. You'll accumulate a lot of scraps in the cutting. These can be kneaded together, rolled out and cut into more strips. The yield should be about 35 cheese sticks. Grasp ends of each stick with fingers and twist in opposite directions to make a ropy effect. Sprinkle lightly with grated Parmesan and place on cooky sheet. If some of them untwist, just twist again and press ends tightly against cooky sheet for a few seconds. Bake in a preheated hot, 400° F., oven, until golden brown—about 16 minutes. Turn them over about halfway through baking time. They can be baked a day or two in advance, but sometime in the afternoon of the party day they should be put in a low, 200° F., oven for 10 minutes so that they will be nice and crisp. Shortly before serving wrap some small slivers of ham or chipped beef around the centers of each stick. If ham is used, it should be cut as thin as the chipped beef.

SPICED GARLIC RIPE OLIVES

Three or four days in advance, empty a can of very large ripe olives into a jar. Add cloves garlic cut into quarters, 1 tablespoon crushed red pepper and 1 teaspoon *orégano* and shake well. Put jar in refrigerator and occasionally give it a good shake. The olives will be fairly hot but will taste only faintly of garlic. Before serving, rinse in cold water to remove the red pepper and *orégano* that will cling to the olives.

VEAL-STEAK PAPRIKA

Get a veal steak 2½″ thick from the center cut of the leg. It will weigh about 2¾ pounds. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge lightly with flour. Melt a large piece of butter or margarine—about ⅓ cup—in a skillet. Turn heat to medium and sauté steak on both sides to a delicate brown. Remove steak and add to skillet 1 small clove garlic, finely minced, ¾ cup sour cream, 4 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon paprika, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon mono sodium glutamate, and salt and pepper to taste. When mixture boils, empty it into a large shallow casserole and lay steak in center. Put casserole in medium 350° F., oven and cook, uncovered, ¾ hour.

Drain juice from 1 large or 2 small cans *petits pois* and reserve juice. If you can't get the very tiny French peas, use the smallest canned peas you can find. Drain 2 cans button mushrooms and put mushrooms, peas and 2 tablespoons juice from peas in sauce around the meat. Add salt and pepper to taste, and, if you like, a few tablespoons Marsala. Cover casserole and return to oven. If your casserole doesn't have a cover—most of the shallow ones don't—use a piece of aluminum foil, if you can still get it, and crimp it over the edge of the dish. Cook until meat is tender—about 1¼ hours longer. The sauce should be thin in consistency, and if it becomes too thick add a little more of the juice from the peas.

Shortly before serving time put casserole on low burner covered with an asbestos mat and thicken sauce *slightly* with cornstarch mixed with milk. Spread a good layer of sour cream over center of steak and sprinkle with paprika. Have ready some small triangles of grilled bread. To make these, remove crusts from several slices of bread, then cut diagonally each way to make four triangles from

(Continued on Page 242)



4-leaf clover ceramic created in San Diego especially for Breast-O'-Chicken tuna

for the **best o' luck** with all o' your tuna dishes always buy Breast-O'-Chicken tuna. It's premium tuna - the prize tuna o' all we catch - yet it costs you no more. Young-tenda'-light in color - solid in texture - and so delicate in flavor it makes all o' your recipes taste wonderful. Tomorrow, have the best o' luck... join the thousands changing to Breast-O'-Chicken... the brand that brings you only the **best o' tuna.**

BREAST O' CHICKEN



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



the brand that brings you only the

best O' tuna

FREE: for the best o' tuna salads use your favorite recipe and Breast-O'-Chicken. Write for our FREE recipe book, too. Westgate-Sun Harbor Company, Dept. J12 1995 Bay Front, San Diego 12, California.

© 1951 by Westgate-Sun Harbor Company

"The new Caloric has everything I want in a range"



Thousands of letters from enthusiastic Caloric owners agree that Caloric has exactly the features they want. And now "America's Easiest Ranges to Keep Clean" give you even more easy-clean advantages to save you work and take you out of the kitchen. Speedy, trouble-free and costing less to operate, Caloric also offers every feature for complete automatic cooking.

See dealers under "Caloric" in classified phone books. Caloric Stove Corporation, Widener Bldg., Phila. 7, Pa.

EASY CLEANING

Porcelain enamel inside and out.

Triple-coat acid-resisting white parts.

Veri-Clean Broiler completely removable for washing in sink.

Seamless construction eliminates dirt-catching crevices.

Any Caloric model can be factory-equipped for "Pyrofax" Bottled Gas or other LP-Gases.

AUTOMATIC COOKING

Automatic Heat Control keeps exact oven temperature you want.

Automatic Oven Clock Control for completely automatic cooking is optional.

Automatic lighting of all burners is a feature of "CP" models.

SPEEDY COOKING

Flavor-Saver Dual Burners give any degree of heat *instantly* for fast boiling, frying, simmering.

Ultramatic

Caloric Gas Ranges

America's Easiest Ranges to Keep Clean

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

CP

(Continued from Page 240)

each slice. Sauté in butter or margarine over low heat until golden brown on both sides. Arrange a border of the triangles around the rim of the casserole. Turn oven low—200° F.—return casserole to it and let it stand until you are ready to serve. Your onion bread can occupy the same oven. Garnish with parsley and serve in casserole.

ONION BREAD

Get a loaf of unsliced bread and remove crusts. Brush sides of loaf with melted butter or margarine and brush top of loaf with beaten egg. Cover top with very thinly sliced rounds of onion and brush liberally with melted butter or margarine. "Sop" is a better word than "brush" for the butter at this stage, but I do use a pastry brush to do this. Put loaf on cooky sheet not too near the broiler, turn on broiler and toast until top of loaf is quite brown. Wrap loaf securely in paper and let it stand in a low, 200° F., oven 10 or 15 minutes before serving. To serve, cut into thick slices, or into extra thick slices and then again through the middle the long way. (If your broiler is not deep enough to accommodate a whole loaf, cut the loaf in half horizontally and put two pieces under your broiler.)

GRAPEFRUIT-AND-ORANGE SALAD WITH ROQUEFORT DRESSING

Get 3 big grapefruit and 4 or 5 big navel oranges. The number required will depend on their size, but have plenty. With a sharp knife cut off the peel and the thin white membrane just under the peel. Cut out the sections carefully—don't peel them out—and squeeze the pulp that remains to extract all the juice. We won't use the juice in our salad, but it's too good to waste. You'll need plenty of crisp Boston lettuce leaves, and some curly endive will make the salad look prettier.

Roquefort-Cheese Dressing. With a fork mash 3 ounces Roquefort cheese—or Roquefort-type cheese. Add ⅔ cup salad oil, ⅓ cup vinegar, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon paprika, ⅛ teaspoon red pepper and ¾ teaspoon salt. Stir thoroughly, and be sure that the chunks of cheese are not too large. If you want your dressing to be smooth, press the cheese through a sieve. I like it smooth for a mixed green salad, but for a fruit salad I like it lumpy with little pieces of cheese floating around.

I think a platter, rather than a bowl, is best for this salad simply because it looks prettier. Arrange the grapefruit and orange sections in groups on a bed of lettuce, tuck some pieces of curly endive here and there for accents, spoon the Roquefort dressing over all and you're bound to have a beautiful salad.

LOGANBERRY TUTTI-FRUTTI BOMBE

Loganberry Sherbet. Strain 2 cans loganberries through a very fine sieve, getting as much of the fruit pulp as possible, but no seeds. Bring 1 cup of this liquid to a boil, add 1 envelope unflavored gelatin that has been softened in ¼ cup water and stir until gelatin has dissolved. Mix this with the rest of the loganberry juice and stir in 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Taste for sugar and add some if needed. If the loganberries are canned in heavy sirup it will be sweet enough. Cool and when thoroughly chilled add 1 stiffly beaten egg white. Put in large ice-cube tray and freeze to mushy stage in refrigerator of home freezer. (If you do not have a large ice-cube tray, place a layer of the sherbet in each of two regular-size trays.)

Tutti-Frutti Ice Cream. Put contents of 1 can sweetened condensed milk in top of double boiler and steam 5 minutes. Chill and beat for 5 minutes with electric or hand rotary beater. Add 1 cup candied fruit cut into small pieces, ¾ cup walnut meats broken into small pieces, 1 teaspoons vanilla and 1 cup heavy cream beaten until stiff.

When loganberry sherbet has frozen to the mushy stage scrape sides and bottom of tray, beat a little and smooth to an even layer. Cover with tutti-frutti mixture, smoothing it evenly and return tray to freezing compartment. When the tutti-frutti layer has frozen enough to be a little bit firm, decorate top with small pieces of nuts and candied fruit and continue freezing until serving time. This recipe will make 8 squares of generous size.

Service. For this dinner party it would be very nice to have help to serve the food. But that isn't always possible, and it looks as if it might become less and less possible as time goes on. So we'd better explore substitutes for help and the best one I know is a two-decker tea cart. With one of these and a little assistance from your husband, you can manage the service without confusion. The soup can be on the table before guests are seated, but be sure there is no delay, so that it will be piping hot. When the soup is finished, the empty dishes can be passed to you and placed on the tea cart at your side. You wheel them to the kitchen and return with the hot plates, casserole and bread on the upper deck and the salad and cold salad plates on the lower deck. While your husband serves the hot dish you can serve the salad. This is easy and simple and avoids any fluttering around the table, which is sure to make your guests and your husband ill at ease. When the main course is finished, the dishes are passed to you, wheeled to the kitchen and you return with the dessert. You will be the only person who has left the table and your husband can carry on serenely in your absence. Lacking a tea cart, you can use much the same scheme by having a serving table with a large tray beside your own and your husband's places at the table. If your plan of action is so carefully worked out that it appears to be automatic, no one will be conscious of the service—which is the desired effect. **THE END**

Don't Ask Me Would I Trade Them for a Diamond Mine

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

They're precious in the morning
When they waken me and charm me
With their voices pitched as softly
As the whole Apache army,
And they're very cute at lunchtime
In a shooting war of Limas,
And at supper, playing Discus Thrower
With their Aunt Jemimas. . . .

Oh, they're precious and they're very cute,
As often I have said;
But I love them best at six o'clock
(That's when they go to bed).

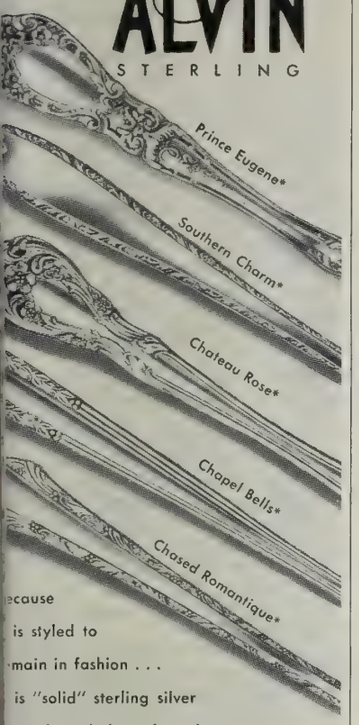
I didn't want that chair they broke,
That lamp, that bowl, that kettle;
I didn't want those coasters
That they melted down for metal;
We didn't need that window
Where they kicked the seven panes in;
It's really quite refreshing
When it snows and sleets and rains in. . . .

Oh, they're precious and they're very cute,
And surely it's no crime
To love them best at six o'clock
(Till then I don't have time!).

It's smart to buy

ALVIN*

STERLING

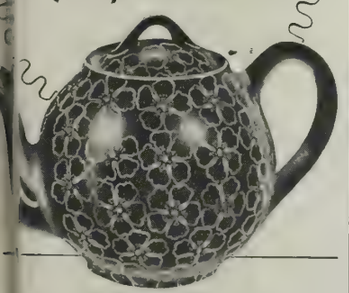


ecause
is styled to
main in fashion . . .
is "solid" sterling silver
rough and through and constant use
ill only enhance its beauty.
odestly priced for satisfaction
nd service, year after year,
r a lifetime.

E IT . . BUY IT . . AT YOUR JEWELER'S
rite us for free illustrated price folders
of these and other ALVIN patterns.

HE ALVIN SILVERSMITHS
akers of Exclusive Silver Designs for
over Sixty years
ROVIDENCE 7, RHODE ISLAND
emarks

PREFERRED for Perfect Tea



This lovely French shape is decorated with gleaming gold that glistens on a colorful glaze that will never craze. Like all genuine Hall Teapots, it is made of secret process china that will not stain or absorb. Use it . . . for perfect tea, graciously served. That's why Hall Teapots are preferred!

The Hall China Company
World's Largest Manufacturer of Decorated Teapots and Cooking China

Hall Teapots
OF SUPERIOR QUALITY CHINA
Sold by All Leading Dealers

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 8)

Two-Timing Eggs

Ossining, New York

Dear Editors: I'm a patient, good-natured, reasonable man as a rule. My wife claims she is a patient, good-natured, reasonable woman. She read a cook-book once, shortly after we were married. It said that soft-boiled eggs should be placed in boiling water for three minutes.

After 32 years of scientific research, I'm convinced that three minutes never was long enough to soft-boil an egg.

I like my eggs soft, but solid. That is, I want the yellow part soft but the white part solid. I remember my grandmother always boiled eggs that way. She used to look at the shells and tell whether they were cooked. She'd pick up the egg on a spoon, look at it, and declare it boiled or else say "Just a mite more" and put it back in the water for a few seconds.

I know there's some relationship between the circumference, area, and boiling time, but I don't know enough mathematics to express it in a formula. There are many smart scientists in this country that could probably figure it out in a couple of years, but they're all fooling around with atomic energy and don't care whether I have my eggs hard, soft, watery or fried.

All I know, after two weeks of experiments the time Martha went on her vacation to the hospital and returned with Junior, is that small eggs take 3 minutes and 48 seconds, medium eggs take 4 minutes and 13 seconds, and big eggs take 4 minutes and 31 seconds. I made a chart and gave it to Martha, but eggs are eggs to her, and the book says they are soft-boiled in three minutes.

If Martha wasn't such a good cook, I would charge the egg situation up to profit and loss in married life, but she can make all kinds of complicated dishes, such as ham and cabbage, perfectly. When it comes to a simple soft-boiled egg, though, her batting average is less than her weight. I tried being tactful once. I said, "The yellow part is fine, and if the white were just a little more solid it would be perfect," thinking that I would spur her on to greater effort with honeyed words. She merely told me to mix both parts together and I wouldn't know the difference. Sometimes I think she's just taking advantage of my good nature. Yours,

RAYMOND M. BOYLE

Husband Grabs Journal

Wollaston, Massachusetts

Dear Editors: You have people who say the JOURNAL is too thick, too large, too this or that, but to me it is the only magazine worth its cost and more. In my house I am usually the last one to see it. If my husband is home when the JOURNAL comes, *he* sits right down with it.

Sincerely,

MRS. ROBERT J. CRANAHAN

AUNT LOUISA'S WINDFALL

(Continued from Page 39)

"Doesn't he care about his own house?"

"Bill," said Candy, "had a Scottish grandfather. His ancestry has come out all over him like a rash."

"Wonderful," said Bill, finishing his second piece of lemon-meringue pie. "Let's have this when the Denstones come to dinner."

Candy, who was leaning over to blow out the candles, paused with her mouth open slightly and goggled at him. "Have the—what?"

"The Denstones. To dinner." Bill was casual. "After all, Mr. Denstone is my boss. He's the guy who's responsible for our luck. And we've been to dinner there once last year and once the year before."

Candy shuddered and fell back into her chair. "Oh, Bill, not Mrs. Denstone!"

"Now what is the matter with Mrs. Denstone?"

Candy sat up. "She's an old trout," she stated passionately.

Bill looked worried. "In what way would you say she was an old trout?"

"She has frozen plasma in her veins. And she shimmers, sort of. I mean, everything about her is simply perfect and she knows it—her clothes, her house, her handmade shoes——"

"I have never," said Bill, "happened to know a trout with handmade shoes. Anyway, *I* like her, and you must admit that she's very handsome."

"She's got a face like a Roman senator's. I mean an *ancient* Roman."

"She's awfully kindhearted."

"She grows orchids," Candy said venomously. "*Orchids!* So useful! So practical! Sheer affectation. Silliest thing I ever knew! Oh, Bill, I can't help it—I just don't like her. I've tried to for years, and it's always, 'Dear little Candace, she *manages* so beautifully—I don't see how she does it!' Just exactly as though we lived in a packing box and ate out of shells. I'm sorry if I'm speaking of the woman you love."

"Poor old girl, I guess I just have a soft spot for her," Bill said mildly.

"M-m. Like in apples," Candy muttered.

"What?"

She grinned at him. "I'm jealous, darling. She has everything—and I get tired of it. That's why I wish——"

"Well, what?"

"Oh, just that if we have to have the Denstones to dinner, everything would be absolutely perfect. House—food—me—everything. Just once. After that, I could sink back into our sordid life of squalor without a regret."

"Well, can't we have everything perfect—just once?"

"We can—now," said Candy slowly. "Of course it would mean doing over the bathroom right away."

"Bathroom? What bathroom?" Bill inquired blankly.

Candy gave him a level glance. "*Our* bathroom, of course. Now that we can afford——"

Bill pushed back his chair and got up. "Look, Candy, don't let's get ideas. Just because we happen to have a little money in the bank——" He ambled into the living room, Candy close on his heels.

"And the sofa is indecent, Bill. *Look* at it. And your wing chair is in ribbons, and Arab knows this marvelous little woman that nobody else knows about who will cover it for nothing."

"Just loves to upholster things?" Bill asked sympathetically, opening the evening paper.

Candy swallowed hard. She sat on the arm of his chair. "Bill, listen, because this is important. I *have* to get one of Hilary Lovibond's Dark Dreams."

Bill looked at her and blinked. "You do?" he asked anxiously. "What seems to be the trouble?"

Candy rushed on. "She makes the most divine dinner dresses—this Miss Lovibond. You get two skirts and two tops and you switch them around so that you really have four dinner dresses for the price of two."

"Ah. And what is the price of two?" Bill asked.

"Well, it sounds like a lot, but it really isn't, because she makes them specially for *you*, and they never wear out or anything. I mean she studies your personality and your background and your coloring and——"

"How much," said Bill, "are they?"

"A hundred dollars."

"Each?"

Candy nodded dumbly.

"For that," said Bill, returning to his paper, "she should give you a deep psycho-

Perfect Gravy every time... ANY TIME!

SMOOTH ... BROWN ... DELICIOUS!



Just heat and serve... over HAMBURGER "SHORTCAKE"

Serve this delicious, rich, brown gravy over Hamburger "Shortcake," pictured above. Franco-American Beef Gravy is also grand on hot sandwiches, with meat loaves and in stews. Or, if you've made your own gravy, but not enough, add Franco-American to it to give you *plenty* of gravy with that real homemade flavor.

No matter how you use Franco-American Beef Gravy, you can count on perfect gravy *every* time . . . *any* time! Made from fine, selected beef it has that good, pan-browned flavor. All ready to use—just heat and serve!

Good cooks everywhere praise Franco-American Beef Gravy. You will, too! Get *several* cans *today!*

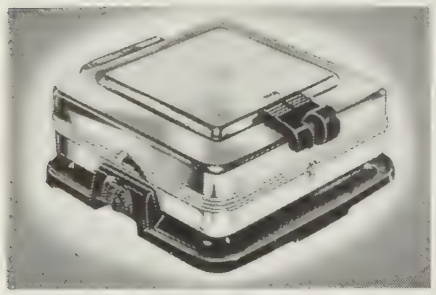
Franco-American BEEF GRAVY READY TO SERVE!

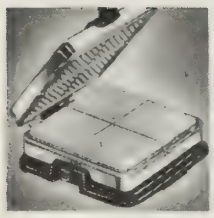
Arvin

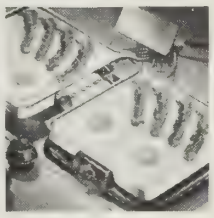
ELECTRIC HOUSEWARES

... Lighten Mother's Days









Most useful Gift of all!

Arvin Lectric Cook—An amazing Cooker-Waffler combination. Grills! Fries! Toasts! Bakes four king-size perfect waffles at one time! **$29.95**



Toast as she likes It!

Arvin Automatic Toaster with the exclusive Sta-Warm Shelf that keeps extra toast piping hot until meal time. **$24.95**





Guaranteed 5 full years!

Arvin Automatic Iron—Heats faster, irons faster to save time and work. Lightweight—weighs only 3 lbs. **$11.95**

Arvin Dual Control Iron with Magic Watchman. Ends scorching risk. **$14.95**

(Price subject to change without notice)

Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Ind.

(Formerly Noblitt-Sparks Industries, Inc.)



Give Electric Housewares FIRST CHOICE FOR EVERY GIFT OCCASION

ALL ARVIN ELECTRIC HOUSEWARES ARE LISTED BY UNDERWRITERS' LABORATORIES!

analysis, double-spaced on heavy white bond."

"But when the Denstones come ——"

Bill put his paper down. "Listen, darling, let's get this straight. It isn't that I don't want you to have Dark Dreams or pink plumbing or anything your heart desires. And I know it's your money. But let's not lose our heads. It's the first time we've really had something in the bank. Let's ——"

Candy sat on his lap. "I love you."

"I know," said her husband distrustfully.

"Please?" said Candy.

"Suppose," said Bill despairingly, "that somebody needs an operation?"

"Who's going to need an operation? For what? And anyway, there's all that lovely fat salary of yours."

"It isn't so awfully fat, Candy. It just isn't as lean as it was. And suppose we have to move? Suppose they send me to—to Fort Worth, Texas?"

"In that case I will leave you, extracting an exorbitant alimony."

"I thought I might get some more life insurance."

"If you do," Candy said, "I'll kill you and bury your body in the cellar, so give up that idea at once." Candy eyed him. *Marriage*, she reflected, *teaches wisdom.* Tomorrow morning, after Bill had had a good night's sleep, after he was more adjusted to the whole idea, then perhaps —— "All right, darling—never mind." She capitulated. "It was just an idea. Let's forget it."

Bill looked astonished but pleased. With a deep and grateful sigh, he picked up the evening paper; and Candy retired behind the new copy of Mode, where she spent a delicious evening.

But the next morning cowered darkly under a cold, sleety rain. David's rubbers had vanished; and it was Ellen's day out. Candy decided that morning was possibly not the most propitious time to talk about money. But the knowledge of the windfall lived in her mind all day, making a delicious core of warmth and excitement. *This*, she thought, *must be the way rich people feel—sort of powerful, yet full of warm feathers.* It was a lovely sensation.

The sensation had, she discovered, a profoundly softening effect as well: as the day wore on she grew fonder and fonder of Bill and more and more tolerant of his caution. By five o'clock she was indulgently amused at his frugality. They had a merry and companionable dinner in the kitchen; and it was not until Bill was washing the dishes with a cigarette hanging from his lower lip like a gangster that she brought the subject up again. Bill listened, his black eyes narrowed against the rising cigarette smoke.

"And so you see," Candy said good-temperedly, "it will be lots nicer and more fun if we get the sofa done before the Denstones come, and if I have a really good dinner dress and Ellen has some new silk uniforms. I think that nice dark bluish green."

"She'll look like a Norwegian spruce," Bill said gloomily.

"She'll look like a well-trained maid," Candy said a little sharply. "Don't you want her to?"

"For the past five years she's looked to me like an overweight Irish cook, which is what she is. And speaking of cooks, I asked the Denstones for dinner next Friday night. I said you'd call Mrs. Denstone about it this evening."

Candy stared at him. "But, Bill ——"

"I told you," he said, "that we had to invite them immediately."

He was not unpleasant at all: there was in his voice simply the immovable obstinacy of which he was capable when he felt himself to be inarguably right. It was a tone that dispelled Candy's coziness as completely as the rays of the sun dispel fog. She made a conscious effort to hold her temper.

"Bill, I don't understand you. Why can't you *enjoy* this money?"

"I can," said Bill calmly. "I just don't have to spend it all. And if it weren't for Hope and Arabella and Mollie Belle, I don't think you'd have to either."

"That's just silly," said Candy, and she sounded ruder than she had intended. "If you knew the things they wanted me to do ——"

"I can imagine. Paint yourself all over with gold leaf. Rent a volcano."

"A bathroom papered in pagodas ——" Candy began.

"We are not going to do over the bathroom."

Candy took a great angry breath and held it. "It's my money, Bill," she said.

"It's your money," said Bill, "and if you haven't the sense to manage it, then I'll have to do it for you."

It would have been hard to say which of them was more astonished by this remark, but Candy recovered first. "May I remind you," she asked icily, "that Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street is no longer alive?" And she stalked out of the kitchen.

Upstairs in their room, she dialed Mrs. Denstone fiercely, to hide even from herself that her fingers were shaking. . . . Mrs. Denstone was enchanted to accept dear Candace's sweet invitation for Friday the twenty-fourth. . . . And that left a week to achieve perfection—to get the sofa covered, order one of Miss Lovibond's Dark Dreams, remodel Ellen. There was perhaps time enough to do it; but there wasn't time enough to enjoy doing it, and she resented that most bitterly. Bill had taken the sweetness out of prosperity, had turned it into something they could not share—nor indeed ever speak of easily again.

She did not go downstairs; she went to bed and read a fragile, sensitive novel of young love on a farm, not one word of which she remembered later. When Bill came up she was asleep.

Candy spent the next morning in conference with the little upholstery woman, upon whom she impressed the importance of getting the sofa finished by Friday. And all the way home she planned, like a general plotting an offensive: Peruvian lilies, to be floated in the flat sapphire glass bowl . . . a dark green uniform for Ellen—and possibly a crisp white organdy cap (after a moment's thought, she reluctantly abandoned this dream) . . . all the silver unpacked and polished . . . an order at the butcher's for a capon—or would two Long Island ducks be better? . . . and she must look up that divine recipe for raspberry mousse.

She was met at the front door by Ellen and Sarah, whose usual dark beauty was obscured by mashed carrots.

The Magic Cloak

By Yetza Gillespie

If, from the woven peacock silk
And broideries of Cathay,
My dearest choice were offered me,
I'd choose the magic gray
Of thin forgotten moons, of rain,
Of sea-salt-lustered shell,
To weave invisibility,
And it would serve me well,
For I would wrap myself in it
And drift as light as smoke
Back to a place I know, I know,
Safe in my magic cloak . . .
Being invisible, I'd find
The dream and the desire
Just as they were—the yellow rose
Yet on the same green brier.
Under the still-green leaves I'd stand,
And lightly as a feather,
Someone would touch my hand.
We'd take
A path of moon, together.

"Miss Arabella called you up," Ellen nounced. "She'll stop by for you at tw Then she added in a tone of fond pri "She's fussy. Won't eat."

Candy, who had been brought up on potpourri of Ellen's conversation, was a to sort out pronouns with no difficulty wh ever.

"She's probably teething. Anyone call?"

"Only the mister," said Ellen, pound toward the kitchen with Sarah on her a "He'll call again."

After I've gone, I hope, Candy thou running upstairs. *After Arab and I safely left for Miss Lovibond's studio.*

The telephone rang nastily. Bill s "Candy? I have to go to Cleveland toni I won't have time to get home first. wanted you to know."

"Oh," said Candy flatly. "What ab your clothes?"

"I need some shirts anyway, so I'll enough to see me through till Wednes or Thursday."

"Goodness. That long?" Candy said politely as though she were talking t distant acquaintance.

"Afraid so. Will you—er—be all right?

"Oh, yes, thank you," Candy said prin "Perfectly all right."

There was a slight pause. Then Bill with a little more warmth in his v "Don't get lonely. What are you doing afternoon?"

"I'm—I'm seeing Arabella."

"Oh. Well—okay. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Candy in a small v and then there was a click and he was g

Not "Good-by, sweet, don't forget Not "'By, darling, have a nice trip." Ju "Good-by."

Candy stood with her hand on the phone and her heart contracted in a cur sensation of fear. This strange coolness, new and unbelievable distance between and Bill, was all due to Aunt Louisa Aunt Louisa hadn't left a penny —— then Candy snatched her hand from telephone and the ugly thought from mind. . . . After all, *some* men would e a windfall! Some men would even let t wives enjoy it. She began to dress hurri for town.

It was an exhilarating afternoon, spen Miss Lovibond's studio; but, of course, t was no one to tell it to. Bill was on the p bound for Cleveland; and even if he been at home, Candy realized with an sinking sensation, she could never have him anyway. That look on Bill's face w you mentioned a mild extravagance—doubtful, closed-in, half-worried exp sion—would have spoiled the telling. Ca walked up her own front steps and ga great sigh. Some men were ineradic puritanical. They simply couldn't *enjoy*

Ellen's usually rosy face looked pale a leaned over the banisters. "Miss Ca she's not herself at all. I think you'd b have a look. She feels feverish to me, she's been whimpering the whole live afternoon." Her voice died away as C shot past her and into Sarah's nursery.

David was playing quietly and int with a truck in one corner by the firep and on the day bed lay fat Sarah—strangely, she no longer looked so fat. little round face was whiter than Ell and the shine had vanished from her r black eyes. She turned them dully to Candy, the corners of her mouth went d and she wailed thinly. Candy, on her k felt dismay grow and grow to choking portions, and then suddenly it collapsed hard little jagged rock of fear that lodged in her heart.

She took Sarah's tiny hand, and it was and hot. "Ellen, how long ——"

"Ever since you left," Ellen said m ably. "Sure, she wasn't herself all mor and she wouldn't eat her lunch. I told when you came home."

"Stay here. I'll call Doctor Trimble.

The doctor's telephone rang and rang rang, and with each ring Candy's mind

(Continued on Page 246)





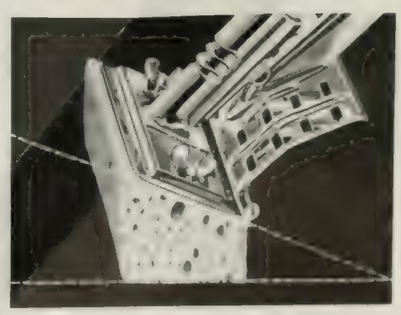


This is why you'll swear by the new wet mop that keeps hands dry!

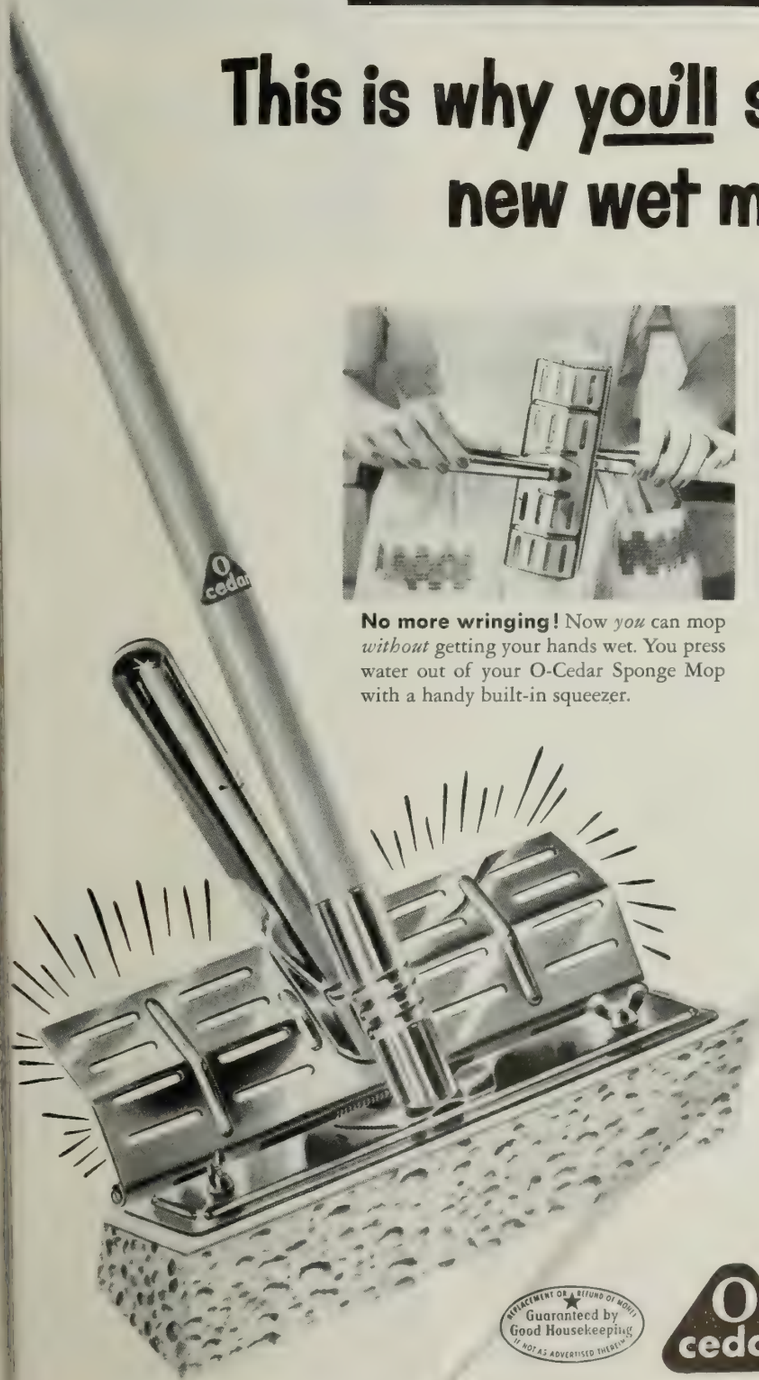
No more wringing! Now *you* can mop *without* getting your hands wet. You press water out of your O-Cedar Sponge Mop with a handy built-in squeezer.



Your hands look lovelier, feel softer because you keep them out of hot, dirty scrub water when you use an O-Cedar Sponge Mop. Your hands stay dry.



You mop floors faster! O-Cedar's exclusive, patented "wonder working" angle forces the sponge to grip floor *firmly*, scrub out stubborn dirt *faster!*



The O-Cedar Sponge Mop already proved in use by more than 3 million women!

- Handsome chrome-finished, rust-resistant metal head
- Sturdy, practical built-in squeezer
- Easy-to-detach sponge head of finest quality cellulose—detachable for sterilizing
- Full 4 foot handle—reaches high and low
- Home-tested extra uses like waxing floors, shampooing rugs, washing windows, walls and ceilings

Be sure you get a genuine O-Cedar Sponge Mop. Look for the famous O-Cedar trade mark stamped on the metal mop head.

O-Cedar Sponge Mop $3.95 complete

Extra sponge refills—$1.49

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

O cedar

O-Cedar Corp'n
Chicago, Illinois

O-Cedar of Canada, Ltd.
Toronto, Canada



Meet a sparkling new stemware beauty, "Diamond-Cut."
And here's a classic favorite, "Crystal Leaf."
Fine cut-glass in complete services, stemware and tumblers.

At leading stores everywhere. Prices slightly higher in the South and West.

Correct with traditional and modern china.
Impressive wedding gifts (already boxed, too!)



Rims are guaranteed against chipping: "If the rim of a Libbey 'Safedge' glass ever chips, we'll replace it."

LIBBEY GLASS

ESTABLISHED 1818

Libbey Safedge

Copyright, 1931, Libbey Glass, Division of Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

(Continued from Page 244)

in a swifter, tighter circle. . . . *Ellen told you and you didn't pay any attention. This is the most just punishment you could have. . . . Bill said, "Suppose we need the money for an operation?" I said, "Who's going to need an operation?" . . . But suppose—suppose it's too late for an operation? Then Bill is punished as much as I am and he doesn't deserve it. And David is punished too—and mother* ——

A voice answered at last and told her that Doctor Trimble had gone out on an emergency call and was there a message?

"It's Mrs. William Stewart . . . yes. My baby—she's . . . her temperature . . . could you get in touch with Doctor Trimble? Yes—yes. Thank you."

She said to Ellen tersely, "As soon as he can," and Ellen answered as briefly, "I'll put Davy to bed. Will you want anything?"

Candy shook her head. *This morning I wanted a new cover for the sofa and a new bathroom and a two-way dinner dress and a fur coat and a hat from Christian. This evening I don't want anything—except Sarah's pink cheeks and the sparkle in her black eyes.*

Ellen brought her dinner on a tray, and she made herself eat it. *Hysterical, worn-out mothers are of no use whatever. Suppose—suppose . . .* what *did* Sarah have anyway? What were the symptoms of serious things? She left her tray and found the Red Cross Nursing Manual, memento of the war. It was no help at all. Sarah began to wail again, turning her head from side to side.

CANDY pulled the old Boston rocker up to the nursery fire and rocked Sarah for hours, for days, for a lifetime. She sang Camp-Town Races very gently, in a peculiar crooning tempo that Sarah always loved, and Sarah dozed uneasily. Candy's right arm began to ache agonizingly, the last log fell to pieces on a bank of red coals . . . and still no car drew up outside the house. Sarah's face was no longer pale but heavily flushed, and now the panic rose around Candy in an uncontrollable flood.

Oh, why isn't Bill here to tell me what to do? . . . And suppose I have to send for him? . . . Suppose Doctor Trimble says I must be brave and calm and where is my husband staying? To her horror, scalding tears ran out of her eyes and fell upon the top of Sarah's head. *Stop that!* she told herself savagely. *Stop it at once. If he tells me that, then I will be brave and calm. That at least I can do.*

That and cancel Miss Lovibond's Dark Dreams. For one instant she was pierced by an arrow of regret. . . . *Cancel those heavenly dresses? But why? What silly superstition is this?* . . . And the next instant she knew, silly or not, she must give up those dresses. One doesn't make bargains: one just does, humbly, the thing one knows is right, and begs for a terribly, terribly necessary reward. Perhaps it doesn't come, but at least ——

Ellen tiptoed in. "Hold her for a minute," Candy whispered. "I have to phone."

But Sarah woke up at once; and all during Candy's conversation with Miss Lovibond—"called you as soon as I could . . . so sorry to have taken your time, but I've changed my mind"—the thin crying struck at her heart. When she had hung up, she stood and stared reflectively at the telephone.

If she could talk to Bill just for a few minutes. . . . But even if she could, how unutterably cruel and selfish it would be to throw the weight of her fear on his shoulders when he was so far away. . . . But would it? How would he feel when he came back and found—well, no matter what he found, she would not have shared it with him. She would have shut him out.

But Bill wouldn't share Aunt Louisa's windfall with me. He shut himself away then. He walled himself up with thrift and foresightedness and common sense and that maddening sort of male superiority.

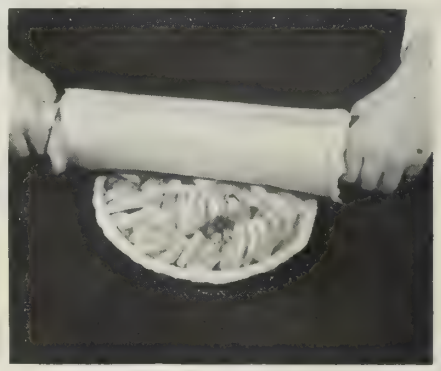
Aunt Louisa's gift had been good fortune and he had refused to share it with her; so she had been lonely. But this thing that was happening now—this was misfortune, this was taut, endless terror and the need for strength. If she refused to share this with him, his loneliness would be a nightmare.

Crusts won't break if you roll them on this easy way



—a pie-baking hint from
MARIE GIFFORD
Armour's famous home economist

The best way to put the top crust on a double crust pie is to roll the top crust over your rolling pin—then unroll it across the filled pie tin. This way the crust never breaks or crumbles.



But here's a hint that's even more important. Always use Armour Star Lard to make your pie crust deliciously flaky and tender. It's America's perfect pie lard—the lard of pie-baking champions. And be sure to try Marie Gifford's famous 5-minute pie crust recipe, too. You'll find it printed on the handy self-measuring carton. It's an easy, can't-fail recipe—you mix all ingredients at room temperature. Armour Star Lard makes wonderfully delicious hot breads—biscuits, too!

Got a Pie-baking question? Just write to Marie Gifford, Dept. 457, Box 2053, Armour and Company, Chicago 9, Illinois. She will help you with any pie-baking problem you may have. Write to Marie Gifford, too, for an interesting free booklet of her favorite baking recipes.



Armour Star Lard

the all-pure lard that stays fresh without refrigeration. Remember, lard saves you money, too!

Cruel to tell him. . . cruel not to tell him.

She lifted the telephone and dialed Long Distance. In a surprisingly short time she heard his voice.

"Sarah is sick," she said steadily. "Doctor Trimble is coming, but he's been delayed. I don't know how sick she is, but. . . I wanted to tell you."

"Has she a temperature?" Bill asked and his voice was steady too.

"A hundred and four."

"Is Ellen with you?"

"Yes. Bill—the doorbell! It's Doctor Trimble."

"I'll call you back in an hour," said Bill. "And if it's bad I'll take the first plane home. Keep your chin up, darling. Good-by."

Candy turned toward the stairs. In a few minutes now she'd know. She stood at the nursery door. . . . *Give me as much courage as I need. And just a little more—for Bill.*

"Hello, Doctor Trimble. Sarah's right in here."

Three days later, Sarah came home from the hospital. Bill came home, too, late the same afternoon.

"How is she?" he asked, as he kissed Candy.

"Pallid"—she smiled—"but disinfected."

He looked at her searchingly. "And how are you?"

"Just pallid. Seventy-two hours in the children's ward has turned me into an ancient crone."

"Aged in the ward?" Bill inquired unforgivably. "You look all right, sweet. I suppose you called off the Denstones tomorrow?"

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.
—PROVERBS 17:22.

Candy's head took on a rather regal pose. "Certainly *not!* When a Goodwin takes a bull by the horns, she nails her colors to the mast."

Bill looked awe-struck. "The Goodwins," he observed, "are remarkable people. I always said so. Is everything organized?"

"Every smallest detail. Little Candace," said his wife through her teeth, "always *manages* so well."

Friday dawned brilliantly, as though impressed with its own importance. Candy left the house filled with a rising excitement which—for the moment—lifted her above her own fatigue. Everything was ready that could be ready, and everything else was carefully planned. She could market in delightful leisure, stopping for cozily inconsequential chats with friends. She could even walk home in the brilliant sunshine.

By now Mrs. May will have finished cleaning upstairs and will be hard at work on the living room. . . . I mustn't forget to pick up those lilies when I collect David from school.

She came into the front hall, put down her packages and then stood rooted to the spot. There was that queer electric tingling in her . . . stomach? spine? She was never certain: she knew only—and at once—that something was dreadfully wrong. . . . Ellen appeared around the pantry door.

"Where's Mrs. May?" Candy asked.

"Not comin'," said Ellen. "Waited till nine-thirty to call and then says her husband has the lumbago. I'm callin' nobody a liar. So I give the downstairs a lick, but I ain't had time to do the silver. I'm doin' the raspberry mouse now, and then there's Her lunch. Thanks bitta God she's been asleep since you left."

"I'll do the silver, Ellen. And I'll wash my hair right after lunch and do the upstairs." She started for the stairs, and was stopped by Ellen's next words.

"The Eyetalian lace cloth," said Ellen grimly.

"Oh, no." Candy sat down on the bottom step. "What?"

"Looks like blueberry. Been soakin' it on and off all morning, but I still got to wash and iron it."

Candy groaned. "I never saw it when I put it away. And there's nothing else we can use that looks—— I'll have to go and borrow something from Arabella. And one of us has to get David at four. . . . Where's the sofa? Haven't the men come with it yet?" Ellen merely shook her head as she vanished.

The rest of the day was a waking nightmare of guest towels, telephone calls, wet hair, silver polish, cigarette boxes and high petulant screams from Sarah, who wanted continual and undivided attention.

By six o'clock Candy was so tired her knees shook. Her hair was still damp, there had been no time for even a twenty-minute nap, the sofa had not arrived, and David had drawn soap pictures all over the mirror in the spotless bathroom. Mercilessly she put both children to bed and shut the doors on David's outraged, and Sarah's very vocal, disapproval. She was then quite free to look at her dinner dress, spread out on the bed and not yet pressed. In fact, never to be pressed. Ellen, struggling with the canapés in the kitchen, was at that dangerous stage when a single wrong word will result in a Gaelic explosion of magnificent proportions.

I hope, Candy thought, getting into her dress, *Bill likes his dinner party. If I can get to bed tonight without screaming like an eagle, it will be a miracle.*

It was at that moment that the doorbell rang and Bill howled from the bathroom, "I'm not ready! They're five minutes early!"

"I'll go," Candy said, with the calm of the doomed.

She opened the front door upon what appeared, in the darkness, to be crowds of people; and into the front hall came Mr. and Mrs. Denstone, followed closely by two very small men bearing between them the newly covered sofa.

Candy tried to show them coherently where it was to go, while at the same time she welcomed her guests and took Mr. Denstone's coat and hat, Mrs. Denstone's sables. (Where was Ellen, the perfectly uniformed, inconspicuously competent maid? Where was Bill?)

"*Hasn't* it been a beautiful day? Oh, yes, she's *much* better, thank you—— No, no, please! Not that lamp! The other one. That's right. . . . Won't you come in, Mrs. Denstone, and sit down while we—— It won't take a minute—Bill will be right—— No, farther back, please——"

And then Bill came running downstairs, and took in the situation at a glance. Candy had never admired him more.

"How do you do?" he said cordially to the Denstones. "These gentlemen have been getting our sofa back," he explained easily. "Thanks so much, boys. It was nice of you to be so prompt. We appreciate it. Now if you'll just—thank you—thank you—good night, *good* night!" and the door was shut upon them.

Mrs. Denstone was saying, "What a perfectly charming room this is! Really, Candace dear, I don't know *how* you do it . . . *such* a little housekeeper!"

"Goodness," Candy heard herself fluting in a girlish voice, "it isn't anything—really, it's——" And her eye fell on Uncle Bucky's table. In the lamplight a thick and unmistakable layer of dust invited the forefinger. She maneuvered Mrs. Denstone toward the sofa.

"I think I'd prefer this chair, dear, if I may," said Mrs. Denstone, and sat down facing Uncle Bucky's table.

Candy instantly drew up a chair which would block her view.

"Yes, it *was* frightening for a few hours," Candy said earnestly to Mrs. Denstone. *(Don't look at that table!)* "But really, penicillin is a miracle. Ten years ago an ear infection like Sarah's would have——" *(Where are the canapés? Where are the embroidered cocktail napkins? Where is Ellen?)* "Yes, oh, I quite agree. . . . Excuse me, Bill dear, would you see—oh, here she is." *(Oh, she's forgotten to put her apron on. And no cocktail napkins.)* "Oh, Ellen," she began and Ellen's eye met hers, small and red like a rogue elephant's. "Ah—thank you," Candy finished meekly.

(Continued on Page 249)

Famous Home Economist of ARMOUR and COMPANY Chooses WAXTEX Waxed Paper!



Marie Gifford CUTS "CLEAN-UP" TIME THE WAXTEX WAY!





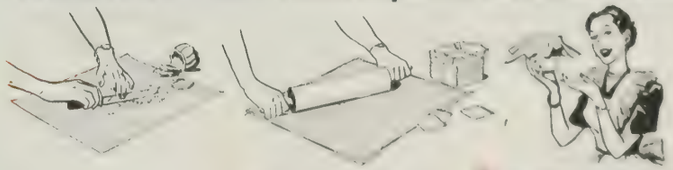
AS DIRECTOR of Consumer Service for Armour and Company, Marie Gifford creates tasty, easy-to-follow recipes for a wide variety of food products. She knows the importance of quality materials in the kitchen, and uses *Waxtex* for short cuts that speed "clean-up" time! Here's one of her favorite recipes. Try it today!

Marie Gifford PORK SAUSAGE CORN CASSEROLE

1 lb. Armour Star Pork Sausage Links
3 tbsp. sausage drippings
3 tbsp. flour
2 tbsp. sausage drippings (for crumbs)
1½ cups milk
1 No. 2 can whole kernel corn
2 tbsp. chopped green pepper
1 cup cracker crumbs

Fry sausage until very lightly browned—8-10 minutes. Remove to plate, pouring off all but 3 tablespoons fat and make sauce in same pan by adding flour to fat, then stirring in milk. Stir until thickened and add corn and green pepper (chopped on WAXTEX). Roll crackers between WAXTEX waxed paper and put half of cracker crumbs in bottom of baking dish or casserole. Add half creamed mixture, then most of the sausages, then the rest of the creamed mixture, and top with the remaining crumbs mixed with 2 tablespoons of the sausage drippings. Arrange the rest of the sausages on top and bake in 350° F. oven for 25-30 minutes. 4-5 servings.

WAXTEX! Finest Waxed Paper for 101 Kitchen Uses!



● Chop foods on a heavy Waxtex sheet . . . then just *throw away* the Waxtex for quick, easy clean-up. Makes sifting flour easier, too!

● For quick, mess-free cracker crumbs, lay crackers between a fold of Waxtex Waxed Paper, and roll *over* the waxed paper.

● No more dried-out roasts or hams! Strong, pliable Waxtex Waxed Paper fits closely, resists tearing, keeps meat moist and flavorful.



WAXTEX
Heavy Waxed Paper
A Product of
Marathon Corporation
Menasha, Wisconsin

Brighten Your Kitchen! Lighten Your Work!

DO BOTH WITH BEAUTIFUL, WORK-SAVING TEXFLOOR*!



RECIPE FOR BEAUTY!

Use Texfloor tile as the basic ingredient in any decorating scheme and save money right from the start! It's the glamour floor that's long on wear but low on cost! The inexpensive Texfloor tile in this expensive-looking kitchen are Silver Green, 603 with a feature strip of Maize, 605. Counter top and splash-panels are Marbletone Linoleum, Bisque, 0166.

Be right about color! Do as decorators do—plan from the floor up. Be bright with color! Start your plans with Texfloor, the linoleum with its soft textured look. Texfloor—*by the yard and in 9" x 9" tile*—is available in lovely colors that suggest many exciting decorating ideas.

And color-bright Texfloor means much *less work* for you! It cleans so easily . . . takes so little time and effort to keep spotless and dust-free . . . stays new-bright with only an occasional waxing.

Put Texfloor in any room where you want more beauty . . . less work . . . and a floor that wears for years. It's all yours—at surprisingly low cost!

Coordinated Colors for New Decorating Ideas!

Your Sloane-Blabon dealer has Texfloor linoleum and tile in a Coordinated Color Group! See how it inspires unusual and effective plans for using floor colors to coordinate every room in your house. Ask your Sloane-Blabon dealer about it. See how you can give your home a beautiful blending with Texfloor.

SLOANE *Quality* LINOLEUM PRODUCTS

for better design and truer color

DESIGN-A-FLOOR KIT MAKES GOOD DECORATING EASY! GET YOURS! ONLY 25¢!

Contains room planning diagrams, decorating ideas, floor color suggestions, colored pencils. Shows you how your color schemes would actually look in a room! It's fun! It's helpful!

Sloane-Blabon Corporation
Dept. LHJ-1-2
295 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Send me a Design-A-Floor* Kit and the room plan for the room shown above. I enclose 25¢ in coin.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....Zone.....State.....

**Koroseal is a registered trade-mark of the B. F. Goodrich Company

SLOANE-BLABON CORPORATION, 295 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y., MAKERS OF SLOANE QUALITY TEXFLOOR LINOLEUM . . . TEXFLOOR TILE . . . INLAID AND MARBLETONE* LINOLEUM . . . LINOLEUM TILE . . . KOROSEAL** TILE, COVE BASE AND COVE MOLDING . . . ASPHALT TILE . . . RUBBER TILE . . . RESILIENT ENAMEL RUGS, FLOOR AND WALL COVERINGS

(Continued from Page 247)

The canapés were burned. Under the desk was a small red-and-yellow plastic cement mixer.

Some light-years later, Ellen appeared in the doorway.

"Dinner," she interrupted, in a threatening voice, "is on."

Candy nodded and laughed delightedly at something Mr. Denstone had said, which instinct told her demanded delighted laughter. As they rose to go into the dining room, she cried gaily, "Oh, that's marvelous! That reminds me of the wonderful thing Bill's mother did when she ——"

Words were snatched from her as though she had walked into a high wind. *Flowers!* She had completely forgotten to get the Peruvian lilies. The table was as bare as a board—nothing but four Sheffield candlesticks, unlighted.

"How lovely the table looks," said Mrs. Denstone quickly. "So simple. . . . Thank you, Bill. . . . And then what did Bill's mother do, dear?"

Somehow, Candy finished her story, which reminded Mr. Denstone of the time —— Candy bent toward him with charming attention. Somehow for Bill's sake she must carry it off, act as though her life were filled, as Mrs. Denstone's was, with rare flowers, perfect food, beautiful clothes, well-trained servants.

Ellen bore in the chestnut soufflé. As she served Candy, she said in a hoarse whisper, libelously suggestive of bad whisky, "It fell on us."

It had indeed. The soufflé cowered in the bottom of the casserole; and Candy, unable to watch her guests' struggles to scrape the bottom of the dish, dropped her eyes to her plate. There was a dreadful stinging in her nose and a hurting lump in her throat. It was all so horrible, so miserably, hopelessly a failure. She had wanted the evening to be perfect—and it was a ruin, a farce.

She looked up and met Bill's eyes; and in them gleamed his wickedest twinkle. He looked like a small boy who is trying desperately not to giggle in school. And suddenly, shakily, unexpectedly even to herself, Candy began to laugh. The Denstones looked at her with anticipatory smiles, and for one hideous moment she thought she would be unable to stop laughing. Then she got hold of herself, and turned to Mrs. Denstone.

"Isn't it a good thing," she said weakly, "that we weren't trying to impress you this evening? I'm afraid you're seeing the Stewarts exactly as they are."

"My dear," said Mrs. Denstone, "that is just what we like so much about the Stewarts. George and I were saying as we drove over this evening, 'Now these are two young people with an absolutely *real* set of values. No pretense about them—no trying to be what they aren't.' So many people today are—well, perhaps 'material' is the word? But you and Bill seem to have learned already that there are more important things than—than *things*. . . . George, don't you make fun of me. Candace knows just what I mean."

"I wasn't making fun of you, my dear," said Mr. Denstone. "I was just thinking—do you remember the time my mother came to visit us?"

Mrs. Denstone—there was no other word for it—giggled. "I hadn't learned what you have, Candace," she said. "I was a young and very silly bride. And George's mother was—well, rather terrifying, you know. Everything she did and had was absolutely perfect; and we were awfully poor and George had a new job and—oh, well, I just *had* to impress her. So I made a slip cover for one of our worst chairs—I remember the material was much too expensive and then I had so much to do at the last moment that I never had time to finish it. I just basted it together and hoped for the best."

"But of course—you can guess," said Mr. Denstone. "My revered mamma insisted upon sitting down in that chair and only that chair. And she wasn't a small woman."

"She was enormous," said Mrs. Denstone. "And she let herself down all at once. There was a series of sharp reports, and the new slip cover came off that chair like the skin off a banana."

"I'll never forget her face," Mr. Denstone said, "staring down at her feet, all covered with yards of chintz. 'What,' she said in that booming voice of hers, 'is all that *stuff?*'"

"And I," said Mrs. Denstone, "I burst into tears."

Much later, Mr. Denstone and Bill, for some obscure male reason, wished to look at the furnace. Mrs. Denstone and Candy sat cozily on the sofa, and Mrs. Denstone said:

"You know, I never had any children, Candace. I have that funny blood type, but of course they didn't know about it then, and Mr. Denstone didn't want to adopt a baby. So I gardened, and then I began to grow orchids. It was interesting, of course, but it was never really fun until we had the idea about the mothers."

"The mothers?"

"In the maternity ward, you know. So many of them are so dreadfully poor—and of course you can do something about that; at least a little sometimes. But then they often don't want their babies, and that is simply more than I can bear. And sometimes they aren't married, you know, and they have no way of taking care of the child. . . . Well, we thought of giving them flowers—special flowers as soon as their babies are born. It is too sweet, to see them sitting up in bed with those orchids pinned to their dreadful hospital gowns. Most of them have never had one before, and they do seem to love them—the orchids, I mean, if not the babies. There's a case down there now. I really don't know how she's going to get along. No money, no husband, no job, not very strong, and such a darling baby."

Candy looked down at her unmanicured fingers. "I wonder . . . do you ever accept private contributions to a case like that?"

"Oh, dear me, yes. We have to. But it's difficult to find people, you know, who ——"

"Yes," said Candy, "yes, I know. Tell me more about the hospital, will you? You're one of the trustees, aren't you?"

It was after midnight when the Denstones finally left. Candy fell into a corner of the sofa and announced that she would spend the rest of the night where she was. Bill put his arm around her.

"Darling," Bill said, "it was a wonderful evening—I've never seen the Denstones so relaxed and happy. And I'm glad you went and got that Cheese Dream or whatever it was. It's the most becoming dress you ever had."

Candy lifted her head and stared at him. "William Stewart! You aren't—you can't be—talking about the dress I have *on?*"

"Why can't I? I take it all back about its being too expensive. It's worth it."

"I got this dress," said Candy, speaking very distinctly, "at a sale in Nineteen forty-five. I don't suppose I've worn it more than fifty or a hundred times."

"Oh," said Bill, and gulped. "Well, it just goes to show what a clever woman can do on a little money."

"Certainly. And *everyone* knows that money is the root of all evil."

Bill said severely, "Do quote accurately. The *love* of money is the root of all evil."

Candy looked astonished. "Oh! Why, then it's all right!"

"Why is it all right?"

"Because I *don't* love money."

"Good," said Bill. "I'm going to get a glass of milk. Want one?" He started out of the room.

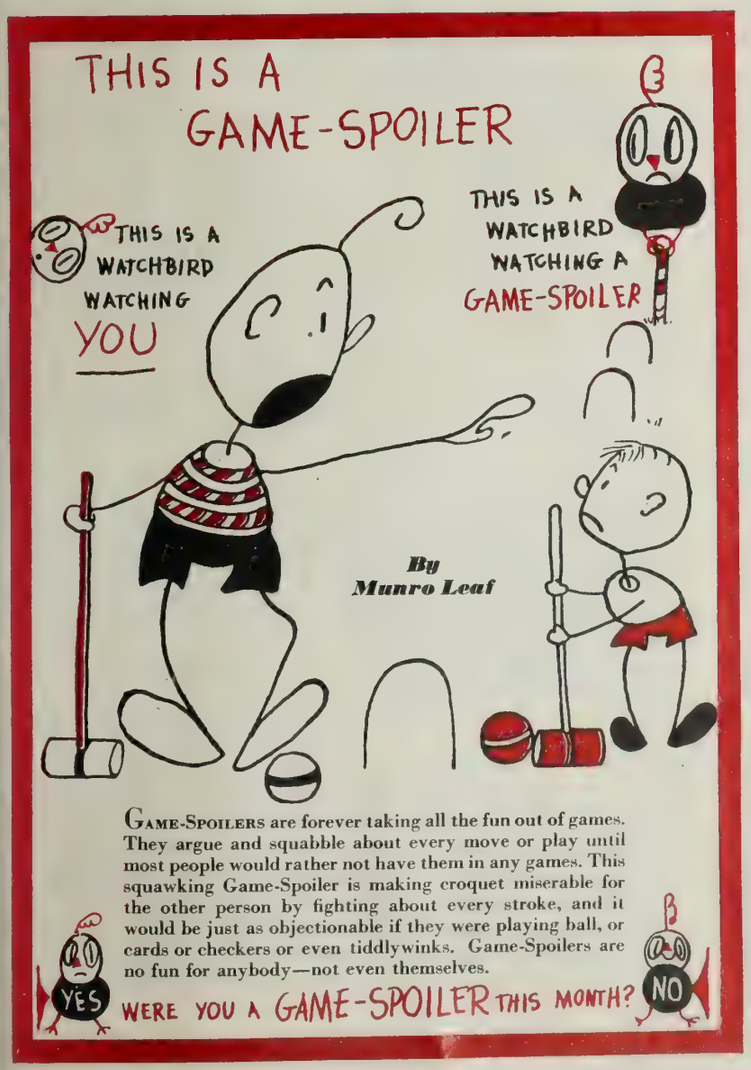
"You see, I just love what it buys."

Bill crashed into the doorframe.

"It's a very funny thing," Candy observed dispassionately, "but every time money is mentioned, you go kind of crazy. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing the matter with me," Bill said groggily. "Nothing at all. I just happened to marry a woman. Extraordinary experience." And he staggered out.

THE END





Hopping mad at scorchy pans?



New "Shine meter" tests prove

BRILLO

gives

TWICE the SHINE in HALF the TIME!

Make pots and pans *sparkle* with a sturdy Brillo *pad-with-soap!*

No scraping. No scrubbing.

The plucky, square metal-fiber Brillo pad banishes crusty scorch!

Brillo has jeweler's polish! Gives aluminums *twice the shine in half the time* as other cleansers tested! Grand for glass ovenware, too.

Brillo now lasts longer!

More Shines in Every Pad!



RED box—soap-filled pads
GREEN box—pads plus cake soap



Serve them "Plain"

...see why Hunt's are the *heavenly* peaches! Store a can in your refrigerator – ready in a jiffy for breakfast or dessert. Flavor's heavenly... price is down-to-earth *low*.



Serve them "Fancy"

Get delighted Oh's and Ah's with this Heavenly Peach Cobbler. The recipe's *easy*. Easy on your food budget, too. For Hunt's are the luscious, *quality* peaches at the low, low price!

1 recipe for baking powder biscuits

1 No. 2½ can Hunt's Peach Halves

Butter Nutmeg Milk

★ ★ ★ HEAVENLY PEACH COBBLER ★ ★ ★

Roll biscuit dough ⅛ inch thick. Cut into ½ inch strips. Cut Hunt's Peaches in quarters. Place in greased baking dish with syrup. Dot with butter. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Arrange strips of dough lattice fashion on top of peaches. Pinch edges of dough securely to edge of pan. Brush with milk. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 18 to 20 minutes or until done. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Hunt's Heavenly Peaches at down-to-earth-prices!



Hunt-for the best

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Calif.

Quick & Easys for Two

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

DONALD STUART



Millicent and Dave enjoying a leisurely dinner.

LIKE many other young couples whose lives have been suddenly wrenched out of a comfortable pattern in the present emergency, Millicent and Dave are making the best of things. When Dave, a lieutenant in the Marines in the last war, got orders to report for duty a few months ago, Millicent decided to go along with him and take a furnished apartment near the base. This meant storing their furniture and putting away their plans and hopes for a home of their own—at least for the time being.

"Even though I have fewer responsibilities now," Millicent writes. "I still believe in quick-and-easy meals. It takes all the joy out of sitting down to a meal if you have had to spend hours in its preparation. We have more company here than we ever had at home. Dave's friends at the base are always dropping in. I've had to stretch our dinner many a night. For instance, the other evening I had just three pork chops for our own dinner for two. Dave brought home four friends. I cut the meat off the chop bones; added onions, rice and tomatoes and baked the whole business in a casserole. No one guessed that I hadn't planned it that way."

Monday Dinner

Creamed Salmon in Shells
Hot Rolls
Super Tossed Salad
Rhubarb and Strawberry Sauce

"Mondays we have to have a very quick and *very* easy dinner. Our apartment is usually upside down after the week end and every inch of it has to be cleaned. Monday is also my day to grocery-shop.

"We once collected some really lovely large shells on the beach in Bermuda. We like to serve creamed fish in them."

In many housewares stores you can buy scallop shells or pottery clam shells for serving fish dishes. But any individual casseroles will do.

"And this may interest other young cooks. I've discovered a wonderful way to heat rolls! When we were first married, I could never understand how people heated rolls without drying them out. I tried putting them in a pot with a tight-fitting lid, but this often took up too much room if I had other things in the oven. I tried putting them in a paper sack—but sometimes the sack would char. Now I just wrap them in aluminum foil, fold the edges over twice to seal well and stick them in the corner of the oven. If you forget about them, it doesn't seem to matter—they never dry out!"

Tuesday Dinner

Canadian Bacon
with Orange Sauce
New Potatoes and Peas
Salad Bowl

Millicent uses Canadian bacon in her menus as frequently as many people use ham. Canadian bacon is smoked, boneless pork loin (if this pork product is new to you). It is quite generally available in the United States now, but if your particular market does not have it, substitute a raw smoked ham slice, weighing ¾ pound, in the following recipe.

CANADIAN BACON WITH ORANGE SAUCE

Pan-fry ¾ pound Canadian bacon, cut into ¼" slices. Heat ⅓ cup orange marmalade with 4 tablespoons water until of nice sauce consistency. Pour in pan with Canadian bacon. Heat together 1 minute and serve.

Wednesday Dinner

Broiled Lamb Chops
with Water Cress
Bermuda Baked Onions
Fruit Cup—Cookies

"Some people don't like onions, but we adore them. We have them almost every day in one way or another. The Bermuda baked onions are practically our main dish, as I buy only one chop apiece now that they are so expensive. I put a big fluff of water cress on the plate too. We like to eat it with salt, like celery."

BERMUDA BAKED ONIONS

Peel, slice and parboil 2 large Bermuda onions 15 minutes. Toast 3 pieces of white bread; butter them and cut into cubes. Drain the parboiled onions. Have ready ¾ cup grated cheese. Arrange layers of onion, toast cubes and cheese in a greased casserole. Season layers well with salt and pepper. Beat 2 eggs. Combine with ¾ cup milk. Pour over the onions, bread and cheese. Dot with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Bake 35 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F., in pan of hot water.

Thursday Dinner

Our Hamburger-Tomato
Special
Buttered Spinach
Fruit Salad

"We dine by candlelight whether there's company or not—whether we're having roast beef or hamburger. Tonight it's hamburger. We consider it rather special, fixed this way."

OUR HAMBURGER-TOMATO SPECIAL

Broil or pan-fry hamburger patties in the usual way. Place patties on toast. Lay a slice of tomato on each. Grate a little onion over tomato. Sprinkle generously with grated cheese and pour ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce over all. Place the whole business under the broiler until the cheese melts and runs down the sides.

Friday Dinner

Veal with Green Pepper
Rice or Noodles
Celery and Carrot Sticks
Peach-and-Pear Compote

"Dave likes to take over in the kitchen occasionally. He likes to do everything himself. If I so much as stir one of his concoctions, there is a loud protest. His specialty is steak with lemon-butter mushrooms—when we can afford steak. He makes a very good quick dish with veal and green peppers, too, that we like on rice or noodles."

VEAL WITH GREEN PEPPER

Cut ¾ pound thinly sliced veal steak into thin strips—about ¼" wide. Toss the pieces in flour. Shake off any excess. Remove top and seeds from 1 green pepper and cut pepper into strips. Fry the meat quickly in 2 tablespoons salad oil over high heat to brown it. Turn down heat. Add 1 clove garlic, mashed, 1 onion, sliced, about 4 mushrooms, sliced—if you have them—and a sprinkling of salt and pepper. Stir as it cooks. This all takes just a few minutes. Now add ½ cup tomato sauce, ½ cup water, pinch basil and the pepper strips. Cover and simmer over low heat until the veal is tender—about 20 minutes. Serve with rice or noodles.

Saturday
Company Dinner

Roast Top Sirloin of Beef
Easy Yorkshire Pudding
Fresh Asparagus
Chocolate Meringues

"We have several dinners we serve for company—planned, not unexpected, company, that is. This is our all-time favorite. Our guests seem to like it too. We won't be having roast beef when warm weather comes, so this is our last fling. I like to serve Yorkshire pudding with the beef, as Americans seldom have it. And it's so easy to prepare. I bake it in muffin tins. Most people bake it in a large, square pan, but this way the puddings puff up individually, like popovers. They are more crusty too."

EASY YORKSHIRE PUDDING

A half hour or so before beef will be done, sift ½ cup flour with ½ teaspoon salt. Beat 1 egg. Add to ½ cup milk. Then combine with dry ingredients. Beat with rotary beater 1 minute until smooth. Pour hot beef drippings into muffin pans up to ¼" in each well. Pour in the batter. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven, then 15 minutes in moderate oven.

CHOCOLATE MERINGUES

Most bakeries sell meringues Friday and Saturday. Millicent likes to make her own the day before, storing them in an airtight tin. For the chocolate filling she whips cream, adds sugar, cocoa and vanilla to taste, and heaps this in the center of each meringue.

4 ways to Party Fun—
Walter Baker's 4 in 1!



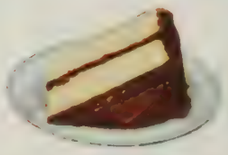
Product of General Foods

4 luscious 4 in 1 treats—



1. Instant COCOA and Chocolate Milk

Delicious, *extra*-chocolaty drinks—steaming hot or ice cold. So easy with **4 in 1** Instant Sweet Cocoa Mix—just add milk!



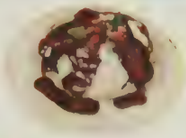
2. Quick FROSTING

Make smoother, *creamier* chocolate frosting—and make it in a jiffy with Walter Baker's marvelous **4 in 1**. Recipe on package.



3. Quick FUDGE

4 in 1 makes the most heavenly fudge . . . *rich* with that Walter Baker Chocolate flavor. No boiling! No testing! Recipe on package.



4. Quick SAUCE

Ice cream, cakes, puddings—they're *extra*-luscious topped with gorgeous **4 in 1** chocolate sauce. Easy recipe on package.



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Everything chocolate tastes BEST when it's BAKER'S!



"I admit it... KRAFT seasons French Dressing better than I can myself!"

SEE WHAT YOU THINK. TRY KRAFT FRENCH ...TRY MIRACLE FRENCH, ALSO MADE BY KRAFT. FIND OUT WHY THEY'RE SO HUGELY POPULAR.



BLUSHING PEAR SALAD

Drain canned pear halves well. For each serving, put 2 halves together with a filling of Kraft Pineapple Cheese Spread. Place upright on salad plate. Then tint very lightly on each side with red coloring to simulate fresh fruit. Surround with watercress, top with a sprig of mint. Serve with *Miracle* or *Kraft* French Dressing.

MIRACLE FRENCH. *If you like a touch of garlic and onion—a deft touch, just the right touch!—Miracle French is for you. This lively dressing—of the clear type—has the Parisian accent you've been looking for.*

KRAFT FRENCH. *The most widely popular French Dressing ever created! A creamy-thick dressing, with a marvelous blend of seasonings. Flavor so smooth, so just exactly right, it's zippy enough for grown-ups, mild enough to please children.*

LILAC TIME

(Continued from Page 60)

a good springtime meal for any day in May.

We start with spring. The first thing on the list is the soup. The French call it Consommé Printemps—but, to drop back into our own easy jargon, it's a soup that speaks of spring, springtime soup, and what could be more appropriate than to use the first of the early vegetables this way?

CONSOMMÉ PRINTEMPS

To 3 cans condensed consommé, add an equal quantity of water. Cook ¾ cup peas, ½ cup julienne strips of white turnip and ½ cup thinly sliced carrots in the consommé. Season to taste and serve very hot, garnished with thin slices of lemon and chopped chives.

Something light for the main course, that's the ticket. Roasts and ragouts won't do here; it's got to be "printemps" some more, and, to me, that means chicken. And, of all the ninety-nine ways of doing chicken, nothing can beat a perfect broiler, to my notion, if it's done with lemon, and this is how to do it—complete to the last detail.

LEMON-BUTTER-BROILED CHICKEN WITH CHICKEN LIVERS

Split 3 young broiling chickens (about 2–2½ pounds each). Remove any pinfeathers, cut off the wing tips. (You might do well to get frozen broilers. They're all set, and you don't get a hangnail hauling off pinfeathers.) Wash and wipe clean and dry them well. Rub all over generously with softened butter. Sprinkle with salt and pepper.

Squeeze the juice from 2 lemons. Heat the broiler unit. Place the broiler rack and pan 7 inches from the heating unit. Lay the chickens skin side down on the broiler rack. Put 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 2 teaspoons butter in the hollow side of each broiler. (It takes ½ cup butter to rub on the chickens and put inside. No use skimping.) Broil under a medium heat for 12 minutes, basting the edges with the juice in the center so the chickens won't dry out. Turn the chickens over. Broil skin side up 10 minutes, or until golden brown. Baste occasionally with juices that accumulate in the pan. Remove the chickens from the rack and put them in the broiler pan. Baste chickens again with pan juices. Bake in a slow oven, 300° F., 20–30 minutes, basting occasionally with the juices.

Sauté the chicken livers in a little butter. Arrange the broiled chickens on a large platter. Garnish with pieces of the chicken livers, lemon quarters, water cress and radish roses. (The basting operations are important—they keep the chicken moist.) As you know—for it's a fact—broilers love to get themselves as dry as a sheaf of wheat on a parlor whatnot, and really need a good Operation Basting every so often while they disport themselves by the fire.

Someone Who's Nine

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

She is alone and she is nine,
All alone in the still sunshine,
Fishing for something under the float,
Lying so still and intent and remote,
Flat on the boards, head close to the water:
Someone's fair-haired and charming daughter,
Eyes fixed on shadows, hands moving slow
Half in and half out of the tide's cold flow.

Now close to the float, now up in the air
Stir two brown feet, well shaped and bare
Below blue jeans and a plaided shirt
And a body motionless and alert.
The harbor is still, the lobster boats lie
Asleep between shining water and sky;
The wharves are deserted, the sea gulls doze,
The fields have turned brown and golden and rose,
The hush of autumn has lulled the wind.
Among the branches, brightened and thinned.

Only the shadows swing, as a boat
Swings to the tide, and on the float,
Still and intent in the still sunshine,
Someone is fishing, someone who's nine.

★ ★ ★

There's nothing like it. What? Asparagus, of course. It appears only in the spring. Then, as if it withdrew itself like a bashful wallflower at her first party, you see it no more. You've had your chance, and, unless you have cut every last head in the lot, what is left will grow into tall, fernlike straight spears, as stiff and unapproachable as your best beau's Aunt Miranda. Well, enough about that.

Let's get on now with more intimate details about asparagus and scallions—those tender little underground jewels that belong to the season, and are as lovely as pearls strung on an emerald-studded pendant. I am leading up to a vegetable platter to go with the chicken. And, if you should add some sautéed mushrooms, you would do no harm. In fact, you'd be doing a Scout act—and sleep soundly remembering your good deed of the day.

VEGETABLE PLATTER

Break off—and I mean break and *not cut*—the tough white ends of 3 large bunches of fine, large, fresh asparagus. Never mind if the ends *don't* resemble a crew haircut. Let them be uneven and so prove that you're an asparagus expert! Honest, I'm not kidding. Wash the stalks well and go easy on scraping. (Or use 2 packages frozen asparagus.) Wash, peel and remove the roots from 3 bunches scallions. Cut at the top so they are all about the same length and tie in small bunches. I forgot to say to tie the asparagus, too, about six stalks to a tie. Cook the asparagus in boiling salted water about 8–10 minutes until almost tender. (Cook the frozen kind according to the directions on the package.) Just before the asparagus is done, place tied bunches of scallions on top of the asparagus and cook, covered, 1–2 minutes—just long enough to wilt and steam the scallions. Be careful not to overcook—they get limp very quickly. When cooked, drain asparagus and scallions well, butter and season with salt and pepper. Remove strings and arrange on a platter with little new potatoes cooked in their jackets, seasoned and dressed with parsley butter.

Salad on purpose. I left out the salad from this list on purpose, but definitely. Everybody aged five and over knows how to toss up fresh well-chilled lettuce and chives and bits of crisp bacon or cheese and water cress right out of somebody's brook. If five years or over, anybody can toss and turn in a sharp French dressing this springlike salad. There aren't any rules and regulations and measuring headaches and limitations of any sort on this kind of salad. So I won't go into it any further except that there's no lettuce like garden or leaf lettuce with its edges touched with brown for these first spring salads. Have it cold and crisp and refreshing.

You may want to know. Only a word or two about Melba toast. French Melba, this is, and the only reason for that so far as I know is that it's Melba toast that starts with French rolls. But you go ahead with it. It's easy to make and easier to eat and goes dandy with soup or salad or with jam or cheese. Want to try it? Here's how:

FRENCH MELBA TOAST

Cut small crusty hard rolls into very thin slices and arrange on a baking sheet. Toast in a slow oven, 325° F., about 15 minutes until crisp and golden brown. It may take longer. Let it. Now, if you do this tasty trick with rye bread—oh, boy! Brush these, while hot, with melted butter or margarine. They *may not* keep you *awake*, but *you'll* dream happy dreams all right.

Very special indeed. If I tell you a secret, you won't tell, will you? Oh, well, if you *do* tell, I guess it won't do any harm. In fact, I've made up my mind to go ahead and tell you right here. (Remember the old lady who saved calico pieces for forty years and set up a quilt which she kept on the closet shelf and still does. Too good to use.) But what I'm about to disclose is the way to make a dessert not too good to eat. Saving it will do no one any good. And you won't *want* to save it once you've made and tasted it, and everyone will agree to this. See if they don't. For it's a perfect spring dessert. Looks beautiful, tastes delicious. Never is any left over. It is ——

PINEAPPLE-MINT CREAM

Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water and dissolve over hot water. Add 1½ cups canned, drained, crushed pineapple, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ cup sugar and a pinch of salt. Mix well until the sugar is dissolved. Chill until slightly thickened. Then fold in 1 cup heavy cream, whipped, ¼ teaspoon mint extract and a few drops of green coloring. Taste for mint flavor and be sure to add more extract, if it tastes more like sorrel than mint. Pour into a 1-quart mold. Chill until firm. Turn out and garnish with sliced pineapple and little bouquets of fresh mint.

Lucky me. Am I lucky? You can say that again. Soon I'll be up and away at the crack of dawn, my rod all set, my creel over my shoulder and my bait calmly reposing in a dirt-filled coffee can. Oh, yes, some lunch hung on my shoulder convenient as may be. For the big day has arrived and it's trout I'm agoing for, especially that big one whose home is under a rock in a pool I know. (Even if I wanted to, I wouldn't give that pool five cents' worth of publicity.) Up where I came from, it's bait, except for the city slickers who heave in with paraphernalia enough to fill the hold of the Queen Mary. And then they get mad because the fish just laugh at their gaudy flies and make for a good fat worm. That's the life. Yes, I'm lucky. I am a fisherman. And it's May. The season's open. Let's go.

Keen Cutting

by Victoria Harris

Paradoxically, a sharp knife is the safest. A dull cutting edge makes one awkward and slow—and generally "whets" the temper. This is when fingers get nicked.

• Avoid oversharpening; this damages knives. Stainless-steel blades sharpen more slowly than carbon-steel ones. To check sharpness, draw a knife across one sheet of newspaper. When sharp, it will slice the paper without applying pressure, except that of its own weight.



• A few light strokes through this sharpener and a dull knife comes out razor sharp. Turn the handle as the full length of the blade is drawn through the slot. Smooth, even strokes are best. A guide holds the knife at the exactly right angle; twin disks sharpen both sides at once.



Knives stay keen longer when kept in holders rather than jostled with other kitchen tools in a drawer. It's a safety-first precaution too—for there are no accidental cuts when reaching for them, and they are well out of curious children's reach. This holder grips and holds knives magnetically.

• ***To keep knives keen***

Never use knives to pry open cans, cut bone, metal or string.

Slice onto a board, not on hard surfaces like metal or enamel.

Chill knives before cutting frozen food; sudden temperature changes may break them.

Don't expose blades to high heat, for this destroys the temper so they will not keep a sharp edge.





Dress them up or down! Add a belt. Play up the convertible collar with a jewel, a posy. Waistbanders follow your whim. Newest solid shades. Misses', petite sizes. **10.95**

Sacony
waistbanders

the dresses that do as you please

Move free and easy. The flex-and-flatter waistband stays put, fits right without alterations. Leaf print, misses' sizes, **14.95**



Pack them, wash them. No wrinkle worries with Sacony-Ciella, heavenly acetate rayon.

Sacony

No mail orders, please. Watch your newspaper for local advertisements. Send for FREE illustrated "Plan for Fashion, 1951" to Sacony, Dept. C-8, College Point, N. Y.

What is this thing called Love?

BY ELIZABETH GRAHAM

Situation	Your Reaction	. . Tells a Tale
1. *He* is away on a business trip.	a. You absent-mindedly eat nails as you picture him rushing giddily from beautiful brunette to likewise redhead to ditto blonde.	a. Jealousy doesn't prove a thing, except that you haven't much self-confidence.
	b. You're certain that now you know what a dance without music would be like.	b. It's love, love, love!
2. You and he are having a disagreement.	a. You want to explain the way you see it, but you're willing to hear his side too.	a. Disagreements will crop up, but they will serve only to strengthen your understanding of each other.
	b. You're turning an interesting shade of purple.	b. As a child, did you feel thwarted a great deal of the time?
3. He is very unhappy.	a. You've never been so miserable.	a. After you've cheered him up, you'll be sharing his happiness, too, and just as completely.
	b. You wish he would snap out of it—he's ruining your fun.	b. Your immaturity is showing—or don't you care?
4. You have an important decision to make, one which will involve him.	a. You make it, of course.	a. Ah-ha! You've been brushing up on How to Make Your Man Feel Unnecessary.
	b. You automatically consult him before even considering a decision.	b. Those pink-and-gold clouds obscuring your view have a right to be there.
5. He has a couple of faults.	a. You will not shirk your duty, you'll reform him.	a. You'll find out.
	b. You *know* it's ridiculous, but you can't help it—you love his faults too.	b. Good sign; you like your men normal.
6. He's committed a *faux pas*.	a. You minimize the situation, conveying by word or smile that you still think he's pretty wonderful.	a. How's the view from a pedestal?
	b. By maintaining an aloof, disinterested attitude, you endeavor to leave the impression to others present that you never saw the man before.	b. Another stunt like that and you'll probably never see him *again*.
7. He's down with a bad cold, and irritable.	a. You humor him and love it.	a. You aren't really uncertain of your love for him, now *are* you?
	b. He has, you decide, all the attributes of a spoiled brat.	b. Oh, well, men aren't everything in life. For example, there's always solitaire.
8. He's the center of attention, and it's all feminine.	a. You feel you couldn't be paid a nicer compliment.	a. Happiness is on its knees to you.
	b. You bare your teeth.	b. Even if he's a dentist, chances are he won't be charmed.
9. You've never cared for golf, but he wants to teach you the game.	a. You let him know that the mere thought of it bores you violently.	a. It isn't your disinterest that sounds the warning bell, it's your way of showing it.
	b. You'd take up deep-sea diving if he so much as hinted a mild interest in it.	b. Those stars in your eyes are there to stay.
10. Someone else has professed love for you.	a. You're flattered, but you can't conceive of a happy future with anyone except *him*.	a. You're lucky—some people never fall in love.
	b. You are amazed that you didn't discern this new admirer's superior intelligence long ago.	b. Perhaps you'll have better luck this time.

Printed in U. S. A.

ies' Home

JOURNAL

June 1951
25c

The Magazine Women Believe In

BERLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY



SPELLBOUND VILLAGE
An Exciting One-Shot
by JULIA TRUITT YENNI

VACATIONS TO FIT YOUR BUDGET
by OUR OWN YOUNG MARRIEDS

BEH… YOUTH
Close-… Generation
by …ALY

Stories by
John P. Marquand, Val Teal, Mary Elizabeth Vroman, Myles Connolly

How Sparkling can you be?



For a smile that's Sparkling bright . . . the answer is **IPANA!**



the answer is Ipana

for cleaner, healthier teeth!

Nothing like a sparkling bright smile, a sparkling fresh mouth, to give you a confident lift! So start with Ipana—to get your teeth cleaner, spark up your smile—and help prevent tooth decay. You'll love Ipana's sparkling taste and tingle, too—leaves your mouth fresher, breath sweeter. Get Ipana today for your Smile of Beauty!

For a Sparkling date tonight . . . the answer is **IPANA!**

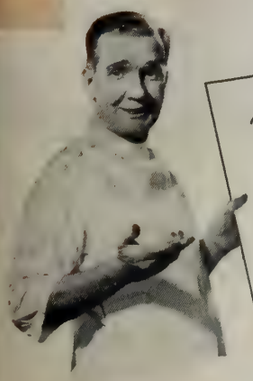


For a mouth that's Sparkling fresh . . . the answer is **IPANA!**



For really cleansing teeth and mouth, the answer is **IPANA!**





Remember—to reduce tooth decay—no other tooth paste (ammoniated or otherwise) has been proved more effective than *Ipana!*



A Product of Bristol-Myers

It's Jelly-Making Season All Year 'Round—Thanks to

THE NEW 15-MINUTE JELLY MIRACLE!



Bottled grape juice and Sure-Jell make delicious homemade jelly in 15 minutes flat!



Use bottled or frozen juices... canned or frozen fruit! Sure-Jell will work its 15-minute miracle! Just mix the ingredients and boil *one minute!* For specific miracle-quick recipes, write to Frances Barton, Dept. A, General Foods Corp., 250 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



Actually costs less than jams or jellies you buy! Eliminates expensive failures which often happen with the old-fashioned method! You see, Sure-Jell is the *natural* fruit pectin product that helps *all* fruits to jell *just right.* (Of course, Sure-Jell *insures* jelling success with its *fresh* fruit recipes, too.)



That homemade taste is best! When you ma your own jams and jellies, *you know* what goes in them. And when you make them the new Sure-J way, they have *pure fruit flavor* and wonderful co sistency! Look for the *dozens* of recipes for fruits and berries in every Sure-Jell package!

Homemade jams and jellies — can't be beat, can't be bought!

Journal Contents June 1951

VOL. LXVIII NO. 6

Journalities

JULIA YENNI says her family is addicted to writing, "although the vice seems to descend only through the females, like certain exotic diseases." Her mother is a writer, and *her* mother, Julia Truitt Bishop, wrote for the JOURNAL in the 1890's. ***Spellbound Village*** (page 38) is Julia Yenni's fourth book. • VAL TEAL's fiction leads many people to say, "Why, that's us! That's just like our family." Others say, "Bet she is just writing about her own family." We bet she is too—in part, at least—but when writing looks easy, it usually isn't. It's quite a lift to hold the mirror up to life, as Shakespeare once intimated. Anyway, Val Teal lives in Omaha with her husband, daughter and three sons, and no doubt traces of their real-life behavior appear in some of her stories. Moreover, Val Teal *looks* like Val Teal. As father recalls in ***Paradise for Two*** (page 58), "You can absolutely depend on that tingle." • Some months ago our big friend, William P. McGivern, packed up our perfectly good associate, MAUREEN DALY, just because she is his wife, and together with their knee-high daughter, Megan, made off to Europe. There Maureen did the first foreign Profile of Youth, ***Berlin Profile*** (page 44). Maureen is also one-fourth author of the page ***What are People Really Like?*** by the Daly sisters, the other three fourths being Sheila John, Marguerite and Kathleen. Incidentally, it is not true that Bill McGivern is "the fifth Daly sister," as he claims. The Daly sisters are pretty.



Julia Yenni



Val Teal

MÜLLER SCHWANNEKE



Maureen Daly interviewing at Düsseldorf

Novel Condensation Complete in This Issue

The Spellbound Village — *Julia Truitt Yenni* — 38

Fiction

See How They Run — *Mary Elizabeth Vroman* — 40
Melville Goodwin, U.S.A. (Second part of six) — *John P. Marquand* — 42
Paradise for Two — *Val Teal* — 58
Are You Worried? — *Myles Connolly* — 60

Special Features

What is a World Citizen? — *Dorothy Thompson* — 11
Your Old Men Shall Dream Dreams, Your Young Men Shall See Visions — *Struthers Burt* — 11
Tell Me Doctor—No. 17 — *Henry B. Safford, M.D.* — 34
Profile of Youth: Berlin Profile — *Maureen Daly* — 44
Young Germany Speaks — 46
Our Own Young Marrieds: Budget's Eye View of Vacation — 50
There's a Man in the House — *Harlan Miller* — 64
What are People Really Like? — *The Daly Sisters* — 65
The Make-Believe Twins — *Phyllis McGinley and Roberta MacDonald* — 122
How America Lives—Wanted: Nine Children — *Hildegarde Dolson* — 159

General Features

Our Readers Write Us — 5
Under-Cover Stuff — *Bernardine Kielty* — 16
Better Home Towns—Planning Pays Off — 25
Red Cross Bloodmobile — *Margaret Hickey* — 25
Diary of Domesticity — *Gladys Taber* — 26
Making Marriage Work — *Clifford R. Adams* — 28
Are You Ready for a Date? (The Sub-Deb) — *Edited by Jan Weyl* — 30
Fifty Years Ago in the Journal • Journal About Town — 37
Feeding the Sick Child — *Dr. Herman N. Bundesen* — 128
This is a Bedtime Teaser — *Munro Leaf* — 181
Ask Any Woman — *Marcelene Cox* — 191

Fashion and Beauty

Summer Travel — *Wilhela Cushman* — 52
2 Perfect Weeks — *Wilhela Cushman* — 54
Made for a Summer Evening — *Nora O'Leary* — 56
Summer Settings — *Dawn Crowell Norman* — 62
Quilted Throw — 144

Food and Homemaking

A Day in June — *Ann Batchelder* — 66
Line a Day — *Ann Batchelder* — 68
Crisp Cottons for Summer — *Virginia Carr* — 94
Cooking for a Crowd — *Louella G. Shouer* — 164
Conversation Piece — *Ruth Mills Teague* — 184
The Best I Ever Ate — *Gertrude B. Crum* — 194

Architecture and Interior Decoration

Home Sweet Home — *Richard Pratt* — 48
Get-Together Room — *Henrietta Murdock* — 167

Poetry

Eleanor Halbrook Zimmerman 74 • Ingeborg Kayko 88 • Elizabeth Coatsworth 102 • Marjorie Lederer Lee 116 • Eunice Mildred LonCoske 126 • William Stafford 132 • Walter de la Mare 140 • May Sarton 150 Marion Lineaweaver 179 • Margaret K. Burgoyne 196

Cover Photograph by Wilhela Cushman

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address: LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The post office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Ladies' Home Journal, copyright 1951 by The Curtis Publishing Company in U. S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published on last Friday of month preceding date by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second Class Matter May 6, 1911, at the Post Office at Philadelphia under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters in all stories are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U. S. and Possessions, Canada, Costa Rica, Cuba, Nicaragua, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Panama, Philippine Islands, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America except the Guianas: 1 yr., $3; 2 yrs., $5; 3 yrs., $7; 4 yrs., $9. Other countries, 1 yr., $6. Remit by money order or draft on bank in the U. S. payable in U. S. funds. All prices subject to change without notice. All subscriptions must be paid for in advance.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

The Curtis Publishing Company. Walter D. Fuller, Chairman of the Board; Robert E. MacNeal, President; Arthur W. Kohler, Vice-President and Advertising Director; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Vice-President; Cary W. Bok, Vice-President; Lewis W. Trayser, Vice-President and Director of Manufacturing; Benjamin Allen, Vice-President and Director of Circulation; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Richard Ziesing, Jr., Manager of Ladies' Home Journal. The Company also publishes The Saturday Evening Post, Country Gentleman, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

, No WIPE

New DREFT does both and dishes SHINE

Self-Washing Dreft Means No Work Left No Wash, No Wipe Tonight!



U do is RINSE! l pans glisten!

It's magic...sheer magic ...it's self-washing!



It's Jelly-Makin



RECIPE

GRAPE JELLY

3½ cups sugar
2 cups bottled grape juice
1 cup water
1 box SURE-JELL powdered fruit pectin

Measure sugar and set aside. In large saucepa
grape juice, water and Sure-Jell. Place ov
heat, and stir until mixture comes to a ha
At once stir in sugar. Bring to a full rolling
hard 1 minute, stirring constantly. Rem
heat, skim, pour quickly into 7 jelly glass
at once.

Sure-Jell Is a Product

THE NEW 50% more food space



either right- or left-hinged doors. Trim and specifications subject to change without notice.

So many convenience features, too,
w, dependable General Electric Refrigerators

storage
. . . yet
Refriger-
are the
General

Electric—gives you *so much* of all three:

1. SPACE. 25% to 50% more space for foods than most refrigerators now in use. Yet, they occupy no larger floor area!

2. CONVENIENCES. Many special convenience features that you won't find on any other refrigerator.

3. DEPENDABILITY! No other refrigerator can surpass G. E.'s enviable record for dependability.

Remember this: *More than 2,700,000 G-E Refrigerators with sealed systems are still in service after 10 years.* Many as long as 15 and 20 years!

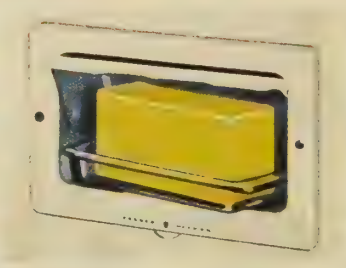
See your G-E dealer *today!* You'll find him listed in your classified telephone directory. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

ACE FOR EVERYTHING . . . AND EVERYTHING IS IN ITS PLACE!



VEGETABLE ROLLA-DRAWERS!

Drawers, on rubber
in and out *quietly*.
eps food fresh.



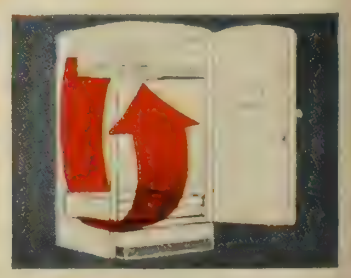
SPECIAL BUTTER CONDITIONER!

No more hard butter! Special conditioner, keeps a pound of butter at best *spreading* temperature!



NEW! SHATTERPROOF MEAT DISH!

Here is a meat dish that is really *deep* and wide! Large enough to hold your week-end roast!



NEW! BALANCED DESIGN!

New G-E principle assures uniform cabinet temperature over a wide range of room temperatures.



IMPROVED MOTOR AND INSULATION!

tor assures quiet op-
rglas cabinet insula-
erating cost low!

DEPENDABILITY
MORE THAN 2,700,000 G-E REFRIGERATORS IN SERVICE 10 YEARS OR LONGER!

General Electric REFRIGERATORS

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Bottled
delicious h



Use bottled or frozen juices...canned or frozen fruit! Sure-Jell will work its 15-minute miracle! Just mix the ingredients and boil *one minute!* For specific miracle-quick recipes, write to Frances Barton, Dept. A, General Foods Corp., 250 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Homemade jams

Our Readers Write us

Communism Can be Broken

Beaumont, Texas

Dear Editors: I can confirm from personal experience how very right Mr. Stassen is when he supports the right of 40,000,000 Ukrainians and 60,000,000 other non-Russians of the Russian slave empire to full independence and sovereignty as the best and most efficient means for the permanent elimination of the Russian danger. (The Coming Collapse of Communism, April.) In the last 32 years Soviet Russia was twice brought by the Ukrainians to the verge of defeat and was saved only by the stupidity of other enemies.

In summer of 1919 the victorious Ukrainian democratic armies, in one of which I was a volunteer artillery lieutenant, drove the Russian hordes out of Ukraine like a flock of sheep and recaptured the capital of Ukraine, Kiev. The Ukrainian armies were strong and the Red Russian army was weak. Had the White Russian armies allied themselves with us, maybe there would be no Soviet Russian problem today at all. But the stupidity of Denikin saved Soviet Russia. This anti-Communist Russian general was so stupid that he started fighting also the Ukrainians because he did not like the idea of Ukrainian independence. The result was fatal: Soviet Russia took full advantage of Denikin's stupidity and defeated him as well as us.

In the summer of 1941 the Ukrainians and other non-Russian soldiers of the Red army surrendered by hundreds of thousands before the German army, and Russia again was at the verge of defeat and collapse. I know from the surrendering Red soldiers and officers. Had Hitler proclaimed independence for Ukraine and other nations enslaved by Russia, he would have won the war with Russia in 1941, before American help for Russia arrived. But Hitler's stupidity again saved Soviet Russia. He started murdering the surrendering Ukrainian soldiers and mistreating the Ukrainian people. The Ukrainians in the Red army stopped surrendering and started fighting. The Ukrainian Insurgent Army cut Hitler's supply lines to Stalingrad and thus contributed to his defeat in the East.

I described these two historic episodes, in which I personally participated, in order to illustrate the correctness of Mr. Stassen's approach to these problems. Your publishing of his article is a valuable contribution to the defense efforts of our country. Sincerely yours,

MICHAEL TYSHOVNYTSKY

A Husband is a Girl's Best Friend

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editors: Thirty years ago, having been left a widow with a family of three, I struggled for a year to keep both family and home. Then, much to the fuss and consternation of the family, I brought a stepfather into the house. No, things didn't run smoothly all the time.

When things were a little on the rough side I got a part-time position and helped with buying the children's clothes and school needs. They have left us now, all married happily. Four years ago I suffered a slight stroke, a very mild one. Who took care of me? Not the good children, but friend husband. Now I am on my back, owing to a bad fall on an icy street. Once again I get undivided attention from that "stepfather." A second marriage can be successful and beautiful if you give and take. Respectfully,

MRS. R. F. BUETTNER

Little Mother



Sherry Neufeld loves baby sister . . .



because she gets to help feed her . . .



and sometimes she gets to hold her.



She has come to feel Patty is *hers* . . .



a serious, wonderful responsibility.

No Wash, No Wipe Tonight!

New DREFT does both and dishes SHINE



. . . . . All YOU do is RINSE! Even pots and pans glisten!

You don't wash . . . Instead of washing dishes just let them soak in warm Dreft suds for 2 minutes. Dreft floats grease and food particles away. Your hands barely touch the dishwater. All *you* have to do is rinse the dishes, giving a swish of the cloth where needed, and presto! They're done!

You don't wipe . . . New Self-Washing Dreft leaves no dishwater film. It washes dishes and glasses so clean, they shine—even without wiping.

You don't scour . . . Even pots and pans practically *soak* clean. Dreft's amazing "floataway" action gets *under* grease . . . lifts it off. Then grease *rinses* away . . . without hard scouring.

BEAUTY TIP!
New Dreft is so mild, and your hands are in water so little, it leaves hands beautifully white and soft!

It's magic...sheer magic ...it's self-washing!



NO "TRICKY" DISH CAN TAKE THE PLACE OF

HONEST FOOD FOR KIDS!

AND HERE IT IS!



NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT ...100% WHOLE WHEAT...

WITH MILK IT'S AMERICA'S GREAT BODY-BUILDING BREAKFAST!



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

You get the *best* Nature has to offer, in NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT! The *best* nourishing whole wheat — with bran and wheat germ left in! Yes, the original NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT is the best *honest* breakfast, with the best wheaty goodness! Enjoy it every day!

THE BREAKFAST FULL OF POWER FROM NIAGARA FALLS

Problems of the Divorced Woman

Cleveland, Tennessee

Dear Editors: I am a divorced woman, with three young children and an invalid mother to care for. Young widows who have the wherewithal to support their own children are infinitely more eligible for remarriage than those who are not self-supporting. But being a divorcee is a far greater handicap than being a widow, not only in the matter of remarriage but also in the matter of social acceptance. Men make proposals to divorcees—but not decent ones. A widow with a dozen children would be looked upon with more favor than a divorcee with none, because divorcees are stigmatized, however irreproachable their conduct. We divorcees are creatures of speculation; the nondivorced enshroud us in the roles of seductive *femmes fatales*, however plain and mid-Victorian we may be.

Divorce also poses other obstacles. A living ex-mate can cause havoc through interference, and a second mate might conceivably be jealous of his predecessor. A bitterly unhappy first marriage leaves one with the fear that she may again be unwanted and rejected. I, for one, doubt that I shall ever have the courage to marry again. I know that "until death do us part" is just a pretty phrase—not a solemn pledge. The words are a mockery.

Sometimes I feel guilty about not wanting to marry again. I am human, I know, for I do become a bit frightened when I think of the lonely years ahead, when I'll have neither mom nor the children to love. But I am never so overcome by panic that I feel the urgent desire to settle for second, third or fourth best, merely because I am endowed with adult responsibilities which are matrimonial liabilities. I wonder if my attitude is the normal one—for assuredly most young widows and divorcees don't feel as I do about remarriage. Or do they?

Sincerely,
LEE CHRISTIAN

Mother Knows Best

Springfield, Pennsylvania

Dear Editors: Bravo Jim Colvin! Your sensible letter made my heart glad. That's what I've been telling my teen-age daughter—"that girls have a direct influence over a boy's actions." She should therefore have high ideals. It is not easy in view of everything, but letters like yours do help.

You say "teen-age girls of today are the most fickle, crazy, lovesick, stupid-acting sex God ever put breath into." Let us not forget: when God put breath into them they were very lovable little girls at the mercy of some very foolish older females.

Sincerely,
Just a mother

Can You Crochet a House?

Brooklyn, New York

Dear Editors: About four years ago I saw a picture of a house I liked in your magazine. Since I couldn't actually build it, I did the next most satisfying thing. I crocheted it. Every stitch of it is handmade.



This construction is as cheap as any.

Sincerely yours,
ALICE BEASLEY

Write to a Soldier

San Francisco, California

Dear Friend: I am a sergeant in the United States Army, recently returned from Korea. I am *not* writing this in any official capacity, but simply as an individual who is trying to keep a promise he made to his buddies overseas.

I have seen many men, of *all* races, creeds and ages, in Korea, in Japan, and, yes, right here in the United States—espe-

(Continued on Page 8)

Perfect Gravy every time... ANY TIME!

SMOOTH ... BROWN ... DELICIOUS !



Adds extra flavor — makes meat go further!

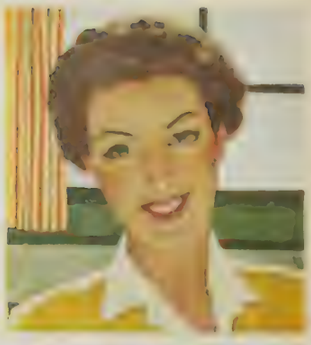
This rich brown gravy will turn 2 cups of leftover meat into a tasty, hearty meat pie—a real meal for 6! In fact, Franco-American Beef Gravy helps you get *additional* meals in many ways. For example, you can turn yesterday's roast into a good stew, tempting croquettes or a savory casserole dish.

Also, it's a delicious gravy to pour over hot sandwiches, meat loaf, rice or potatoes. Or, if you haven't enough of your own good gravy, add tasty Franco-American to it, so you'll have plenty.

Any way you use Franco-American Beef Gravy, it's perfect gravy *every* time... *any* time! Made from fine, selected beef, it has that good pan-browned beef flavor. Ready to use—just heat! Get *several* cans—*today!*

Franco-American BEEF GRAVY READY TO SERVE!

Beatrice Cooke's Mealtime Adventures



FOR JUNE: Bridal Shower Menu, Summer Salad, Quick-fix Supper, Chocolate Ice Cream Cups.



Shower her with good things

June is definitely a brides' month, isn't it? And so many of us find ourselves at a loss for a shower menu—either luncheon or evening. I've used this one and I'm sure you'll find it as easy to prepare and as delightfully received as I have.

Fruit-Cottage Cheese Stacks

Arrange a pineapple slice on curly endive and circle it with wedges of pineapple. Spoon Meadow Gold Cottage Cheese on the pineapple slice generously, and top with a peach half. Add another spoonful of cottage cheese plus an apricot half. Topper for this "stack" is a red maraschino cherry.

Serve with toasted Meadow Gold Cheese finger sandwiches.

For dessert try the recipe for chocolate ice cream cups shown in the photograph below. (They can be made ahead of time!)

To make this pretty salad as delicious as it is attractive you'll want to use MEADOW GOLD COTTAGE CHEESE, because MEADOW GOLD is the freshest, tastiest cottage cheese you've ever tried. It's creamed, too, to give it a fine, firm texture and keep it from separating and becoming watery. MEADOW GOLD COTTAGE CHEESE is just the right flavor to complement the fruit and just the right texture to stack nicely. Do try it, won't you?

Free! *my newest file of salad recipes*

Ten tested recipes for distinctive salads such as Whipped Cream Walnut Mold, Strawberry Layer Salad, and Vegamato Shrimp Salad. All on regular file cards, to fit easily into your personal recipe file. Just write to me care of Beatrice Foods Co., BC-5, 120 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 3, Illinois.

Let 'em eat Grass!

That's what the Beatrice Foods Co. people tell their dairy farmers. Let the cows eat *grass* because the highest quality cream and butter can be obtained only from cows fed especially on sweet grass, and hay made from sweet grass. That interested me. Of course, I knew that only the freshest sweet cream was used, and that MEADOW GOLD BUTTER is churned fresh daily in rooms as faultlessly clean as your own kitchen. I knew, too, that in most localities MEADOW GOLD BUTTER is wrapped in extra-protective aluminum foil. But I was amazed to find that the always-fresh, pure, MEADOW GOLD BUTTER was "handled with care" as far back as the cow's diet! No wonder MEADOW GOLD BUTTER is the very finest, most delicately flavored butter you can get anywhere!



FREE The fascinating booklet, "***The Arts and Secrets of Chinese Cookery,***" including 24 exotic Chinese recipes. Just write to Dept. J-21, LaChoy Food Products Division, Beatrice Foods Co., Archbold, Ohio.

An easy supper for surprise guests

Now that it's vacation time our out-of-town friends may drop in to say hello almost any time. And I'm always anxious to prolong those visits . . . and share a meal with people I see all too seldom. I've found that keeping quick-to-fix LACHOY products on my pantry shelf often solves what might otherwise be a dilemma. One recipe I use very often guarantees a delicious light supper in just ten minutes and means that I can really enjoy my friends' stay.

Scrambled Eggs with Bean Sprouts

Cooking time: 10 minutes Yield: 4 portions

1 can LaChoy Bean Sprouts (drained well)
2 teaspoons LaChoy Soy Sauce
2 tablespoons green onions or dry onions, cut fine
6 Meadow Gold Eggs
2 tablespoons Meadow Gold Butter
1 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon pepper
Toast

Melt butter in large skillet and saute onions one minute. Add well-drained bean sprouts and mix lightly. Combine salt, soy sauce, pepper and eggs and beat slightly. Pour over bean sprouts in skillet—scramble and cook over a slow fire until eggs are set. Serve on hot buttered toast. Garnish with small cocktail or pork sausages or serve plain.



In this recipe it's LACHOY BEAN SPROUTS for texture and LACHOY SOY SAUCE for flavor! With those on your pantry shelf you're prepared for any unexpected visitors. LACHOY BEAN SPROUTS are crisp, tender white sprouts from the tiny mung bean, sprouted and packed in the spotless, modern LaChoy kitchens. Try "dressing up" your favorite foods with them, flavoring with LACHOY SOY SAUCE; you'll never be without them.



To make this dessert the very best ever, remember to use creamy-rich MEADOW GOLD ICE CREAM!

HAVE YOUR CUP AND EAT IT, TOO!

Isn't this a pretty dessert for a bridal shower? Or for any other occasion, for that matter. It's a chocolate candy cup to hold your delicious MEADOW GOLD ICE CREAM, and to be eaten right along with it. It's shown here with that beautifully refreshing MEADOW GOLD PEPPERMINT STICK ICE CREAM, but it can easily be served with ice cream to match any color scheme!

Chocolate Ice Cream Cups

(makes 12 servings)

12 oz. semi-sweet chocolate
4 tablespoons Meadow Gold Butter
1½ quarts Meadow Gold peppermint stick ice cream

Combine chocolate and butter in top of double boiler. Heat until chocolate is almost melted; remove from water and stir rapidly until smooth and slightly thickened. Place 12 paper baking cups (2½" size) in muffin pans. With teaspoon, coat thickly and evenly the inside of baking cups. Chill until chocolate is hard. Remove paper cups from chocolate by cutting around bottom edge with tip of sharp pointed knife; then cut up side of cup and pull paper away in one strip. Return shells to refrigerator until serving time. Just before serving fill cups with MEADOW GOLD PEPPERMINT STICK ICE CREAM.

Of course, the cups are fun, but the really delicious part of this year-round dessert is creamy-rich MEADOW GOLD ICE CREAM. I do feel that once you've tasted MEADOW GOLD ICE CREAM no other will ever satisfy you—for MEADOW GOLD is made with rich, fresh cream and the finest, purest, tastiest of ingredients. Whatever your favorite flavor, you'll find it in one of the bright, gay MEADOW GOLD picture packages. It costs no more than ordinary ice creams, either, and is available at your neighborhood drug or food stores. Do try MEADOW GOLD ICE CREAM soon, won't you?



© 1951, Beatrice Foods Co.



The "tissue test" proved to Joan...



that Woodbury floats out hidden dirt!

Do you feel that all cleansing creams are alike? So did lovely Joan Bennett until she convinced herself with the "Tissue Test" that *there really is a difference in cleansing creams!*

We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then we invited her to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue to take it off.

The tissue told a startling story. Even after a thorough cleansing with her former cream, Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pores . . . lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth *dry* skin more effectively. The rich, lubricating oils go deeper—dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Touch your face—it's silken soft!

Do you think *your* face is really clean? Try the "Tissue Test"—and be sure. Buy a jar today—25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.



Woodbury Cold Cream

floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains ***Penaten***

(Continued from Page 6)

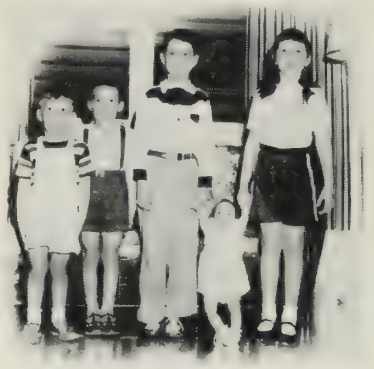
cially in our Armed Forces hospitals who receive little or no mail from home. This makes these men feel as though they were unloved, forgotten and unappreciated. I promised them that I would prove that this was not so. But only *you* can make this promise come true. How? By writing newsy, cheery letters—with your latest snapshot—to relatives, friends and acquaintances overseas. If you do not have anyone of your own overseas and still want to help bring cheer and happiness to those men, I have the names of many GI's who receive little or no mail, as well as the promises of clerks in various APO's, chaplains and the Pacific Stars and Stripes (the servicemen's newspaper), that they will help me get your mail where it will do the most good. So you can send your mail to me, with forwarding postage if possible, and I will send it on. I have spent over six years overseas and months in Army hospitals and I know the worth and value of mail from home. I also know the heartache—and misery—when your name is not called at "mail call."

Yours very truly,
SGT. WILBUR F. H. RADELINE
Presidio of San Francisco, California

Don't Give Up the Ship

Guantánamo Bay, Cuba

Dear Editors: At the Naval Station, Guantánamo Bay, Cuba, there are twenty-one families on our block—and forty-nine children. We have five children and have several friends with four or more.



Sutherlands set for full speed ahead.

Never once have I heard the reason for family-size limitation put on the world situation. I've heard personal-financial situations, mother's nerves or the neighbors' children used as reasons. These would soon be forgotten if the parents found another tiny human in the offing.

Sincerely,
MRS. W. T. SUTHERLAND

Wrath of God

The Duke's Cottage
Rudgwick, England

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: Four letters have now arrived very angry with what I said about men's clothes. One of them puts forward the original point of view that it is only because American men don't press their pants or pull up their socks much that they can be persuaded to fight for freedom and democracy. I could not quite follow the line of reasoning, but there may be something in it. Just as there may be something in the idea that is prevalent over here, that our frightful weather and icy blasts and fields like molten toffee are all the doing of the Russians, who have erected enormous bellows and are puffing in our direction. A gentleman writing from Detroit had another point of view still. He says yes, of course, what you say is quite right, but don't be so silly. American men are tattered and ungroomed because American women spend all their time achieving that slick smartness you so admire and don't have a spare moment to look after their husbands. Englishmen, he admits, look mostly well groomed, but Englishwomen look like the wrath of God. A walk down Oxford Street any sunny morning will prove that in this he is absolutely correct, I'm afraid.

If anyone is coming over for the Festival, please tell them Dorothy Black lives at the above address, and knows, if not all the answers, at least quite a few of them, and would be truly delighted to return some of the hospitality America has so often extended to her.

With my love to you all,
DOROTHY BLACK

Meds Meds Meds Meds

Yours **FREE!**



QUICK ANSWERS TO SUCH QUESTIONS AS

SAFE TO SWIM? WHAT ABOUT CRAMPS?

CAN SINGLE GIRLS USE TAMPONS?

For helpful answers to puzzling questions about menstruation and tampons, send for this booklet. Helps you stay happy, comfortable *every day* of the month. It's for young girls. It's for older women. It's for you.

FREE! Send your name and address for a copy of "It's so much easier when you know" plus sample package of Meds tampons in plain wrapper to Miss Olive Crenning, Personal Products Corp., Dept. **LH-6**, Milltown, N. J. Check size ( ) Regular, ( ) Junior, ( ) Super. One package to a family. U. S. only.

Meds Meds Meds Meds



"We enjoyed our transcontinental trip by Greyhound"

—write MR. and MRS. A. E. EASTBURN of Huntington, W. Va.

"Mrs. Eastburn and I have just returned home from a transcontinental trip to California by Greyhound. I have traveled all over the world, have experienced the best and poorest service on all kinds of transportation, but this trip was certainly outstanding. We are now firm Greyhound boosters, and will tell friends of your fine service."

GREYHOUND

A LOT MORE TRAVEL
FOR
A LOT LESS MONEY!



Why Sweet Sixteen's first party was so wonderful



THINK OF IT! Dancing every dance at the school party . . . twice with the nicest boy there. Meanwhile a schoolmate, far prettier and more expensively dressed, sat neglected most of the evening.

How come?

It was as simple as this:

Betty Lou was *extra-careful* of her charm. The other girl wasn't. Betty Lou took no chances with halitosis (unpleasant breath). The other girl did.

Betty Lou used Listerine Antiseptic before leaving home. The other girl didn't.

That little *extra-careful* precaution spelled the difference in their popularity.

How Is Your Breath Today?

Never take it for granted. Never risk offending. Remember, halitosis (unpleasant breath) can affect you any time, without your realizing when.

So, always, before any date where you want to be at your best, rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Instantly your breath becomes sweeter, less likely to offend . . . stays that way not for seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

To be *Extra-Attractive* be *Extra-Careful*

When agreeable breath is so much a part of your charm, don't put your trust in makeshifts of mere momentary effectiveness . . . trust to Listerine Antiseptic. It sweetens and freshens with *lasting* effect. That is why it is the *extra-careful* precaution against offending.

While sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis, say some authorities, are due to fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and overcomes the odor it causes.
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

before any date . . . **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** . . . *it's breath-taking!*

Now your hair can look

'Radiantly Alive'

PRELL leaves it so *Radiant*, Soft, Smooth...Younger-Looking!

YES! MORE RADIANT THAN CREAM OR SOAP SHAMPOOS!

In *hardest water*, different, emerald-clear Prell Shampoo leaves your hair more shining, more *radiant*, than cream shampoos or soap shampoos. Even though your hair seems dull and "lifeless"—your *very first* Prell Shampoo will leave it sparkling with that glorious "*Radiantly Alive*" look. Yes, your hair looks so *much* lovelier after Prell, so much more radiant and glamorous, that it's *easy* to see the difference.

SOFTER!

After a shampoo with Prell, your hair is *much* softer—yet it has "body"—it's easier to manage. Curls and settings "take" beautifully—make it fun to try flattering new hair-dos.

YOUNGER-LOOKING!

You'll be thrilled at how much more vibrantly youthful your hair seems when you use Prell . . . how full of vitality and "spring." Prell leaves hair looking *younger* and more *beautiful*—start using wonderful Prell *today!*



Life is more wonderful when you *look* wonderful! When everything about you expresses lovely, radiant vitality—there's happiness ahead!

Created by Procter & Gamble

Prell



Different!
Emerald-Clear for that
'Radiantly Alive' look!

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould

Editors



THE PLEASURE OF THE FISHES
HAND SCROLL, COLORS ON PAPER, CHINESE, 1291
COURTESY METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Your Old Men Shall Dream Dreams. Your Young Men Shall See Visions

By STRUTHERS BURT

It is time to recapture the dream and the vision of America. Man doth not live by bread alone, although bread is necessary, and less than any man alive can the American live without the dream that made his country, and the vision that made it great.

Nations are like men walking an unknown path in the darkness. Often they lose their way and have to find it again. Often they stumble. They are beset by shadows and by enemies. Sometimes they take the wrong turning, and through blood and tears have to find their way back to where they started. But if they have a sense of destination, deep and abiding, then like a man bending his head to the bitterness of storm, they will keep struggling forward, strengthened by the vision of the lamp and warmth that await brave travel, bravely undertaken.

It is now the fashion to say we have grown up. That we are mature. That we are no longer young. That the old symbols and the old sayings sound sentimental and hypocritical in a world grown harsh and cruel and weary through evil and by war. America has never been a young country. The men who first came to its shores, the men who a hundred and sixty-two years later founded a new nation, were old with the knowledge of what they, or their ancestors, had left behind them. They were young only with a new and great idea, and with the purpose to make it live and grow. How, after all, do you fight old evil except by what is vigorous, and new, and good?

It is well to be practical. It is well to be alert. It is well to be matter of fact. These are necessary to survival, but without vision they are nothing. It is well to avoid self-praise and empty promises. But decent *(Continued on Page 193)*

What is a World Citizen?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

A high-school student signing herself Mary G—— wrote me some time ago from Maryland:

"Our English class is studying 'World Citizens.' We would like your opinion on the following questions: What is a world citizen? Who are some world citizens?"

Apart from wondering why a class supposed to be studying the structure, composition and literature of the English language should be studying something else, what shall one answer Mary G?

I am afraid the "world citizen" is like the purple cow. I have never seen one; I hardly hope to see one; and unless further convinced, I'd rather see than be one.

To begin with, what *is* a *citizen?*

The word originates with the word "city," a citizen being an inhabitant of a city, enjoying its freedoms and privileges as distinguished from a foreigner, or alien, not entitled to its franchises. As units of government were extended, a citizen came to be a person owing allegiance to the government of a state and entitled to reciprocal protection from it.

Every citizen in politically advanced countries is not only entitled to its protection of his life, liberty and lawfully gained property but is also vested with political rights and responsibilities.

The first implication in the word "citizen" is therefore that of domicile, home. Obviously a rolling stone is not a "world citizen." He is a no-citizen, a perpetual alien, a man without a country. When young Garry Davis decided to relinquish his American citizenship to become a world citizen, he very soon found himself a citizen of nowhere.

Citizenship implies relations with a community and with a government. And since there is no world government, no supranational world state, there is no existing possibility of world citizenship. The term merely represents a wish dream, or a myth.

But would it be possible—or desirable?

Those who promote it do so in the interests of world peace. They argue, and logically, that divided warmaking powers in the hands of sovereign states make war an ever-present menace and *(Continued on Page 14)*

Executive Editor, Mary Bass • *Managing Editor,* Laura Lou Brookman
Associate Editors: Hugh MacNair Kahler, Bernardine Kielty, Ann Batchelder, Wilhela Cushman, William E. Fink, Alice Blinn, Richard Pratt, Henrietta Murdock, Louella G. Shouer, Mary Lea Page, Dawn Crowell Norman, John Godfrey Morris, Margaret Davidson, Nora O'Leary, Jan Weyl
Contributing Editors: Gladys Taber, Louise Paine Benjamin, Gladys Denny Shultz, Barbara Benson, Margaret Hickey, Betty Kidd
Assistant Editors: John Werner, Charlotte Johnson, Donald Stuart, Ruth Mary Packard, Ruth Shapley Matthews, Alice Conkling, June Torrey, Joseph Di Pietro, Anne Einselen, Glenn Matthew White, Betty Niles Gray, Elizabeth Goetsch, Robert N. Taylor, Elizabeth McFarland, Charles Stryker Ingerman, Elizabeth Crawford
Editorial Assistants: Alice Kastberg, Iris Wilken, Jeanne Lenton Tracey, Adrina Casparian, Virginia Price, Marion Wilson, Victoria Harris, Helen Schmidt Kennedy, Cornelia S. McCook, Rosemary Jones, Virginia Carr, Sallie Eager Kubly, Lee Stowell Cullen, Jeanmarie Dunn, Elizabeth W. Graham, Isabel G. Phelps, Pauline Stieglitz, Erma W. Kelley, Janice H. Bauder, Dolores Knapp, Dorothy Robinson

Firestone

PLANNED FOR THE *Budget-Minded Family*





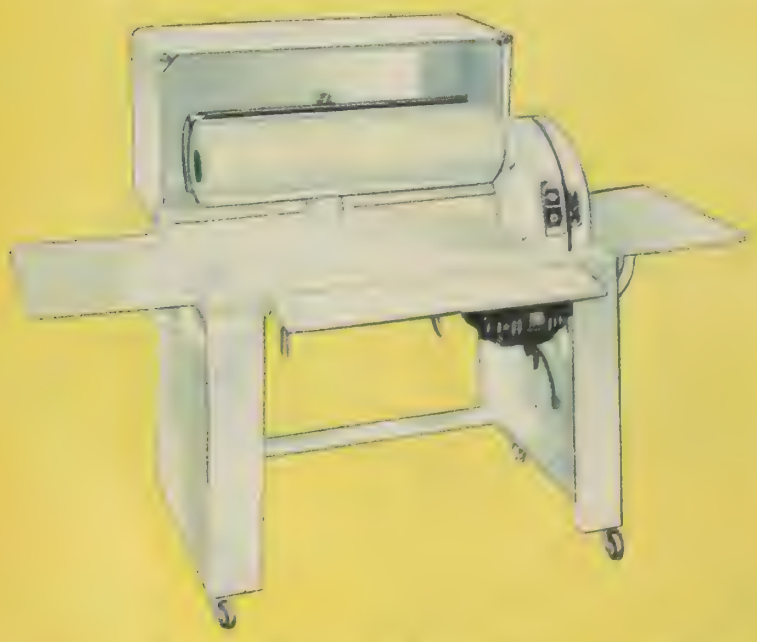


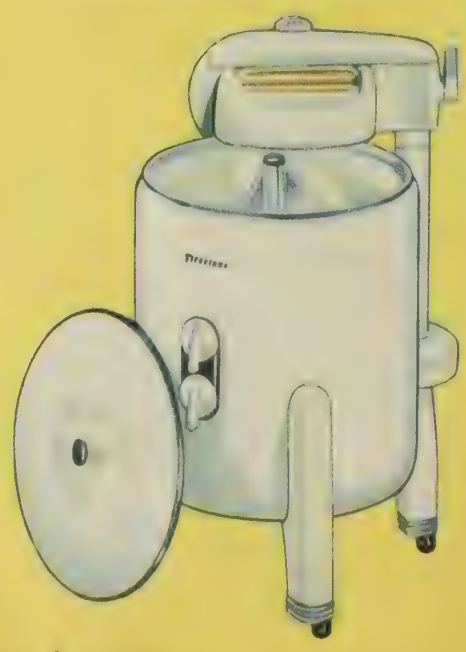




Save Money on Your Entertainment Budget

The Firestone line of console and table model television sets, radio-phonograph combinations and portable, table model and auto radios are high in quality, dependable in performance, low in price.







Save Washday Work, Time and Money

Firestone washers and ironers are easy on clothes, easy to operate, built to last, economical to use and priced to make your dollars buy more.

Save Money on Housecleaning

Copyright, 1951, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

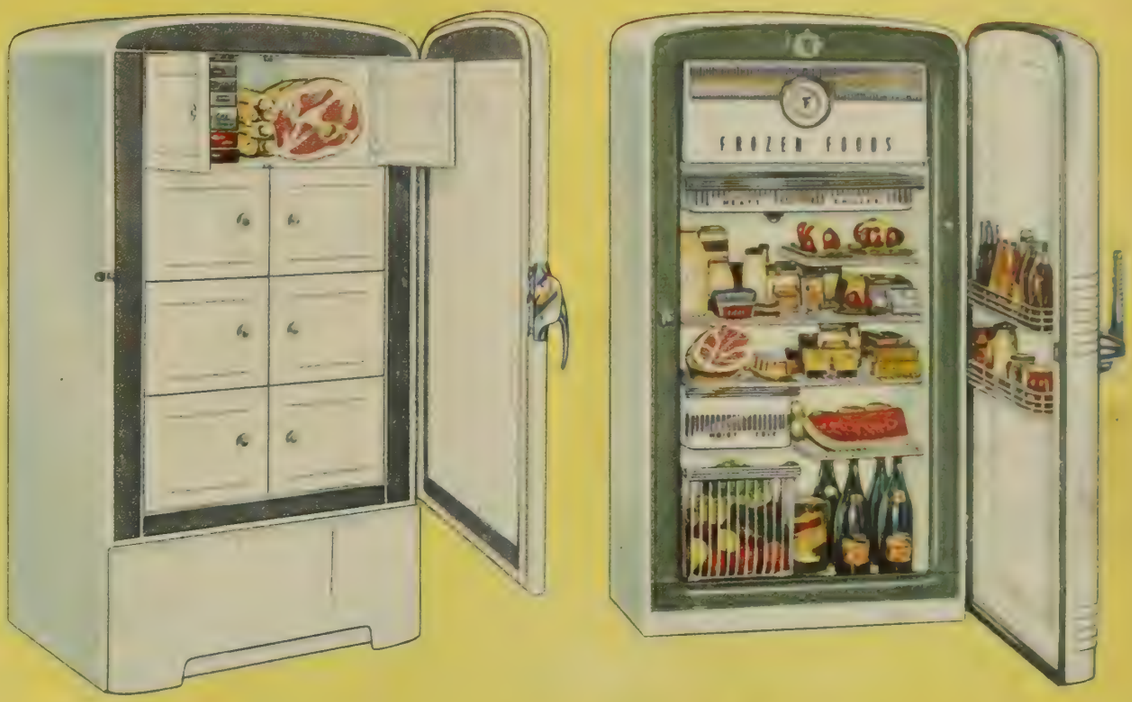
Guaranteed Home Appliances

IN TIMES LIKE THESE, when you want every dollar to go farther, it pays to shop at Firestone. There you will find products for the home that are high in quality, low in price and backed by the Firestone warranty.

There, too, you will find tires, seat covers, batteries, brake lining and many other products and services which will help to keep your car in safe driving condition, preserve its finish and add to your driving comfort.

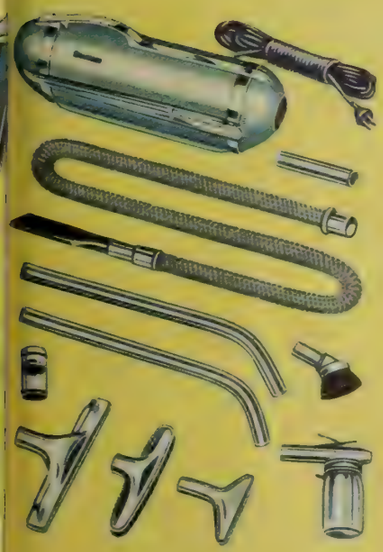
So go to your nearby Firestone dealer or store and see how the complete line of products for home and farm, for car and truck, for work and recreation fit into your 1951 budget.

And, speaking of budgets, you can buy on convenient budget terms, if you desire.

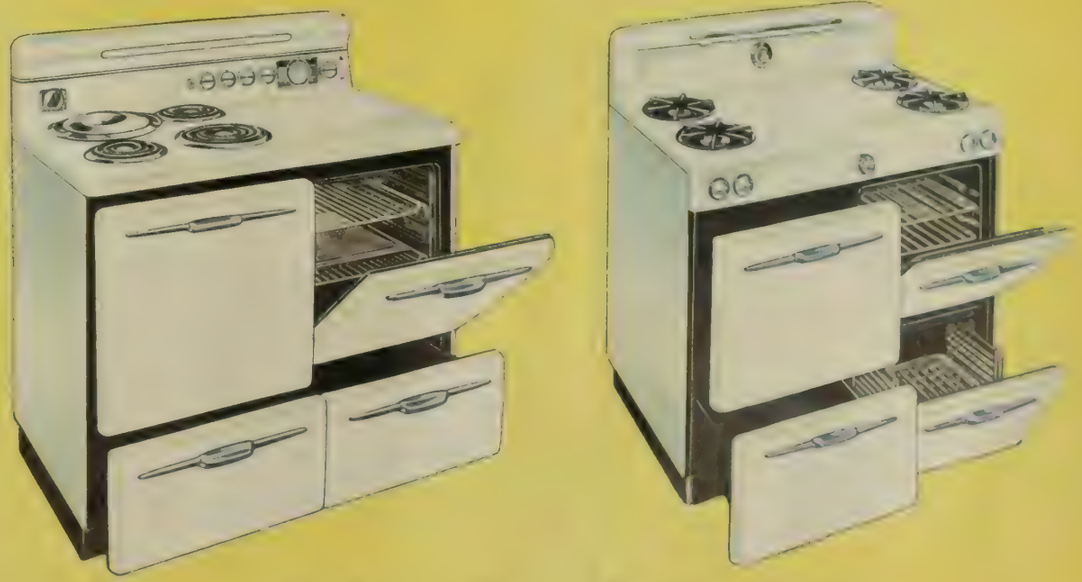


Save Money on Your Food Budget

With a Firestone food freezer and refrigerator, you can buy in money-saving quantities. You save time, too, by shopping only once a week.



Firestone vacuum cleaners are easy on you, easy on your rugs and furniture and easy on your pocketbook.



Save on Cooking, Serve Better Meals

In the complete line of Firestone gas and electric ranges you will find the model that gives you the features you want at the price you want to pay.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone on radio or television every Monday evening over NBC



(Continued from Page 11)

possibility. But I think they are over-optimistic about the price, even in terms of peace, of achieving a world state, and about the cost and likelihood of its maintenance.

The nearest thing to a world state that ever existed—the Roman Empire—was created by a long-drawn-out series of conquests; maintained itself only by further unremitting military expeditions to suppress rebellions and "enforce peace"; and finally broke up with a crash that plunged its world into darkness and a perpetual devil's brew of bandit wars.

Now, when people talk as glibly as they often do of a world state, it seems to me they fail to face the fact that no world state is at all likely to be created or maintained except by force—the force of one powerful state imposing its will on others. The International Communist Party and the Soviet Union are genuinely bent on creating a world state, but they are logical enough to know that it will not come about through universal voluntary agreement but will have to be imposed, through the subversion of existing social orders and by external force. Certainly no world state could be created before the United States and the Soviet Union fought it out to determine what sort of social and legal order the world state should be. Neither, except in defeat and under dictation, would agree to the premises of the other—and states must be founded on premises. Such a world state would have to be perpetually policed by armies; human freedoms would have to be suppressed and human cultures leveled—for a culture is a mark of differentiation. The plain reality is that the world, in terms of culture, civilization and consciousness, is *not* "One World." And to try to make it one, against all the realities of life and nature, is far more likely to awake the spirit of rebellion than the spirit of harmony.

What really cements peoples together is not a nation's statutes. These but reflect the civilization, the common way of life, the common state of consciousness and conscience. And a person can truly be a citizen of only a country and civilization he has made his own—as much a part of himself as his breathing.

But one cannot make oneself a consciously living part of all the nations and civilizations of mankind. No one can. International communists, who originally tried to do so—to make themselves part of the mythical "world proletariat"—simply had to discover a substitute motherland, and found it in the Soviet Union.

To be specific and personal, I have the greatest sympathy for India and other Oriental countries, and readily acknowledge the greatness of their cultures. Nor do I claim any superiority for the West. For what seem to us to be superiorities are apparently balanced by some subtle law of compensation. But what I do know is that my consciousness is not Indian, or Hindu, or Chinese, and not all the sympathies I may feel will make it so—any more than years of British education could make Mr. Nehru into an Englishman.

I do not want to Americanize other people, nor do I think it possible or desirable. The very fact that I recognize profound differences between the civilizations and states of consciousness of the world makes me the opposite of an imperialist, however much imperialism may be dressed up in the garments of uplift and altruism. But neither do I wish my country to be de-Americanized to suit some universal pattern that is bound to be superficial because it can have no roots.

The Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea are made of the same water. It flows down, clear and cool, from the heights of Hermon and the roots of the cedars of Lebanon. The Sea of Galilee makes beauty of it, for the Sea of Galilee has an outlet. It gets to give. It gathers in its riches that it may pour them out again to fertilize the Jordan plain. But the Dead Sea with the same water makes horror. For the Dead Sea has no outlet. It gets to keep.

—HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK:
The Meaning of Service.

I have resided for years in Europe, full o wonder and admiration for the differen tiated achievements of its many nations and finding innumerable points of contac with most of them. But I never was a citizen, in fact or in spirit, of any country but my own. For I have never been able for one thing, really to think or to expres myself with the best of my mind in any language other than the one I have lived and thought in, and my mental and emotional orientation is American. And this i certainly not unique to me. Almost no writer—I can think of only two excep tions, and neither of them was absolutely first-rate—has ever been able to write with even approximately the same distinction in two languages.

Now it is surely worth noting that the writers and other artists who have attained universal recognition are precisely those who are most deeply rooted and immersed in their *own* culture. There was never a writer more English than Shakespeare more Italian than Dante, more German than Goethe, more Russian than Dostoevski, or more American than Mark Twain Yet these are those who have best been able to communicate universally, to all mankind. If anything is great enough, good enough, profound enough, true enough, it reaches up to tower above many nations and many cultures. But, like a tree, the height an artist can attain is in direct proportion to the depth to which his roots go down into native soil Man, like the universe itself, is limited. And those who nourish themselves on the traditions, aspirations, revelations and observations of their own peoples are the most robust.

I have observed, also, that an avowed universal love of "humanity" often covers an incapacity really to love anyone or anything with passion and devotion. Prof. Sigmund Freud observed this as a symptom of psychoneurosis. It was patently obvious in the case of the traitor, Fuchs—the betrayer of atomic secrets to the Russians. The abstract concern with "Humanity" (with a capital H) offers a form of escape. There is always something one can do for one's own family, one's own community, one's own country. But the doing involves coming to grips with real problems and difficulties, and involves real duties and sacrifices. There is precious little anyone can do personally for Humanity at Large, and to transfer one's fidelities to an abstraction is one way of avoiding all obligations to one's fellow human beings.

I write this because it is in the fashion today to decry patriotism as a factor dividing mankind. Nationalism based on an inbred sense of superiority and contempt for others—the aliens, the outsiders—is, indeed, a vicious danger to peace. But patriotism as love of country is actually a feeling shared by all peoples, and though this feeling is directed to various objects, it is a feeling that binds mankind. For only a patriot can understand another patriot, as only a lover can understand lovers. Precisely *because* I love my country I appreciate the love of others for *their* countries. Precisely *because* I regard my country as my primary allegiance I expect others to give their primary allegiances to their countries. I do not have to share their love for and allegiance to their particular object. But I am compelled to respect it, and to await respect in return.

And so, to get back to Mary G's question: I have never known a world citizen, and don't know what it means to be one. But I am quite sure that one is likely to be a beneficent influence in the life of all countries to the extent to which one is a fully conscious and responsible citizen of one's own. THE END

try something new

try something cold

Try something really and truly refreshing — snowy sherbet combined with the cool, juicy richness of DEL MONTE Brand Fruit Cocktail.

It just goes to show how easily you can add the excitement of five luscious fruits to all kinds of salads, desserts and starters. DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail is ready-mixed in perfect flavor balance — ready to help at a moment's notice.

And especially in fruit cocktail, it pays to pick a brand that makes flavor its business. You know from all the other DEL MONTE Foods you've tried — that brand is DEL MONTE.

FRUIT ICEBERG

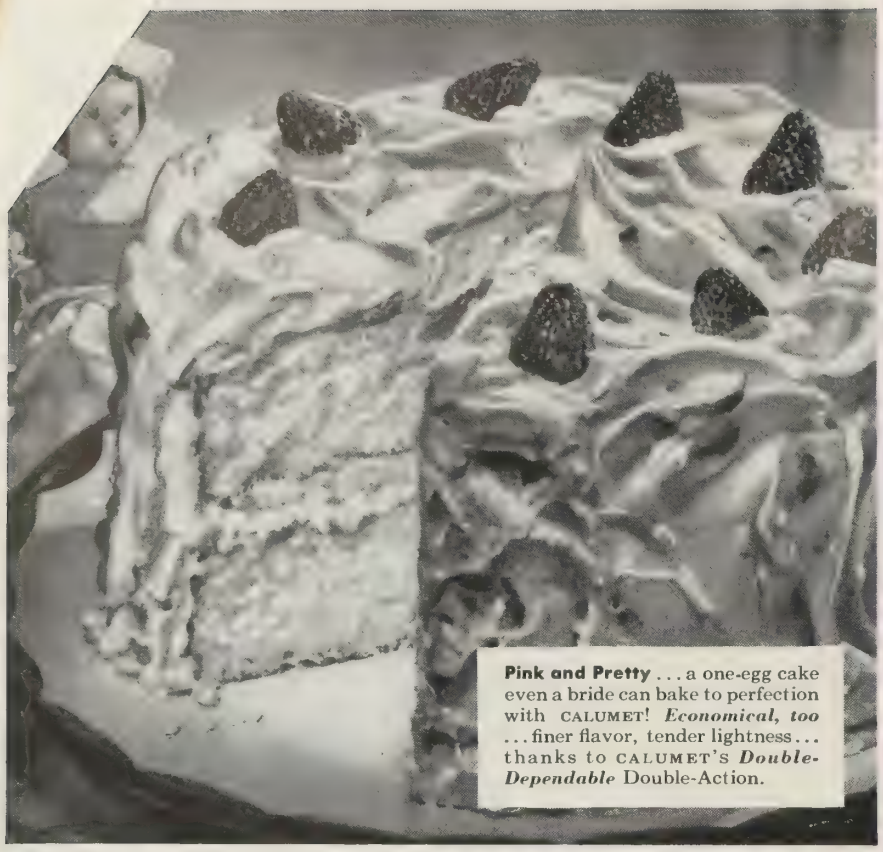
- 1 tsp. unflavored gelatin
- 1 tbsp. water
- 3 tbsps. sugar
- ½ cup milk
- 2 cups DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice
- ½ tsp. grated lemon peel
- 1 tbsp. lemon juice
- Few drops mint extract
- Meringue:
  - ⅛ tsp. salt
  - 1 egg white
  - 1 tbsp. sugar
- 1 #2½ can DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail

½ hr. before freezing sherbet, set refrigerator at coldest point. Soften gelatin in water; dissolve over hot water. Mix sugar, milk; gradually add pineapple juice, (DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice is just right — not too tart, not too sweet!) lemon peel and juice, mint. Stir in gelatin. Freeze in tray, stirring 2 or 3 times during freezing. Make meringue: Add salt to egg white, beat till foamy. Add 1 tbsp. sugar gradually while continuing to beat. Turn frozen sherbet into chilled bowl; beat with rotary beater. Fold in the meringue. Return to tray; freeze to desired consistency. Set cold control at point to hold sherbet frozen; ripen 2 or 3 hrs. Serve with slightly drained, chilled or semi-frozen fruit cocktail, as shown. 8 generous servings.



Del Monte FRUIT COCKTAIL

—the brand that puts flavor first



Pink and Pretty . . . a one-egg cake even a bride can bake to perfection with CALUMET! *Economical, too* . . . finer flavor, tender lightness . . . thanks to CALUMET'S *Double-Dependable* Double-Action.

NEW, EASY RECIPE FOR A

"June Bride" STRAWBERRY FLUFF CAKE

Chosen from 63,000 recipes to be the CALUMET Cake-of-the-Month

"June Bride" Strawberry Fluff Cake

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons CALUMET Baking Powder
¾ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg, unbeaten
1 cup minus 2 tablespoons milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Note: Make this cake the best you've ever baked by following the recipe word for word. Use only the baking powder called for . . . substitutions are always unwise. And more published recipes specify CALUMET than any other brand of baking powder. For CALUMET is not only Double-Acting but ***Double-Dependable,*** too . . . first in the mixing bowl, then again in the oven . . . just the RIGHT amount of leavening. This CALUMET-*perfection* costs you only a fraction of a cent more for light, luscious cake . . . and it guards you against baking powder failure with the expensive loss of other ingredients! That's why smart homemakers insist upon CALUMET for real *homemade goodness* in cakes, biscuits, muffins, waffles, pancakes, coffee cake. Remember, CALUMET is America's *Quality* Baking Powder . . .

TWICE AS MANY WOMEN USE CALUMET AS ANY OTHER BAKING POWDER

Method. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat very thoroughly. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla; blend.

Baking. Turn batter into two round 8-inch layer pans, 1¼ inches deep, which have been lined on bottoms with paper, then greased. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes, or until done. Cool.

Frosting. Spread Strawberry Fluff Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Garnish frosted cake with whole strawberries.

Strawberry Fluff Frosting. Combine 1 unbeaten egg white, ½ cup sugar, dash of salt, and ⅓ cup sliced strawberries in top of small double boiler. Beat 1 minute, or until thoroughly mixed. Cook over rapidly boiling water, beating constantly with rotary egg beater (or at high speed of electric beater) 4 minutes, or until frosting will stand in stiff peaks. Remove from boiling water and continue beating until frosting is cool. Fold in additional ⅓ cup sliced strawberries.

In Baking Your Best Bet is—

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

DOUBLE-ACTING

A Product of General Foods



BY PERMISSION. COPYRIGHT, 1948, THE NEW YORKER MAG., INC.



"She's waiting for Mr. Right."

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

JUNE SECOND is Old Maid's Day. At least it is in Norristown, Pennsylvania. Last year a certain maiden lady of middle years, along with twenty-seven other unmarried women of the town, tired of Mother's Day and Father's Day and even Dog Days, proclaimed the first Saturday in June as Spinster's Day, and celebrated with a bang-up dinner. Letters poured in from all over the country, and from England, New Zealand, Germany, Canada and Australia. There were even two proposals of marriage.

•

Probably we shouldn't bring this up in June, of all months, but the domestic-relations clinics, now to be found in forty states, which give free legal advice on matrimonial problems, though not romantic, are eminently practical. For there are legalities in matrimony, designed to protect the persons involved, just as in any other enterprise that concerns more than one person. Who, for instance, is responsible for the support of in-laws after they become dependents? Who has the right of discipline of children? Who has the say in disposal of income? What constitutes divorce?

Miss Muriel Richter, president of the Women Lawyers' Association of New York State, who started the clinics, adds a few ideas of her own for good measure. A man, she believes, does not owe a woman every spare minute of his life, either legally or morally. Women (so she says) marry for love, children and a home; when they've accomplished these three, they start demanding a twenty-four-hour companion, and that—Miss R. concludes—is where the trouble begins.

•

Last year Rome had its Holy Year, this year England has the Festival of Britain; and not to be outdone, Paris has decided to celebrate her 2000th birthday. July eighth has been selected as the actual birthday, but events have been steaming ahead since April. From June fourth to eighth

(Continued on Page 18)

A birthday party on a city-wide scale—that's Paris this summer.



Never before such handy SLICES

Every slice perfect and EXTRA-GOOD TASTING!





They're made, cut, wrapped by KRAFT a wholly new way

You've never before had such good-tasting slices—such *handy* slices—for "quickie" cheese sandwiches and snacks.

In a jiffy the neat package of Kraft De Luxe Slices gives you eight *perfect* slices—every one extra delicious. Slices that separate so easily—keep beautifully.

You see Kraft De Luxe Slices are made a wholly new way! A marvelous new Kraft invention actually forms the fine process cheese into slices as it comes from the pasteurizer—capturing extra good flavor in every slice. And they're *perfect* slices—no slivers, no dried edges.

Once you discover these delicious, handy Kraft-protected slices of process cheese you'll always have several kinds of Kraft De Luxe Slices in the refrigerator—ready for cheese treats in a jiffy.

Like peeling a banana ...they separate so easily!



5 VARIETIES! Keep several on hand: they're time-savers, space-savers



KRAFT De Luxe SLICES

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY KRAFT

New Shasta Cream Shampoo

Sparks your hair with brighter, richer color

Blonde
hair gleams
with bright gold

Brunette
hair dances
with dark fire

Red
hair takes on a
burnished glory

Gray, White
hair shines
with silver



Not a tint! Not a dye! But a super cleansing shampoo that makes even dull-looking hair sing with brighter color

NEW LANOLIN ENRICHED SHASTA CREAM SHAMPOO gives your natural hair color a dazzling lift. Makes the color look brighter, richer. Makes it *sparkle.*

HERE'S WHY: Shasta contains an amazing sparkle-giver that "super" cleans your hair, so the natural color sparkles like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.

SHASTA "SUPER" CLEANS SAFELY: Yet for all its color-sparkling magic, Shasta is safe—it does not steal precious natural oil from your hair. New Shasta Cream Shampoo lathers *out* color-dulling grime, leaves *in* glamour-giving natural oils your hair needs to be *soft, healthy, easy-to-manage.*

MAKE THIS SIMPLE COLOR TEST TODAY

BEFORE SHAMPOOING, snip off a small lock of hair. Put this lock aside. Then shampoo your hair with new Shasta but don't shampoo the small lock.

AFTER SHAMPOOING, when hair is thoroughly dry, compare the unwashed lock of hair with your soft and radiant Shasta *color-sparked* hair!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. If not completely convinced that Shasta sparks your hair with brighter, richer color, return jar and get money back in full under Procter & Gamble's guarantee.



Save money on the big economy jar 89¢
Also 57¢, 29¢

NEW COLOR-SPARKING Shasta *"SUPER" CLEANS SAFELY*
DOES NOT ROB HAIR OF NATURAL OILS

(Continued from Page 16)

there will be a series of historic pageants staged in aristocratic Place Vendôme. On June tenth a Rabelais Fair at the Halles, the famous Paris market, with games, and a dinner to end all dinners. On June twentieth a night bicycle race will be run in the streets of the city from midnight to three A.M. There will be night illuminations, a water festival on the Seine. Museums, theaters and race tracks will offer special delights. Painters will have their works on exhibition, and the artists of Montparnasse will put on a costume ball. The great square of the Louvre is to be transformed into an outdoor concert hall seating 10,000 people, and the French navy will provide powerful spotlights. . . . All we want to know is, where will we sleep?

Paris still has a way with her. At the opening this last spring of ***André Gide's*** play, **LES CAVES DU VATICAN**—a gala first night—there was a new seating arrangement. The front row of the first circle was given over entirely to women, who, with their bare shoulders and glittering jewels, their effusive ohs and ahs as they greeted one another, added not a little to the pervading glamour. Behind them—thinking what thoughts, we wonder—sat their escorts. As someone said of the VIP's present that evening, "It was difficult to find a face that belonged to no one in particular."

•

In the Journal About Town for April we noted a reference to Tom Merton, author of* THE SEVEN STOREY MOUNTAIN *and a Trappist monk, but formerly a guide at Radio City along with Gregory Peck. It seems to be a trend. The religious, we mean. Colleen Townsend left a lucrative film career for religious work. (Her special Easter broadcast, we understand, was arranged by the Salvation Army.) Gareth Hughes, former movie star, is now Brother David, working with the Indians. Gail Storm and Eleanor Powell teach Sunday school. Dennis Morgan sings in the Hollywood Presbyterian Church, and Loretta Young spends her extra time doing charity work. . . . And speaking of vocations, other than religion, consider the babysitting of the beautiful dutiful grandmothers: Marlene Dietrich, Joan Bennett, Billie Burke, Dolores Costello and Gloria Swanson. Or Phil Regan, said to be the youngest-looking grandfather on record.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS



One of Hollywood's glamorous grandmas: Joan Bennett.

•

More murders are committed in July and August than at any other time. . . . When the barometric pressure is low, people have more fainting spells, suffer more from insomnia, try suicide oftener, and are more liable to industrial and traffic accidents. . . . Cancer is rare in the tropics, and high blood pressure almost un-

(Continued on Page 20)



"I've been on a whirlwind shopping spree with Tom and he says I'm a terrific shopper . . .



"He was so impressed that I always knew what brand names to ask for . . .



"And so intrigued when I asked whether a certain swimsuit was made with Lastex yarn . . .



"It's just like mother says, I told him: Swimsuits, socks, corsets, underwear and so many things fit better when made with

Lastex
Reg U. S. Pat. Off.
the miracle yarn that makes things fit
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Rockefeller Center • New York



Community

THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

BRIDES! Be sure to see Community. It's the world's most popular silverplate—beloved by more brides than any other because of its fine designs, creative craftsmanship, enduring "Overlay" of solid silver. There's nothing like Community*—no patterns so popular as the four at your jeweler's in distinguished Community. Good news, too: dinner services for eight places at a budget-low $53.75.



Red, white and true

Town & Country Shoes

in Moygashel linen

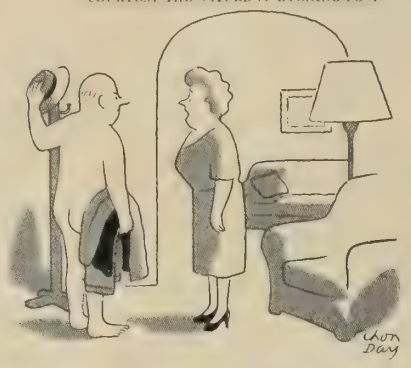
Here are the happy-to-walk-in famous Town & Country wedges that make you look so much prettier because you feel better in them. Start the Summer right with a pair. They're cool, durable, downright good-looking. All sizes 4 to 10, AAAA to B. Ask for them at your nearest store, or write we'll tell you where, Town & Country Shoes, St. Louis, Mo.

(Continued from Page 18)

known. Diabetes is a distinctly northern disease. . . . School children misbehave most persistently on muggy days preceding a storm. . . . And why are we Americans fast-talking, on-the-go and ebullient? Because our weather, constantly changing from warm to cold and cold to warm, buoys us up and releases great amounts of energy.

All this and a thousand more fascinating deductions, scientifically backed up, are to be found in WATCH OUT FOR THE WEATHER, by *Jacqueline Burke* and *Vivian Wilson*. We recommend it not only as conversation fod-

COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Was it hot at the office today, dear?"

der, but for better understanding: now you'll know why you feel that way some days, and why the other feller is so grouchy.

•

Another practical book which we wouldn't be without is **HOW TO GET IT FROM THE GOVERNMENT**, by ***Stacy V. Jones***. We probably will never want to buy a lighthouse, or an island, or a church, but should we be so eccentric, this little paper-bound book tells us how to go about it. We might easily, however, want to look up a family record, or learn about old-age benefits, or take a vacation in a national park, or trace a missing person, or get a Fulbright Grant.

The whole government, what it does, and how, is here in 100 pages.

•

And now for some news of current books:

With war a dread possibility, and with the destruction of our own cities not entirely an impossibility, **THE SLAVE SHIP**, by ***Bruno Werner***, a German novel which follows a group of ordinary family folks through the years of the last war, is a book of considerable importance. They didn't believe there would be a war, those Germans, particularly the unpolitical-minded ones. They thought Hitler was a lot of hot air. And even when calamity fell, it crept over and enveloped them like a dank mist—a job gone, friends lost, self-respect seeping away as they gave lip service to the Nazis, destruction, ruin. This is not a story of noble men, but of the common run, who first made little compromises, and only too late discovered the enormity of their national criminality. Don't be misled by the rather sleazy opening chapter. The story picks up quickly, and its many threads weave a pattern of indestructible reality.

If you find the Pacific War veteran in your family looking into space, put **RETURN TO PARADISE**, by ***James A. Michener***, into his hands. This *is* the South Pacific that he knew, and for him

(Continued on Page 24)



April Shower

Finest imported talcum powde

39¢ plus tax



by CHERAMY perfumer

Keep your chignon tight and right!



WEAR VENIDA'S SPECIAL

chignon net

Designed especially to fit your new chignon, keep it sleek and smooth. Your own hair matched so perfectly in tone and texture, only YOU know you're wearing a net. For every hair do, there's a specially created, hand made *Venida* net.

Colors 20c 12 for $2.25 — single or double mesh — Grey, white 25¢ 12 for $2.75

At drug and dept. stores



VENIDA *The Guaranteed* HAIR NET *rules the wave*



Very personally yours

Such happy assurance as you'd never known, on trying days—now comes true for you, with the new Kotex. Here's dream-cloud comfort. Softness that holds its shape, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. And yet . . .

Heavenly softness is only half the story. For those flat pressed ends free you from the treachery of telltale outlines. And a special safety center gives you extra protection. Certainly . . .

Freedom smiles your way, when you choose new Kotex. New confidence becomes *very personally yours.*



Super Kotex in the Brown Box—extra absorbency for more-than-average needs.

Junior Kotex in the Green Box—for women who prefer a slightly narrower napkin.

Regular Kotex in the Blue Box—perfectly suited to the needs of most women.

New Kotex Sanitary Belt made with soft-stretch elastic—non-curling, non-twisting. Washable. Dries fast.

More women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

...e finest silverplate...the loveliest patterns...



Holmes & Edwards is superior to all other silverplate. The most used spoons and forks are Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver where they rest on the table. Thus, should wear occur, there is sterling underneath.

only $8.06 for a six-piece place setting!

Choose new *May Queen*—the enchanting new design that sparkles with gaiety and charm . . . classic *Danish Princess*, with its cool, Nordic beauty . . . romantic *Spring Garden*, for its refreshing floral note . . . or delicate *Lovely Lady*, with hint of yesteryear.

Start your service now! Six-piece place setting only $8.06 each—includes knife, fork, salad fork, soup spoon and two teaspoons. For a small down payment, you may take home complete services. 8 place settings, plus 4 serving pieces and chest, only $69.95.

HOLMES & EDWARDS *Sterling Inlaid* Silverplate

All patterns made in U. S. A. COPYRIGHT 1951, THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., HOLMES & EDWARDS DIVISION, MERIDEN, CONN. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Better Home Towns

Red Cross Bloodmobile

By MARGARET HICKEY

Planning Pays Off

"THINGS have been happening so fast around this town for the past five years that it's hard to keep up," the man said. "Everywhere you look there's a new improvement. Just take the recreation program. We've got a swimming pool, sports for everyone eight to eighty, and the best recreation director in the state—and the people of the community did it themselves with practically no money."

"What I like," another man said, "is that if you show the people you're a hard worker, they'll help you. It took me only ten days to get a loan from the bank to build my house—and as soon as we moved in, a neighbor offered my wife some azalea bushes to make the lawn look nicer. This town is progressive—and it's friendly."

The Statesboro, Georgia, story begins in 1946 when Statesboro's young men began coming home from the war with a new conception of what a community should be like: alive, alert, meeting—and anticipating—its needs. Statesboro, already a market center for livestock, cotton and tobacco, had changed from a crossroads community into a small city with growing pains. Two new highways now crossed the city limits. More than 1,000,000 tourists passed through the town every year, and the population had jumped from 5000 to 6000. Was Statesboro taking full advantage of its opportunities? These men agreed that it was not. Most of its roads were unpaved; restaurant and hotel facilities were inadequate; a small rash of juvenile delinquency had started people talking about the very great need for a recreation program. "Everywhere we looked we could see problems that needed doing," one man said. "And what's more important, we decided to do something about it."

Statesboro today is a changed town—a tribute to the men and women of the community who volunteered their time, thoughts and money to make it such a fine place to live that in 1950 Statesboro was awarded third prize in the Georgia Power Company's Champion Home Town contest. Take the downtown section. Store fronts have been remodeled. Ten new, modern motels and tourist homes have been built—and the town now boasts at least four clean, attractive restaurants. In four years, five miles of city streets have been paved—as much as had been done altogether before then—and three miles of new sanitary sewer lines were laid, one third of these in the Negro section. *(Continued on Page 194)*

IT had been raining steadily since midnight. The streets of Litchfield, Illinois, a comfortable community of 8500, were bordered by wide pools of water. Cars splashed through deep holes left in the cement by recent freezes. A high wind drove umbrellas out of the firmest grasp. A person had to have very good reason to venture out in Litchfield that dismal February morning.

Litchfield is one of the communities in a 168-mile area of Missouri and Illinois which helps the Red Cross Blood Center in St. Louis supply 8500 pints of blood each month for military and civilian hospitals.

Mrs. A. V. Hoog, chairman of the local Red Cross blood program, sat in the drafty hall of the First Methodist Church rustling pages filled with names of Litchfield citizens. "I hope this weather won't keep our people at home," she fussed. Mrs. Hoog had spent weeks building up the list of names in her hand. "We even canvassed the polls on voting day," she recalled. Boy Scouts had helped the church custodian make the building scrupulously clean. Some of the town's high-school boys had been excused from school to help arrange equipment.

Now the Red Cross bloodmobile from St. Louis was pulling up before the door, and everything at the church was ready for the expected donors. Mrs. Arthur Heath, volunteer, stood waiting to take coats and give directions. Other volunteers sat at typewriters in the study, ready to fill out information cards. Beds lined the walls of the Sunday-school room, Red Cross materials were in place. A pleasant smell of coffee came from the kitchen, where members of the local Woman's Club were preparing luncheon snacks.

Mrs. Hoog and her Red Cross volunteers had not long to wait. A few minutes before noon, the big front door opened and the first five donors entered. Soon ten more came in, shaking off rain-soaked wraps, greeting other donors and volunteers by first names. In a few more minutes the first twenty-five donors were seated in the church pews, their histories taken, temperatures read, left arms bared for the nurses.

There was little Verna Roach, a worker at the local shoe factory, on her lunch hour ("We call her 'half pint' because she *(Continued on Page 183)*

PAUL BERG



This American Red Cross bloodmobile stops in Litchfield, Illinois, where citizens wait inside the First Methodist Episcopal Church to give their blood. The bloodmobile visits communities in an area of 168 miles around St. Louis, Missouri.

Swift'ning* gives you digestibility...plus!

DIGESTIBILITY plus FLAKIER PIES!

Actually, no other all-purpose shortening makes such flaky pies and tender biscuits as wonderful Swift'ning.

DIGESTIBILITY plus BETTER FRIED FOODS!

Pure, tasteless Swift'ning does not develop "off" flavors or odors in frying as some shortenings do.

DIGESTIBILITY plus MORE NUTRITION!

Swift'ning contains a combination of nutritional values not supplied by other all-purpose shortenings.

DIGESTIBILITY plus FINER CAKES

Swift'ning has a special quick-mix ingredient—makes cakes high, light and handsome. They're richer, too.



Martha Logan's "Quick-Mix"

HOLLYHOCK CAKE

Have all ingredients at room temperature. Preheat oven to 375°F. Line bottoms of three 8" layer pans with waxed paper.

½ c. Swift'ning
2½ c. sifted cake flour
1 tsp. salt
1½ c. sugar
4 tsp. double acting baking powder (5¼ if tartrate type)
1 c. milk
1 tsp. vanilla
4 egg whites

Step 1. Put Swift'ning in bowl. Sift in flour, salt, sugar and baking powder. Add ⅔ c. of the milk, and vanilla. Beat 2 min. on medium speed of electric mixer, or by hand using 150 strokes per min. Throughout mixing keep batter scraped from sides and bottom of bowl with rubber scraper. Scrape bowl and beaters.

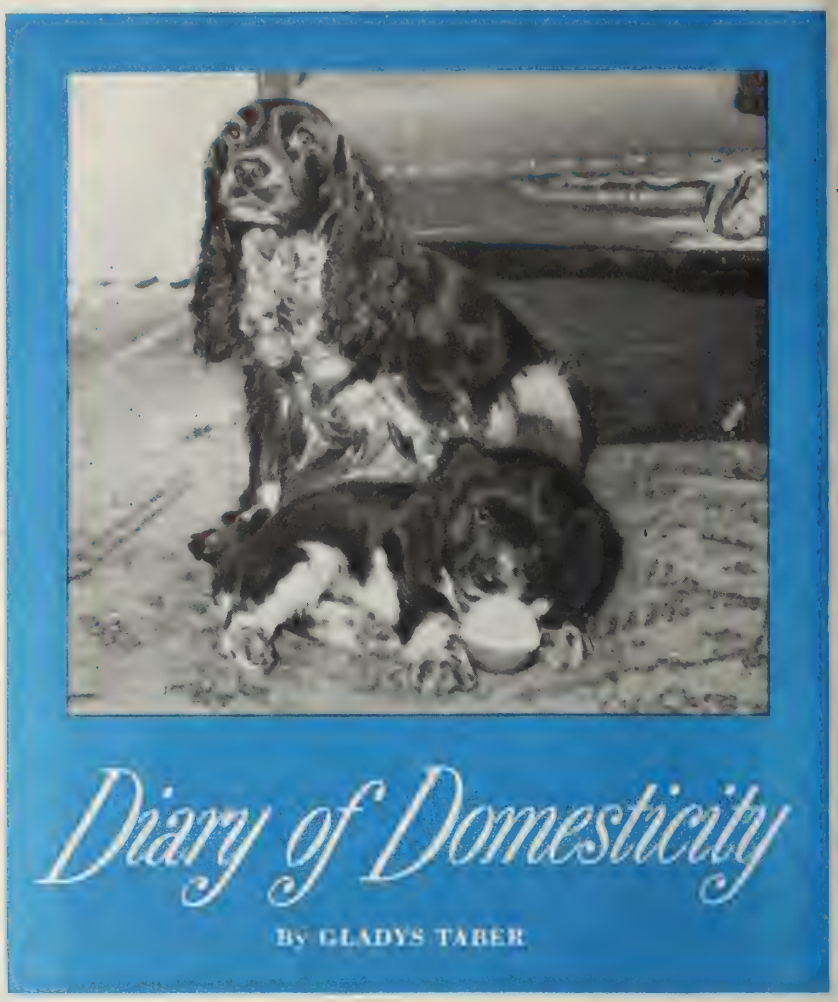
Step 2. Add unbeaten egg whites and remaining ¼ c. milk. Beat for 2 min. Scrape bowl and beaters. Pour equal amounts of batter into pans. Bake about 28 min., or till done. Cool.

Icing: Make 7-min. icing using 1½ c. sugar; tint pale pink. Take out about ¼ c. icing, deepen its color to match hollyhocks. Spread light-colored icing between layers and on top and sides of cake. Spread deeper color icing on waxed paper. Run the blunt edge of a long knife through it. Remove excess, if necessary. Then press knife lightly into icing on cake. Lift knife carefully. Proceed until top and sides are striped with darker icing, as shown. Just before serving garland with hollyhocks.



Good cooks are switching to Swift'ning

*Swift'ning is the trade-mark for Swift & Company's shortening.



Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

In June, cockers are full of projects—bugs, butterflies and plump rubber balls.

I GO out to the Quiet Garden to shell peas. The June sky has a clear tranquil color, and the sun falls with special beauty on the roses that climb all over the picket fence. The air smells of roses and new-cut grass, and the delicate sweetness of the polished young peas.

Vegetables are beautiful in their infinite variety; peas are especially so, with the round globes fitted in the slender translucent pods. The vines are lovely, too, with the pale purple flowers and light tendrils.

And for supper, what is better than a bowl of fresh young peas drenched with butter and seasoned with a mint leaf? We make a whole supper of them with chunks of crusty French bread and a dollop of black raspberry jam and a pot of boiling-hot black coffee.

We eat most of our meals in the garden in June, not to lose a minute of the precious weather. In the evening, we think of extra things to do around the yard, postponing the end of the day. Maeve and Daphne race endlessly around and around the pond, jumping the frogs. Then both Irishers dash up and shake all over us, and nothing is wetter than a wet setter.

The cockers are full of projects. Tiki has his first experience with June bugs and butterflies and moths. He bounces in the air like a plump ball. Sister and Linda dig holes all over the yard—we have long since given up any hope of a smooth turf. Jonquil still carries the old rubber rabbit wherever she goes. The older cockers, more sedate, amble around the terrace sniffing thoughtful sniffs.

Aladdin, the Abyssinian, is after field mice, and Esmé sits on the gate in a Siamese dream. She rarely bothers about mice; I think she believes it is a little common to chase them. But just let Jill bring a chicken up from the freezer and Esmé becomes a tiger roaring on the trail. Her voice, when she is deeply moved, is like the jungle itself. Aladdin only makes a small sound when he wants something.

A dripping faucet is his chief joy, and we now have given up trying to get the one in the back kitchen fixed. That faucet has a particular personality and nothing ever stopped the dripping, so it is nice that good has come of it finally. In July and August, when the well gets low, we keep a pan under it and simply use the water that drips in.

One of the main June chores is fixing up the lawn furniture. We always mean to do it in the fall, and never get around to it. Making new seats and backs for the chairs is not difficult, but painting rungs is not my idea of fun. I always feel the chairs are sprouting new rungs as fast as I paint the old. The cypress set in the Quiet Garden should be sprayed with tung oil, according to the directions, but we just do not have tung oil in our part of Connecticut. We use linseed and hope for the best.

When we roll the chaise out, it is a battle to see which dogs will jump on it first. Daphne loves to drag off its rubber overcoat and play tag with it. We gave up the hammock under the old apple trees because puppies were always swinging on the fringe until the whole thing gave way.

In June, too, we settle the barbecue for the summer round, and when the children come home for a week end, the grill never cools down. Someone is always just in the mood for a cheeseburger.

I love shish kebabs, in spite of the fact that I can never fix the skewer so everything stays on until it is done. Either the onion skids off or the bacon catches fire before the lamb squares are done or something. But I love them just the same.

One gadget I love at the barbecue is a garlic crusher, which was a Christmas present. You tuck the garlic bud in and squeeze and pure garlic juice comes out to dribble on the hamburger and make it elegant. It gives a more diffused and delicate garlic flavor than tucking slivers of the bud in here and there as I used to do.

Garlic improves so many things, I feel sorry for people who do not care for it. We grow it in our garden, but never seem to have enough. Another favorite of mine is chili powder, and I keep a pint jar of the

(Continued on Page 99)

FUN...FAMILY STYLE

"fresh up" with Seven-Up!



BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE

ADVERTISED IN AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION PUBLICATIONS

Sunshine, smiles, and 7-Up . . . that's the perfect formula for family fun at the beach. Yes, they've got plenty in common. Seven-Up is the sparkling *all-family* drink . . . so bright and cheerful . . . so pure and wholesome for all the family. Seven-Up has a lively taste that appeals to all ages, including the tiniest tots. And when it comes to quenching thirsts, there's just nothing like chilled 7-Up. Be a "fresh up" family. Enjoy good times together. And enjoy wholesome 7-Up together, too . . . it's the *all-family* drink. Order a case wherever you see those bright 7-Up signs.

Copyright 1951 by The Seven-Up Company



You like it ...



it likes you!



FAMILY GAME BOOKLET. Family fun suggestions for youngsters and grownups! Send 20c in coin to FAMILY FUN, 1523 S. 10th Street, St. Louis (4), Missouri, or your local Seven-Up Bottling Company.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____



Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

Brides will find that marriage requires many of the attitudes that would be needed to succeed in any new job. Love makes marriage more rewarding.

"Should I Have Married Him?"

"I AM twenty-seven, my husband is twenty-eight. He has an excellent accounting job with great possibilities. I taught school four years before marriage and had some good jobs too. Our courtship was short, but during our six-month engagement we saw a great deal of each other. Even then, I had some doubts because he was pretty serious and I am the lighthearted type.

"At first I missed my job terribly, but am gradually learning to enjoy household chores and my cooking is improving. Still, after five months, I am disappointed, and we are both disillusioned. We have had only three real quarrels, but he is so close-mouthed it's hard to get near him. He gets angry if I disregard his wishes in little things, such as driving my car in bad weather. I feel he isn't very understanding, and he says I have no faith in him or his judgment.

"Then I start thinking I shouldn't have married him. Maybe what I need is a good bawling out. I want this marriage to work, and I think we ought to try it a little longer, but what do I do about it?"

Too many newly married couples today imagine, as does this bride, that everything will run smoothly from the start. Minor differences and problems inevitably arise; the fact that they do is inadequate reason for doubt, or even discouragement.

When a woman becomes a wife, she undertakes an entirely new role. Since her principal occupation will be running the house, in a sense marriage is a change of jobs. Adapting to this change successfully requires many of the attitudes that would be needed in any new job. For example, in a new job:

She would be prepared to adapt herself to strange circumstances and to unfamiliar personalities.

She would anticipate a learning period, and would expect to make some mistakes while acquiring necessary new skills.

She would interpret these mistakes as guides to what *not* to do and as a challenge to better performance.

She would not get discouraged by minor difficulties, knowing that it might take six months or a year before she was sufficiently competent to handle her work without strain or fumbling.

She would be tolerant of misunderstandings until she and her new associates had opportunity to know each other well.

These attitudes are fundamental in making a good adjustment to any job. In marriage the pattern is much the same except that in marriage it is—or should be—made easier and infinitely more rewarding by love.

The bride who takes her marriage in the same spirit that she would any other highly responsible career is mentally set for its specific obligations. A secretary takes for granted her obligation to carry out her employer's wishes, to make allowances for his mistakes and weaknesses while doing her utmost to enhance his talents and abilities. She approaches her job with optimism, determination and willingness to learn. The bride who maintains similar attitudes will continue to deserve—and receive—her husband's love.

When He Wants a Divorce

IN nearly two thirds of marriages, at some time or other, either the husband or wife suggests a divorce. The suggestion may follow a quarrel and be soon forgotten. But in at least one fourth of marriages separation or divorce ultimately follows.

To avert or meet the threat of divorce, whether it has been mentioned or not, *every* wife should keep these questions constantly in mind:

- Is there any long-standing dissatisfaction in their marriage? Her husband's past behavior and attitudes may furnish a clue. Is there continuing friction about money, in-laws, religion, household management or personal relationships? Any extended tension can lessen, or even kill, affection, whether or not it results in open disagreement.
- Is there an immediate trouble spot? A decision that left either spouse dissatisfied or angry, or some unsettled issue, can create unrest. Any dissatisfaction, if ignored, will infect and corrode the entire relationship. If circumstances prevent correction or improvement, then some form of compensation must be found. In short, all other aspects of the marriage must be made especially satisfying and pleasant to offset the negative factor.

But sometimes the issue of divorce seemingly develops in a matter of weeks, or even days.

"*A month ago, without warning, my husband said he didn't love me and wanted a divorce. We have had no quarrels in our six years of marriage and I thought we were very happy. He says we are incompatible and that nothing can change his mind. Although he has not left home, he has moved into a separate room. I am bewildered, but feel that I can never give him up.*"

The suddenness of this husband's request, with neither a recent crisis nor a long-standing disagreement to explain it, suggests that another woman is involved. But whether or not this is true, the wife's problem is the same—to win back her husband. And while no two situations of this kind are ever exactly alike, certain general principles apply to all:

- Do not try to verify the involvement of another woman, or to identify her. If your husband is innocent, your accusations will only lead to an open break. If he is involved, you put him on the defensive and convince him that divorce is the only answer.
- Don't separate from him, threaten him, nor, at the other extreme, force your attentions upon him. Trying to make him do something, by whatever means, will only bring antagonism.
- Let your husband know, kindly and calmly, that you don't want a divorce and will not consider one until you both have made a sincere and determined effort to rebuild the marriage.
- Play for time. It is your greatest ally.
- Clear up any little grievances that exist. Cater to his wants and whims, improve your appearance, and try to stay cheerful.
- Consult a counselor if possible. Tell him the facts and talk the problem over. He may suggest other measures, including means of enlisting your husband's co-operation.

Two things you must not forget. One is that the causes for divorce are never completely one-sided. Though you may believe that he is solely to blame, somewhere along the way you failed. Unless you accept that fact, you will lack the spirit and willingness to try to maintain the marriage. Second, you can never hold a man through force or pressure. Only unselfish devotion will hold him—or win him back.

Can You Respect Each Other?

The direction of the home and the rearing of the family are joint responsibilities of husband and wife. Without mutual respect and trust, these responsibilities can never be fulfilled. Note that the questions concern your husband.

Does your husband

1. **Belong to two or more organizations?**
2. **Trust people generally, and you particularly?**
3. **Have good credit rating in the community?**
4. **Good-naturedly admit his mistakes?**
5. **Lend you a hand when things go wrong?**
6. **Notice and praise your efforts to please him?**
7. **Enjoy himself when out with you?**

Is he

8. **Free from "show-off" behavior?**
9. **Honest, dependable and loyal?**
10. **Glad to talk over problems with you?**
11. **Reasonable about money matters?**
12. **Looking forward to home ownership?**
13. **Punctual about his job and home duties?**
14. **A partner and not a kibitzer?**

Your *yes* answers should total 11 or more. Now imagine how he would answer the questions if they applied to you. The score should be 10 or more if you two have a 50—50 partnership and strive for common goals. With lower scores, you two are not sharing properly, and working for the same things.

Do You Agree?

My husband isn't ambitious. With two years of college and five years' experience, his salary of $4200 is way below what he should be earning.

I don't agree. The average family's income today is $3100. Your husband has done well. With some recognition from you, he might do even better.



Tropic tan —woodbury's

sun-enchanted
powder color

Luscious color! Luscious effect! When your skin turns the deep, rich gold of a South Seas siren! It's all yours in "Tropic Tan"—a powder shade that captures the voluptuously warm color of the sun-steeped tropics!

It's Woodbury, of course—the powder with the foundation-cream ingredient that gives your skin such sultry softness . . . such fabulous smoothness. Plus—the crushed-flower fragrance that clings like the spell of the tropics. Try Woodbury for yourself. See the marvelous difference on your own skin!



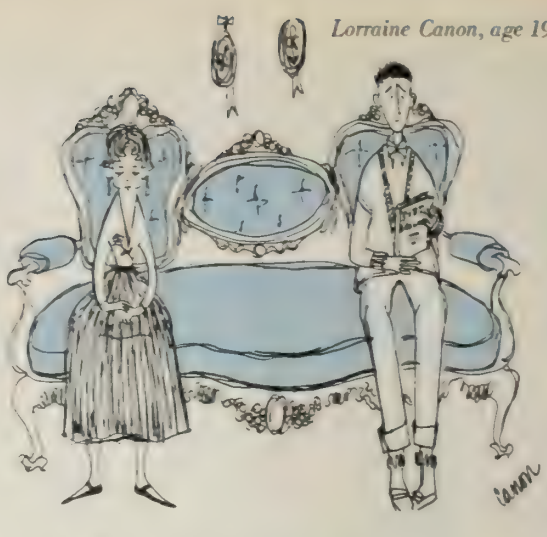
ADD WARM EXCITEMENT with Woodbury's "Red Poppy" lipstick . . . a ripe, bright red with a throb of gold! Wonderful with "Tropic Tan" Powder . . . perfect for a tropical temptress! 49c, 25c and 10c, plus tax.

NEW!
Big **50¢** box... other sizes 15¢, 30¢ and $1.00

the sub-deb

edited by JAN WEYL

Are you Ready for a date?



Lorraine Canon, age 19

"the best time I ever had on a date..."



Ralph Flanagan

"... was on the day that the New York World's Fair closed for good. I was a small-town boy playing the piano in Sammy Kaye's orchestra, and it was my first date with a beautiful model from Brooklyn. We visited every exhibit, every monument and curiosity in the fairgrounds and I have one complete photo album to show for that memorable day. In fact, I have more than that to show. I *married* the girl."



ACME

Mala Powers

"... happened over a year ago at the summer home of my cousin near San Francisco. I had a date to go horseback riding, and my date suggested we start out at six A.M. The weather was murky and suddenly it started to rain, but we rode on, and by the time we got back home we were so thoroughly drenched that we decided to go in swimming! We spent the afternoon in front of the fireplace playing canasta. I don't know how to explain why a silly thing like this can be so much fun. It isn't the date, the weather or the place. It's sharing a few hours of mutual understanding, having a good time with someone you really like."



ACME

William Holden

"... was fun because my date and I did all the things we both like to do. We started out with our favorite food, danced at a night club until closing time, and finished off with hamburgers at an all-night restaurant. This was a pretty acid test of how our personalities blended. After all, we spent nine and a half hours together on our first date!"



WIDE WORLD

Jack Benny

"How can I ever forget that memorable evening? I was sixteen at the time, just twenty-three short years ago. My date and I walked around town for a while discussing one interesting topic after another: what I was going to do when I grew up, where I would live, how long it would take me to earn my first hundred dollars. I was so swept off my feet that I took her to the corner drugstore where we downed cherry phosphates without a care in the world—or a twinge in my wallet. It was simple, inexpensive and pleasant."

"This is your first date"

Don is the blond boy you've been gazing at over the top of your history book for almost six weeks now. At first you thought he'd *never* notice you. Then one day he carried your books, another time you and he had a long talk about the history teacher and her terrible quizzes—and four days ago he said, "How about doing something on Friday night?" Once you were afraid he would never ask you out. Now you're afraid because he has. But you don't *need* to be. Dating is fun—and here's how to *make* it that way!

"...comes to pick you up"

He's on time and so are you. Boys are as shy as girls—sometimes *shier* than girls—and he'll notice and appreciate the fact that you're on hand to open the door and introduce him to your parents. Here's an easy rule to remember for those introductions: a younger person is always presented to an older person. Say "Mother, I'd like you to meet Don Crawford." And when you get around to introducing your sister or best girl friend, mention her name before his: "Nancy, this is my date, Don Crawford."

Since this is your first date with Don, invite him into the living room to give your parents a chance to find out he's as nice as *you* think he is. Throw your dad a line—"Don is high scorer on the track team," or "Nobody can tinker with a car any better than Don here"—to get the conversation under way, and let the men take over. But remember, *you're* responsible for getting Don away from your parents, too, and you can do this easily after five or ten minutes by saying, "Hey, Don, don't you think we'd better get going? They'll never start that movie over again just for us!" Say good night to your mother and dad—and you're off for fun!

"Make what you like to do"

While you're dressing, take a look through the evening newspaper to see if anything special is going on in town. A street carnival or aquacade might be a new experience for both of you. And decide what interests you have in common. If you know he likes baseball and the high-school team is playing its big game tonight, impress him by suggesting that. (If you know enough about the game so he doesn't have to spend all evening explaining it to you, that is!) Or if you both love dancing, come out strong for the Friday-night teen-center dance. But never offer a suggestion until you're asked. That's a *boy's* prerogative!

"If suggests something you've been forbidden to do"

Be honest—but *lightly* so—and try not to give him any idea that you're shocked at his suggestion. "Salty's? I just have to mention the place and my dad starts playing the stern parent all over the place. I'd rather not go there, but how about Mac's? You can always have a good time there." Chances are he has some places he's been told not to visit by *his* dad. He'll understand—especially if you give him an idea of where you *would* like to go.

"...asks what time you have to be home"

Should you tell him your dad gave you a definite order—"no later than eleven"—or should you pretend that hours mean nothing in your young life, and just *hope* he'll get you back home on time? Be sure to tell him—and at the beginning of the evening, too, because it may make a difference in where he decides to take you—that "I promised my parents I'd be home at eleven." Deadlines are nothing to be ashamed of. Most girls have them—and so, for that matter, do most boys. They show that a girl's parents *care* about where she goes and what she's doing!

"He's the silent type"

Fair or not, most boys feel that "it's up to the girl to get the conversation going!" So take time out *before* your date comes to think of a few things to talk about. What you say *could* depend on what he finds when he comes to your house. Your little sister is in the living room. Ask if he has any little sisters. If so, you can share complaints. If not, tell him how "lucky" he is!

Or ask about his vacation plans. Is he going to work or go away with his family? Tell him how excited you are about your summer job.

If this doesn't work, you can still direct the conversation by talking about *him:* "That's a neat tweed jacket you're wearing. Remember last year when all the boys were plaid-happy?" And if *that* doesn't work, there's *always* the weather. Kid him lightly: "What a nice warm night! Did you have much trouble arranging it?"

Judge your man. If he's the serious type who wants to tell you how he really feels about "life," that's your cue to listen quietly to what he has to say. Let *him* do the talking, and if there's a chance, tell him how you really feel about things too. On the other hand, if he's more interested in casual conversation and lots of laughs, relax and enjoy his sense of humor. The best way to get a *second* date is to please your *first* date.

WHO WOULDN'T . . . part with a nickel to insure slimmer hips, a small waist and nice, thin legs? If you have a figure problem, you'll find exercises to whittle your weight in the Sub-Deb booklet, FACTS ABOUT FIGURES. Send your request for No. 2277 with 5¢ to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

RIGERATOR FROM PHILCO!

uxury of a Refrigerator



At far less cost than ever before!





PHILCO
Advanced Design
has a woman in mind!

Philco Duplex . . . your choice of 8, 10, or 12 cu. ft. sizes.
Also Single Door Philco Refrigerators in 7, 9, 11, and 13 cu. ft. sizes.



Tables starlit with *Sprite* add a refreshing touch to the mellow gaiety of the young in heart. On hand-blown crystal, *Sprite* is a cheerful, lilting pattern cut with a delicate touch of simplicity, one of the many Fostoria selections designed and made by American craftsmen. For variety of stemware or accessory pieces, you'll find *Sprite* a wonderful selection for special gifts. Available in open stock at better stores . . . because Fostoria has a handmade quality that everyone likes.

FOSTORIA

FOSTORIA GLASS COMPANY . . . MOUNDSVILLE • WEST VIRGINIA

MUNKACSI



Tell me Doctor —PART 17

"But, Doctor, I know from the way I feel that I must be going to have twins. How can you be sure I won't?"

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

"ISN'T this awful, Doctor?" gasped Mrs. Doe as she settled heavily into her seat. "I look as though I were carrying a bass drum. I just know I'm going to be like that Canadian woman."

"You mean have quintuplets? Well, I should say your chances of that good fortune were small—one in about forty million, to be exact."

"Did you say 'good fortune'?"

"It brought good fortune to that particular family, did it not?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so. Anyhow, I know there must be at least four of them inside me."

"Your chances are still small—only one in about three quarters of a million."

"Well, how about three, then? You must admit I'm large enough for that."

The doctor shook his head. "I don't think we can even allow that, although you would have one chance in seven thousand."

"Well, I'll compromise on twins."

"That's a little more like it—you're getting down to one in ninety, now."

"Twins it is, then. I'll have to see about getting a double baby carriage."

Again the doctor shook his head. "No, Mrs. Doe. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but unless you have grown another since I saw you last week, I can't even give you credit for two."

"Are you positive?"

"Practically so. I thought I could map out your baby with reasonable accuracy, and I noted but one head and, I might add, but one heartbeat."

"But I am so large, Doctor. If it's only one, it must be a giant!"

"You really aren't larger than the average," the doctor told her. "You only feel so. I'm not even going to ask you to take my word for it. We will have it checked by an X-ray picture."

"You don't have to do that, Doctor. I'll believe what you tell me, of course."

"I think we'll take the picture, just the same. I would do it as a matter of routine before you came up for delivery, anyhow."

"Are all patients X-rayed before delivery?"

"It hasn't become a universal practice, but I think it is a good one. The expense of a single flat plate isn't great, and every now and then it shows up something very helpful to the obstetrician. In your case I'm quite positive you have only a single pregnancy, and that of average size, which would be seven and a half pounds for a boy and perhaps a half pound less for a girl—at least that's what it should be at full term. I'm sure there's only one because in the first place your abdomen doesn't evidence the proper shape for twins—unless, of course, one was much smaller than the other."

"But I thought twins meant they were both alike."

"They often are reasonably so, but not always. Sometimes they are quite different. I see you look surprised. I guess I'll have to tell you something about twins.

"In the first place, there are two separate kinds. So-called *identical* twins are developed from a single ovum. They are always of the same sex, and have a fused single placenta. They also have similar characteristics to an extremely marked degree. You would be correct in saying that they were exactly alike—identical, in other words. The other type, known as *fraternal* twins, develop from two separate ova which have been put out from one or both ovaries at approximately the same time and presumably fertilized simultaneously. Each has a separate placenta and their sexes may be the same, or different. Instead of possessing similar characteristics, they may be completely different. They occur about five times more frequently than the identical kind."

"That is interesting. Tell me, Doctor, are twins hereditary?"

"They appear to run in families. That has been observed not only when the mother or father was a twin, but when other more distant relatives were twins."

"Did I understand you to say that twins developed from two eggs always resulted from the same fertilization?"

"You are getting a trifle complicated there, I am afraid. I will say that it is believed possible to impregnate separate ova by spermatazoa at two different sexual acts a short time apart. It would be a difficult matter to prove.

"Most authorities agree that two ova expelled at the same ovulation may be fertilized separately provided that the processes occur within a short time of each other. This is called *superfecundation*. The possibility of fertilization of two ova expelled at different ovulations is a disputed question. It has been cited as the reason to account for one twin's being much larger than the other, as sometimes occurs. The chances are that such a discrepancy is due to other

(Continued on Page 118)

Copyright 1951, by Henry B. Safford, M.D. This is the seventeenth of a series of articles taken from the book recently published by Rinehart House, Publishers, Inc., New York, N. Y.

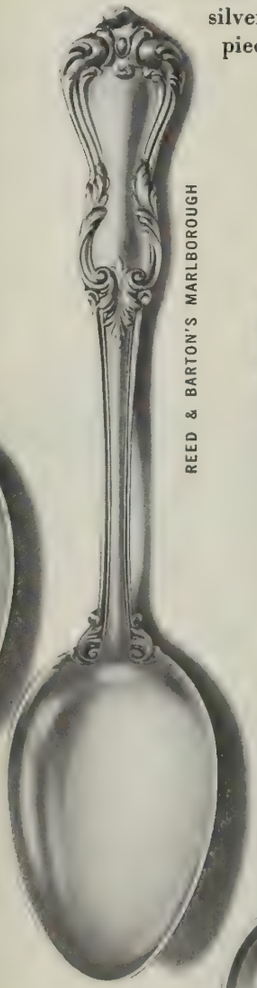


Your first choice for summer

Your coat dress . . . very 1951, in its captivating lines and color! Yet this is a summer's fashion . . . while the beauty of your Reed & Barton solid silver will be cherished through your lifetime. Indeed, any woman would be proud to own this lovely sterling . . . and it costs so little to start *your* silver service with a few pieces or place settings by Reed & Barton.



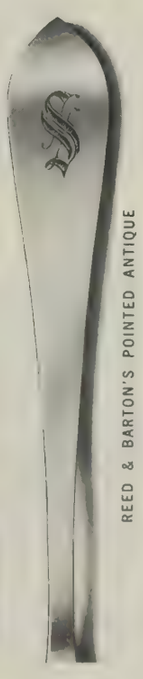
REED & BARTON'S FRANCIS FIRST



REED & BARTON'S MARLBOROUGH



REED & BARTON'S FRENCH RENAISSANCE



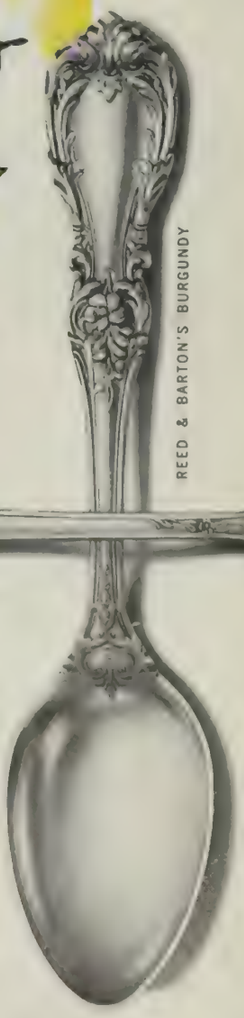
REED & BARTON'S POINTED ANTIQUE

REED & BARTON STERLING

FOREVER IN FASHION



REED & BARTON'S DANCING FLOWERS



REED & BARTON'S BURGUNDY

Reed & Barton place settings, $28.75 to $37.50, including tax — generally available on budget plans.

"How To Be A Successful Hostess": *For this 52-page booklet of helpful hints, send 10c to Reed & Barton, Box 990L, Taunton, Mass.*

An "Orange Blossom" Skin

Your complexion is smoother—clearer, too—with your First Cake of Camay!



MRS. JACK STANTON,
the former Marian Richards of California, is a recent—and lovely—Camay Bride

Doesn't Marian Stanton look like a story-book princess? Her hair is the color of spun gold—her eyes are azure. Yes, and Marian has a complexion soft and lovely as any heroine of fiction. Her *first cake* of Camay brought romantic new beauty to her skin!

Say "Camay" and Marian's eyes sparkle. "Camay smooths and freshens your complexion so quickly," she confides to friends. "Why, when I changed to regular care and mild, gentle Camay—my very *first cake* brought a clearer, softer, lovelier look to my skin!"

You'll grow lovelier, too—when you change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone. Camay's lather is gentle and rich and creamy—just the kind you need to wake the sleeping beauty of your skin. Never use a lesser soap than Camay—and a softer, clearer complexion will be your reward!

New beauty for all your skin!



For lovelier arms, lovelier legs, lovelier shoulders—enjoy a daily Camay Beauty Bath. Mild, rich-lathering Camay helps bring all your skin that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you from head to toes with Camay's flattering, flower-like fragrance.

Mild and Gentle Camay—there's nothing finer!

Camay's gentle, creamy lather is sheer delight to use—it's soft as satin to your skin. The larger cake—the thrifty "Beauty-Bath" size—is Camay at its best. Use it for more lather, more of everything you like about Camay!



Camay

The Soap of Beautiful Women





Eve

"I never felt guilty or evil before."



Jon

— filled with bewilderment and pity.

People will always try to cover themselves up with one hand, and point to somebody else with the other.

THE JOURNAL'S *COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL*

By JULIA TRUITT YENNI

BARCLAY HAMPTON handled the awkward sheets of galley proof expertly. Occasionally he shifted his position in the red leather chair, and when he had smoked a cigarette until the heat touched his fingers, he lit another. But his attention did not waver from the galleys in his hand.

From the chair on the other side of the fireplace Joseph Stafford watched shrewdly. His interest in the book Hampton was reading was intense and even personal. But he forced his gaze to wander casually around the dim and mellow room, and only occasionally permitted it to fix itself on his companion.

And, he thought, a man could always make a study of Hampton. There was about him an air, impossible to define, of having stepped out of another age. Not Victorian—something equally lavish but less circumspect. Edwardian, maybe.

Stafford could not have said how this effect was achieved. Hampton's clothes were modern and beautifully cut. He wore horn-rimmed glasses with wide earpieces. Yet there was that about him—that aura, that whatever it was—of extravagance, of courtliness and precision, which set him apart from drab modernity. And how well it had profited him, Stafford thought cheerfully. There was nothing at all courtly about Hampton when a contract was being drawn up!

When Hampton turned over the last sheet, he took off his heavy glasses and laid them on top of the stack of galleys. "Well, well," he said slowly. "Where did you find her?"

"Unsolicited manuscript. It got to me and then Carson. Nobody's seen the woman. She hasn't been near the place. We didn't get much from letters. Twenty-seven years old, college some school in the Middle West I never heard of. Present address, Two River Junction, R.D. That's about all."

Hampton lit another cigarette and leaned back in his chair. His face held pleasure and anticipation which he did not try to hide. "Two River Junction, R.D.," he repeated slowly. "Faith Goodbind."

Hampton made a profession of nostalgia. Its exploitation was his private genius which no one living possessed in the same degree. No one could sense as unerringly as he that indefinable moment when a mode of dress, a manner of life, had dropped far enough into the past to have crossed the line from amusing dowdiness to poignant remembrance.

He wrote, and spoke over the radio. Occasionally he gave his attention to a book. When he did, it became at once more than a book. It became a crusade. It became a beloved creation to be brought tenderly, lovingly, before the attention of his readers and his radio audience and the

(Continued on Page 131)

Copyright, 1951, by Julia Yenni Hikes. This is a condensation of the novel soon to be published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.



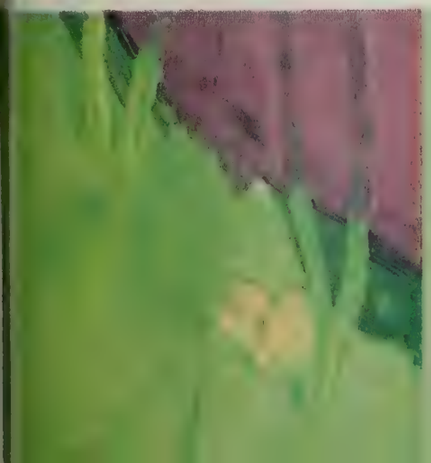
Rosa

"Folks actin' like fools."



May Anna

"Couldn't that woman be sued?"





Roxie

— always liked things pretty.



Pearl

"I never done nothing wrong — never."



Editors
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Independence Square
Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Dear Editors: Segregation in the South poses many unique problems in the Negro schools. The Negro teacher bears a responsibility to her students, unparalleled by that of any other, for though Negro children are typical of children everywhere, they develop under greater handicaps and with less outer aid.

It is with these problems that the story I am submitting for publication deals.

See How They Run does not seek to solve these problems, merely to paint an honest picture of possible situations.

Although I am a third-grade teacher in a Negro school, neither the characters nor the particular incidents have any basis in fact, within my ken. I wish to point out, though, that they are actual possibilities.

There are, it is true, as many incidents of callousness, indifference, incompetence and negligence in the Negro system as there are in any other. But for every unworthy Negro teacher there are hundreds who, consistently overworked and underpaid, have through the years conscientiously sought to fulfill their many obligations. With all their many disadvantages, they do a magnificent job.

Please accept my story. It is my first submitted to any magazine. I must confess that I don't know the first thing about preparing a manuscript, and this was compiled in sweat and tears by the hunt-and-peck system, but *do* read it anyway.

I'm twenty-six years old and only now beginning to satisfy a lifelong ambition to try to write. Isn't it wonderful how one can find time to do something when the urge becomes strong enough?

Need I say that I think the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is wonderful, when I'm entrusting you with my first precious brain-child?

I shall be living in the mailbox till I hear from you.

Yours hopefully and sincerely,
MARY ELIZABETH VROMAN.



SEE HOW THEY RUN

By MARY ELIZABETH VROMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY R. G. HARRIS

A BELL rang. Jane Richards squared the sheaf of records decisively in the large Manila folder, placed it in the right-hand corner of her desk, and stood up. The chatter of young voices subsided, and forty-three small faces looked solemnly and curiously at the slight young figure before them. The bell stopped ringing.

I wonder if they're as scared of me as I am of them. She smiled brightly.

"Good morning, children, I am Miss Richards." As if they don't know—the door of the third-grade room had a neat new sign pasted above it with her name in bold black capitals; and anyway, a new teacher's name is the first thing that children find out about on the first day of school. Nevertheless, she wrote it for their benefit in large white letters on the blackboard.

"I hope we will all be happy working and playing together this year." *Now why does that sound so trite?* "As I call the roll will you please stand, so that I may get to know you as soon as possible, and if you like to you may tell me something about yourselves, how old you are, where you live, what your parents do, and perhaps something about what you did during the summer."

Seated, she checked the names carefully. "Booker T. Adams."

Booker stood, gangling and stoop-shouldered; he began to recite tiredly, "My name is Booker T. Adams, I'se ten years old." *Shades of Uncle Tom!* "I live on Painter's Path." He paused, the look he gave her was tinged with something very akin to contempt. "I didn't do nothing in the summer," he said deliberately.

"Thank you, Booker." Her voice was even. "George Allen." *Must remember to correct that stoop. . . . Where is Painter's Path? . . . How to go about correcting those speech defects? . . . Go easy, Jane, don't antagonize them. . . . They're clean enough, but this is the first day. . . . How can one teacher do any kind of job with a load of forty-three? . . . Thank heaven the building is modern and well built even though it is overcrowded, not like some I've seen—no potbellied stove.*

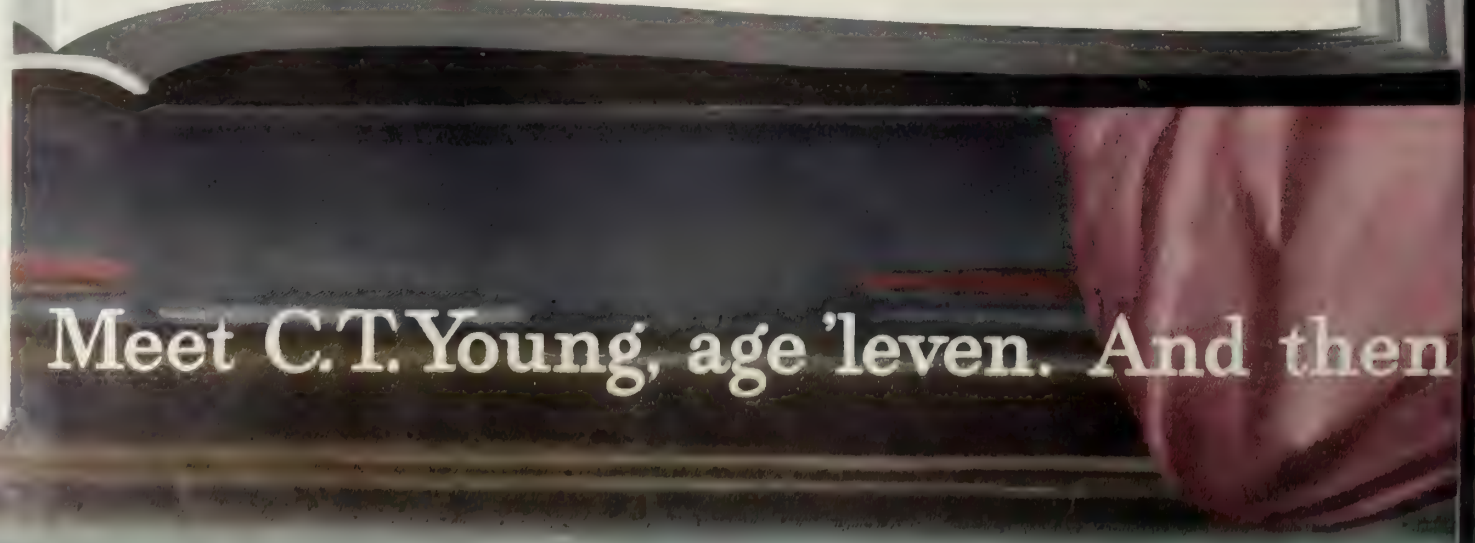
"Sarahlene Clover Babcock." *Where do these names come from? . . . Up from slavery. . . . How high is up?* Jane smothered a sudden desire to giggle. Outside she was calm and poised and smiling. Clearly she called the names, listening with interest, making a note here and there, making no corrections—not yet.

She experienced a moment of brief inward satisfaction: *I'm doing very well, this is what is expected of me* . . . Orientation to Teaching . . . Miss Murray's voice beat a distant tattoo in her memory. Miss Murray with the Junoesque figure and the moon face. . . . "The ideal teacher personality is one which, combining in itself all the most desirable qualities, expresses itself with quiet assurance in its endeavor to mold the personalities of the students in the most desirable patterns." . . . Dear dull Miss Murray.

She made mental estimates of the class. *What a cross section of my people they represent,* she thought. *Here and there signs of evident poverty, here and there children of obviously well-to-do parents.*

"My name is Rachel Veronica Smith. I am nine years old. I live at Six-oh-seven Fairview Avenue. My father is a Methodist minister. My mother is a housewife. I have two sisters and one brother. Last summer mother and daddy took us all to New York to visit my Aunt Jen. We saw lots of wonderful things. There are

(Continued on Page 100)




Jane's heart was singing.
Christ Child, look down in blessing
on one small child made
in Your image and born black!
forget him - - if you can

She was born knowing more strategy than

ILLUSTRATED BY

West Point could teach



By JOHN P. MARQUAND

MELVILLE GOODWIN USA

I knew nothing about what Melville A. Goodwin had done in Berlin until I read of his feat in my own script shortly before going on the air one evening in October, 1949. I'd thought of the General as quiet, dedicated and colorless, like most professional Army men. Now he was man of the hour, because he'd averted what could have been a war-making incident. Gilbert Frary was delighted that I'd known Mel in Paris—a "warm" touch pleases the sponsor. It was Gilbert who "discovered" me, Sidney Skelton, a newspaperman with a voice which, he said, radiated integrity. Now a commentator in the Lowell Thomas tradition, I had a large Connecticut estate where Helen, my wife, our daughter Camilla and I were prosperous and settled before I was sure I wanted to be. When I was asked to help with Mel's publicity, I invited the General and Mrs. Goodwin to my place in Connecticut. My one fear was that someone would mention Dottie Peale, head of the Peale publishing house, who was already asking about Mel. Dottie, vital, ambitious and charming, had married for money and power. Later, widowed and bored, she became the one question mark on Mel's record after I introduced them in Paris. They were a new experience for each other, for one week, but they probably never expected to meet again.

II WHEN Phil Bentley reached me on the telephone next morning and told me that he had been assigned the piece about the General, I thought he was a good one to do it. I had known Phil Bentley for a long while. He was an anomalous-looking person, thin, tall and dark, in his middle forties, wearing heavy tortoise-shell spectacles that indicated accurately his salary and editorial rank. He had a quick, concise narrative style and a flair for lighting on those personality trivia that weekly-magazine editors love in profiles.

"Well, I'm glad you know this bird, Sid," he said, "because I never heard of him. Frary wants me to bring out photographers, but I don't see any point in it today. Are you sure you've got room for me?"

Then he wanted to know if there was room for the research girl who would take the notes. Her name was Miss Myra Fineholt. I told him there was room for the research girl and everybody.

"Expect us at about four," Phil said. "It's going to be quite a cavalcade."

It was not as large a party as I had been afraid it would be. Gilbert Frary was coming, but he was not bringing his wife. There would be only the General and Mrs. Goodwin, Phil Bentley and the research girl, Gilbert and Colonel Flax and Helen and myself.

It was a long day at Savin Hill. I read the papers for an hour, and then went downstairs and worked on the script. In the afternoon Helen and I walked around the place.

"I wish you wouldn't wear that double-breasted suit when you go for a walk," Helen said. "Why don't you go upstairs and put on a pull-over, gray slacks and crepe-soled shoes?"

"I can't," I said, "the General's coming."

The General's impending visit had been on my mind all day, and I began talking to Helen about him again as we walked through the garden by the empty swimming pool. Farouche was walking with us, carrying his rubber ring, and I told Helen that Farouche was as good as in a double-breasted suit himself. Then Helen began to talk to Mr. Browning, the gardener, who was spreading salt hay over the flower beds. I could never talk sensibly to Mr. Browning and I very seldom tried, because I had never been able to tell one flower from another.

Farouche and I stood there like strangers from the city, which was exactly what we were. Then I saw Camilla and Miss Otts. Miss Otts must have given up her day off to take Camilla to that children's party.

Somehow Camilla's pleated party dress and her coat with its squirrel collar pulled everything together and proved that Helen had been right—Savin Hill was a nice place for Camilla.

"Daddy," Camilla said, "you look funny standing there."

"We'd better be starting now," Miss Otts said.

(Continued on Page 70)

Copyright, 1951, by John P. Marquand.

"Here, Mel," Muriel whispered to him, "take this." He had never held a bayonet before.

Profile of Youth

Berlin

What German boys and girls think of us today may, in our perilous world, vitally affect the future of our own boys and girls. . . . Our roving editors journeyed 4500 miles, spent three months interviewing German youth, to get this story accurately, at first hand.

By MAUREEN DALY

EXCEPT for the three years at the end of the war when she fled to the country to escape Allied bombing, Brigitte Zahn has always lived in Berlin. "Sometimes Berliners say, 'We are prisoners of the city we love,'" says Brigitte, a gangling, fresh-faced beauty of nineteen. "But I am a city girl. I like the excitement. A little country house is good for week ends, but I would be bored if I had to live away from Berlin."

Brigitte lives now with her parents and an older sister and brother in a sprawling six-room apartment in the British Sector of the city, not far from Tempelhof Airfield. The building, which houses

School lunch—350 calories.





At 19, Brigitte Zahn has known hunger, loneliness and fear. Her future is no more definite than the future of Germany. But like other Berliners, her will for a free life is dominant and strong.



Kreuzberg Higher School for Girls has 100 students between eighth and twelfth grades but only 13 (including Brigitte) have been able to stay for their final year's work.



"Before the war we used to stop for chocolate on the way home from school . . . but now there's no money and far too much work."



Girls who graduate with Brigitte in June are 18 to 21. Some still hope for college, though Berlin's Free University can accept no more registrations for next two years.

Profile





nn is a brave beast."

nineteen other families, was given to Mrs. Zahn by her father on her wedding day thirty-two years ago. It still has traces of elegance—stained-glass trim on the windows, fat cement balconies and curtained French doors—but the building, like the rest of the street and the people who live on it, has lost most of its prosperity since the war. On the corner stand the ravished and burned-out buildings of the former Nazi Air Ministry. Just two doors from the Zahn apartment, a lot stands empty, picked clean by city rubble workers of the bricks and debris left by a direct bomb hit during the war. Many of the buildings are pocked with bomb fragments; here and there you will see a splintered door crudely repaired with new wood, a broken window bricked in against the weather.

But to Brigitte all these war scars have long since become part of the street scenery and she *(Continued on Page 171)*

Excursions are still rare.





Brigitte has a 45-minute trip to school. An estimated 9000 students make a riskier journey—commuting from Russian-controlled East Sector daily to get a non-Communist education.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD WEBB

"Brigitte is gay again." After years of war and separation, home is a place loved, valued, seldom left. This year for first time Brigitte is permitted to invite boy friends to family parties.





"It is a mistake to expect too much of a country that is suffering too badly from the results of war. We are not ready." Helga is a secretary.



"We were all Nazis until the end," says ex-Hitler Youth, 21. "I'm still strongly nationalistic, but I want for Germany a free, democratic life."



"I rebel against primitive Russian propaganda," says student, 21, "but Americans expect too much of Germans in these poor conditions."



"Germany would like to remain neutral," says student, "but that is impossible. We are good soldiers. Let us mix leaders with Americans."



"We would have to be stro to resist the Russians. A sm army to protect West G many would do no goo Dieter, 17, fled from East Zo

Profile of Youth

Young Germany Speaks

YOUNG Germans today have a two-sided picture of Americans. As individuals, they see them as casual, wealthy, freedom-loving and without depth or culture, though "as generous as little children." But as a nation affecting the destiny of Germany and the world, the picture becomes more complicated and, in many instances, less attractive.

These young Germans are harshly critical of America on many points, but to the credit of our Occupation, they have learned that they can express their opinions without fear or threat of reprisal.

It is from our movies that young Germans get many of their ideas about Americans, and while admiring the technical excellence of the films, they are almost universally critical of productions for "superficiality and lack of depth."

"Most of your movies are just propaganda to sell your way of life to the world," said an apprentice lockmaker. "Every merchant praises his own goods, you know. But we know that life in your country can't be that good."

Throughout most of the hundreds of comments on movies ran the single complaint: "They don't tell us anything." But from a young German, this objection is as much misunderstanding as criticism, for this group grew up with the Nazi propaganda machine grinding in its ears and has been conditioned to look for a message, or "party line," in everything—and unconsciously searches for it, even in American movies.

Among American writers, preference was stated consistently for Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck, Pearl Buck and, overwhelmingly, Margaret Mitchell, for her classic Gone With the Wind. University and higher-school students are also familiar with John Dos Passos, James T. Farrell, Sinclair Lewis, Thomas Wolfe, Theodore Dreiser and Jack London. (Though English is taught in many schools, most young Germans must depend on books translated into their own language for their knowledge of American writers.) The readers frequently confessed that they "do not understand why so many American writers are critical of America if it is such a great place." One young student from Bad Nauheim had this explanation: "I believe your self-criticism stems from a lack of a secure cultural foundation. German writers, who have a solid base, are concerned with philosophy, poetry and beauty. But your writers go through the slums counting the garbage cans and call that 'art.'"

This tendency to think of America as culturally unformed is widespread among young Germans, particularly those who have not met or talked with Americans, have read little and base most of their opinions on hearsay or on an occasional American movie. Many of the large American magazines are popular in Germany but only one, Reader's Digest, is consistently translated into German; the others are popular only for their pictures and advertisements. For many, these ads of automobiles, furniture and electric refrigerators show "the kind of things every man in America has"; others view them more personally and with more skepticism. Said an unemployed youth from Nuremberg, one of the 26 per cent of the West Zone youth without work, "Those ads are just propaganda. You don't even have half those things." Then, with bitterness, "You're trying to sell other countries—but even if your cars are bigger, we have the better workmanship and the best engines."

Most comments on the uncultural aspects of America were made with an automatic balancing comment on the achievements in the German culture.

Opinions of America, even concerning its geography, are often characterized by outright misinformation, some of it a residue of the Goebbels propaganda machine, some simply a lack of fact at all. America, to most young Germans, is New York—a frenzied, unhappy place—which either "is only for people with a lot of money" or "used



to be a good place for opportunity, but it's filled up and taken over by immigrants." Certa industrial areas in Eastern United States sta out as important, and Florida and California ha become fixed as "warm, pleasant places to live But the small towns, the farm lands, the timb and mountains of America have not been so w publicized in Germany—either by Goebbels or American movies, magazines and writers. O young girl in Berlin asked seriously, "Is it so th in America you think of Ingrid Bergman as example of how to live, like the English do t Royal Family? Is that why you were so up when she had that baby?"

Since Germany itself could be fitted into t state of Texas, most young people are conscio of, and awed by, the size of the United Stat

even though most do not know just what the territory is like. "Your cars are so big because you all have to travel such long distances to get anywhere" is a common reaction.

And a math major from the University of Munich, commenting on the "traditional hatreds" in Europe, offered this thought: "One reason the people of America are content is that your land has such variety—every state can offer a different landscape and a different kind of work. I've heard new areas are still being settled in the West. In Europe, everything belongs to someone else." To many others, this "unity between forty-eight different states" is not so easy to understand. A Bremen office worker said doubtfully, "I just don't *believe* that someone from New York could go down to Texas and be accepted as the same by the people down there."

Thousands of young Germans, with homes destroyed and families permanently displaced by the war (100,000 in West Germany now live in orphanages, youth homes and refugee camps), have little chance to enjoy or know family life themselves. But the more than 60,000 civilian Americans, including their dependents, who are administering the Occupation of Germany have enabled young people here to draw some firsthand conclusions about American family life and American women and children.

Many insist they would like to become more friendly with American families, but maintain that the unco-operative attitude of the Americans themselves makes this impossible. "You don't want to know us," a boy in Garmisch said accusingly. "I know an American woman who told her children not to play with German children."

"Americans here in Germany don't act democratically, so what's the point in trying to sell us democracy?" complained a teen-ager, who then explained that she "never got a chance to meet American soldiers unless I let them pick me up on the street."

"American women who never had a maid in their lives now have two or three and they don't have to pay them either. They're charged to the Occupation" is a common complaint. (Every American High Commission employee in Germany gets free living quarters, free gas, light, heat and maintenance for a house or apartment, a free maid or share of maid service. In the American Zone, Army and High Commission personnel have about 17,000 maids and personal servants working for them. The average wage, about $500 a year, is charged to the German Occupation budget.)

"How can you expect us to be interested in Americans?" a Stuttgart girl asked. "We know they're here living off us, and living a lot better than they would at home!" (Most young people, while critical on specific economic issues of the American Occupation, admit that on the whole it has been generous to the point of benevolence. Few seem familiar, however, with the fact that the Occupation budget for the American, French and British Zones of Germany has been less than 22 per cent of the German government budget last year, while the Nazis, in four years' occupation of France, each year levied a burden which amounted to 100 per cent of the country's annual government budget, and then required an additional sum amounting to another 75 per cent.)

Many young Germans say they think that American women are "dominating and overbearing," "too interested in careers instead of the home" and "like only the superficial side of life."

"They use so much make-up you can't tell what they look like," a girl from Recklinghausen, in the coal-mining area in the Ruhr, said with bitterness. "German women are more honest, they have something to give a man, but American women don't."

"They think it is so important to be slim—but they have to keep on diets all the time to stay that way and they can't work hard." (In the East Zone, Communist propaganda often stresses to youth the difference between the "hard-working, strong youth of Germany" and the "pampered, weak Americans." Playing on the emotional effects of poverty and war-caused privation, American movies are shown to Free German Youth groups, the single Communist youth organization allowed in that area, to illustrate the "difference between us and the decadent West.")

But curiously, and almost universally, German youth gives these same women credit for raising their children with more intelligence and sensitivity, and a healthier sense of independence, than is displayed by German mothers.

"There's not so much discipline for discipline's sake in your homes," one factory worker commented. "Here the families of our workers keep the children very strictly until they are fourteen. After that, as soon as they get jobs, they're on their own."

A twenty-year-old nursemaid said, "I went into this profession because I don't want other children to be treated as I was. To Germans, discipline means spanking for everything. Many times I was black and blue. You don't hurt your children and you let them try out things for themselves without punishment. Germans don't grow up so fast, they don't have confidence because they are held back so often."

In estimating both the approval and the criticism about Americans and American Occupation personnel, the language barrier between the two peoples must be considered, and also the fact that 160,000 Americans in Germany, including the armed forces, aren't enough to provide every German with an

(Continued on Page 188)

They trust nobody, but would like to be trusted and understood themselves

"Many Germans remember good jobs under Hitler, see nothing wrong with dictatorship. Democracy will be hard to build here." Rolf is 18.

"The Russians are so close that if we join the West in rearmament, we at once become the enemy." Michael is last man his age in his town.

"You give us ideas but not ideals. We can't be sure we'd be fighting for *our* freedom or U. S. freedom." Thomas was war prisoner at 16.

"An American told me Truman has more power now than Hitler ever had," says student. "Of all occupiers, America is the least trouble."

"We would fear if Americans went from Europe. They shouldn't have trusted Russia. We never know if tomorrow comes." Helmi is 18.











WILLY PILZECKER, BAYER SCHER, LISELOTTE KAPUR, CLAUDE JACOBY, TODD WEBB, MÜLLER-SCHWANNEKE

HOME SWEET HOME



PRATT



NESTLED in verdure beside East Hampton's beautiful old village green, and watched over by one of Long Island's few remaining giant windmills, this house enjoys two claims to immortality: one as the boyhood home of John Howard Payne, whose celebrated song it must have certainly inspired, and the other as a living reminder of early colonial building methods so firm and true that after nearly three hundred years its only signs of age that really matter are the mellow beauties brought out by the gentle massage of time. The men who put up this house and others like it in the locality were English settlers with plenty of oak at hand for framing, pine for paneling and cedar for shingling, and they used this wealth of woods for their New World homes in a way that was both a tribute to their English training and the birth of a real American tradition in house design.

By RICHARD PRATT
Architectural Editor of the Journal

In the parlor of what is now known as the Payne homestead, or Home Sweet Home (though the house was well over a hundred years old when the Paynes occupied it), the paneling is by early ship carpenters, the furnishings are from all periods in the history of the house, and the portrait is of the poet Payne himself.



EZRA STOLLER



The kitchen here is now, as it always was, the most important room in the house, well equipped to play a many-purpose role, and clearly showing by the mammoth scale of the chimney alone what everlasting strength was built into these simple, unpretentious early dwellings.



The paneling becomes simpler upstairs, but note the depth and richness of the moldings which pattern one whole wall of this bedroom, giving the text for the solidity of an entire house that would appear to have been built with eternity in mind.

Our Own Youn

Take a

$100 Dan G. Hoffman and I decided to ho[l]
for two weeks on Cape Cod last sum[e]r
because, besides liking the salt-a[i]d-
sandy atmosphere, we like bicycling, [a]d
the freedom and extraordinary cheapness o[f] a
hosteling vacation. Later, when we are plush [a]d
plump, will be time enough for sunning on [t]e
Riviera.

First of all, about hosteling in general: it mea[ns]
primarily, traveling under your own steam—as [i]n
our case, bicycling (in some parts of the country [i]s
a matter of record, it is possible to hostel on fo[ot]
and by canoe and horseback too). A members[hip]
card in the American Youth Hostel Association gi[ves]
you the right to stay at the various organized ho[s]tel
stops, where the rate is an inflexible and inexpen[sive]
50c a night. (Hostels are usually barns or old fa[rm]-
houses, usually run by teachers or by other ad[ults]
interested in young people and the out-of-doors.) [An]
AYH membership card, if you are over 21, is $3.0[0]—
under 21, $2.00. The easiest way to join is by wri[ting]
to the AYH council nearest you; there are coun[cils]
in most large metropolitan centers throughout [the]
country. There are about 175 hostel stops, all told [in]
the United States, and we've found that if you sh[ow]
a hosteler's card in many tourist camps, motels, [and]
such, they will give you reduced rates for the nigh[t]—
sometimes as cheap as 75c. The opportunities [for]
hosteling are excellent in New England, and do[wn]
the Eastern Coast through Maryland and Virgi[nia].
Also excellent in the Great Lakes region, Michig[an],
Illinois and Wisconsin, and in the San Franci[sco]
area of California. Opportunities for hosteling [are]
growing as a result of local enthusiasm in such sta[tes]
as Missouri, Florida, Oregon, Washington and [the]
Ozark Mountain region—so if there is no hostelin[g in]
your area, and enough people are interested, you [can]
write to the AYH and get it started with their f[ull]
co-operation, which includes helping to organ[ize]
enough overnight hostel stops to make biking [or]
walking tours feasible. *(Continued on Page 1[9])*



Elizabeth and Dan Hoffman went bicycle hostel[ing]
on Cape Cod for two weeks last summer; saw t[he]
country very cheaply, and on their own stea[m].

The main ingredients for a wonderful vacation: glorious weather, new things to see, and the right person to see and enjoy them with.

Marrieds

budget's-eye view of vacation

. . . and report four summer holiday plans which run the gamut from hosteling on Cape Cod to sunning on the beaches at Nassau.

$200

Johnny hails originally from Philadelphia, and I come from Sharon, Massachusetts, but New York, every year, becomes more and more home town to us, and at the same rate a city of wonders, full of more things to see and do than we can possibly find time for—which is why, this summer, we decided to vacation at home, and really see something of the town. To people like us, who live in New York, with ample opportunity to absorb its atmosphere, it seems perhaps even more of an enchanted place than to the out-of-towner, particularly in the summer, for instance, when the city defies the natural laws which say that heat expands dimensions, and seems to grow smaller. The streets grow narrower in the warm dusk, green vines appear over doorways all the way from the elegant and somehow sooty-looking nineties, up and down the twelve-and-a-half-mile length of Manhattan to the Village, where you will find an occasional vine of rambler roses over a door with a new coat of bright blue paint, and the sidewalks are eternally chalked with the diagrams of children's hopscotch games.

The important thing about any vacation at home is to do it, and not sit home all day darning socks and replacing shirt buttons. I am going to get all my clothes together beforehand, just as if we were going away on a trip. My basic "uniform," good for anyone vacationing in New York, will be a dark blue silk shantung suit that I can change with accessories, wear with a couple of pretty linen or organdy or tie-silk blouses—or no blouse at all, on very hot days. It is important to remember, in planning clothes to wear in New York in the summer, that the weather can be really freakish: delightfully cool one day, and sizzling the next. I'll make sure I have a pretty, crease-resistant linen basic dress in gray, or dark green, that will interchange with the shantung suit; one or two tie-silks, naturally wrinkle-resistant, to wear at luncheon, and perhaps in the evening; and one very gay and *(Continued on Page 112)*

$300

Up until last year we had spent most of our vacations at home, "doing things with the children" and "doing things around the house," neither of which can with any justice be classified as vacation in our book, as we only spend 365 days out of each year doing both. We had often said, "I'd just like to throw a few things into a bag and start out in the car . . . anywhere in general and nowhere in particular . . . take time out for all the interesting little shops and the places you notice that are at least a mile behind before you get around to stopping." First, we arranged for a two-week child swap with another couple who lived nearby—close friends, need I add? It was agreed that they would take care of our three children while we were on our trip, and that afterwards we would do the same for them, when their turn at vacationing came around. This arrangement made everybody happy—it seemed like a great lark to the children, and their parents started out with a light-as-air feeling that is a "must" for this kind of jaunt. Our "anywhere in general" was a relaxed sort of route that lay from New York State on up our northeastern coast and into Quebec, dividing itself up pretty much this way: the first five days from New York to Maine, then a long week end in Canada, and five days for the trip back to home and hearth—approximately 1300 miles up and back.

We started out on a Saturday afternoon in early July in our station wagon. Into the back went one suitcase apiece, and a small toilet case for creams, comb and brush, tissues and make-up for me. We also had our picnic basket and vacuum bottles, which came in handy along the way—we could always have a supply of hot coffee handy, for instance—but our theory here was definitely to travel light, and we found that all our luggage fitted into the space behind the front seat of the car. John started out in a tweed jacket and pants, packed a pair of dungarees, a heavy wool plaid jacket, heavy sweater, T shirts, and *(Continued on Page 115)*

$400

This was to be the summer, we had decided, when we would take *the* holiday that we would always remember; for we had at last struck the right combination of enough money saved up in the bank (part of the proceeds from my first JOURNAL short story), not too many responsibilities at home, and a great, unsatisfied urge to travel. Our philosophy of traveling then, and now, is to go as far as you can, and live as cheaply as you can after you get there—so we finally ended up by deciding on Nassau, in the Bahamas, which is definitely faraway, foreign and exotic, but because it is primarily a winter resort, is within our means during the off season from April to October, when hotel rates and plane fares are sliced in half. On paper, Nassau sounds dreadfully expansive, and expensive, but we found that with careful planning and ingenuity our trip could be managed for under $400. Our round-trip fare from New York to Nassau was a special excursion rate—$125 apiece (including lunch on the plane). Our hotel worked on the American plan, as most do down there, and cost us a really phenomenal $7.00 per day for the two of us—which included a double room over the water, three bountiful, delicious meals a day, and as a side light, several trips to different parts of the island "on the hotel." Hotel prices are higher now, but by shopping around bargains can be found. The phrase "off season" implies only good, as far as I can see, for the number of tourists decreases, and so does the cost of everything. The climate during the summer months is very pleasant. Mornings and evenings are cool—we slept at night under light blankets—and during the middle of the day, the temperature ranges between 72° and 85°. So that even at midday we stayed out-of-doors, on the beach—the sea and sky and beautiful white sand are never "off season." We estimated afterward that we would have spent roughly three times as much if we'd made the trip between November and February. In August we did the same things, saw *(Continued on Page 116)*

DI PIETRO

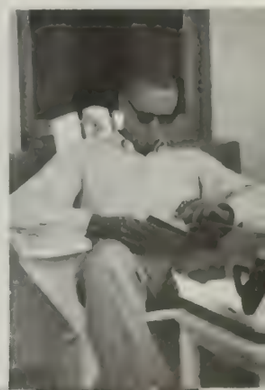


Nora and John Smith chose a holiday at home this summer. It's a chance to learn from "insiders" how to see the most interesting side of New York.

HAGEL



Dele and John Morris motored to New England and Canada; stopped everywhere, sometimes slept on mattresses in the back of their station wagon.





Polly and Todd Cooke enjoyed an off-season vacation in the exotic atmosphere of Nassau; spent most of their time on the beaches, sunning, swimming and sunning.

SUMMER





$9.95 White rayon linen sheath, summer dining dress in any city, or country club. Packs like a slip, by Lorraine Budny. Black patent sandals.

$25.00

Crinkled silk-and-nylon suit, a new travel wonder, washes and dries in about an hour, by Mary Kay Dodson. Visor pillbox by Mr. Alf.



$19.95

The perfect sleeveless dress and bolero in silk shantung, by Clara Blatt. To wear on the way or after arrival. Beige milan helmet hat.

PHOTOGRAPH BY [illegible]

TRAVEL...

Your five summer travel costumes (without the coat), $85.75. • By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



$8.95 Red cotton strapless shawl dress for dinner at a country inn along the way. Worn with black patent-leather belt and sandals.



Land, sea or air travel coat (also for cool nights in the mountains or at the shore) is full-length beige wool. You will find this type of fashion for $49.95 to $69.95.



The shantung dress without its bolero, with white beads and white patent-leather belt, for after five.

$12.95

Country skirt, $12.95, and jersey halter, $8.95. For travel by car, switch to a yellow or white cotton shirt. Matching plaid shorts, $5.95.



2 PERFECT WEEKS

. . . with just the right clothes . . .

eight costumes for $120.35 . . . add the

short wool coat for $19.95, accessories for around $34.00.



$19.95

Bright coat in red wool fleece goes for day or night . . . or in lightweight wool flannel, $17.95. Hat by Mr. Alf.



$14.95

Resort fashion for stopover in a hot city: the white piqué duster by Gisele Klein. The bare-top rayon-linen polka-dot sheath, $10.95.—by Lorraine Budny. Crocheted cloche, cotton gloves.



$22.90 Beloved silk shantung separates, en route or shopping dress, to wear with red, white or navy-blue accessories.



$14.90

New color in denim: pale green skirt and shirt, by Lorraine Budny, for beach or country picnics. Matching straw hat and bag, $3.50.



Newest shorts are black piqué, with cuffs. Sleeveless cotton knitted shirt, by Helen Harper, $2.95. Denim ballet slippers, $3.75.

$5.95



$10.95 Slim one-piece bathing suits are the fashion this year. This is a strapless printed cotton, cut like a sheath. By Isabel Dobson.



$19.90 Rhinestone-studded piqué dance dress, by Lotte. Navy shantung blouse combines with piqué skirt.





$16.90 The two-piece gold-and-multicolor printed cotton and navy-blue silk shantung separates interchange tops to make four combinations, a little wardrobe for day or evening. These are designed by Monroe Sabot.

Made for a summer

Make your summer evening dress in the sheerest organdy,
the crispest linen or the loveliest shantung.
Make it bouffant, flared or straight —
whatever becomes you most.



Romantic organdy embroidered with red dots looks cool and lovely. The bouffant skirt is nearly six yards wide at the bottom. The bodice is delicately cuffed in plain white organdy. The flowers are organdy too. Vogue Design No. 7413, 12 to 20.



Strapless organdy bodice appliquéd with black chintz. Waistline accent of shiny patent. Vogue Design No. 7252, 12 to 20. Circular organdy skirt, No. 7269, 24 to 30.



© VOGUE

Young white piqué with a cuffed strapless basque bodice. Skirt has a bias fold that accents its fullness. Fill the neckline with lilacs. Vogue Junior Design No. 3398, 9 to 15.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; in Canada from 198 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ont. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.)

Back and Other Views, Prices and Sizes on Page 121.

evening . . .

By NORA O'LEARY



MARGARET SOMMERFELD

A lovely summer print for organdy or chiffon. The modest neckline is particularly adaptable to more mature figures. Add matching stole. Vogue Design No. S-4164, 12 to 20.



Crisp Irish linen in a heavenly shade. The dress boasts a notched neckline, flared skirt. Vogue Design No. 7200, 12 to 20. Add sheer stole, velvet sash.

LESLIE GILL



The sheath dress . . . exciting in coral shantung under a heavily embroidered cotton coat. Dress, Vogue Design No. 7101, 12 to 20; coat, 7307, S., M., L.

Vincent's face was red, he was boiling mad. But he had a reputation to uphold.

Paradise for 2

By VAL TEAL

WE all went to this wedding. It was the only one my brother and I ever saw and it was pretty swell. Everybody all dressed up and a reception downtown and you should've seen George and Barbara! The ones that got married. It wasn't only how dressed up they were and flowers and everything, but the way they looked. At each other. I kept thinking about it after we got home. We were all in the living room and I kept thinking about it. How did George know Barbara was the right one for him? How did Barbara know? How did they know anyway?

"What I'd like to know," I said, "is how you can tell if it's the right one? What if you just thought it was and went ahead and got married and then you found out the right one hadn't come along yet?"

"That'd be bad," father said, not looking up from the paper.

"Yes, it would," mother said. She was looking through a book about her wedding, hers and father's, with pictures of them in it. She put it down. "So be sure to be sure," she said. "Take your time about it. You can't know suddenly. When you think you're sure, just wait. Wait a long, long time, so you'll *be* sure," mother said.

"That's one person's opinion," father said. He put the paper down now. "Me, I say you can know right away. The minute you meet the girl for you, you'll know. I did."

"How?" I said. "Do bells start ringing or something? I saw a movie like that once. This girl kissed a lot of fellows but there was only one when she kissed him that bells began to ring. Is that how it is?"

"More or less," father said. "It's not exactly a ring. It's kind of a tingle. Clear down into your finger tips, you tingle. You see this girl and you think, 'Gad! That girl's got it!' She looks keen to you, see, but a lot of girls look keen to you. This is different. This one's got *it*."

"What in heaven's name is *it*?" I said.

"It's *it*," father said. "Eye tea—like in Clara Bow. It's appeal or something. It's what makes you tingle. It's something that talks to you—just you, nobody else."

"Bosh!" mother said. "They know now that's all falderal. You'll ruin his whole love life teaching him junk like that. There isn't just one person for you. It can be any of several. I can remember when I first read that years and years ago. I realized right away that of course it was true and it was a big disappointment. It left an awful lot up to you. You had to kind of shop around and be sure. You couldn't just go along waiting for bells to ring. It was a big responsibility."

"My gosh!" I said. "How'd you know, then, that father was the right one? You could have made a terrible mistake."

"No," mother said. "Something always happens to make you sure. When the time came I was sure. It was the way they taught swimming. I couldn't see where I was going."

"Swimming!" I said.

"Yes," she said. "Everyone had to learn to swim one way or another at the university. It was a rule. They taught you the most economical way first of all—on your back. On your back you get the most out of a stroke and you have the best chance to rest. If you're tired you just lie there and float. When you had learned that way, then you could go on and learn the side stroke or the breast stroke or something else. I never was much of an athlete. I didn't get any farther than the backstroke. It's a good stroke. The only thing is you can't see where you're going. So that's how it happened.

(Continued on Page 125)

ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY MONET

How sane is a man who fights for his love with an olive, a lemon and a rowboat?



Are you Worried?

THE sign was large and weather-beaten. It read:

Are You Worried?
Come In and Let Me Solve Your Problems
—DR. ABEL DOMINION—
Consulting Psychologist

Johnny had often seen the sign and had as often been amused by it. It was spread out across two windows on the second floor of a building on Lime Street off Main, above a secondhand bookstore. Next to it on the second floor was the shop of Ting Tong, the Chinese tattoo man who was always being arrested on suspicion of peddling hop but was never convicted.

Johnny walked down Lime Street as casually as he could and then, with a quick glance up and

By MYLES CONNOLLY



lown to make sure nobody who might know him aw him, slipped into the entrance beyond the econdhand bookstore and climbed the stairs to Doctor Dominion's office.

The office was square, undecorated, empty ex-ept for a desk, a small sofa and three chairs. Doc-or Dominion came from an inner room as a uzzer announced the door's opening for Johnny's ntrance. He came out in a white coat, adjusting pair of gold pince-nez on a fleshy nose. He vas a big, flush-faced man with a closely cropped rofessional mustache.

Pompously he waved Johnny to a seat before scratched and battered desk and sat down be-ind it. On the wall behind the desk was an elab-rately framed certificate declaring that the doc-or had taken a correspondence-school course in pplied psychology, had graduated with honors.

He cleared his throat with a great show of importance. "Love, is it, young man? A job? Insomnia? Loss of appetite? Tell me all. Unburden your worried spirit. Lay your troubles flat out on this desk here and put your trust in the powers of modern psychology." He took off his eyeglasses and squinted at Johnny's youthful face. "I presume you have troubles?"

Johnny was nervous, timid. "My name is Little, doctor," he told him, "and yes, I have troubles, all right. Lots of troubles. I hope I'm not bothering you."

"Bother is my business," Doctor Dominion said grandly, donning his glasses again. Then he added realistically, but with a casualness designed to conceal his concern, "I hope it isn't money. It has been my long observation that people who have money troubles usually make very poor patients."

"I've got a job, if that's what you mean," Johnny assured Doctor Dominion. "That is, I have so far."

"So far is good, then."

"I guess I might say that money is the least of my troubles," Johnny said. "But maybe the best idea is for me to try and see if I can't tell you my story."

Doctor Dominion, relieved, composed himself in his chair, nodded gravely. "Proceed."

Life had been very beautiful, Johnny began, up till about a year ago. He had been graduated from college, and fame and fortune seemed only a few steps ahead. Mr. Dilling, the owner of the local newspaper, the Morning Globe, had, in appreciation of an honorary degree given him by the college, promised the top graduate of the college's school of journalism a *(Continued on Page 178)*

ILLUSTRATED BY

SUMMER SETTINGS

Longer hair is at its prettiest when it is brushed and groomed to look cool for the summer ahead. The news is in the bare brow, smooth crown, simply turned ends. If you like the look, but feel it is too severe for you, try a ribbon, veil or flower in a becoming arrangement to soften the effect—and in a color to flatter your face. • By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal



The semilong hairdo. This one combs smoothly over the crown from a side part, takes a wide wave set just at eye level. The ends are set in large pin curls to brush out and turn up softly.



Starched white for brunettes. The face veiling (18" long, 9" wide) is held back with bobby pins. The back bow has a clip. By Mr. John.



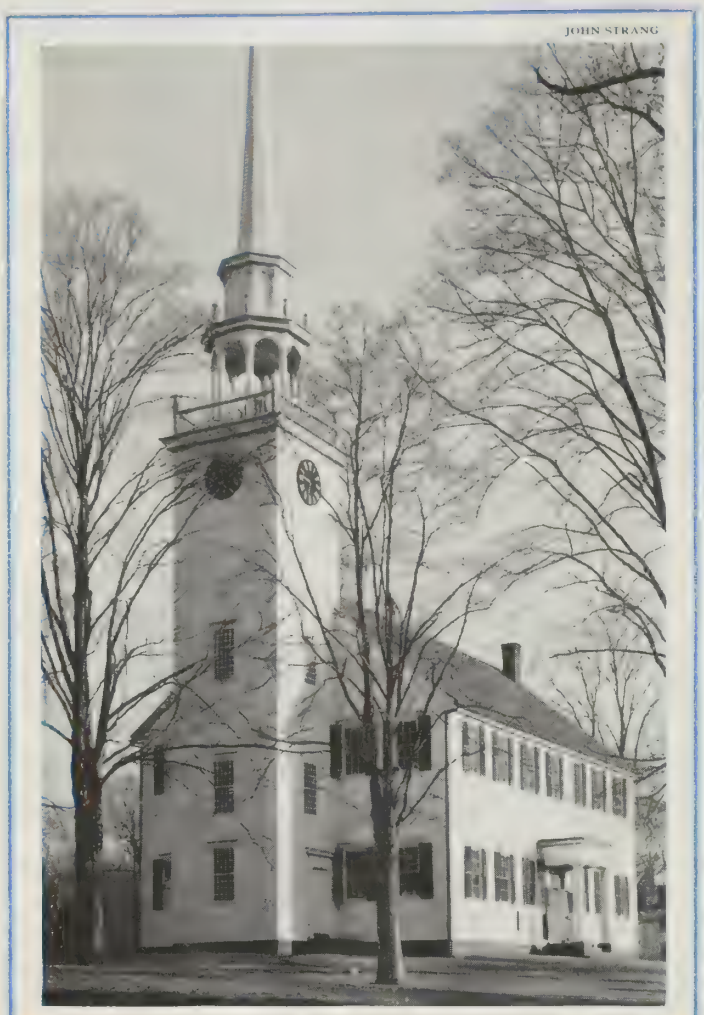
A "bustle" of velvet bows at the back of a veiled headband which slips on over the head. In dark colors for fair-haired beauties. By Mr. John.



A veiled bandeau of pink straw and apple blossoms. By John Frederics. Try in fabric to match a summer dress.


Menu
Shrimp Mull—Rice
Garden Salad—
Sour-Cream Dressing
Cheese-Corn Sticks
Lemon-Chiffon Whip
in Pineapple Shells
with Strawberries
French-Fried Nuts
Coffee
(Planned for 12)

LINE A DAY


JOHN STRANG

The Congregational Church of Farmington, Connecticut (1776), is an excellent example of the meetinghouse plan.

by Ann Batchelder

1 Being in love with a *place* in this world so wide is like being in love with a woman or a man. Sinclair Lewis proved this in his last and most unpolished novel. It's not the old Lewis, the redheaded word tycoon we used to know. And you'll get little out of WORLD SO WIDE. But it was his heart's love, the city of Florence, that gives it a certain flavor all its own. Florence is a lady of love. And Lewis's last book is her unmasking at the ball.

2 If Paris is your love, it may interest you to know that apricots Parisienne are only canned apricots poached in their sirup, with a touch of almond extract. Chill. Serve with vanilla ice cream and macaroons.

3 Cook as much macaroni or spaghetti as you need for supper. Don't overcook it, but have it tender. Drain it well. Make a good cheese sauce. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Now add about a cup of finely chopped ham, heat to almost boiling and pour it over the macaroni. Cover with crumbs and brown or leave it as is.

4 This won't startle you, I guess, but do it anyway. Bake cored apples until soft, as usual. Then put a marshmallow on top of each. Melt them under the broiler. Add some butterscotch sauce and you have a pretty slick dessert. Oh, yes, pretty near forgot. Serve with plain cream.

5 *Answer to little Nell:* "You are slightly mixed up, my girl. Scallops are *not*, as you seem to think, something to edge a petticoat with and nothing else. There are those, and there are others to eat. Let me set you straight. Like this:"

6 Get yourself some scallops at the fish market. (Shellfish they are.) Wash and dry them in a towel. Spread each one lightly with prepared mustard. Dip them in fine crumbs, beaten egg, and crumbs again. Fry them in deep fat and serve with tartar sauce. Do you get the idea now? These are first rate, and you can trim your petticoat with lace.

7 For little whole-wheat sandwiches, give these a whirl. Cut your bread very thin, buttering it before you cut each slice. You know how *that* helps. Cut the contents of a jar of dried beef into thin strips, combine with a package of cream cheese, mix it with a little horse-radish and pepper, and add a tablespoon of minced onion. Spread on the bread.

8 Necktie time, better known as Father's Day, comes in June. You *might* give him a party. Is he a pretty fair cook and dishwasher?

9 A cream-of-chicken soup is good and hearty—delicious when right. *But*—have you ever gone slightly berserk and garnished each cup liberally with chopped toasted nuts? Almonds or walnuts for this.

10 Those long-nosed zucchini squashes the Italians adore, that we have learned to perform tricks with, too, are a spring and summer luxury piece when you've done your stuff. And the good word "stuff" makes me think of two ways you *may* not know of. If you do, well, no harm done.

11 *First:* Get yourself some fine, fresh, of-a-size zucchini. Cut open lengthwise and scoop out to make a little dish to hold the stuffing made as follows:

12 *Second step:* Prepare a fairly heavy cream sauce. Boil hard an egg for each zucchini. Open a can of tuna fish. Break it up, not very fine, and chop the eggs coarse. Put a little piece of butter in each half of the vegetable. Mix the tuna and egg with the sauce, season well, fill each half, cover with buttered crumbs, set in a pan with a little hot water and bake until the zucchini are tender and done. And there's a luncheon dish fit for anybody.

13 Well, one more. Then you can make up your own prescription. If it's a *cold* thing you're set on, say to take the place of a salad, here's something. Parboil the cut-in-half zucchini until ready to eat. Scoop out circumspectly.

14 *Now then.* Drain and chill the zucchini. Fill the little shells with chopped cucumbers mixed with broken-up sardines and mayonnaise in which some whipped, salted cream has been beaten. Chill again and serve on lettuce. And that, class, is the zucchini lesson for the day *and* the month.

15 Let's skip to a word or two on a charming little dessert piece. Can't be called a full-fledged lesson. But pay attention. Make up a receipt of your most delicate cupcakes. Scoop out the centers.

16 *Chapter II:* Make a beautiful custard, only a heavier one than usual. This means an extra egg or two. Don't you have *one lump, either*. Chill it well. I mean it. Chill. I most always mean what I say.

17 *III:* To your beautiful custard add enough flavoring, any big flavoring, so it really tastes. I hold no brief for halves and quarters or drops when it comes to flavoring. Beat into the custard very stiff whipped, sweetened cream—flavored too—oh, about a cup to two cups of custard—*you* can tell. You have been brought up right. Fill the shells. Swirl the tops. Looks pretty—like frosting, you know. Serve very cold.

18 As for the cake crumbs, you can always use them. For instance. Combine 1 cup cake crumbs with ¼ cup chopped pecans. Spread on a cooky sheet. Toast 10 minutes in a moderate oven. Roll scoops of ice cream in the crumbs. Serve with butterscotch sauce.

19 Cucumbers may be—and I hope often are—peeled, cut into slices about two inches thick, hollowed out with discretion, then filled with flaked sardines or cold salmon and mayonnaise. For a hors d'oeuvre, or on lettuce for the salad course. Tried once, always used.

20 As delicate as the flutter of a debutante's eyelids is a sauce designed for ice cream or a light fragile cake. It's purèed bananas with a touch of lemon juice and beaten to a cream and made very cold. Add a whisper of sugar—fine, of course.

21 Does your little boy cry for firecrackers or a cannon? Does he yearn for Hopalong or Howdy Doody? I don't blame him, but try to divert him with sugared pitted dates, stuffed with chopped canned pineapple and seedless raisins in a fondant. More sticky, but safe.

22 *From an old cookbook:* "A pernicious habit has sprung up of saving cold cooked mush for frying the next day. The careful housekeeper must remember that leftovers are best scrutinized carefully before setting them before their unsuspecting families. All leftovers are not what they seem." You bet they aren't, Sophronia. But why pick on innocent mush!

23 Pistachio nuts chopped extremely fine add a lot, not only to the taste but to the looks of jellied salad, or any salad dressed with mayonnaise. Just like finding jade or tourmaline where you didn't expect jewels of any sort. It's that little touch of green that does it.

24 And another thing you might remember about chopped nuts is this: sprinkle cookies while hot out of the oven with them. Walnuts should be put on before the baking. It's the flavor. Other nuts should first be toasted.

25 News? Yes, no gossip, please. But let me whisper in your ear that a little allspice (don't read me wrong, *allspice* is right) in the mayonnaise, with a little sugar and juice of half a lemon, is like a dividend you never expected, if used on a fruit salad. Want to take a chance? No charge.

26 Made especially to glorify coffee jelly, one of those simple and simply delicious desserts, is a cream called Crème Délice. Add one teaspoon of instant coffee, two tablespoons of sugar and one and one half teaspoons of vanilla to one cup of whipping cream.

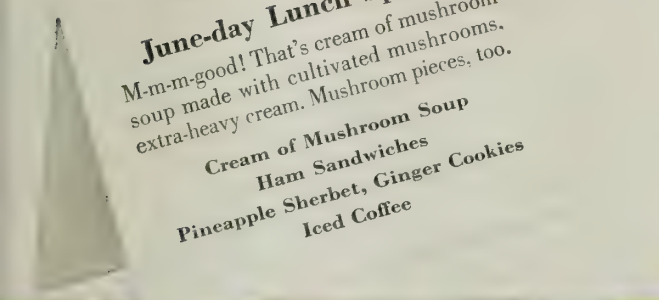
27 Now beat to a great stiffness, but be careful—not *over*beating, you understand. Chill and serve with coffee jelly or on sliced angel cake. It's perfect.

28 Baked Alaska quick as a wink. Place a very-hard-frozen ice-cream-cake roll—cake side down—on a cooky sheet and frost completely with a two-egg-white meringue. Bake in a hot oven—400° F.—five minutes, until the peaks are tinged with brown. Serve at once.

29 To a coleslaw made from a tender, young June cabbage, add a handful of little seedless green grapes. You'll have something there.

30 It strikes me that the lessons today have, like a mountain goat, jumped from crag to crag. But June is the month for it. So let's have fun and send the new bride on her way with her head in the clouds and her feet in the daisies, and if she can accomplish *that* she doesn't need to worry about a thing. On your way, girls.





SOUP
—ideal as your needed
ONE HOT DISH

How to serve tempting Summer meals ...*and stay cool doing it!*



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

BY Anne Marshall

It's so easy—all you have to do is remember just *one thing!*

Yes, remember to keep that kitchen shelf summer-stocked with your family's favorite soups. It's as simple as that to have good easy meals within arm's reach all summer long. For with soup as your *one hot dish*, *everything* you put on the table seems to taste better!

No wonder so many nutrition experts recommend that every meal have one hot dish. You'll see! There's real *appetite-magic* in a bowl of good soup!



Cold sandwiches and salads, chilled fruits and icy desserts! Iced drinks! I know they *all* taste refreshing on a hot day. But, oh, they are so much *more* wonderful when there are tempting bowls of soup on the table, too.

With delicious soup as the *one hot dish* your summertime meals will taste *really* perfect. Good soup is so appetizing and so easy to digest.

Best of all, your kitchen time is cut to a minimum. Just 4 minutes to heat up and serve delicious prepared soups! No hot oven . . . no messy dishes. Almost no work at all! Thanks to *SOUP!*





Progress against ANEMIA



ANEMIA affects millions of people, both young and old, in our country today. Fortunately, medical science has accomplished wonders in treating certain types of this disease.

Anemia caused by a deficiency of iron can be easily cured. This is usually accomplished by taking medicine containing concentrated iron which the doctor prescribes. Foods such as lean meat, eggs, and green, leafy vegetables are rich in iron and should be included in the diet.

What medical science is doing...

The control of *pernicious anemia* is one of the great triumphs of modern medicine. Less than twenty-five years ago, victims of this disease generally lived only two and one-half years from the time the condition was diagnosed.

In 1926, however, a substance was found in liver that usually would do much to control pernicious anemia. Today, as a result of this discovery, the one hundred thousand people in the United States with this disease are able to live nearly normal lives.

Continuing research has developed other effective weapons against this disease—for example, vitamin B-12. This vitamin controls pernicious anemia as effectively as liver extract.

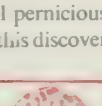
Authorities say that there are many different types of anemia, each of which has a *specific* cause. Various dietary deficiencies, defects in the functions of the organs that manufacture blood corpuscles, exposure to toxic substances, and certain underlying chronic conditions or infections may be responsible for it.

What you can do...

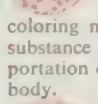
Anemia may develop gradually. Often the first symptoms—such as fatigue, weakness, and nervousness—may not seem serious enough to demand medical attention.

If these symptoms persist, however, they should receive proper medical attention. Specialists say that it is unwise to resort to any form of self-treatment. They emphasize that anemia can be cured or controlled only when the *exact* cause of the disease is determined and appropriate treatment is given.

The strength and vitality of *every* part of the body depend upon an adequate supply of normal, healthy blood. That is why it is wise for everyone to consult the doctor promptly if anemia is suspected. If the disease is diagnosed early, patients can usually be restored to normal good health, providing they follow the doctor's advice about treatment, diet, and other factors.



Normal blood looks like this through a microscope. The red cells contain a proper amount of coloring matter, or hemoglobin, a substance necessary for the transportation of oxygen throughout the body.



Anemic blood, from a victim of nutritional or iron-deficiency anemia, looks like this. The red cells are reduced in number, and are pale in color because they lack sufficient hemoglobin.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

MELVILLE GOODWIN USA

(Continued from Page 43)

Helen put her arm through mine, and we all walked back to the house. Just as we reached it, I saw the Cadillac and another car coming up the avenue. General Goodwin and all the satellites were arriving.

We stood there waiting, and all at once Savin Hill became quite a place. When I saw Mel Goodwin's expression as he observed the house and Helen and estimated the situation, I was increasingly delighted that everything was just the way it was.

"It's been a long drive for you, I'm afraid," I said to Mrs. Goodwin.

The photograph of Mrs. Goodwin had been put away that night at the Ritz before I saw it, but she looked very much as I had often imagined her—like a general's wife in a newsreel. She had the durable, well-traveled appearance that a general's wife should have had, combined with the assurance that came of knowing her rank exactly. Her hair, freshly waved, was frankly gray. You could see that Mrs. Goodwin had been pretty once and her expression was agreeable and, I imagined, more interesting than it had been earlier. She had gained in weight and character, and she had seen the world. Eventually the services left their mark on their women as they did on their men.

"How do you do, my dear?" Mrs. Goodwin said to Helen. "And what a sweet little girl. I hope you haven't felt that you had to make an effort about the General and me, my dear. Please don't. We're used to taking things as they come." She turned her attention to Farouche. "What is that dog holding in his mouth?" she asked.

"It's a rubber ring. He wants to play," I said.

"The General will play with him. I won't," she said. "Mel, here's another dog for you to play with."

It was obviously the sort of small talk that she had learned to use gracefully before she climbed to the stand with the General to watch Army-post reviews. Another entourage was gathering behind her—the General and a stout, genial-looking officer who was undoubtedly Colonel Flax, and behind them Gilbert Frary, Phil Bentley and the research girl and a photographer.

"Well, well," General Goodwin said, "so he wants to play, does he? . . . And what's your name, sister? I remember daddy told me that he had a little girl."

"Mel adores children," Mrs. Goodwin said. "You must excuse him for speaking to her first, my dear."

Helen said, "Let's go in, and perhaps you and the General would like to go up to your room before we have tea, Mrs. Goodwin."

The ladies moved into the hall, but everyone else held back.

"Go ahead, all the rest of you," the General said. "I'm going to talk to Sid." Although he had been doing a lot of plane travel, he hardly showed it. "It's nice to see you, son," he said. "You should have seen what I've been through today." He took me by the arm, and we walked into the hall. "Just because I was walking down a street in Berlin ——" He paused and laughed shortly. "And now I'm under orders to do what these reporters want. I don't know how to answer these questions. . . . Oh, there you are, Flax."

"Let me take your hat and coat, sir," Colonel Flax said.

THE General would not have to think himself of such things as his overcoat and his garrison cap now that someone in uniform was around. He was secure in his knowledge that they were now the colonel's responsibility, and I seemed to be following him into a new headquarters with his chief of staff.

The General glanced at the curving staircase and at the hall's tropical wallpaper and smiled again. "It's nice to see one of my old boys doing so well outside. I don't need to tell you, do I, Sid," he said, "what it means to me, your taking Muriel and me into your home here? It gives a kick to everything. It's like old times, being back with one of my old boys."

Colonel Flax cleared his throat. "Perhaps if the General would like a few minutes to himself," he said, "Mr. Skelton and I might talk over the arrangements for this interview."

"Now that you mention it, it occurs to me that I have been traveling," the General said. "I might go upstairs and take a shower and put on a clean shirt. When does that man in the horn-rimmed glasses want to start asking me questions?"

"There isn't any hurry, sir," I said. "I don't see how any of us can do much until after dinner."

WHEN Colonel Flax and I were alone in the library, we were like doctors in consultation, fresh from the bedside of our patient.

"Now my idea of presenting him," the colonel said briskly, "has been roughly this—and I hope you will agree with me—to show General Goodwin as a salty character with a lot of guts. I let him have his head all day, and I think he's come across. He makes a good impression, but I wish he had more of the Patton quality, pearl-handled pistols, something that would raise him above the norm, but I wasn't able to find anything. Do you know him well?"

"Not very well," I answered. "Does anybody know a major general well?"

"That's the problem, isn't it?" the colonel said. "You can't translate them into ordinary terms. He was all right after he got to the Pentagon. We had him meet the press there, but I'm worried about this definitive cover story."

Keep your temper—nobody else wants it. ANON.

"Why are you worried?" I asked.

Colonel Flax leaned back in his chair and looked at me very carefully. "Well, frankly," he said, "in these cover stories, the news magazines always start digging and they want to get an angle, and the public's pretty tired of generals now. I don't want them to make a monkey out of Goodwin. Now I know Bentley, and he worries me." Colonel Flax lowered his voice. "Did you ever hear about General Goodwin going overboard over an American girl in Paris, a writer or a publisher or someone?"

"Yes," I said, "I know all about it. As a matter of fact, I was there at the time."

I was glad that the colonel did not ask me what I knew, and I had no intention of asking him what he knew. We sat silently for a moment, and then the colonel moved uneasily in his chair.

"I don't like monkeying with anyone's private life," he said, "but I've got General Goodwin on my hands. This sort of thing, if it's used in a certain way ——" He left the sentence unfinished, but both of us knew how maliciously the material could be used, seemingly without libelous intent.

"Phil's all right," I said. "I'll tell him the whole story off the record."

"That takes quite a weight off my mind," Colonel Flax told me. "I'd be much obliged if you don't mind carrying the ball on that."

That evening had its peculiar aspects. For one thing, we were none of us entirely at home in our surroundings, not even Helen—which afforded me some amusement, since she had created them. I would not say that Helen was exactly nervous, but as we were preparing for the evening she did have an air of facing something.

"What's the matter? Do you feel shy?" I asked her

"Of course I'm not shy, but I do like everything to be right," she said. "Sid, I think you'd better put on a dinner coat."

"Why?" I asked. "No one else will."

"Because Mrs. Goodwin will expect it," she said, "with the General and everything. Have you a piece of paper and a pencil in your pocket? I'd better draw a seating diagram. I'd like to put Gilbert Frary next to

(Continued on Page 72)



Four mitered corners, pre-shaped to fit your mattress, pull the sheet tight. A shaped tuck-under all around further anchors the sheet, prevents wrinkling.

Keep cool on a *CONTOUR* sheet —it won't wrinkle, can't pull out!

YOU SLEEP cool as a cucumber, wake refreshed, on a Pacific Contour* Sheet. No matter how you turn in your sleep, you can't take this sheet with you! Four mitered, sewn-in corners cap the mattress. A shaped tuck-under anchors it firmly on all four sides.

With this amazing bottom sheet, you practically take a vacation from bedmaking. It stays so smooth there's no retucking to do. Even in warm weather, it stays neat as a freshly-made bed night after night.

Pacific Contour Sheets are lighter to handle. And here's a work-saving tip. These Contour Sheets stretch so firmly over your mattress you can skip ironing. They adjust to slight variations in mattress thickness, always fit after washing because they're Sanforized**.

For cool sleeping comfort, get Pacific Contours for every bed in your home. Standard double-, twin-bed and crib sizes in percale and muslin, youth size in muslin. Try your favorite store or send for folder and name of nearest dealer to Pacific Mills, Dept. DD6, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Worth waiting for!

Pacific Contour Sheets are selling so fast that your favorite store may be temporarily out of stock. We are doing our best to catch up with the heavy demand. Pacific Contour Sheets are worth waiting for! Place your order now.

*TM Pacific Mills **Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

t's a PACIFIC sheet BY PACIFIC MILLS . . . WEAVERS OF FINE COTTONS, RAYONS, WOOLENS AND WORSTEDS



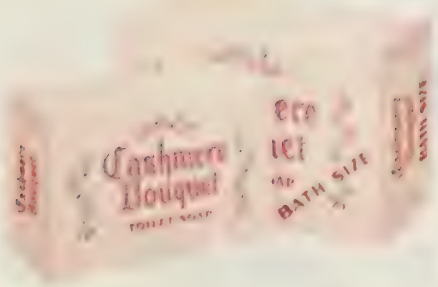
Only one soap gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet's gentle lather has been proved outstandingly mild for all types of skin!

Whether your skin is oily, dry or normal—here's news you'll welcome! Tests show that Cashmere Bouquet Soap is *amazingly mild!* Used regularly, it will leave skin softer, smoother, flower-fresh and younger looking. And the *fragrance* of Cashmere Bouquet is the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love." Love is thrillingly close to the girl who is fragrant and sweet, so use Cashmere Bouquet Soap daily. Complexion Size for face and hands, the big Bath Size in your tub or shower!

Complexion and big Bath Sizes



Cashmere Bouquet Soap

—Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love!

(Continued from Page 70)

Mrs. Goodwin. He can talk to her about Hollywood."

If I had to wear a dinner coat I wished that mine might have had a well-worn appearance, giving the impression that I customarily dressed for dinner, instead of looking new and glossy. Helen was right, I think, that Mrs. Goodwin expected to see me in a black tie, because her manner was approving when we met downstairs in the living room, and even Phil Bentley managed not to whistle.

"I didn't know you'd be dressing, Sid," he said, "or I'd have done something about it."

"It's a simple reflex," I said. "My old respect for rank."

Phil took off his glasses, pulled a little packet of polishing papers from his waistcoat pocket, rubbed the lenses carefully and blinked at General Goodwin, who was standing in front of the living-room fireplace talking to Helen.

"He doesn't look too bad," Phil said. "But then, none of them do. You'll get us alone right after dinner, won't you?"

"Right after dinner," I said.

"That Public Relations colonel looks pretty nervous," Phil said. "Why should he be so jittery?"

"Wouldn't you?" I asked. "He wants you to do a good piece about him."

"I'll do a good piece about him. We have quite a good deal of material already, haven't we, Myra?"

"Yes," Miss Fineholt said brightly. "The fun of this work is seeing what material comes in. . . . This is a very lovely room. Are all these antiques original?"

"They're all certified," I said. "They give you a pretty good idea of my income, don't they?"

"Oh, I didn't mean to be rude," Miss Fineholt said, "and of course we knew your income. You know the bad habits we get, snooping in this business, and besides, Phil and I might have to do a piece on you sometime."

"I can't wait," I told her.

I was back in an old world that I understood. I knew all about the proclivities and loyalties of research girls, but I hoped that Miss Fineholt would never be on a team doing a piece about me.

Time was moving on. Just before my broadcast I could always feel the inevitable pressure of minutes.

"Oh, Sid." It was Gilbert Frary speaking. "It is ten minutes to seven. Perhaps we had better go in and settle down. I have suggested to General Goodwin that he might sit at the desk beside you," Gilbert said, "for the photographs afterward."

The minutes were beginning to press more closely around me when the General and I walked into the library. The microphones and all the paraphernalia were in place. Art Hertz was standing near them ready to take the pages from my hand so they would not rustle. A technician stood near him with his watch, ready to give the signal.

"We will be on the air in just one minute," Gilbert Frary said. "Will everyone please settle down?"

THERE was a ridiculous, churchlike stillness in the library. The voice of Stanley Rose came through from the studio, speaking for the sponsor.

"In just a moment Mr. Sidney Skelton will be with you with his personal interpretation of the evening's news; but before hearing Mr. Skelton, I should like to ask you a single question: Do not your thoughts often turn to a fine, full-bodied soup in this crisp autumn weather? . . ."

Soup or shaving cream or hair tonic—it would have made no difference. We were riding the waves of free enterprise again.

". . . and so tomorrow morning, drop in at your nearest dealer's, and look for that simple, friendly name on the can. You can't miss it. And now, Mr. Sidney Skelton."

It was Gilbert Frary who insisted on the "mister" just one more little grace note to give the program quality and integrity.

"Good evening, friends," I said.

I could hear my own voice dealing with the revelations of a congressional investigation, and I had to admit it sounded well. Witho understanding where my incisive enthusias had come from, it was there. I was co pletely at home in this ridiculous show.

"And what about the situation in Berl tonight?" I was saying. "Thanks, the b brass is saying tonight, to Major Gener Melville A. Goodwin, the situation in th city is less tense, and General Melville Goo win reported on this situation personally Washington this morning. It has been quite day for Mel, a name his old Army friends and lots of GI's, too—know him by. M got off the plane this morning to be greet by a kind of barrage with which he's nev had to cope, a barrage of cameras and popular acclaim, but he plowed right throug it. As a matter of fact, Mel Goodwin is rig beside me here as I am speaking to you fro my home in Connecticut, and—well, he still the same old Mel I used to know whe his division, the Silver Leaf Armored, w knifing its way through France and rollin across Germany. He wishes the newspap boys, as he calls them, would let him alon but they won't. Well, good luck, Mel. . . And now out in San Francisco this afternoo on the great Golden Gate Bridge ——"

I WAS finished with Mel Goodwin, and h spot was over. It had its value. Somehow a unseen presence by the microphone alwa helped to create dramatic effect.

"And now," I was saying, "thanks for li tening, and I'll try to tell you how thin look to me tomorrow."

The program was off the air and I stood u

"You see what I mean," I heard Gilbe Frary saying to Mrs. Goodwin. "The i timate touch is what does it. Now, Sid, Burt could take a few candid shots of you a General Goodwin, just telling some litt anecdotes to each other by the microphone

I had forgotten there would be phot graphs, but at any rate the show was almo over, and we could go to dinner.

It was a strange little dinner with all of t there for the ghoulish purpose of prying in the workings of General Melville Goodw and all pretending that we were not. I ca recall almost verbatim everything that Mr Goodwin said. She had changed into a lo dress of purple velvet.

"This dining room reminds me of th dining room in Georgetown," she said, "b longing to a friend of ours, Colonel Ainsle Such a nice dining room, and your wife lool so delightful in it, Mr. Skelton. I hope som day soon the General and I can have a pe manent home where we can receive ou friends. We keep picking up odds and end for that home. I have some lovely lacqu that we bought in Tientsin, but that mu wait until the General retires. Until the home must always be where we're ordered She looked down the table at the General. think the General looks well, don't you she said. "When he got up to that delightf guest room of yours this afternoon, he s down in a chair and closed his eyes and w asleep before I could finish talking to hi and when I woke him up he picked up th conversation again, wanting to know th latest about our sons Robert and Charles Charles is still at the Point, you know and all our closer friends," she said. "I still looks very much like the picture taken when he graduated from the Point. should know. You see, Mel and I were ma ried the day after he graduated."

"Were you really?" I said. "The da afterward?"

"We were in high school together," sh said. "Of course I always knew he'd be general someday."

"Why were you so sure?" I asked.

It was a careless question, but she an swered it literally. "Because I always want it. If you want something enough, you get i Don't you think that's true?"

"Maybe it's true," I said.

"I always wanted to marry Mel, and married him. I wanted two boys, and th children were boys. If you think of somethin long enough and hard enough, it comes tru At least I've found it that way."

"And what do you want now?" I aske It was impertinent to ask her, but I cou

think of years of wanting in Honolulu and Manila and Tientsin.

"I want him back," she said, "but now I've got him back and I don't know that I want anything except to have Robert and Charles here tonight. Oh, yes, and I want them to find something worth while for the General to do. It's hard to leave a field command, when a war is over. I don't mean that we like war, but after all, that's what the service is made for." She stopped and looked down the table again at the General. "I don't suppose I should have said that," she said, "but I won't take it back."

"Why shouldn't you say that about war?" I asked. "It seems to me like a very sensible remark."

Her glance moved away from the end of the table, as though she had just seen me. "Because you're not in the regular service," she said. "Of course you have been in the service, but temporary duty isn't the same thing. It only sounds ugly to you to think of people living and waiting for a war, but I don't mean it that way." She spoke as though she wanted to hurry quickly to some firmer ground. "I only mean that a service wife has to be prepared for her man to go when a war starts, in a different way from an outside wife. Right after Mel and I were married, he sailed to France with a school detachment in the First World War. I learned my lesson then. I learned that I must want him to see front-line service with troops because I had to want it. He went in at Château-Thierry. He was lucky and what he did has always helped his record. All we live for is a service record, and a wife has to be a part of it."

She stopped again and I was no longer aware of the voices of the others at the table.

"We all have to live by some sort of record," I said.

"Yes, but not in black and white, the way we do," she answered. "You like Mel, don't you? I can always tell when anyone likes Mel. I hope you'll help him with these newspaper people. Please don't let them twist things he says. Please don't let them hurt his record."

I wanted to tell her not to worry, but instead, I began to worry myself, for fear she might be implying more than she had said.

There was an abrupt silence at the far end of the table. Helen pushed back her chair and stood up.

"To use an old military expression," I heard myself saying, "perhaps we'd better put the show on the road. I'm sure the General would like to get started. We can go into the library any time now if you want to, Phil."

We waited for the ladies to go first, and as the General followed them, I told Phil Bentley to take the whole thing over himself. When we arrived in the library, he asked the General to sit down near the fire and he asked us all to relax and be comfortable. Everyone did look comfortable except Miss Fineholt, who sat at the desk with her notebooks.

"Now that we're all here," the General said, "I've said I'd be co-operative, but I don't like this sort of thing."

I HAD to admit that Phil Bentley was adroit and reassuring. "That's the way everyone feels when we start," he said. "But you won't mind it after we get going, General. Just think of us all being here talking, and any time you say anything you don't want on the record, let me know."

"All right," the General said, "let's get going."

"All right," Phil Bentley said, "it doesn't much matter where we start. Let's begin with your walking along that street in Berlin. Why did you happen to be walking down the street?" Phil Bentley asked.

"Because this A.P. correspondent said he'd take me to see the sights," the General said, and he went on from there easily if not brilliantly. He was completely at home giving an account of any series of actions, and I imagine Phil Bentley had understood this.

As the novelty wore off, General Goodwin's words became less stilted and his personality began to dominate the room.

"Now that we've broken the ice," Phil Bentley said, "how about telling us where you were born and about your people? Just tell us as though you were trying to remember it all for yourself."

"All right," the General said. "I was born and raised in Hallowell, New Hampshire, about ten miles away from the town of Nashua. The town of Hallowell is at the falls of a small stream, called Blind River, flowing into the Merrimack. The Hallowell hat factory is there. It's a town of about three thousand population, a small mill town."

OUR paths must have come very near to crossing at some point in Nashua. I remembered the town of Hallowell very well, one of those half-forgotten towns off the main highway with a single small industry to give it an excuse for existing.

There were always Goodwins in Hallowell, General Goodwin was saying, aboveground and in the cemetery. His great-great-grandfather, Amos Goodwin, had been in the Revolutionary War, and there was always a flag by his slate headstone on Decoration Day. His grandfather on his mother's side had been in the Civil War, but was buried in Nashua. That was about all there was to say about the Goodwins, except that his own father, Robert Goodwin, owned the drugstore. When Melville Goodwin attended the Hallowell Grammar School, there must have been ten other Goodwins there, including his two elder brothers and his sister Celia. His brother George ran the drugstore now, and his brother Harry was settled in Michigan. Celia was married, and in California.

There is nought so queer as folk. —ENGLISH PROVERB.

Without wishing in any way to criticize West Point, which was the greatest school of its kind in the world, nevertheless a kind of iron curtain did fall when you entered there. Still you might as well face the fact that you saw civilian life through different lenses after you had been to the Point. It was a subtle distinction he was trying to draw, but you could take the Hallowell High School for instance. The school committee had not thought of giving Hallowell boys close-order drill and some good setting-up exercises. These would have been more of a help to them in later life than Caesar's Gallic Wars and Vergil. Yet he could see that innovations like these would never have been accepted in Hallowell. The disciplines of Hallowell were of a milder sort.

"Robert," he could remember his mother saying, "don't call the boys in yet. Supper can wait for ten minutes. Remember, children are only children once." That was why he loved his mother and her memory. She had never exhibited maternal worries about her children. She always seemed completely certain that the future would look out for itself as long as one received a good education and went to church on Sunday.

There must always be some scene when the curtain rises on anyone's career; and a September morning in about 1903, when the family were having breakfast, may be as good as any for introducing the life and times of Melville A. Goodwin. It was the period when a mail-order house offered a free trip down the Mississippi to boys who could sell the most buggies in their community. George Goodwin had seen the advertisement and was endeavoring to start his Mississippi trip by inducing his father to buy a buggy, but Mr. Goodwin was in a hurry.

"I've told you 'no,' George," he said, "and I don't want to have to tell you 'no' again."

"Well, if you won't buy a buggy," George said, "can I have fifty cents?"

Mr. Goodwin put a little cream in his coffee before he answered. "Thank you for the coffee, mother," he said. He always called her "mother" at breakfast. "What do you want fifty cents for, George?"

"I want to send for an Indian snake's-eye ring," George said. "It's a lucky charm."



Sunbeam

DOUBLE AUTOMATIC

IRONMASTER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



HOT in 30 seconds

HEATS QUICKER, STAYS HOTTER, IRONS FASTER

Until you've used Sunbeam Ironmaster, you've no idea how much faster and easier ironing can be. No waiting for it to heat up—it's ready to go in a split minute, and always delivers the *correct*, steady heat for whatever fabric you're ironing. That's why you finish quicker, feeling fresher with a Sunbeam on the job.



SAFE steady *Low* heat that will not scorch the finest lingerie.

SUNBEAM HAS the *Thumb-tip Heat Control Dial* up in the handle, where it is always cool and convenient. Easy-to-see. Easy-to-set. A finger-touch sets it for the correct, safe heat you want.

SUNBEAM HAS the *Quick, Steady Heat* made possible by Double-Automatic Heat Control, an exclusive Sunbeam invention. Heats faster—but never overheats. Reaches safe Low Heat for rayons in 30 seconds, quick High Heat for heavy, damp linens in 2½ minutes.



QUICK steady *High* heat for your heavy, dampened linens.

IN ADDITION, IT HAS the air-cooled, wrist-resting handle . . . larger ironing surface . . . permanently attached cord set . . . new streamlined beauty. Now available in two weights: the 4 lb. Ironmaster with the famous Hard Steel Chrome-plated sole plate, and the 2½ lb. Ironmaster with the aluminum alloy sole plate for lighter weight.

See your dealer.

© SUNBEAM CORPORATION, Dept. 50, Chicago 50, Illinois • Toronto 9, Canada

Famous for Sunbeam TOASTER, MIXMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, WAFFLE BAKER, etc.

"What do you need good luck for?" Mr. Goodwin asked.

"Why, any fella needs luck," George said.

Mr. Goodwin sighed. "You ought to stop reading advertisements, George. . . . I'll have two eggs and one piece of bacon this morning, mother, but I'm in a hurry. I've got to make up a prescription for Doctor Byles."

"Who is the prescription for, dear?" Mrs. Goodwin asked.

"For Mrs. Perkins," Mr. Goodwin said.

"Is it her stomach again?"

"Yes," Mr. Goodwin said, "it's the digestive prescription, Doctor Byles' bismuth one."

You could learn what was wrong with everyone if you listened to father at home. The family were having breakfast in the kitchen as they customarily did on school days. Celia and Harry had set the table, and in the chilly September morning the stove was warm and pleasant. Melville ate his oatmeal in steady silence. His mother had packed his lunch box already with a jam sandwich, hard-boiled egg and an orange. Soon it would be time to go to school.

"Ma," he said, "I don't feel very good this morning."

"Why, Mel," his mother said, "where do you feel sick?"

He tried to think of a good place to feel sick, but he actually felt very well all over.

"Sort of everywhere," he said, but he never was good at acting.

"Come here, Mel," his father said, "and stick out your tongue—way out—and now say 'ah.' I thought so. It's the old school complaint. I used to have it myself." He smiled and rubbed his hands together. "And I know the cure for it. The cure is to go to school."

Melville returned to his chair and ate his soft-boiled egg. The cure was to go to school, and ten minutes later Harry and he and Celia started. The sun was bright on Prospect Street. It had been a dry summer, and the leaves were already falling from the elms. When you scuffed your feet in them, they had a pungent, dusty smell.

"Harry," he asked, "can I go with you?" If he went with Harry past the Stickney house, he knew that he would reach school safely. The main danger always came from the Stickney house.

"What's the matter?" Harry asked. "Do you need a nurse?"

"No," Mel said.

"Then don't keep tagging after me," Harry said.

"Go ahead, Mel," Celia said when they reached the Jacqueses' house. "I'm going to call for Emily. Please go on, Mel, and don't hang around listening to us."

MEL GOODWIN continued on his way, walking alone, steadily and carefully toward the Stickney house. He never could be sure what might happen, depending on whether Joe Stickney was waiting for him or not and depending on Joe's whim.

Just as he began feeling that everything was all right, Joe ran down the front steps. Mel could shut his eyes and still see Joe Stickney's short black hair and his brown eyes and his expectant smile. Joe was carrying a light switch with which he had been whipping at the elm leaves on the lawn.

"Hi, Baby Face," Joe said.

"Hi, Joe," Mel answered, politely and placatingly, because he could never be sure of Joe Stickney's mood.

"You're a buffalo," Joe Stickney said, "and I'm Buffalo Bill. Run for your life."

The switch struck Mel Goodwin's calves, and he began to run, trying to think it was a game and even pretending that he liked Joe and they might be friends, and it could have been a game if Joe Stickney had stopped whipping him. He felt the humiliation of it but then it was a part of life, being bullied by Joe Stickney. It was not as bad as it might have been, being a buffalo, until they reached the schoolyard and the older boys. He remembered that he asked Joe to stop, please to stop hitting him. He remembered that the older boys began to crowd around him as they often did before the school bell rang.

"Hi, fellas," Joe Stickney called. "He's a buffalo and I'm Buffalo Bill. Let's see you go for me, buffalo."

MEL GOODWIN had seen plenty of that sort of thing later—at the Point, for instance, on a more elaborate scale. It was a part of life, being able to take it if you could not dish it out, although he was not aware of this at the time. He only remembered that he faced a hopeless situation as he stood alone in the center of the circle. He had discovered that if he did nothing, pretty soon they would grow tired, and he would have done nothing if Joe had not switched him across the face.

He was not conscious of the pain of the switch across his face. But everything inside him stopped. He heard someone call to Joe Stickney to let the kid alone, and probably Joe had never meant to strike him there, because he saw Joe drop the switch. He had never known until that second that he was born with an athlete's co-ordination of hand and eye. He only recalled that he felt cold and still, and he was no longer conscious of sound or faces around him. He only saw Joe Stickney, taller than he was and older. Mel Goodwin had never struck anyone before. He was even surprised when he did strike, but instantly he knew that he must hit again. He heard Joe Stickney give a roar of pain and saw that he had landed square on Joe's nose, and blood was streaming down Joe's freckled face.

You were either born with an instinct for fighting or else you weren't, and he must have been born with it, because he knew that the boy was off balance and that time was wasting. He had no acquired skill, but he was on top of Joe before he got his balance. He knew enough to concentrate on Joe's thin nose. He pounded on it with short, sharp blows as they rolled on the hard ground of the schoolyard.

They were shouting to him to give it to Joe again, but he was cool enough to leave off when Joe began to cry. He was cool enough to reach in a dreamlike way in his trousers pocket for the clean handkerchief his mother had put there. He was cool enough to go to the pump to wash his face and hands, and the dust had been brushed off his clothes when the school bell rang.

When Harry said that evening that Mel had been in a fight at school, no one in the family took it seriously, because Mel did not even have a bruise or scratch. No one was sure of what had happened until Doctor Byles knocked on the door that evening and asked if Mr. Goodwin would open up the drugstore. The Stickney boy had been hurt fighting. He had a broken nose.

"Whoever did it kept pounding him in the same place," Doctor Byles said. "They say Mel did it, but it couldn't have been Mel."

Mel was studying his spelling by the lamp on the kitchen table. "If I hadn't kept on hitting, he'd have got up," he said.

It was a childish little story, and yet later whenever he studied decisive battles in which everything had moved correctly as at Auster-

(Continued on Page 76)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

One Star Enough

By Eleanor Halbrook Zimmerman

One candle alight in an empty room
Can dispel the gloom;

One star is enough on the rim of a storm
To keep the heart warm;

And one poem to read, or one song to sing,
Or one man to love you,
Can be sun and the moon and the fires of spring
And the stars above you!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



WHY BUY THREE?

when FELSO alone washes everything!



make FELSO your "sudservant" today!

● You'll never . . . no, *never* . . . find a finer washing product than FELSO . . . nor one so pleasant to use. FELSO is feather-light and snowy-white . . . eagerly sudsing in hard or soft, hot or cold water. See how wonderfully white and bright FELSO washes your laundry. See how spotlessly clean your dishes gleam, without wiping. See how just a flick of a FELSO-sudsed cloth takes "cooking film" off walls, stoves, refrigerators, and all kitchen surfaces.

FELSO saves shopping time and storage space, too, for FELSO is all you need to wash everything. FELSO's pleasant fragrance gives your wash a fine, fresh smell. And its remarkable mildness leaves your hands smooth and party-pretty. Won't *you* try FELSO . . . *today?*



The Story of a Housewife



Bird Craft Tile Pattern #3494

who loved Beauty, hated Scrubbing



Bird Carved Texture Pattern #6385 and Rug Border Pattern #126

and couldn't resist a Bargain!



LUCKY GAL! She found a *bargain* in beauty for her floors! Here are just two of Bird's many superb patterns . . . Craft Tile and Carved Texture, available in rugs or by the yard . . . beautifully styled in fresh glowing colors that put life and sparkle on your floors! Armorlite's long-wearing enamel surface (on a waterproof felt base) wipes clean with mild soap and water, too . . . your scrubbing days are over! For bargain beauty, for long wear at the right price — Bird Armorlite's your best buy! At floor covering, department, and furniture stores.

BIRD Rugs and Floor Coverings

ARMORLITE · LINOLEUM
LINOLEUM TILE · RUBBERLIKE
RUG BORDER

(Continued from Page 74)

litz, Mel Goodwin used to think that his battle with Joe Stickney was also a model of its kind.

He had studied boxing, like everyone else at the Point. In fact, in his last year he had been one of the best lightweights at the Academy. He had always preferred at the Point to be knocked down attacking rather than to cover up when he faced a stronger opponent. He had developed this taste, of course, from that first fight at Hallowell, when he had faced with tactical correctness a heavier, stronger boy. Those few minutes in the schoolyard at Hallowell formed a sort of base line and a reference point which controlled him in the future in any kind of fight.

He wished he could see the people in Hallowell, including his father and mother, his sister and brothers, as an adult should, but unfortunately he was still an adolescent when he left. His father would always be a mild, careworn man, whose problems were remote from his own. His mother would always be someone irrationally devoted to him. The last time he ever saw her, she had told him to be sure to button up his overcoat.

"It always beats me," his father had said on one visit, "what made you want to be a soldier. I always sort of hoped you'd be a doctor. It must have been those confounded Decoration Day parades. I guess you're doing all right, Mel, but I wish you had stayed home."

His father had been right. He never had recovered from a Decoration Day parade when the family went to Nashua to visit his mother's parents.

The whole family had been asked to spend the day. Mel Goodwin could remember the starched dresses and the big bow ribbons of the little girls and the billowy sleeves and long skirts of their mothers. He could remember particularly how hot and uncomfortable his own Sunday suit was.

Every burned book enlightens the world. —EMERSON.

"Robert," Mrs. Goodwin said, "don't you think it would be nice to give the children a soda at the store before they start? They'll all be thirsty before they get to Nashua."

As soon as she asked if it would be nice, Melville knew that his father would agree.

"Well, all right, mother," he said, "but I don't want the children thinking they can go in any time and get free sodas. They'll have to have sarsaparilla today. We're overstocked on sarsaparilla."

Melville still enjoyed sarsaparilla when he could get it, not root beer but regular sarsaparilla, although it was never as good as it used to be in Hallowell. The store was cool and shadowy that morning, full of the clean smells of perfume, soap and chemicals.

"Melville," Mr. Goodwin said, "take your drink right down, and don't blow bubbles through the straw. . . . What are you looking at over there, Harry?"

"At the candy," Harry said. "How about a licorice stick, pa?"

"Oh, well," Mr. Goodwin said, "seeing it's a holiday, you can each have three pink gumdrops; and hurry with your sarsaparilla, Melville. It's time the cars were starting."

FOUR veterans of the G.A.R. were going to march in the parade, and everyone hung back to let them get on first. Sam Jacques, the motorman, began calling to everyone else to get aboard, and he said the little ones could ride with him up front.

"You, Melly," he said, "you can get up front."

Melville found himself sitting next to Muriel Reece, but he did not consider it a privilege. Muriel was a dumpy, fat little girl, with hair the same color as his own.

"Melville Goodwin," Mrs. Reece called to him, "you take good care of Muriel."

"Yes, Melville," Mrs. Goodwin called, "you take good care of Muriel." Then she said to Mrs. Reece loud enough so that Melville could hear, "Don't they make a cute little couple?"

"What are you chewing on in your mouth?" Muriel asked.

"It's a gumdrop," Melville said.

"Well, give me one," Muriel said.

It was not fair, having to give up his last gum drop. As far as he could recall, he did not say another word to Muriel all the way to Nashua. When she said it was nice riding up front, he did not bother to answer. If anyone had told him that Muriel Reece would be his best girl someday, he never would have believed it. But it was nice riding up front in the trolley car to Nashua. Trolley cars moved very fast in those days.

HE hardly recognized his Grandfather Allen, in his G.A.R. uniform. The old man had kept his figure and he looked tall and straight in it, and he had spent good money to have it tailored to fit him.

"Well, well," he said. "Melville, ask your grandmother to give you a quarter of a dollar, and take your hat off when the flag goes by. I must be getting down the street."

Perhaps it was not a good parade according to later standards, but Melville had no basis for comparison that morning. It was the first time he had ever heard a military band—if you could call the Nashua band military when it played Marching Through Georgia. It was the first time he had ever seen the colors on parade. The beat of the band had put life into the wavering marching columns, even into the G.A.R. The sight of that uneven marching company took Melville's breath away, and before he knew it he found himself in the street following the parade with other boys.

The next Saturday, when there was no school, he went alone to the Rowell Memorial Library and asked Miss Fallon, the librarian, if he might take out a book.

"The children's shelf is over there," Miss Fallon said.

He had never been in the library before. He walked timidly to the children's shelf, and in this manner he encountered The Old Glory Boys in the Philippines, by Edward Stratemeyer, and the rest of the "Old Glory" stories, and Bob Raeburn at West Point.

"Can I sit here and read one now?" he asked.

"Why, yes indeed," Miss Fallon said.

She did not know that she was talking to General Melville A. Goodwin or that she was directing his first steps on the road to war.

The time was close to half past eleven. We had sat listening for the last three hours while Melville Goodwin searched through the memories of his childhood.

Phil Bentley said, "It is getting late and I don't want to get you tired, sir. We might close up now and start again tomorrow morning if you don't mind. All this material is really very useful."

"Oh, I don't mind," Mel Goodwin said. "Come on, Flax. They're going to let us off now." He stopped at the library door. "I have been before a lot of examining boards and a couple of investigative bodies, but I have never been through anything quite like this. Good night. I suppose you want to sit around and have a Goodwin session, don't you?"

Of course it was exactly what we were going to do, but Melville Goodwin spoke again before any of us could answer.

"Well, go ahead," he said. "I didn't know I'd remember so much. It's a funny thing—the past." His voice trailed off. "Maybe there isn't really any past. Maybe it's all back there waiting for you to find it. Well, good night."

The door closed on General Goodwin. Phil Bentley took off his glasses and put them in his pocket. "Sid," he said, "did you ever go through anything like that?"

"No," I said, "not exactly."

Phil Bentley and I had been trained in the same practical school and spoke the same trade language. I was familiar with the problems of an interview myself. I knew that he was trying to find some salient feature in Melville Goodwin's character which, when properly stressed, would make the General stand out as an individual.

(Continued on Page 78)

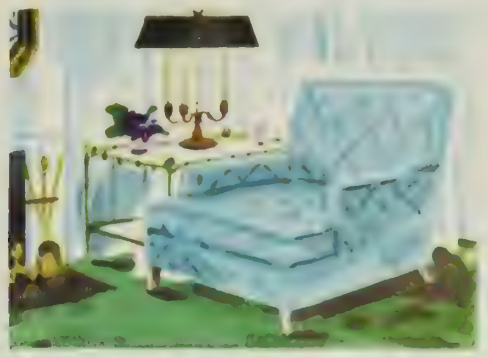


Dorothy Draper internationally famous decorator says: "I believe that style, color and design, go hand in hand with comfort and practicality. With Firestone *Foamex* cushioning I am able to attain superb comfort and unusual practicality in beautiful, graceful-looking furniture. *Foamex* is indeed a forward step in today's decorating achievements."

only Firestone FOAMEX* gives you full measure of luxurious comfort



SHAPE-HOLDING COMFORT IN BEDDING



SPACE-SAVING BEAUTY IN FURNITURE



SMOOTH-RIDING ROOMINESS IN TRAINS

The world's most comfortable cushioning...

Take the word of Dorothy Draper. Her influence has been responsible for launching many of today's best home furnishing styles. A pioneer in new ideas, Mrs. Draper saw the unlimited comfort and style possibilities of *Foamex*—for smart hotels, luxury liners, beautiful private houses. Yet *Foamex* is priced so low that it comes well within reach of everyone's budget. For the smallest home... in streamlined furniture... sleep-invoking mattresses and pillows... smoother-riding cars, trains, and planes... *Foamex* far outlasts ordinary cushioning. *Foamex* is a joy to keep—it keeps its shape for life. It never sags or lumps... needs no fluffing or turning. Nothing to come apart or wear out. *Foamex* is simply pure latex and air, whipped to a creamy foam, moulded to the shape of buoyant, lasting comfort.

In furniture, bedding and automobiles, just a few inches of Foamex gives you more pure comfort than twice as much ordinary cushioning.

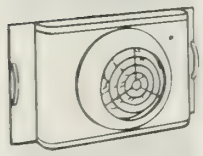
Listen to the Voice of Firestone Monday Evenings over NBC

*TRADE MARK

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

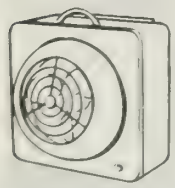


The Genuine Vornado®
WORLD'S FINEST AIR CIRCULATORS
is DESIGNED to outperform them all!



You will be proud to own a Vornado because of its outstanding beauty and modern design. Vornado will add charm and grace to the most pretentious surroundings.

Vornado is a *different* kind of air circulator that brings superior performance because of exclusive basic features that are *different* from any other fan.



Twin injector cones cause the air to move in a gentle swirling motion throughout all parts of the room instead of in a direct blast. This swirling motion brings cooling comfort to every person in the room.

Vornado means more comfort per dollar because its deep-pitched blades move more air farther and faster than old-style fans.



Ask your dealer for a demonstration and you too, will agree: Vornado is truly, The World's Finest Air Circulator.

Vornado must be good to be imitated!

The Genuine Vornado®
WORLD'S FINEST AIR CIRCULATORS
THE O. A. SUTTON CORPORATION ■ 1810 W. SECOND ■ WICHITA, KANSAS

(Continued from Page 76)

"You know," he said, "I've never seen anyone like Goodwin."

"Well," I said, "everyone's different—at least everyone ought to be."

"Yes," Phil Bentley said, "but with everyone I've done up to now there has been some sort of reference point. I wish I knew what bothers me about this. Maybe I've underrated him. Maybe he's got a sense of humor and his tongue in his cheek. Maybe Horatio Alger had a sense of humor."

"What's Alger got to do with it?" I asked.

Phil Bentley stood in the center of the room, looking lost without his glasses. "You see what I mean, punching that boy in the nose, and the parade. It's all too good, Sidney. If Horatio Alger had wanted to write a boy's book about a military hero, that's exactly the sort of stuff he would have used. Goodwin can't be the way he describes himself."

"I don't know," I said. "It's just possible he might be."

It was just possible, I was thinking, that Bentley and I had both become too complicated to appreciate any longer the simplicity of a single driving purpose.

"No, no," Phil Bentley said, "no one could be like that."

Yet I was still thinking that we should face the possibility. "Just remember, he isn't like you and me, Phil," I said. "He hasn't had to be worried by the same things. He's led a very protected life."

Phil Bentley shook his head. "Come on," he said, "let's close up shop."

It is not wholly fair to say that Melville Goodwin intentionally made a command post out of Savin Hill. Actually, he did his best to be a guest and not an occupying force. He was most appreciative at breakfast the next morning. If I felt rebuked at finding him waiting with Colonel Flax when I arrived downstairs at four minutes after eight, this only arose from old habit on my part and not because of his attitude.

"I should have told you to sit right down, sir," I said, "and to ring for breakfast."

He smiled in a gracious way. "Think nothing of it, Sid," he said. "Bentley and the girl aren't down yet either. I guess I ran that writer ragged last night."

"You didn't run him ragged," I said, "but these newspaper people are always late in the morning. What would you like for breakfast, sir?"

"Bacon and eggs and coffee," the General said. "I'm just a country boy, and I like a country breakfast."

The conversation moved in a well-worn groove. One talked politely about nothing while one thought of the day and the timetable.

"I wonder where that writer is," the General said.

"Maybe I had better go and find out, sir," I said.

"Oh, no," the General answered, "don't disturb him, Sid. Let's you and me go for a walk. I like a walk after breakfast."

It was another fine bright morning with a cool faint haze over the fields around us.

"Come on," he said. "I want to see those stables."

"There's nothing in them," I said.

"That's all right," he answered, "let's see them anyway."

He was walking rapidly, and I fell into a military step beside him.

"It looks as though you're all fixed here, son," he said. "I wish I knew what's going to happen to me."

Somehow I was disturbed when Mel Goodwin said I was all fixed. "I don't know," I told him. "This is all new to me. We only bought this place this spring."

"You want to take it easy, son," he said. "That's what I keep telling myself, and that's what I've been telling Muriel. I don't blame Muriel, but she ought to know that I can't tell her what the score is. I'm a combat leader, and there isn't any combat, and I'm too young to retire. I can't pick up the marbles yet."

We had reached the stable and walked inside and looked over the empty box stalls.

"I feel sorry for horses," Mel Goodwin said. "They were bred and trained for centuries as a means of locomotion and now they're ornamental pets. Maybe I'm like horses. I've spent all my life learning how to fight in a war. And now the whole show's over."

"Maybe there'll be another one," I said.

Mel Goodwin turned on his heel, striking out again in the same cadence. "I was just getting to be good," he said. "Son, I can handle a division the way a chauffeur drives a car, and I could do the same with a corps, and now I've got to forget it. I don't want to sit around waiting for another war."

The way he spoke of himself aroused my sympathy. "A lot of other boys are growing up," I said. "You can still teach them, Mel." I had used his first name without thinking of it, but somehow we were on a different basis from any we had been on before.

"I suppose Muriel was talking about me at dinner last night," he said.

"Yes," I answered.

"Did she ask you questions?"

"No, she just told me about you," I answered.

"I wish she wouldn't always tell about me," he said.

"Why, she's proud of you, Mel," I said.

"Sid," he said, "I wish I weren't so restless. By the way, there's something I've been meaning to ask you. Has—er—Dottie Peale ever mentioned me when you've seen her?"

"Why, yes," I said, "occasionally."

"I suppose she's heard about this Berlin thing. I suppose she's in New York now?" he said.

"Yes, Dottie's in New York."

We were both trying to speak casually, and suddenly I felt old and weary of the world. I wanted very much to tell him not to make a fool of himself and to forget Dottie Peale.

"Well," he said, "let's get back and get started. Maybe that writer's awake."

As a matter of fact, Phil Bentley, who took only orange juice and coffee in the morning, was down and through with his breakfast by the time we reached the house.

"Are you ready for me, General?" he asked.

Melville A. Goodwin was himself again. He fixed Philip Bentley with a steely eye before replying. "Yes," he answered, "I've been ready and waiting for some time, Mr. Bentley."

"Well," Phil Bentley said, "then let's get going, General. Is it all right to use the library, Sid?"

It was perfectly all right to use the library.

"Now let's see," Phil Bentley said, "where were we?"

Physically we were where we had been the night before. The General had seated himself in an armchair in the half-relaxed, half-alert way that I remembered in Paris.

"General Goodwin was talking about the books he used to read," Miss Fineholt said, thumbing through her notes.

"Oh, yes," Phil Bentley said and adjusted his horn-rimmed spectacles. "I wonder, General, if you read the Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant back there in Hallowell?"

"I read it when I was about fourteen," the General said. "It's a great book. I've read it a good many times since. Personally, I think many military critics underrate U. S. Grant."

Phil Bentley nodded, but his voice was quietly impersonal. "Would it be right to say he's a special hero of yours?" he asked.

Mel Goodwin passed his hand over his closely cropped hair. "I haven't any heroes now," he said, "but every kid has heroes. When things weren't going right for me at the Point, I used to think that I was Grant."

"So you used to try to be like him?" Phil Bentley asked.

(Continued on Page 83)

I am not afraid of tomorrow, for I have seen yesterday, and I love today.
—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

Give gifts of good sense



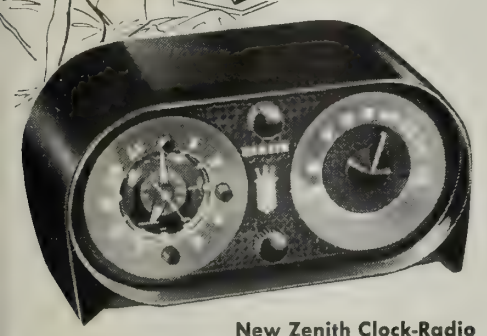
IN TIMES LIKE THESE

Zenith Quality





Radios



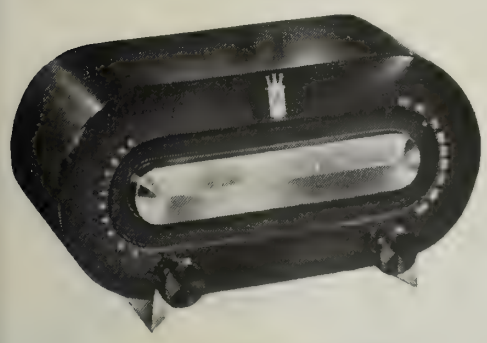
New Zenith Clock-Radio

A superb-toned radio that says "good night" and "good morning" with music, automatically. Also operates coffee maker, bed lamp, heating pad, electric fan! Tells time even in dark. Ebony, Ivory or Walnut plastic cabinet.



New Zenith "Super-Triumph" Table Radio

A beautiful, powerful performer with Super-Sensitive FM and Long-Distance® AM reception. Exceptional tone quality. "Flexo-Grip" handle for easy carrying. Walnut plastic cabinet.



New Zenith "Tournament" AC-DC Table Radio

Outside—the most beautiful modern table radio in Zenith history. Inside—scientifically engineered to turn all its power into glorious big tone quality and volume. Black, White or Swirl Walnut plastic.

Never have gifts bearing the Zenith® name been more exciting—more welcome than they are today. Never has Zenith Quality been more in demand. For the wise giver knows that quality such as this may not be replaceable for years!

Examine these brilliant gifts! Compare the quality—quality you know has been proved for more than 30 years. Superb, advanced engineering—to serve well with less service. Costlier parts and materials for enduring excellence. Exclusive features found in no other make regardless of price—yet—every one priced to pleasantly surprise you.

For weddings, birthdays, anniversaries, graduations, Mother's and Father's Day, gifts for loved ones in the armed forces—there is no better way to show good taste *and* good sense, than by giving a Zenith.

Radio-Phonographs



New Zenith Table Radio-Phonograph

Features famous Cobra-Matic Record-Player with Pitch and Tempo Control. Plays *all* record speeds from 10 to 85, including the coming 16 R.P.M. Simplest automatic record-player *ever* invented! Plus powerful radio chassis for famous Long-Distance reception. Giant 7½-inch speaker gives dramatic new tone quality. Smart new Swirl Walnut plastic cabinet. Model H664.

Portables



New Zenith "401" Portable Radio

Brand new DialSpeaker design and tone circuits bring a revelation in tone richness from bass to treble, outdoors or in any room! You've never heard such tone fidelity in a portable so small. Works on AC-DC-Battery. Maroon or Grey plastic.



New Zenith Super Trans-Oceanic

The super-powered portable radio that gets marine and weather broadcasts, world-wide short wave, plus standard broadcast coast-to-coast. Humidity-proofed for top performance in damp climates. Plays in boats, trains, planes, remote areas. AC-DC-Battery. Model H500.

© 1951

ZENITH
•LONG DISTANCE• RADIO
and TELEVISION

THE QUALITY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

Something new is always happening... with **Precedent**

... That's why I love to use this open-stock grouping whenever my clients ask for contemporary. Seems to me the Drexel people are always making very smart use of the newest materials, and I know they keep developing additional pieces to serve new uses. Yet the original Precedent furniture—introduced four years ago—harmonizes with such brand-new choices as the china, the Oriental-looking coffee table, and all the cork-topped pieces in the big dining room picture. The same purposeful lines—the same exciting combination of silver elm and beechwood—appear in all of them.





Things are a little snug for some of the people I know—and that's another reason for picking Precedent! It works so hard and so well for the little bit of space it uses.

3 Pages



THERE'S A CONVENIENT LISTING OF PRECEDENT DEALERS ON THE NEXT PAGE

Lazy luxury Keynotes

Precedent *bedrooms*

rom a decorator's sketchbook

by Drexel

Drexel FURNITURE COMPANY

DREXEL, NORTH CAROLINA

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF QUALITY BEDROOM AND DINING ROOM FURNITURE

For the ones who really go for comfort, I pick Precedent again. Look at that handsome utility bed—sliding panels hide a handy and generous space for books or bed-linens. A partitioned tray in the poudre keeps curlers, bobbie pins and all the other feminine knick-knacks in apple-pie order. (Incidentally, I know a school-girl who uses the poudre as a combination desk-vanity.) You have compartments and engineered space in the chest at the left and the cabinet in the corner. All these extras prove how Drexel's Precedent pampers us lazy people

SPEND YOUR BUDGET ON COMFORT AND VALUE... BUY DREXEL

Precedent

to suit your every need... at these leading stores

Choose your favorites from more than a hundred Precedent pieces—for every room and every floor plan.

Precedent is only one of many Drexel groups, in all periods—correctly styled and priced for your home. Look for them, and insist on the "by Drexel" brandmark — your proof of fine craftsmanship and unusual value.

ALABAMA
Gadsden . . . . Moss Furniture Co.
Mobile
Adam Glass & Co., Division of Hammel's

ARIZONA
Phoenix. . . . . Dorris-Heyman

CALIFORNIA
Bakersfield . . . McCart & Bultman
Glendale. George Seeley Furniture Co.
Oakland. . . . . John Breuner Co.
Redlands . . . . . Nelson-Hales
Sacramento . . . . John Breuner Co.
San Diego . . . . . V. J. Lloyd, Inc
San Diego. . . Burnett Furniture Co.
San Francisco . . . . . W & J Sloane
Stockton . . . . . John Breuner Co

CONNECTICUT
Hartford . . . Nassau Furniture Co

DELAWARE
Dover . . . . . Nap and Spence
Wilmington-Newark . H. Feinberg & Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington . . . Mayer & Company

FLORIDA
Jacksonville . . . . . Sterchi's
Orlando. . . . . Cox-O'Neal
St. Petersburg. . . . Maas Brothers
Tampa . . . . . Maas Brothers

GEORGIA
Albany . Albany Housefurnishing Co.
Atlanta . . . . Rhodes Furniture Co.
Macon . . Wood-Peavy Furniture Co
Savannah Dream House Furniture Co.

IDAHO
Boise. . . . Standard Furniture Co.

ILLINOIS
Champaign . . . . . Robeson's
Chicago (Oak Park-Berwyn)
Graivier's Classic Furniture Shop
Decatur The Bachman Company, Inc.
Springfield . The John Bressmer Co.

KENTUCKY
Louisville-Jeffersontown
DeLaney Furniture Co

INDIANA
Auburn . . . . . Gerig Furniture Co
Gary . . . . . Radigan Brothers

IOWA
Sioux City. . . . . T. S. Martin Co.

LOUISIANA
Baton Rouge. . . Joy's of Baton Rouge
Monroe, Dixie Bedding & Furniture Co.
New Orleans
D. H. Holmes Company, Ltd.
Shreveport
Booth Furniture & Carpet Co.

MARYLAND
Baltimore . Hochschild, Kohn & Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston . . . . . Jordan Marsh Co.
Boston . . John H. Pray & Sons Co.
Fall River-New Bedford
Mason Furniture Co.
Worcester . . . Joseph Grace, Inc

MICHIGAN
Detroit . Ernst Kern Co.
Detroit Pringle Furniture Co
Flint . . . . . Reed's of Flint
Saginaw Stevens Furniture Co

MINNESOTA
Minneapolis . Boutell's
St. Paul. The Emporium

MISSISSIPPI
Jackson. . . . . Kennington's

MISSOURI
Kansas City . . . . . Robert Keith
St. Louis . . . . Craig Furniture Co.

NEBRASKA
Kearney Payne-Larson Furniture
Norfolk . Ballantyne's Furniture
Omaha . . . Orchard & Wilhelm Co.

NEW JERSEY
Asbury Park . . . . . The Royale
Hackensack . . Selvin's-Hackensack
Paterson . . . . . Bograd Brothers
Westwood, Selvin's Westwood Furniture

NEW YORK
Albany . . . . . Mayfair, Inc
Amityville, L.I., Nassau Wayside Shops
Boonville . . . . . Clark Layng
Buffalo-Niagara Falls
J. N. Adam & Co.
New Rochelle, Neptune Furniture Co.
New York . . James McCreery & Co.
New York . . . . John Wanamaker
Rockville Centre, L.I.
Nassau Wayside Shops
Syracuse . I. Fleischman & Sons, Inc

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville . . . . . Morrison's, Inc.
Charlotte
Mecklenburg Furniture Shops, Inc.
Durham . . Piedmont Furniture Co
Greensboro . . . . Morrison-Neese
Morganton . . . Nite Furniture Co
Wilmington . Todd Furniture Company
Winston-Salem
Colonial Furniture Shops, Inc

OHIO
Cincinnati. . . The John Shillito Co.
Toledo . . . . . Bennetts, Inc.
Youngstown . . . . . Hume's

OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City. . John A. Brown Co.
Tulsa. . . . . Cathey's

OREGON
Portland, Meier & Frank Company, Inc.

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown. C. A. Dorney Furniture Co.
Genesee. . . . . Chapman-Burrous
Harrisburg . . . M. Lee Goldsmith
Philadelphia. . . . John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh. . . . Joseph Horne Co.
Pottsville . . . . . Hummel's
Wilkes-Barre . . . United Furniture

RHODE ISLAND
Providence, Joseph Marcus & Co., Inc.

SOUTH CAROLINA
Columbia . . . . . Van Metre's, Inc.
Greenville . Craig-Rush Furniture Co.

SOUTH DAKOTA
Aberdeen . . The Malchow Company

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga. . . . Fowler Brothers
Johnson City. . . . Morrison's, Inc.
Memphis . . . . . Lowenstein's
Nashville . . Dodge Furniture Store

TEXAS
Amarillo. . . J. W. Hill Furniture Co.
Baytown . . Culpepper Furniture Co.
Beaumont, Phoenix Furniture Company
Corpus Christi
The Showroom of Finer Furniture
Dallas. . . Anderson Furniture Studio
Houston. . . Suniland Furniture Co.
Pampa . . . . Texas Furniture Co.

VIRGINIA
Norfolk, Willis Furniture Company, Inc.
Richmond . . Miller & Rhoads, Inc.
Roanoke . . . Reid & Cutshall, Inc.

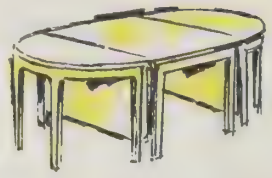
WASHINGTON
Seattle Frederick & Nelson
Spokane . The Crescent

WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston. . . . . Woodrum's
Huntington . . Butler Furniture Co.

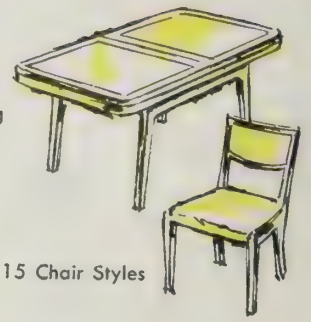
WISCONSIN
Madison. . . . . Frautschi's
Milwaukee . . . . The Boston Store

WYOMING
Casper, J. W. Forsling Furniture Co.

CANADA
Toronto, Ontario
The Robert Simpson Company
Winnipeg Hudson's Bay Company
Vancouver Hudson's Bay Company
Calgary Hudson's Bay Company
Edmonton Hudson's Bay Company
Victoria Hudson's Bay Company

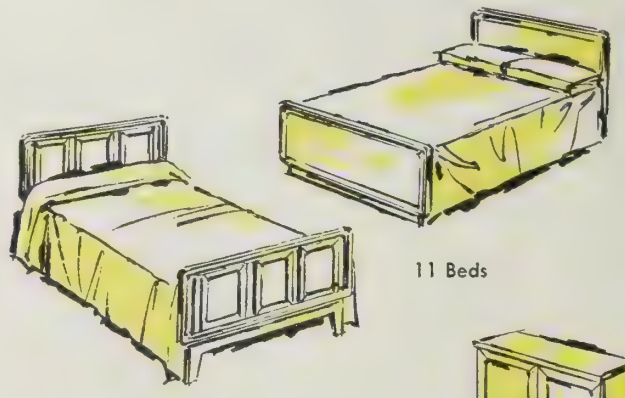


31 Tables
reaching up to 100 inches long

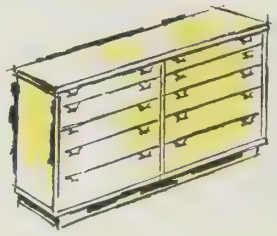




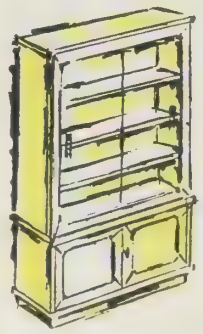
15 Chair Styles

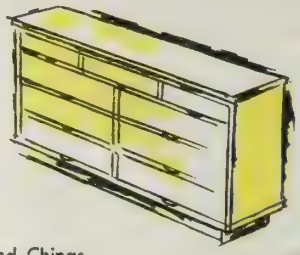


11 Beds



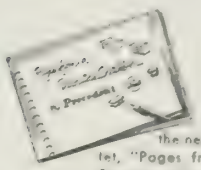
25 Cabinets and Dressers





9 Buffets and Chinas





Write today for the new Precedent booklet, "Pages from a Decorator's Sketchbook"—including sketches of all Precedent pieces, with their dimensions. Send 10c, in coin only. Address: 272 Huffman Road, Drexel, North Carolina.



NEW! Drexel Cream Wax—cleans, polishes and renews the finish! At your Drexel dealer or send $1.00 for pint bottle to Drexel, 272 Huffman Road, Drexel, North Carolina. (Sent prepaid.)

by Drexel
Drexel
FURNITURE COMPANY
DREXEL, NORTH CAROLINA

(Continued from Page 78)

Melville A. Goodwin stared at his questioner with a reserve that I had seen on the faces of other officers speaking to someone outside the service.

"That's too easy, and don't put that in your article, son," he said. "I'm not another General Grant. He had small feet, but his boots are too big for me, but—all right—every kid has to have a hero. All right, I used to think about him quite a lot when I was there in Hallowell."

He liked Grant, Melville Goodwin said, because young Grant had been brought up like him, in a small provincial town, the child of plain parents.

Melville Goodwin was fourteen years old when he told Muriel that he wanted to be a soldier.

One cold afternoon in March, his father had asked him to help out in the drugstore. No one he had ever known, Mel often thought, had his father's eye for detail. Mr. Goodwin would have made a fine sergeant. Melville was polishing the glass of the showcases for the third time, and his father in his spotless white coat stood watching him, when their congressman, Mr. Orrin Curtain, entered the store.

"That's better," Mr. Goodwin was saying, "but it isn't done yet. . . . Oh, good afternoon, Orrin." His father and Mr. Curtain shook hands. "When did you arrive?"

"On the four-o'clock trolley, Robert," Mr. Curtain said in a fine ringing voice. "I arrived in Nashua yesterday from Washington and I cannot go back again without seeing my good friends in Hallowell. And how are Mrs. Goodwin and the young people?"

"They're fine, Orrin," Mr. Goodwin said. "Everyone is fine."

MELVILLE was working hard on the glass showcase, but he still could listen and feel a glow of pride as Mr. Curtain in his tight-fitting overcoat and derby hat talked to his father in such a friendly way.

"I was just thinking, Robert," Mr. Curtain was saying, "that it will be time soon to do garden planting. The Department of Agriculture has a very fine assortment of vegetable seeds this year, and I might be helpful along these lines, if you could bring the subject up to any customers, Robert, and forward their names and addresses to me. I'm almost certain they'll get seeds promptly and a much better selection, too, than were available before I was elected."

"Why, certainly," Mr. Goodwin said. "I'm always glad to help in any little way I can."

"I know," Mr. Curtain said. "When I say I don't forget my friends, I mean it. Who's your young assistant, Robert? Wait, don't tell me. He's your own boy, isn't he?"

Melville was working on the showcase again, but he could feel their eyes on him.

"How old is Melville now?" Mr. Curtain asked. "About fourteen? If everything goes right, I might help out with Melville. I'm not promising, but there might be an appointment to West Point."

It sounded exactly like one of the books he had read at the Memorial Library. He kept working on the showcase, but his head felt light; all of him felt light.

"Well, that's kind of you to think of it, Orrin," he heard his father say, "but I'd sort of like Mel here to be a doctor."

THEN the telephone rang, and its bell cut through everything like a knife. "Hello," he heard his father saying. "Yes, I can send Melville right up with it, Mrs. Reece."

"Nothing wrong at the Reeces', I hope," Mr. Curtain said.

"Sam Reece has grippe," Mr. Goodwin answered. "Here, take this up to the Reeces', Melville, and then you'd better go home and do your studying."

Melville took the package and went out in back for his overcoat and his rubbers. His wagon was hitched to a star in the shape of Mr. Orrin Curtain, that bighearted, selfless man. From the moment Mr. Curtain had spoken, he knew he would go to West Point.

Dirty melting snowdrifts still covered much of the sodden ground, but Melville was not conscious of climate. It might as well have been June with peonies blooming in the flower beds. He hardly knew he was at the Reeces' until he had passed the ornately turned pillars of the veranda.

"Hello, Melville," Mrs. Reece said, when she opened the front door, "My, you got here quickly."

When she asked him to step inside and get warm by the parlor stove, Muriel Reece was sitting at a table working at her algebra.

"Here's Melville, Muriel," Mrs. Reece said. "He's coming in to warm himself for a minute. I'll just run upstairs now with the medicine."

"Take off your rubbers, Mel," Muriel said, "so you won't track mud on the carpet."

Meeting Muriel was no novelty. They both had desks in Miss Macy's room at the high school, and neither had ever taken the slightest interest in the other.

The Reece parlor was a very comfortable room, somewhat more elaborate than the Goodwin parlor, which was natural because Mr. Reece was sales manager and vice-president at the hat factory.

"I'm doing my algebra," Muriel said. "Have you done yours yet?"

(Continued on Page 85)



"When you're strong enough to push a lawn mower, I'll get you a bicycle."

The LESTER GRAND PIANO
is the Official Piano of the Philadelphia Orchestra

the center of attraction

The child or adult who can play the piano is always the center of attraction in any group. Start your children on the road to happiness and popularity now by choosing the genuine Lester Betsy Ross . . . America's most popular Spinet!

Built by the same family since 1888 . . . this quality instrument will be the center of attraction in your home because of its graceful design, compact size and exquisite finish.

LESTER *Betsy Ross Spinet*



Look for these famous features: full 88 note keyboard three working pedals glorious tone and responsive touch ten year guarantee.

Dampp-Chaser equipped . . . ONLY Lester offers this moisture control regulation.

See the newest models now; your dealer will arrange terms. Priced from $687.00; model pictured $809.00 f.o.b. Lester, Pa.

Made ONLY by the Lester Piano Manufacturing Co., Inc., builders of world renowned Lester Grand Pianos.

ONE *name quality price* — *a beautiful piano with magnificent tone* sold by America's foremost piano dealers

mail the coupon for illustrated booklet

LESTER PIANO MANUFACTURING COMPANY INC., LESTER 13, PA.

Send me your 24-page illustrated book showing piano arrangement in the home. (Enclose 10c for postage.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone No. _____ State _____ LHJ • 6J

It's Cannon Color Magic Time!

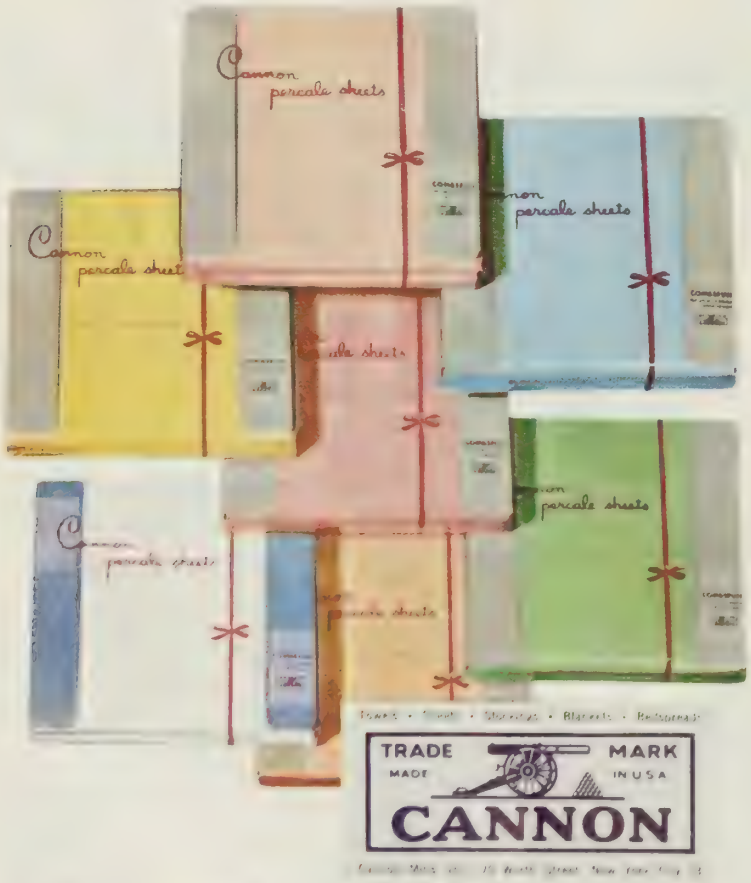
Special values to brighten your home—lighten your budget!





Cannon Towels

18 colors for magic-scheming! Now—at stores—you'll find *your* Cannon Towel favorites are star-values! Just think of the magic you can make with 18 Cannon colors at your command—to do your bathroom over like a decorator's dream! All towels with "Beauti-Fluff"—the rich new Cannon finish. In complete ensembles, ready to "color scheme" with Cannon Combspun* Percale *Sheets!*





Cannon Sheets

6 pastel shades for color-dreaming! Yes, the Cannon Sheets you've yearned for complete the "double feature" stores are staging! Luxurious Cannon *Combspun** Percale Sheets—in soft "water colors"! Pick them to go with your Cannon Towels—for perfect harmony between bedroom and bath. And bless the values that bring these *color-fast,* fine combed percales within such easy reach!

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

See these exciting Cannon values at stores now!

(Continued from Page 83)

If you were a boy at Hallowell High, it was fashionable to be sloppy with your homework, and Melville had done nothing on his algebra.

"Why don't you sit down and do your algebra now?" Muriel asked.

"All right," Melville said. "I may as well, now that I'm here."

They were on simultaneous equations, and he remembered the example still.

"You haven't got it right," he said.

Muriel had always been pretty dumb at algebra. He pulled a straight-backed golden-oak chair to the table beside her and sat down and picked up a pencil.

"Now look," he said, "you do it this way."

The great thing about figures was that they were either right or wrong. There was no middle ground. There might be two ways about Ivanhoe, which they were studying in English, but there were no two ways about algebra.

"You smell all over drugs," Muriel said.

"Well, I've been working down to the store," he told her.

"I don't mind," Muriel said. "It's a nice smell. What girl do you like best in school, Melville?"

"I don't know," Melville said. "I've never thought."

"It's just the same way with me about boys," Muriel said. "All the girls are beginning to talk about boys. I don't know what boy I like best either."

He had never conversed for such a long time with a girl, and it occurred to him that Muriel had changed without his having noticed. She was no longer fat and dumpy. Instead, she was almost thin and her hair was the color of pulled molasses candy.

"When you grow up," he said, "I suppose you'll work in the drugstore."

"No, I won't," he said. "I'm going to West Point."

He had told her without thinking, but he was glad that he had told her.

She turned quickly in her chair to face him. "Oh, go on," she said. "You're fooling."

"You wait and see," he said. "It's a secret. Don't tell anyone, but you wait and see."

"Of course I won't tell anybody," Muriel said. "Oh, Mel, I think that's awfully nice. You look sort of like a soldier."

It wasn't a memorable speech, but somehow nothing that anyone had ever said to him had ever sounded quite that way.

General Goodwin colored slightly and cleared his throat. "Bentley," he said, "you have certainly got me going. I don't know why I should run on this way about Muriel in front of strangers, but you've got me thinking about those days. We were just kids like any other kids. You've got me thinking of it and I like to think of it. I am proud of it, and kid stuff is pretty funny sometimes, but just you mind, Bentley, all of this is off the record—strictly off the record. I don't know why, but I consider you cleared. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," Phil Bentley said.

Generals liked to talk off the record. If anyone was cleared, generals often enjoyed being confidential, and the phrase "off the record" always had a magic of its own for the military mind.

The next morning, just by accident, Melville happened to be starting for school as Muriel walked by his house, and he walked to school with her, and when school was over they started home together at the same time, but he was always sure that walking to school with Muriel had started just by accident.

Sex was something that every normal individual had to encounter sometime, and it always seemed to Melville Goodwin, from hearing others talk of their adventures, that a good deal of an individual's future and his attitude toward women in general depended on this first encounter. Perhaps, looking backward, it was reasonable to assume that his innocuous conversation with Muriel Reece that afternoon was his first true encounter with the biological urge and that he and Muriel had really chosen each other as they sat there doing algebra. From that time on Muriel had always kept a cool eye on his behavior.

When Eunice Rogers, who was the prettiest girl in the high-school class, passed him a note that April which read, "Somebody loves you," Muriel asked him on the way home from school what the note had said, and he showed it to her. When Muriel made a disgusted face at the contents of the note, he could sympathize with her distaste, though it was not his fault that Eunice had given it to him. Eunice might be good-looking, Muriel said, and certainly she was thinking about her looks all the time. The truth was that Eunice and her friend, Helene Dumont, could not talk about anything but boys and kissing. She was always writing those "Somebody loves you" notes and giving them to boys.

If you were a girl, Muriel said, and if you liked a boy and thought that you might marry him someday, after you had finished with high school, you did not have to send him flirt notes. You did not have to kiss him, either, until you were engaged to be married, but then perhaps boys were different from girls. If Melville ever felt silly that way, and she hoped he never would —— Muriel stopped talking and stared grimly and coldly in front of her while they passed the public library.

"If you have to be silly," Muriel said, "you can hold hands with me, but if you try to kiss me, I'll slap you."

"I didn't say I wanted to kiss you," Melville said.

"All right," Muriel said, "then don't be silly."

Melville was embarrassed and confused. He had never wanted to hold Muriel's hand, and there was no reason for her to suggest that he did, and the last thing in the world he had ever thought of was kissing Muriel Reece. It was due to Muriel, after all, that other girls let him alone, because they began to understand that he was Muriel's property, and he learned a lot about women from Muriel—not as much as the man in Kipling's poem, who took his fun where he found it, but quite a lot about women.

A few changes in the links of circumstance might have altered his life. If he had not delivered Doctor Byles' standard grippe prescription at the Reeces', he might have answered that note of Eunice Rogers', and if he had answered that note, he might have been the one who had married Eunice, instead of his brother Harry.

Harry, as soon as school was over, had gone to work at Mason's garage in Nashua, and shortly afterward Harry induced their father to purchase a secondhand model T Ford, the first car the family owned. No one worried much about licenses then, so Melville had learned to drive it, and he was fascinated by the mechanism and by its power.

In time all his ambitions might have been changed by that Ford, if it had not been for a regiment of New Hampshire militia which made a practice route march from Manchester that summer and camped on the old fairground at Blair, five miles from Hallowell.

It was an August afternoon, so still and hot that the leaves on the elms hung motionless and exhausted. Melville had finished mowing the lawn at three o'clock that afternoon and Celia had watched him from the hammock on the porch while she read a novel. When he had finished and put the mower in the barn and had washed himself under the pump, he went upstairs and put on a clean blue shirt and his long pair of khaki work trousers. When he came down, his mother was out on the porch too.

"Where are you going, Melly?" his mother asked.

He told her he was going down to get an orange phosphate at the drugstore.

"He wants to show off his long trousers downtown," Celia said. "Doesn't he look funny in long trousers?"

To keep friends, always give your candied opinion. —ANON.



Too bad! This child's mother was "too smart" to believe the ads that told her...

Amm-i-dent Helps Prevent Cavities!

"Just another exaggerated claim," the mother thought when she read that Amm-i-dent ammoniated Tooth Paste could reduce tooth decay. She didn't even call her dentist, who could have told her about Amm-i-dent. She just kept buying the tooth paste with which her family had been brushing—and having cavities—year after year.

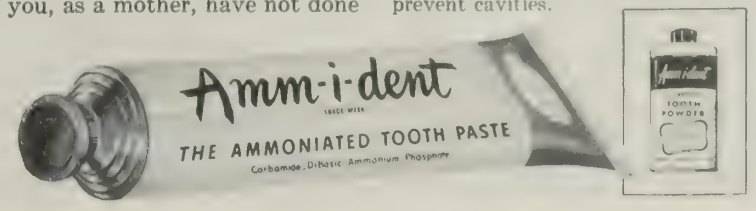
More dentists recommend Amm-i-dent

And now she's sorry. At her child's regular dental check-up—*more cavities!* She wishes she had followed the advice of the dentists of America. They recommend Amm-i-dent ammoniated Tooth Paste and Powder more than any other dentifrice.

If your family is not using Amm-i-dent, you, as a mother, have not done all you can do—all you should do—to help them to have strong, healthy teeth. You can prove it to yourself. Were there any cavities in your family last year? What did you do to help prevent those cavities?

Does Your Present Tooth Paste Do Anything To Help Prevent Cavities?

No ordinary tooth paste, without ammoniated anti-decay ingredients, can do much to help prevent cavities beyond what the simple act of brushing will do. But Amm-i-dent supplies *for many hours* the ammonia content found lacking in the mouths of people who suffer from tooth decay. And you don't have to change your brushing habits. Regular brushing at your regular time, with Amm-i-dent, helps prevent cavities.





When he thought of it now, Celia looked pretty funny herself that afternoon with rats in her hair and a large black bow. There were a number of replies he might have made to Celia, but his mother spoke before he could answer.

"He looks very well in them," she said. "He's growing so, it's time he wore long trousers. Come here, Melly, and let me tighten your belt."

It was one of Harry's old belts. It needed another hole to be tight enough, and his mother made one with her scissors. He could always remember the simple things she said and did for him.

The trolley from Nashua was just in, and Mr. Jacques, the motorman, was in the drugstore drinking a root beer. Mr. Goodwin was out back in the prescription room, but he heard Melville ask for an orange phosphate.

"Is that you, Mel?" he called, and stepped out of the prescription room, cool and neat in his white coat.

Mr. Jacques finished his root beer. "Well," he said, "it's a hot day for the soldier boys to be marching."

"What soldier boys?" Mr. Goodwin asked.

"The militia," Mr. Jacques said. "They're coming up along the river road. They're going to camp at Blair on the old fairgrounds."

What news there was usually reached Hallowell by trolley. Blair was only five miles away, and the Ford was in the barn. Melville had never driven it far by himself, but it was an easy road to Blair. Besides, it would do the motor good to be used. At least this was what he told his mother when he returned to the house.

"Why, I don't know why you shouldn't, dear," she said. "You've been working so hard on the lawn."

"Harry won't like it," Celia said. "Melville really doesn't know how to run an automobile."

He did not wait to hear what his mother answered. The Ford started without any difficulty. He backed it out of the barn, turned it correctly into the yard, and went in low out to the street. The pulsing, shaking engine felt immensely powerful. He squared his shoulders, pulled the little gas lever, and let the clutch drop back into high.

It was not due to any plan that Muriel happened to be on the front porch of the Reeces' house, and he stopped the car to wave to her.

"Hi, Muriel," he called, "would you like to take a ride?"

He waited with the engine running while Muriel walked slowly toward the car.

"Oh, Melville," she said, "I'd like to, but I don't know whether I ought to, and I can't ask mother because mother's gone to Nashua. Are you going a long way?"

"Only down to Blair."

She listened while he told her about the militia camping at the fairground.

"Well," she said, "maybe you ought to see some soldiers," and then she smiled. "It's silly, but I'd like to go." Muriel climbed up beside him to the worn upholstery of the Ford runabout. "Melville," she asked, "are you sure you know what you're doing?"

"Yes," he said, "of course I'm sure."

THEY were traveling at only twenty miles an hour, but the Ford was eating up the distance. The sun was at his back and was dropping low, and he and Muriel were approaching the wooded, rolling country that lay between Hallowell and Blair. His mind was concentrated both on the management of the Ford, which had raised him to another plane, and on the curves and contours of the road.

"Melville," Muriel asked—they both had to raise their voices so that they could be heard above the rattling of the car—"do you think I'm too old for braids?"

He had no fixed ideas on the subject, but he could both watch the road unfold and answer her. "I don't know," he answered.

"I think I ought to put my hair up," Muriel said, "something like the way Celia has hers."

"It might look all right," he said.

"If I had known you were going to ask me for a ride, I'd have put it up."

"You look all right," he said.

"Oh, you're just being polite, Melville," she said.

"No," he said, "you look all right."

A BLUE farm wagon drawn by two dapple grays was approaching him, and he kept well to the right.

"Melville," she asked, "do you like poetry?"

"Yes," he said, "some kinds, but not love poetry."

"I know a poem called The Highwayman, by Alfred Noyes," Muriel said. "It has love in it, but it's about fighting. Shall I say it?"

"Yes," Melville answered, "go ahead and say it."

"All right," Muriel said. "I wouldn't say it to just anyone because some people would say that it sounded silly," and she started it correctly, beginning with the title in the way one had been taught to recite poetry at Hallowell: "The Highwayman, by Alfred Noyes. . . . '*The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor* ——'"

When her voice stopped, Melville came to himself almost with a jolt.

"It's kind of a silly poem," she said, "but it sounds nice, doesn't it?"

"It's all right," he answered, "except that with all those soldiers after him, he would have waited until there wasn't any moonlight, if he'd had any sense. There's no use standing around in the moonlight to let someone take a shot at you." His thinking was absolutely sound, and he was pleased that he could criticize the poem.

Men who have a good deal to say use mighty few words.
—JOSH BILLINGS.

"I don't see why you have to spoil it all," she said. "It would be braver to come by moonlight."

But there was no time to argue. They had come around a bend, and he could see the buildings of the fairground with the roofs of Blair beyond and a cloud of dust on the river road.

"Gosh," he said, "the place is full of soldiers."

"What are we going to do now?" he heard her ask.

"We're going to see them," he said. "That's what we came for, isn't it?"

He wished for the first time on that journey that he had not taken Muriel along. He wanted to see this sight by himself without having to answer her questions, but after a few minutes he hardly gave a thought to Muriel.

Blair was scarcely a town; it was only one of those crossroad clusters of buildings that you so often pass in New England. The inhabitants were lining its single street and clustering on the porch of the general store and post office, watching the volunteer militia end its march and enter camp.

Melville stopped the Ford on the grass by the side of the road not far from the fair gates. He could still remember the heat of the waning sun on his bare head, the rumble of the wagons, the sweating, weary faces. He could see himself and Muriel, a gawking boy and girl in country clothes, staring in mute respect at a ludicrous spectacle. He knew now, and Muriel would, too, that the New Hampshire Volunteer Militia was really nothing to gape at.

But he stood utterly bemused by the moving column, fascinated by the Springfields, by the officers' service revolvers, by the felt hats and their blue braids, by the packs and the blankets and by the rumbling capable wagons. Both of them must have forgotten about the time until the bugles blew assembly and the ranks began forming for retreat. Muriel had stayed beside him quietly as they wandered here and there, but now her voice was plaintive.

"It's getting awfully late," she said. "I don't know what mother's going to say."

"Oh," he said, "in the Ford we can get back in no time."

Nevertheless, he knew they had stayed too long. It was six o'clock, and they hurried

(Continued on Page 88)



Modess .... *because*

Now! REVLON discovers
an anti-perspirant
gentle as a face cream

NEW AQUAMARINE
LOTION DEODORANT



*made with precious skin-soothing Lanolite**

Longest Protection, Ever! Stops odor immediately, *completely*...checks perspiration more effectively... thanks to exclusive Echo Action*...*without the harshness, irritation* you've had to put up with in ordinary deodorants.

Most Luxurious Deodorant, Ever! Rich, fragrant *liquid-cream* blended with Lanolite ...scented with famous Aquamarine fragrance.

Easiest To Use, Ever! Gently press the new "plastic-squeeze" bottle...out flows *just enough* creamy fluid for one application. Lotion it on...it vanishes instantly. Out-modes runny liquids, messy sprays, greasy creams!



New! Revlon's Aquamarine Cream Deodorant

Light-as-fluff cream wafer enriched with Lanolite. Non-greasy, non-sticky, can't cake.



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 80)

through the fair gates; they were almost running when they reached the Hallowell road, but when they reached it he could see no sign of the car.

"Melville," he heard Muriel wail, "it's gone! What are we going to do?"

While Muriel was still speaking, he began tracing the tire marks through the long grass to the dust of the road. He had to follow them for only a few yards to discover that the Ford had been driven into the fairground.

"It's all right," he said to Muriel; "it's around here somewhere."

He grabbed her by the hand, not to console her but because he was in a hurry. Whoever had taken the car, he was thinking, had not seriously intended to steal it, and it would not be on the company streets or near the officers' tents, but in the neighborhood of the wagons. It was the first estimate he had ever made of a serious situation and it had been correct. Not more than three minutes could have elapsed before he saw the Ford down by the wagon park. It stood beside a heap of packs and harness, with its engine running, and four militiamen were examining it. One private, he remembered, was drinking from a whisky bottle and another was trying to pull it away.

"That's my automobile," Melville said.

"Say," one of the men said, "look at the two little sweethearts."

Melville found himself blushing. He had forgotten that he was holding Muriel's hand, and he dropped it like a hot potato. He could still remember the red hair of the man who had spoken and the exact tilt of his mouth, and his gold tooth.

The redheaded private said, "You're too young to own a car."

"It's my father's automobile," he said.

The soldier moved closer to him. "Fresh, aren't you?" the soldier said. "How do I know it's your daddy's automobile?"

"Because I told you so," Melville said.

"And what are you going to do about it?" the redheaded soldier asked. It was a sensible question, and it looked as though there was nothing he could do about it, but he did not want Muriel to know it. He swallowed and he felt his heart beating in his throat.

"I'm going to drive it home," Melville said.

"Now listen, bub," the redheaded soldier said, "you get out of here before I slap your ears back."

"Oh, leave him alone, Jake," someone said, "he's only a kid."

"You heard me," the redhead said, waving an open palm at him.

Melville knew that he could not walk away. It would be better to have his teeth knocked out or be killed than walk away. Probably, on thinking it over, nothing would have happened. Someone not as drunk as the redhead would have moved between them, but at just that moment Muriel tugged at his arm.

"Here, Mel," she whispered, "take this."

MURIEL was holding out a bayonet to him. She must have found it in the heap of equipment near the Ford, and she must have drawn it from its scabbard herself because he saw its ugly blade in the dusk. He had never held a bayonet before, but at that moment it seemed completely natural to be holding it.

"Keep away from me," Melville said.

"Why, you murdering little ——" the redhead shouted.

The others around the car were laughing, but it was not all a joke.

Melville backed away carefully and climbed behind the wheel of the Ford, put the bayonet on the seat beside him and accelerated the motor. He told Muriel to get in beside him. That was all there was to it. No one spoke. No one shouted after them as he drove the car toward the fairground gates. The only sound that he could remember was Muriel's convulsive sobbing.

"Don't cry, Muriel," he said, "there's nothing to cry about," and he threw the bayonet out of the car when they reached the Hallowell road.

He was never embarrassed after that when anyone in Hallowell said that Muriel Reece was his best girl.

MELVILLE GOODWIN'S words came to a standstill. Far from being a skillful narrator, it seemed to me that he had spoken very clumsily. Yet when he stopped speaking, we were all there with him in Hallowell.

He moved his arm and looked at his wrist watch. "Only nine fifty-five," he said. "I thought it was later. Well, I guess it was that summer when I went to a Sunday-school picnic. I guess I remember it because it was the last one of those functions I ever attended. All our crowd was getting a little old for Sunday-school picnics."

A knock on the library door cut the General's sentence short. It was Oscar. "Pardon my interrupting," Oscar said, "but Mr. Frary wanted to know if he could speak to Mr. Skelton for a few minutes. He's upstairs in his room."

"Go ahead, Sid," the General said.

"Well, I hate not to hear this," I began, "but I imagine Mr. Frary's going to town."

"Come back when you're finished," Phil Bentley said. "Now what about the picnic, sir?"

"Well," the General said, "there was a lake and a pine grove on the trolley line about five miles outside of Nashua, called Rodney's Grove." Then as I closed the library door behind me I heard him say, "But none of this has any real bearing on anything."

I had completely forgotten about Gilbert Frary and I had never realized how immersed I had become in the life and times of General Melville A. Goodwin until I saw Helen in the upstairs hall. Helen was carrying a pad of paper and a pencil.

When I told her that Gilbert Frary had sent for me, she nodded toward the door of our dressing room. "Come in here for a minute first," she said, "and tell me what we're going to do for the rest of the day. Gilbert is in his room using the telephone, so I can't use it, and Mrs. Goodwin is in the living room crocheting a washcloth."

"Is she really crocheting a washcloth?"

"She's making a whole set of them," Helen said. "She finished one last night after dinner, and now she's on another. How long do you think this is going to last?"

"I don't exactly know," I said, "but it won't be so long. The best thing to do is to relax, and just remember that everyone's busy."

"Mrs. Goodwin isn't busy," Helen said.

"Well, take her for a drive," I said. "She'd be interested in that."

"Henry's driving Gilbert back to town in the Cadillac," Helen said.

"Well, take her in the station wagon," I answered.

"Miss Otts will need the station wagon to get Camilla home from school," Helen said.

"Well, all right," I said, "there's still the Packard runabout."

"That's true," Helen said, "I'd forgotten about the Packard."

We looked at each other for a moment and then we both began to laugh.

"Darling," Helen said, "we do have a good time, don't we?"

(Continued on Page 90)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Old Poet

By Ingeborg Kayko

Girls voiced sweet with desire,
My days are a trembling of knees.
Would it please God I were
A kingfisher flying the seas
Over the bloom on the crest
Of the waves, fearless
With my mate to the nest,
Sea colors under my wing
In halcyon spring.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Best-Liked Wedding Gift:

Gorham STERLING

A wedding gift of Gorham Sterling tableware reflects the good taste of both the donor and the bride! That's why today's bride-to-be tells her friends long before the wedding which Gorham pattern is her very own. And that's why those friends and the bride's family, too, would *rather* give solid silver place-settings or extra serving pieces in Gorham Sterling than any other gift.





Beautiful, permanent and completely personal Gorham Sterling is the ideal wedding or anniversary gift, but it isn't expensive. A six-piece place-setting in one of Gorham's 16 timeless fashion-right patterns consists of a knife, fork, teaspoon, soup spoon, butter spreader and salad fork—costs from $29.75 to $39.25 (Fed. Tax incl.) and most Gorham dealers have budget plans available.

P. S. Only Gorham makes *one-piece* sterling knife handles. This exclusive process permits finer pattern detail, prevents denting and rattling, even after repeated washing in boiling water. Ask your dealer to demonstrate.

Giving or getting you'll be proud to say IT'S *Gorham* STERLING

America's Leading Silversmiths Since 1831

No wonder Gorham* is America's leading Sterling! You can see the finer design and craftsmanship—feel the better balance in Gorham Sterling.

ALSO MAKERS OF GORHAM SILVERPLATE, GORHAM SILVER POLISH, GORHAM BRONZE, GORHAM ECCLESIASTIC WARES.

*TRADE MARKS COPYRIGHT 1951 BY THE GORHAM COMPANY



(Continued from Page 88)

"Yes," I said, "always." Somehow the whole situation was eased simply because Helen had forgotten about the Packard.

At intervals during the last few weeks Gilbert Frary had been suggesting that he and I should get away somewhere and have a good long talk, or, as he liked to call it, an exchange of ideas. He had been vague, I remembered. He could not tell me what these thoughts were until he thought them aloud with me.

I wondered again where these thoughts might lead as I made my way to Gilbert's room. As he liked to say himself, he was a very clever negotiator. At the end of a long talk, if you were not careful, you were apt to find that you had been moved through unexpected mazes, like a ball in one of those glass-covered puzzles, until you found yourself in some unanticipated position. I knocked on Gilbert's door.

"Come in, come in," he called. I entered. "Oh, excuse me, Sidney. I thought it was Oscar."

"Did you have a good night, Gilbert?" I asked.

"A very restful night as always in your home, Sidney. I wish I might stay longer," Gilbert said. "There is nothing I would like better than to sit here all day dreaming dreams as I have this morning."

I pulled a chintz chair closer to his. "What have you been dreaming about, Gilbert?"

Gilbert sighed and placed the tips of his long fingers together. "Frankly," he said. "I've been dreaming a little about you, Sidney. I was dreaming somewhat about the program and a stray remark that George Burtheimer passed the other day and about a slight reservation of his, just a stray remark."

I felt a slight uneasiness. "Go ahead, Gilbert," I said. "What is it about the program?"

"Now, Sidney," Gilbert said, "if I have disturbed you, please forgive me. You and I know there's nothing the matter with the program, and I told George to look at the rating, but you know a sponsor's line of thought, and the little restivenesses they sometimes have when they sign the checks for a million-dollar appropriation."

I found myself dropping automatically into Gilbert's own vernacular. "And if they have, so what?" I said.

"It's just a little matter," Gilbert said, "but I have been dreaming over it for several days, and this morning at nine I checked myself by turning on Alan Featherbee and the News because George has been mentioning him a little wistfully lately. There may be something in the voice that has escaped me up to now—not that it compares with yours for an instant, Sidney—but frankly I was impressed by Alan."

ONE of the reasons I have always hated show business was the jealousies that it engendered, and now when Gilbert merely mentioned another commentator named Alan Featherbee, I felt a sharp, half hysterical twinge of anxiety. It did no good to tell myself that morning commentators, especially nine-o'clock ones, were worth nobody's attention. I still knew Gilbert would not have mentioned Featherbee without a definite purpose.

"Well," I said, "what about him?"

"Absolutely nothing about him," Gilbert answered, "and please believe I'm being candid. Yet he does do one thing which is conceivably interesting, and that was all that George was speaking about."

"What does he do, sing or whistle?"

"Sidney," Gilbert said, "please understand me and please forgive me without showing pique or persiflage. I know you know me well enough to be sure I'll never let you down," he said. "I am with you in the final decision, but I honestly think we should entertain a sponsor's suggestion. I was speaking of it to Art Hertz yesterday, and Art thinks we should entertain it."

He intended his remark to be deliberately disturbing. He should not have spoken to the script writer before discussing it with me. I was almost sure that his speech contained a hint that I was not wholly indispensable, and I found myself speaking more carefully.

"All right," I said, "what is it you want me to entertain?"

"Well," Gilbert said, "there is frankly a little feeling in the sponsor's office that not quite enough emphasis is being placed upon the commercial side of the program."

"We've been through all that before," I said. "If they had their way they'd put the whole fifteen minutes into advertising."

"They don't want more commercial time, Sidney," Gilbert said. "George has merely advanced a little thought, and I promised that you would consider it. It is suggested that you speak the commercials yourself, weaving them in with the news, as Alan Featherbee does."

"Now wait a minute, Gilbert ——" I began, but Gilbert interrupted me, speaking very quickly.

"IT shocked my integrity just as it does yours when I first faced it. But as you consider the suggestion, Sidney, in an unbiased way, it is not so bad. I've made a few notes—oh, here they are." Gilbert picked up a piece of paper from the breakfast tray. "You see, Alan Featherbee does this commercial thing and he does it very adroitly. These notes are not in your words, but merely in mine. But just suppose you were to open this way." Gilbert cleared his throat, drew a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles from his waistcoat pocket. "Good evening, everybody. The news is very important and very critical tonight, but first, before I give it to you, let me tell you a little personal adventure of mine that was news to me. Sitting in my Connecticut home this evening, I was faced with a plate of onion soup. Its very aroma reminded me of the restaurant near the rue de la Paix where I love to dine when I am gathering news in Paris. Its taste conjured up the vision of old Pierre, the chef, whom I had congratulated on his onion soup when I was last in Paris at the time of the breakup of the cabinet. Its stock had that same full-bodied, that same invigorating authority." Gilbert took off his glasses and waved the sheet of paper in an expansive, fanlike motion. "That's my dream, Sidney," he said, "a commercial with news action in it. It needs hours of careful thought, but you understand it, don't you?"

I would rather make my name than inherit it.

—THACKERAY.

I could understand it and I sat for a moment without speaking. At least I was considering it. I was considering roughly what I had lived for and what everything had meant and when it was time to start and when it was time to stop.

"How serious are you about that, Gilbert?" I asked.

"Why, not serious at all," Gilbert said. "I was merely advancing the idea."

"Well," I said, "why don't you get Alan Featherbee to do it?"

"Now, Sid," Gilbert said, "don't take it that way. It was merely a suggestion, but there is Clause Seventeen-A in the contract."

"What is Clause Seventeen-A?" I asked.

"George considers it an escape clause," Gilbert said, "though frankly I consider this legally debatable."

"Well," I said, "then, why do you bring it up, Gilbert?"

Savin Hill and my present situation had never seemed so unstable. I could imagine the house and everything being carted away in boxcars as I sat there contemplating Gilbert Frary. He was like a magician holding an object in his hand. It had been there for one instant and now it had completely vanished. It was all very confusing; but then, Gilbert always loved confusion.

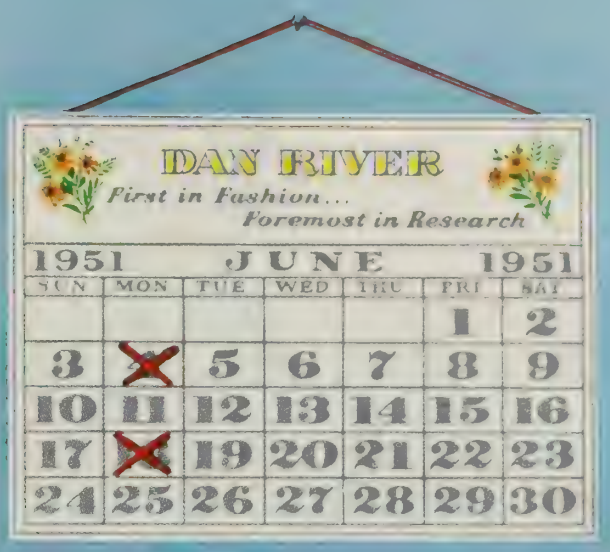
"Sidney," he said, "I have brought up absolutely nothing."

There had been something and now there was nothing. Gilbert looked hurt and reproachful, and I even had a feeling of remorse and I realized again that he was fond of me in certain ways.

(Continued on Page 92)

"WRINKL-SHED® WASHDAY IS EVERY OTHER MONDAY"





"BECAUSE WRINKL-SHED® COTTONS JUST DON'T PICK UP DIRT!"

1. Stays clean . . . for days *and* days.
2. Never needs starch—the crispness is in to stay.
3. Positively will not mildew. 4. Stays pressed for days and days. 5. Actually retards perspiration odor, keeps its dainty freshness.
6. Won't shrink*—ever. 7. Dries like sixty.
8. Yes, wrinkles hang right out, when it's a Wrinkl-Shed cotton.

There is only one Wrinkl-Shed—Dan River's. Not just another surface "finish," but a new kind of cotton. Look for this label . . .

IT'S A DAN RIVER Wrinkl-Shed® COTTON

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

*Residual shrinkage less than 1%

DAN RIVER Wrinkl-Shed®

FIRST IN FASHION . . . FOREMOST IN RESEARCH

DAN RIVER MILLS, INC., Danville, Va.—*Makers of* Dress Fabrics • Wrinkl-Shed® Cottons • Stormwear Fabrics • Shirtings • Rayon Suitings • Yard Goods • Sheets and Pillow Cases

fresh from the English countryside

BY APPOINTMENT PERFUMERS TO H. M. QUEEN MARY. YARDLEY, LONDON

...the lilting fragrance of Lavender
is brought to you by Yardley.
Subtly blended with precious oils,
there is only one Yardley Lavender.
Though it's luxurious beyond
compare, you will want to use it
as generously as toilet water.
It's right for all your doings.
Enjoy this unique fragrance, too,
in creamy-lathering Lavender Soap.



Yardley English Lavender, from $1.75, plus tax

Dusting Powder, $1.65, plus tax

Lavender Soap, $1.35 (box of three)
Bath size, 75c a tablet

YARDLEY
English Lavender

Yardley products for America are created and prepared and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulas, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

(Continued from Page 90)

"Gilbert," I said, "I don't understand all this."

Gilbert cleared his throat. "Sidney," he said, "I should have known before I started what your reaction would be. Forgive me and let's forget it, Sidney."

"All right," I said, "let's forget it, Gilbert."

"I always feel better when we've had a talk," Gilbert said. "And you do forgive my crudeness, Sidney?"

"Don't ever worry about being crude, Gilbert," I told him.

"When you and I are together," Gilbert said, "I have no sense of time. It's actually a quarter before eleven. I must be leaving, Sidney, and please let me steal downstairs without fanfare, and give my love and thanks to Helen, and I'll be in touch with you later in the day. Don't worry about Clause Seventeen-A. There's absolutely nothing in it."

"I'm not worried about it as long as you're not," I said.

"And you feel happy about everything?"

"Yes," I said, "absolutely happy."

Gilbert snapped his suitcase shut and picked it up before I could reach it. "Oh," he said, "I nearly forgot. Here's a little something for Oscar," and he dropped a five-dollar bill upon the bedside table.

I felt weary when I stood outside the house watching Gilbert leave for the city, though our talk had been no more disturbing than other talks with Gilbert. I was a valuable piece of property, and in a sense a negotiable security, and contretemps like that were all a part of the climate in which I lived.

When he was gone I remembered Melville A. Goodwin in the library, but I needed a few minutes to myself. It was this need that made me wander into the living room. I had forgotten that Mrs. Goodwin might be there, and I had already walked past her when I heard her voice behind me.

We confess our little faults only to persuade others that we have no great ones.
—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

"Good morning, Mr. Skelton," she said.

She was sitting on the corner of the long sofa, crocheting a washcloth, just as Helen had said.

"Oh," I said, "good morning, Mrs. Goodwin. I was just seeing Mr. Frary off. The General is in the library."

"How is everything going?" she asked. "I hope the General isn't saying things he shouldn't."

"Oh, no," I said, "everything's going very well." I sat beside her on the sofa. "He was telling us how you handed him a bayonet, when the militia took his father's Ford."

"Oh," she said, "I don't see why Mel should have remembered that. Mel and I haven't spoken about it for years. He always had a stubborn streak, and I was afraid the man was going to strike him and then I saw that thing lying on top of a pile of knapsacks. It's queer he should think of that afternoon at Blair. Of course we never told about the trouble when we got home. That was Mel's and my secret." She looked at me and smiled. "I was glad to have some sort of secret with him."

It was undoubtedly a washcloth she was crocheting, white with a green border, and she was doing the border now with quick, even plunges of her needle. I could understand as I watched her why mythological fates always seemed to me to be spinning, tatting or embroidering. Mrs. Goodwin would inevitably finish that washcloth. She would not thrust any half-completed work into a bag and forget it as Helen often did.

"The General was speaking of a Sunday-school picnic," I said.

"Are you being polite or are you interested?" she asked.

"If you really want to know," I told her, "I started by being polite, but I like putting things together. It's a habit, I suppose."

"Are you trying to put me together?" she asked.

"Not seriously," I answered, "only out of habit."

"You're not much like Mel, are you?" she said.

"I suppose that's why I'm interested in him," I said.

She nodded, and I straightened myself uncomfortably, and felt like a younger officer paying a formal call upon the General's wife.

"Do you mind if I call you Sid? The General does."

"Why, no," I said, "I'd like to have you."

"If you call him Mel," she said, "I don't know why you shouldn't call me Muriel. . . . How long were you with the General in Paris?"

I was almost sure that Dottie Peale was coming next, and I was thinking that Mrs. Melville Goodwin was crocheting me like the washcloth.

"I only saw him off and on for a day or two," I said.

I WAITED for her to twist me farther into the design, but the design changed.

"But you saw him at Saint-Lô, didn't you?" she said. "That was Mel's great chance, of course, the sort of chance that everyone in the service dreams about. I wish I'd been there to see him."

"He looked very well," I said.

"Mel always appears well when he's with troops," she said. "I know what you mean by liking to put things together. I was in Washington before Normandy, sharing a home with a dear friend of mine, Enid Joyce, the wife of Colonel Joyce. Poor Bud Joyce had a disk in his back and he never had his chance. He was in G-two in the Pentagon, wearing a brace, and Enid and I would spend off moments in Alexandria working over a five-hundred-piece picture puzzle on the bridge table. After D day, sometimes I used to creep downstairs at two in the morning and turn on the light and look for pieces."

She paused and smiled at me.

"So I see why you like to put things together," she said. "If Mel and I were a puzzle all cut up by a jigsaw, I suppose that Sunday-school picnic out at Rodney's Grove would be a corner piece."

She stopped and I was afraid that she would not get back to Hallowell. I was relieved when she went on.

"It was a very hot day," she said. "I made enough sandwiches for Mel and myself but I wasn't sure that Mel would eat them with me because Mel was always shy with girls, especially in a group. He was awfully slow at hay rides and Halloween. Did you ever play that game at a Halloween party with a long thread and a raisin in the middle of the thread? When Mel played that game he would always chew up to the raisin and get it while the girl was still feet away. I thought those games were silly myself, and sometimes I wished . . . but it doesn't make much difference, all the things I used to wish. It takes a long while to learn that you can't have everything."

"A lot of people never learn it," I said. "Maybe no one does."

"That may be true with civilians," she said, "but I don't think it's true with service people. You learn pretty quickly in the service that you can never get anything unless you give up something else."

Anyone could see that she had given up everything, including all her might-have-beens, to follow General Goodwin.

Melville had once told her, she said, that he had to wear long trousers to the picnic because all the other boys in the Bible class would be wearing them, but Melville owned only two pairs of long trousers. One was his pair of khaki work pants, and if he had worn them the other boys would have started singing Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking. His only others went with a suit of blue serge handed down from his brother Harry. The suit was too heavy for a hot August day, but if he removed the coat everyone would see how his shirt, also inherited from Harry, kept billowing around the middle and every-

(Continued on Page 94)

From budget portable to beautiful cabinet...

MOST WONDERFUL SINGER MACHINES OF 100 YEARS



GER Budget Portable is sturdy, compact, smooth-running. Sews perfect lock-ch. Has spotlight, foot control. Comes in dustproof positive-locking case—easy carry, easy to store. A tremendous sewing value!



Luxe Desk Model is a handsome double-duty piece. Use it for writing—or open top, and there's your SINGER Sewing Machine. Drawers hold supplies. Match-stool available. Choice of walnut, mahogany or blond oak finish.

YOURS FOR $89.50 AND UP

Minimum budget terms • Liberal trade-in allowance

YOU'VE NEVER SEEN such smooth-stitching beauties, such handsome styles as today's new SINGER* Sewing Machines. The finest machines ever built by the company that's been the world's favorite for 100 years! They start at only $89.50. See them, choose yours today.

ONLY SEWING MACHINES THAT GIVE YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES!

1. Always available service. No matter where you move—how many years from now—you can always get parts and service from any of a thousand SINGER SEWING CENTERS, coast to coast.

2. Lifetime dependability. SINGER Machines are built to *stand up*. Many are handed down to second, even third generations.

3. Stitching perfection on any fabric from organdy to corduroy.

4. Sew at any speed! Latest models go forward, backward; stitch over pins to save basting. Quiet SINGER* Motor works on A-C or D-C.

5. Built-in SINGERLIGHT* to illuminate work, eliminate glare.

6. Easy dials to adjust tension and stitch length.

7. World's most beautiful cabinets, in styles to fit any home.



8. Famous SINGER course in home dressmaking or decorating is given with new machine. A complete series of lessons under expert personal instructors at your SINGER SEWING CENTER.



9. Basic set of attachments, including ruffler, binder, hemmer and gatherer comes with machine at no extra cost. Many others, including buttonholer shown above, available at small cost.

Choose yours today—at your nearest Singer Sewing Center



Shopper's paradise! Your SINGER SEWING CENTER has every notion you could need—or imagine. Thread, scissors, zippers, skirt-marker. We'll cover buttons, make belts of your own material, too. And don't miss the new "SINGER Sewing Book" with 1000 how-to-do-it illustrations!

FOR YOUR PROTECTION SINGER sells and services its Sewing Machines, Vacuum Cleaners, and other products only through SINGER SEWING CENTERS, identified by the Red "S" Trade Mark and "SINGER SEWING CENTER" on the window, and never through department stores, dealers, or other outlets.

At right is the SINGER SEWING CENTER at 263 Main St., Hackensack, N. J. More than a thousand others from coast to coast. For address nearest you, see classified phone directory under SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.



A CENTURY OF SEWING SERVICE 1851 1951

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

100th ANNIVERSARY

*A Trade Mark of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

right, U. S. A., 1951, by THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY. All rights reserved for all countries.

Here at last... is "*Eternal Youth*"

with the fit and freedom of fabulously expensive girdles

The youthful lines you long to see in your mirror—that's your figure in Bestform's "Eternal Youth". It's an exciting new 16" girdle* at an exciting low price! "Eternal Youth" sleeks your hips, slims your waist...yet it's the relaxingest girdle you've ever worn. See "Eternal Youth" by Bestform, try it on...see what it can do for your beauty and your budget...soon.

fitted to your budget by Bestform

$8.50





ACE-OF-DIAMONDS PANELS SLIM YOUR HIPS... These gleaming panels stretch up and down only, giving you long, slim hip lines. And note that the diamonds are widest where you are, controlling most where you need it most.

NON ROLL TOP also insures a tinier middle. Tiny, flexible bones and elastic whittle while you work or play.

NYLON LUNO ELASTIC SIDE SECTIONS [illegible] room. Vertical stretch satin elastic back and front.

And for bosom beauty...Bestform's Princess uplift brassiere #6057... satin with nylon marquisette—$1.50

16" LENGTH—SIZES 25 TO 34—WHITE ONLY...$8.50
18" LENGTH—SIZES 26 TO 34—WHITE ONLY...$8.95

BESTFORM | *no finer fit at any price!*

BESTFORM FOUNDATIONS, INC. • [illegible]

(Continued from Page 92)

one would observe the tucks his mother had made to shorten the sleeves and the way the neckband was folded here and there to accommodate the celluloid collar that was too small for it. The coat, when buttoned, concealed these defects completely, particularly when Melville had snapped a ready-made bow tie under the collar. He did not wear a hat because he had no summer hat, but he looked very neat and nice, Muriel thought, when he helped her into the open trolley up front with the rest of the Bible class.

When Mr. Atherton suggested that the boys who were wearing coats might take them off, Melville said he did not feel hot at all, that you only got hot when you exercised, and riding in a trolley was not exercise. He made this last remark to Muriel and not to Mr. Atherton. He was very polite and he carried her picnic basket and helped her on and off the car.

When the boys started a game of one old cat in the grove, Melville did not play because he said that he had lamed his shoulder. Of course he had to leave her when all the other boys left the girls, but he came back when Mr. Atherton suggested that they all sing Onward Christian Soldiers. It was nice to have Melville sit next to her, but there was no chance to have a private conversation.

It may have been that Mr. Atherton, from previous experience, was against private conversations among the older group. At any rate, Mr. Atherton thought of a long succession of games and songs in which everyone was obliged to join, and there was not a single lull until about half an hour before the scheduled time for departure. Then Mr. Atherton had to stop in order to see that the younger children were present and accounted for, and at this point Melville suddenly suggested to her that they take a walk on the path around the pond. She told him that it would be very hot walking, but Melville said the path was in the shade and it was cool beside the water.

The walk hardly seemed worth while, once they started, because neither of them had anything to say. She did tell him that she had read A Plebe at West Point, and he had answered that it was just a kid's book. After that they said nothing until they were a quarter of the way around the pond, when she said they really ought to be getting back or else people would begin calling for them. They stopped under a maple tree near the water's edge and there was a little patch of lily pads and one white pond lily a few feet offshore. She remembered saying that she wished he could get that water lily for her. Melville tried to reach it with a stick, and then she pulled him back because she saw he could not reach it without getting wet.

"I just said I wished you'd get it for me," she said. "I didn't say I wanted it. I can wish without wanting, can't I?"

"I don't see what's the use in wishing for something without wanting it," he said. Perhaps that was the difference between girls and boys. Perhaps boys always wanted what they wished for, more than girls. "Muriel," he said.

"Yes," she said, "what is it, Melville?"

"Oh, nothing, I guess," he said.

Then before she knew that anything was going to happen, he bent and kissed her cheek.

"Muriel," he began, "I didn't mean to ——" and he looked very confused and hot. "I'm sorry, Muriel."

(Continued on Page 96)

crisp cottons for Summer

New finishes help keep summer cottons fresh and crisp in wilting heat · By VIRGINIA CARR

- Permanently finished cottons, identified by tags on yard goods and garments, are processed in mills, remain crisp after washing, so will never need starching. Many of these don't muss or crease, nor shrink out of fit.
- Plastic finishes or synthetic starches are used at home after laundering; a treatment lasts through five to eight washings. One caution: don't overdo, for if fabric is too stiff it takes many washings to soften.
- Wax-base liquid starch gives water-resistant finish which helps keep garments clean; good for work and play clothes and table coverings. Finish is flexible, must be renewed with each washing.
- Vegetable starches give smooth, satiny finish which can be very stiff or merely add body to the fabric. To get the crispness desired, follow proportions on label as carefully as you do a cake recipe.
- Permanently stiffened or plastic-starched materials may turn yellow when chlorine bleach is used. If this happens, soak in sodium-sulfite solution (available in drug or photographic supply stores), using one teaspoon per gallon of water. Rinse materials thoroughly after this treatment. Safer than chlorine bleach for removing stains from these fabrics is a packaged color remover, sold with dyes and tints. Try it first on a hidden part of the garment.

The Wedding that Couldn't Happen!

How a Woodbury Deb had a change of heart

Lovely Ida Bell Hardin came from an old Virginia family without a Northerner in the line. "I'll never marry a Yankee!" she vowed.

She grew up in the Navy atmosphere of Norfolk, surrounded by Navy bases and Navy life. "I'll never marry a Navy man!" she said.

But then Eugene Chipman, a tall ensign from Indiana, sighted Ida's hazel eyes and sparkling Woodbury complexion—*and* both her plans were sunk!

Here's the wedding that "couldn't happen" . . . the way it happened to a Woodbury Deb.



HER FLOWING VEIL came from Paris. Her glowing complexion came from daily care with Woodbury Facial Soap! Ida's olive skin is extra-sensitive. She knows that Woodbury Soap has a beauty-cream ingredient.



THE CAKE was cut with a military sword. Ida thanks another cake for her velvety skin — her cake of Woodbury! Skin scientists make it with a rich, softening oil...intended to help replace the natural oils you wash away.



THEY PLANNED a seaside honeymoon at Cape Cod. Salt air and water couldn't dry Ida's delicate skin—Woodbury lather keeps it soft and adorable. The precious oil in Woodbury is the same used in rich face creams!



SHE'LL NEVER change her beauty routine—daily facials with Woodbury Soap. She'll always have Woodbury's "complexion of a bride!" P.S. The beauty-cream ingredient is in big Beauty-Bath Size Woodbury, too!



Woodbury Facial Soap ...*with the Beauty-Cream Ingredient*

for the skin you love to touch



BRONZE ANGEL...glorious sun-kissed shade of Angel Face by Pond's

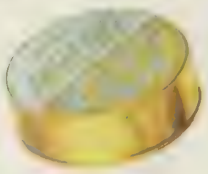
Now in a smart, slim, new **MIRROR CASE**

Your summer foundation and powder in-one! The loveliest suntan that ever smoothed on with a puff—your Bronze Angel Face! Now in the lovely new Angel Face Mirror Case! Smooth as ivory, golden-etched, and slim as a wafer. Flip open the cover and you find puff, mirror, and Angel Face—your summer make-up *complete!*

Never shiny—never greasy! No matter how the temperature soars—Angel Face looks fresh . . . and *cool!* And it's such *easy* summer glamour! No greasy foundation . . . no wet sponge . . . and no loose powder spilling about! Your Bronze Angel Face goes on with just a touch of its own soft puff and *clings—much* longer than powder!

It's made to travel! Carry your Angel Face in you pocket, your beach bag, your suit case. Can't spil can't "sift," can't leak! And it's a *wonderful* litt space-saver! For the sweetest face under the summe sun—choose Bronze Angel. 5 other *year-roun* glamour shades, too. In its new Mirror Case, Pond Angel Face is just $1 plus tax.

Also in the familiar blue-and-gold box [illegible]



Bronze Angel—the suntan you tuck in your handbag!

DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

(Continued from Page 26)

good dark red kind on the shelf by the barbecue. A pinch added to the hamburger is elegant. We like it in the sauce we baste chicken with too. And in scrambled eggs.

Country auctions are in full swing. On a sunny June day, an auction is great fun. Sometimes you may bid in a box of junk for a quarter and find two good pressed-glass knobs buried under the litter. I do not like the auctions where someone has left a house and the contents are all sold. There is a sadness about the life of a home being gone. But the auctions in old barns where all sorts of things have been turned in are not sad, they are very gay. Families stay all day, children dive in and out with hot dogs and soft drinks, women knit and visit, farmers chat about the crops, and the auctioneer keeps up a steady flow of wit as helpers lug pieces in and out.

Our neighbor, Steve, has a penchant for old foot baths and he buys them recklessly; Olive says the house is jammed with them. Butter churns he cannot resist. Old pieces of marble pile up in the station wagon. And more furniture than they can ever scrape down in a lifetime.

One of the old foot baths is white with soft blue marbling and Olive uses it for greens in winter and flowers in summer in the big bay window. It looks lovely. How surprised its former owner would be to step in and see his foot bath in the living room!

I am always hoping for a piece of milk glass or cranberry glass or a Leeds plate. But any old colored saucer is my downfall. And I love old wooden mixing bowls and bread troughs, for which we have not an iota of room any more. And once I almost bought five ice-cream-parlor chairs, just because they were going for a song.

The real fever of auction-going folks is to buy something for a small sum and then see the same thing, the very same—only not quite so good—for a huge sum in an antique dealer's place. My pride when I found a brass bucket priced fourteen-fifty like the one I got for fifty cents was really staggering.

"Now you see," I said to Jill, "you see!"

"But no more at any price," said Jill.

Refinishing a piece of furniture that has seven or eight coats of paint on it is quite a job. We began a pine washstand with light hearts last week, for it looked quite easy. Mr. Reed, who is in the business, offered to do it for us. "Oh, no," we said happily, "we just love to refinish old things."

After about ten solid hours of labor, Jill looked at me and said, "I wonder if Mr. Reed might have ——"

"No, there can't be more than five more coats," I said.

THERE were. We used a couple of cans of paint remover, two rolls of paper toweling, a roll of steel wool, a dozen sheets of fine sandpaper, one pair of old pajamas, three gloves and two scraper blades. In the end, the mellow pine emerged, soft and butter-colored and lovely. We eased our aching bones onto the old wagon seat by the barn and admired ourselves.

Our method is simple. We slosh on paint remover, start to scrape the paint off too soon, slosh on more remover. Scrape again, with the grain of the wood. Stop for a cup of coffee. Slosh on remover. Scrape. Chase Jonquil away from the steel wool. Scrape. Wipe off excess remover and paint and a few flies with paper toweling. Chase Tiki and catch him and remove toweling from him. Stop for a cup of coffee.

USING the finest steel wool, we then really get down to work. Places that are like cement, we attack with fine sandpaper held around a block of wood. We shoo Aladdin away from the knobs which are lying in the grass. We knock off for a bit of food, something light like ham and mushrooms and peas and strawberries.

We go back to the steel wool feeling stronger. We work until the wood feels like a piece of satin to the touch. This is the secret of refinishing, to get down to the real soul of the wood. And then to stop for tea. Watercress sandwiches are good for tea.

We wash the piece at the end, and dry it well, then smooth it all over. And then we are ready to finish it, being finished ourselves.

Sometimes we just use half linseed oil and half turpentine and lay on several coats with an old brush or soft cloth, letting it dry between coats. Finally we wax and polish it.

Sometimes, when the mood is different, we put on six coats of white shellac thinned half and half with alcohol, rubbing down slightly, after each coat is dry, preferably with pumice. The final coat is waxed and polished.

After we have done a piece, we admire it extravagantly. And we do love it more than if we had simply stepped in and bought it all fixed. For we know every knothole, we are really intimate with it, it is our own.

Working with wood is much like working with people. As long as you work *with* the grain, you can do wonders, but just work against the grain and you are in for trouble.

When I walk down the road to the mailbox, I can see how thick and green the meadow grass grows. The birds are making the air sweet with song. The old gray stone fences have a warm look; George's cows stand with their hoofs in the cool water of the brook, and they stare dreamily at me as I go up the road. Their eyes are tranquil; it must be fine to have fresh juicy grass and brook water all day. On the other hand, I wonder what a cow has to look forward to.

Morning has a special fresh enchantment, and noon is an open rose in June. And then, as the dusk draws in and blue twilight takes over the meadows and the old orchard, I think this is the very best time of day. The excitement of the stars coming out, and the first glimpse of the moon, and the smell of the little wind that rises, they are all there.

And as I look out over the quiet countryside, I feel a rebirth of faith, a strengthening of my heart. I like to think of the poem of Tagore, on such an evening:

"The learned say that your lights will one day be no more," said the firefly to the stars.
The stars made no answer.

THE END

YOU HAVE MONEY TO GIVE AWAY...

and don't know it! With the high cost of living, do you find it difficult to make liberal contributions to

THE BOY SCOUTS
THE GIRL SCOUTS
SALVATION ARMY
CHURCH SOCIETIES
VETERANS' CLUBS
LOCAL HOSPITALS

Save old newspapers and magazines, wrapping paper, paper boxes and paperboard cartons. Have your favorite organization start a wastepaper collection drive. Wastepaper is needed AT ONCE. Prices now being paid for it are higher than ever before. Your club or charity can use that money. ***Check with your local wastepaper dealer for prices and transportation before you start your drive.***

Save Paper—Sell It!

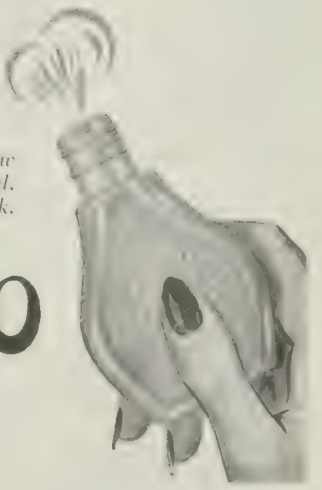


You, too, could be more **confident appealing charming**

Millions of women have found Odo-Ro-No a sure short cut to precious charm. For over 40 years we have conducted hundreds of tests on all types of deodorants. We have proved Odo-Ro-No safeguards your charm and attractiveness more effectively than any deodorant you have ever used.

- **Odo-Ro-No is the only spray deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.***
- **The only spray deodorant in the jewel-like blue bottle—pre-tested to spray perfectly, always.**
- **No other spray deodorant is so harmless to fabrics.**
- **No other spray deodorant is safer for skin.**

**Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that new Odo-Ro-No Spray is the best deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.*



New **ODO-RO-NO SPRAY**

GUARANTEED ***Full 24 Hour Protection***



YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

NOT JUST A PROMISE . . . but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests has there been proof of such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientific tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—proved conclusively that *in 14 days* regular facials with Palmolive Soap—using nothing but Palmolive—bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 women.

Here's the easy method:

1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging its beautifying lather onto your skin for sixty seconds.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

Remarkable results were proved on women of all ages, with all types of skin. Proof that Palmolive facials really work to bring you a lovelier complexion. Start *your* Palmolive facials tonight!

Look For These Complexion Improvements in 14 Days!

- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
- Less oiliness!
- Added softness, smoothness—even for dry skin!
- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
- Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!



For Tub or Shower
Get Big Bath Size Palmolive!



DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

SEE HOW THEY RUN

(Continued from Page 40)

millions and millions of people in New York. One day we went on a ferryboat all the way up the Hudson River—that's a great big river as wide across as this town, and ——"

The children listened wide-eyed. Jane listened carefully. *She speaks good English. Healthy, erect, and even perhaps a little smug. Immaculately well dressed from the smoothly braided hair, with two perky bows, to the shiny brown oxfords. . . . Bless you, Rachel, I'm so glad to have you.*

"—— and the buildings are all very tall, some of them nearly reach the sky."

"Haw-haw"—this from Booker cynically.

"Well, they are too." Rachel swung around, fire in her eyes and insistence in every line of her round, compact body.

"Ain't no building as tall as the sky, is dere, Miz Richards?"

Crisis No. 1. Jane chose her answer carefully. *As high as the sky . . . mustn't turn this into a lesson in science . . . all in due time.* "The sky is a long way out, Booker, but the buildings in New York are very tall indeed. Rachel was only trying to show you how very tall they are. In fact, the tallest building in the whole world is in New York City."

"They call it the Empire State Building," interrupted Rachel, heady with her new knowledge and Jane's corroboration.

Booker wasn't through. "You been dere, Miz Richards?"

"Yes, Booker, many times. Someday I shall tell you more about it. Maybe Rachel will help me. Is there anything you'd like to add, Rachel?"

"I would like to say that we are glad you are our new teacher, Miss Richards." Carefully she sat down, spreading her skirt with her plump hands, her smile angelic.

Now I'll bet me a quarter her reverend father told her to say that. "Thank you, Rachel."

THE roll call continued. . . . Tanya, slight and pinched, with the toes showing through the very white sneakers, the darned and faded but clean blue dress, the gentle voice like a tinkling bell, and the beautiful sensitive face. . . . Boyd and Lloyd, identical in their starched overalls, and the slightly vacant look. . . . Marjorie Lee, all of twelve years old, the well-developed body moving restlessly in the childish dress, the eyes too wise, the voice too high. . . . Joe Louis, the intelligence in the brilliant black eyes gleaming above the threadbare clothes. *Lives of great men all remind us ——Well, I have them all . . . Frederick Douglass, Franklin Delano, Abraham Lincoln, Booker T., Joe Louis, George Washington. . . . What a great burden you bear, little people, heirs to all your parents' stillborn dreams of greatness. I must not fail you.* The last name on the list . . . C. T. Young. Jane paused, small lines creasing her forehead. She checked the list again.

"C. T., what is your name? I only have your initials on my list."

"Dat's all my name, C. T. Young."

"No, dear, I mean what does C. T. stand for? Is it Charles or Clarence?"

"No'm, jest C. T."

"But I can't put that in my register, dear."

Abruptly Jane rose and went to the next room. Rather timidly she waited to speak to Miss Nelson, the second-grade teacher, who had the formidable record of having taught all of sixteen years. Miss Nelson was large and smiling.

"May I help you, dear?"

"Yes, please. It's about C. T. Young. I believe you had him last year."

"Yes, and the year before that. You'll have him two years too."

"Oh? Well, I was wondering what name you registered him under. All the information I have is C. T. Young."

"That's all there is, honey. Lots of these children only have initials."

"You mean . . . can't something be done about it?"

"What?" Miss Nelson was still smiling, but clearly impatient.

"I . . . well . . . thank you." Jane left quickly.



FOR A VACATION THAT IS *DIFFERENT...*

Beautiful, unspoiled mountains, lakes and valleys, picturesque villages and towns, the mighty St. Lawrence, metropolitan Montréal, old-world Québec City, world-famed shrines.

Enjoy French-Canadian hospitality in comfortable modern inns and hotels.

LA PROVINCE DE Québec

For help planning your Québec vacation, write for free maps and booklets to: The Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Bldgs., Québec City, Canada or: 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

but, angel, why wear a boned girdle?



You needn't, anymore, you know. Kabo's new SLIMsation is a cool wisp of a girdle with nary a bone of contention. SLIMsation bonelessly takes two inches from your waist and hip measure, flattens your tummy *flat* . . . and all with a divinely comfortable inner panel of criss-crossed *elastic. Of course* it comes in your size: 26 to 36, and proportionized lengths.

Do Write Kabo SLIMSATION AT 729 MILWAUKEE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, *and find out where to buy your cool nylon before summer scorchers start!*

Also creators of FLATTER-U girdle and the new ZEST bra

Back in Room 3 the children were growing restless. Deftly Jane passed out the rating tests and gave instructions. Then she called C. T. to her. He was as small as an eight-year-old, and hungry-looking, with enormous guileless eyes and a beautifully shaped head.

"How many years did you stay in the second grade, C. T.?"

"Two."

"And in the first?"

"Two."

"How old are you?"

"'Leven."

"When will you be twelve?"

"Nex' month."

And they didn't care . . . nobody ever cared enough about one small boy to give him a name.

"You are a very lucky little boy, C. T. Most people have to take the name somebody gave them whether they like it or not, but you can choose your very own."

"Yeah?" The dark eyes were belligerent. "My father named me C. T. after hisself, Miz Richards, an' dat's my name."

Jane felt unreasonably irritated. "How many children are there in your family, C. T.?"

"'Leven."

"How many are there younger than you?" he asked.

"Seven."

Very gently, "Did you have your breakfast this morning, dear?"

The small figure in the too-large trousers and the too-small shirt drew itself up to full height. "Yes'm, I had fried chicken, and rice, and coffee, and rolls, and oranges too."

Oh, you poor darling. You poor proud lying darling. Is that what you'd like for breakfast?

She asked, "Do you like school, C. T.?"

"Yes'm," he told her suspiciously.

She leafed through the pile of records. "Your record says you haven't been coming to school very regularly. Why?"

"I dunno."

"Did you eat last year in the lunchroom?"

"No'm."

"Did you ever bring a lunch?"

"No'm, I eats such a big breakfast, I doan git hungry at lunchtime."

"Children need to eat lunch to help them grow tall and strong, C. T. So from now on you'll eat lunch in the lunchroom"—an afterthought: *Perhaps it's important to make him think I believe him*—"and from now on maybe you'd better not eat such a big breakfast."

Decisively she wrote his name at the top of what she knew to be an already too large list. "Only those in absolute necessity," she had been told by Mr. Johnson, the kindly, harassed principal. "We'd like to feed them all, so many are underfed, but we just don't have the money." Well, this was absolute necessity if she ever saw it.

"WHAT does your father do, C. T.?"

"He work at dat big factory cross-town, he make plenty money, Miz Richards." The record said "Unemployed."

"Would you like to be named Charles Thomas?"

The expressive eyes darkened, but the voice was quiet. "No'm."

"Very well." Thoughtfully Jane opened the register; she wrote firmly C. T. Young.

October is a witching month in the Southern United States. The richness of the golds and reds and browns of the trees forms an enchanted filigree through which the lilting voices of children at play seem to float, embodied like so many nymphs of Pan.

Jane had played a fast-and-furious game of tag with her class and now she sat quietly under the gnarled old oak, watching the tireless play, feeling the magic of the sun through the leaves warmly dappling her skin, the soft breeze on the nape of her neck like a lover's hands, and her own drowsy lethargy. *Paul, Paul my darling . . . how long for us now?* She had worshiped Paul Carlyle since they were freshmen together. On graduation day he had slipped the small circlet of diamonds on her finger. . . . "A teacher's salary is small, Jane. Maybe we'll be lucky enough to get work together, then in a year or so we can be married. Wait for me, darling, wait for me!"

But in a year or so Paul had gone to war, and Jane went out alone to teach. . . . Lansing Creek—one year . . . the leaky roof, the potbellied stove, the water from the well. . . . Maryweather Point—two years . . . the tight-lipped spinster principal with the small, vicious face and the small, vicious soul. . . . Three hard lonely years and then she had been lucky.

The superintendent had praised her. "You have done good work, Miss—ah—Jane. This year you are to be placed at Centertown High—that is, of course, if you care to accept the position."

JANE had caught her breath. Centertown was the largest and best equipped of all the schools in the county, only ten miles from home and Paul—for Paul had come home, older, quieter, but still Paul. He was teaching now more than a hundred miles away, but they went home every other week end to their families and each other. . . . "Next summer you'll be Mrs. Paul Carlyle, darling. It's hard for us to be apart so much. I guess we'll have to be for a long time till I can afford to support you. But, sweet, these little tykes need us so badly." He had held her close, rubbing the nape of the neck under the soft curls. "We have a big job, those of us who teach," he had told her, "a never-ending and often thankless job, Jane, to supply the needs of these kids who lack so much." Dear, warm, big, strong, gentle Paul.

They wrote each other long letters, sharing plans and problems. She wrote him about C. T. "I've adopted him, darling. He's so pathetic and so determined to prove that he's not. He learns nothing at all, but I can't let myself believe that he's stupid, so I keep trying."

"Miz Richards, please, ma'am." Tanya's beautiful amber eyes sought hers timidly. Her brown curls were tangled from playing, her cheeks a bright red under the tightly-stretched olive skin. The elbows jutted awkwardly out of the sleeves of the limp cotton dress, which could not conceal the finely chiseled bones in their pitiable fleshlessness. As always when she looked at her, Jane thought, *What a beautiful child!* So unlike the dark, gaunt, morose mother, and the dumpy, pasty-faced father who had visited her that first week. A fairy's changeling. *You'll make a lovely angel to grace the throne of God, Tanya! Now what made me think of that?*

"Please, ma'am, I'se sick."

Gently Jane drew her down beside her. She felt the parchment skin, noted the unnaturally bright eyes. *Oh, dear God, she's burning up!* "Do you hurt anywhere, Tanya?"

"My head, ma'am, and I'se so tired." Without warning she began to cry.

"How far do you live, Tanya?"

"Two miles."

"You walk to school?"

"Yes'm."

"Do any of your brothers have a bicycle?"

"No'm."

"Rachel!" *Bless you for always being there when I need you.* "Hurry, dear, to the office and ask Mr. Johnson please to send a big boy with a bicycle to take Tanya home. She's sick."

Rachel ran.

"Hush now, dear, we'll get some cool water, and then you'll be home in a little while. Did you feel sick this morning?"

"Yes'm, but Mot Dear sent me to school anyway. She said I just wanted to play hooky." *Keep smiling, Jane. Poor, ambitious, well-meaning parents, made bitter at the seeming futility of dreaming dreams for this lovely child . . . willing her to rise above the drabness of your own meager existence . . . too angry with life to see that what she needs most is your*

You picture to yourself the beauty of bravery and steadfastness. And then some little, wretched, disagreeable duty comes which is your martyrdom, the lamp for your oil; and if you do not do it, your oil is spilled.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON



MISS BARBARA CROMWELL, beautiful young member of one of Baltimore's most distinguished families. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Miss Cromwell says: "I smoke Herbert Tareyton because I like the cork tip and really mild tobacco."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE





NEW PILL KILLS BODY ODORS AND BAD BREATH!

Absolutely Harmless! Take Nullo Like a Vitamin!

FOR BODY ODORS: Take Nullo like a vitamin—1 or 2 tablets daily! Then never "back away" from close contact again! Nullo not only kills underarm perspiration odor—it controls all body odors, including odors of the feet and scalp. No amount of exercise, nervous excitement, or rushing can produce offensive body odor when you take Nullo regularly.

When used as directed women's special odor problems—during the menstrual period, for instance—are solved once and for all! Even your socks, underwear, dresses, and sweaters will carry no odor. That's because you have no body odors when you take Nullo regularly.

FOR BAD BREATH: Chew Nullo for speedy breath cleansing. Be sure of your breath—even in contact as intimate as a kiss! Not even onions, alcohol or tobacco odors can last against Nullo. Try Nullo today. If not delighted your money back!

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

SAFE as a lettuce leaf. Nullo contains only an ingredient you eat every day in green vegetables—nature's chlorophyll, specially processed by Dr. F. Howard Westcott's formula. Nullo does not stop natural, healthy perspiration. Taken internally, it safely and effectively deodorizes.

The De Pree Company
Holland, Michigan

Established 1906—Manufacturers of Nurse Brand Drugs and Wheatamin Vitamins

30 day supply $1.25
Economical family size (100 tablets) $2.95

NEW POCKET SIZE 29¢



Nullo is the original and only advertised chlorophyll tablet featured in Reader's Digest!

© 1951

love and care and right now medical attention.

Jane bathed the child's forehead with cool water at the fountain. *Do the white schools have a clinic? I must ask Paul. Do they have a lounge or a couch where they can lay one wee sick head? Is there anywhere in this town free medical service for one small child . . . born black?*

The boy with the bicycle came. "Take care of her now, ride slowly and carefully, and take her straight home. . . . Keep the newspaper over your head, Tanya, to keep out the sun, and tell your parents to call the doctor." But she knew they wouldn't—because they couldn't!

THE next day Jane went to see Tanya.

"She's sho' nuff sick, Miz Richards," the mother said. "She's always been a puny child, but this time she's took real bad, throat's all raw, talk all out her haid las' night. I been using a poultice and some herb brew but she ain't got no better."

"Have you called a doctor, Mrs. Fulton?"

"No'm, we cain't afford it, an' Jake, he doan believe in doctors nohow."

Jane waited till the tide of high bright anger welling in her heart and beating in her brain had subsided. When she spoke her voice was deceptively gentle. "Mrs. Fulton, Tanya is a very sick little girl. She is your only little girl. If you love her, I advise you to have a doctor to her, for if you don't . . . Tanya may die."

The wail that issued from the thin figure seemed to have no part in reality.

Jane spoke hurriedly. "Look, I'm going into town, I'll send a doctor out. Don't worry about paying him. We can see about that later." Impulsively she put her arms around the taut, motionless shoulders. "Don't you worry, honey, it's going to be all right."

There was a kindliness in the doctor's weather-beaten face that warmed Jane's heart, but his voice was brusque. "You sick, girl? Well?"

"No, sir. I'm not sick." *What long sequence of events has caused even the best of you to look on even the best of us as menials?* "I am a teacher at Centertown High. There's a little girl in my class who is very ill. Her parents are very poor. I came to see if you would please go to see her."

He looked at her, amused.

"Of course I'll pay the bill, doctor," she added hastily.

"In that case . . . well . . . where does she live?"

Jane told him. "I think it's diphtheria, doctor."

He raised his eyebrows. "Why?"

Jane sat erect. *Don't be afraid, Jane! You're as good a teacher as he is a doctor, and you made an A in that course in childhood diseases.* "High fever, restlessness, sore throat, headache, croupy cough, delirium. It could, of course, be tonsillitis or scarlet fever, but that cough—well, I'm only guessing, of course," she finished lamely.

"Hmph." The doctor's face was expressionless. "Well, we'll see. Have your other children been inoculated?"

"Yes, sir. Doctor, if the parents ask, please tell them that the school is paying for your services."

This time he was wide-eyed.

The lie haunted her. She spoke to the other teachers about it the next day at recess

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Stream

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

The stream doesn't know
Just where it is going,
It goes where the hill goes
Down-a-down derry.
Sometimes it splashes
From boulder to boulder,
Chattering, pattering,
Careless and merry.

The stream doesn't know
Just where it is going,
It stops by the bridge,
It is nearly asleep,
The swallows dart close,
And the flies hover over,
The trout is a shadow
Where waters lie deep.

The stream doesn't know
Just where it is going,
It twists and it turns
Like a snake in a net.
It lingers and loiters
But knowing, unknowing,
Its course is predicted,
Its pathway is set.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"She's really very sick, maybe you'd like help?"

Mary Winters, the sixth-grade teache was the first to speak. "Richards, I'd like help, but I've got three kids of my own, a so you see how it is?"

Jane saw.

"Trouble with you, Richards, is you' too emotional." This from Nelson. "Wh you've taught as many years as I have, n dear, you'll learn not to bang your he against a stone wall. It may sound har hearted to you, but one just can't wor about one child more or less when one h nearly fifty."

The pain in the back of her eyes grew mo insistent. "I can," she said.

"I'll help, Jane," said Marilyn Andrew breathless, bouncy newlywed Marily "Here's two bucks. It's all I've got, b nothing's plenty for me." Her laught pealed echoing down the hall.

"I've got a dolla Richards"—this fro mousy, severe little Mi Mitchell—"though I' not sure I agree with you

"Why don't you a the high-school faculty said Marilyn. "Bett still, take it up in teache meeting."

"Mr. Johnson h enough to worry abo now," snapped Nelso *Why, she's mad,* thoug Jane, *mad because I'm t ing to give a helpless lit tyke a chance to live, a because Marilyn a Mitchell helped.*

The bell rang. Wor lessly Jane turned awa She watched the childr troop in noisily, an ancie nursery rhyme runni through her head:

Three blind mice,
three blind mice,
See how they run,
see how they run,
They all ran after
the farmer's wife,
She cut off their tails
with a carving knife,
Did you ever see
such a sight in your l
As three blind mice?

Only this time it w forty-three mice. Ja giggled. *Why, I'm hyste ical,* she thought in su prise. *The mice thought t sweet-smelling farmer's wife might have bre and a wee bit of cheese to offer poor blind mic but the farmer's wife didn't like poor, hungr dirty blind mice. So she cut off their tai Then they couldn't run any more, only wobb What happened then? Maybe they starve those that didn't bleed to death. Running rou in circles. Running where, little mice?*

She talked to the high-school faculty, a Mr. Johnson. Altogether she got eight do lars.

THE following week she received a lett from the doctor:

Dear Miss Richards: I am happy to infor you that Tanya is greatly improved, and wi careful nursing will be well enough in abo eight weeks to return to school. She is ve frail, however, and will require special care have made three visits to her home. In view the peculiar circumstances, I am donating m services. The cost of the medicines, howeve amounts to the sum of fifteen dollars. I am r ferring this to you as you requested. What beautiful child! Yours sincerely,

JONATHAN H. SINCLAIR, M.D.

P.S. She had diphtheria.

Bless you forever and ever, Jonathan Sinclair, M.D. For all your long Southe heritage, "a man's a man for a' that . . . and that!"

(Continued on Page 105)

Don't Forget to Remember

FATHER'S DATE

Sunday, June 17th

Every INTERWOVEN *Sock is a Good Sock . . . You may buy Dad a more expensive Gift for Father's Day...but...you can't buy one that will please him more.*





Inter® woven Socks

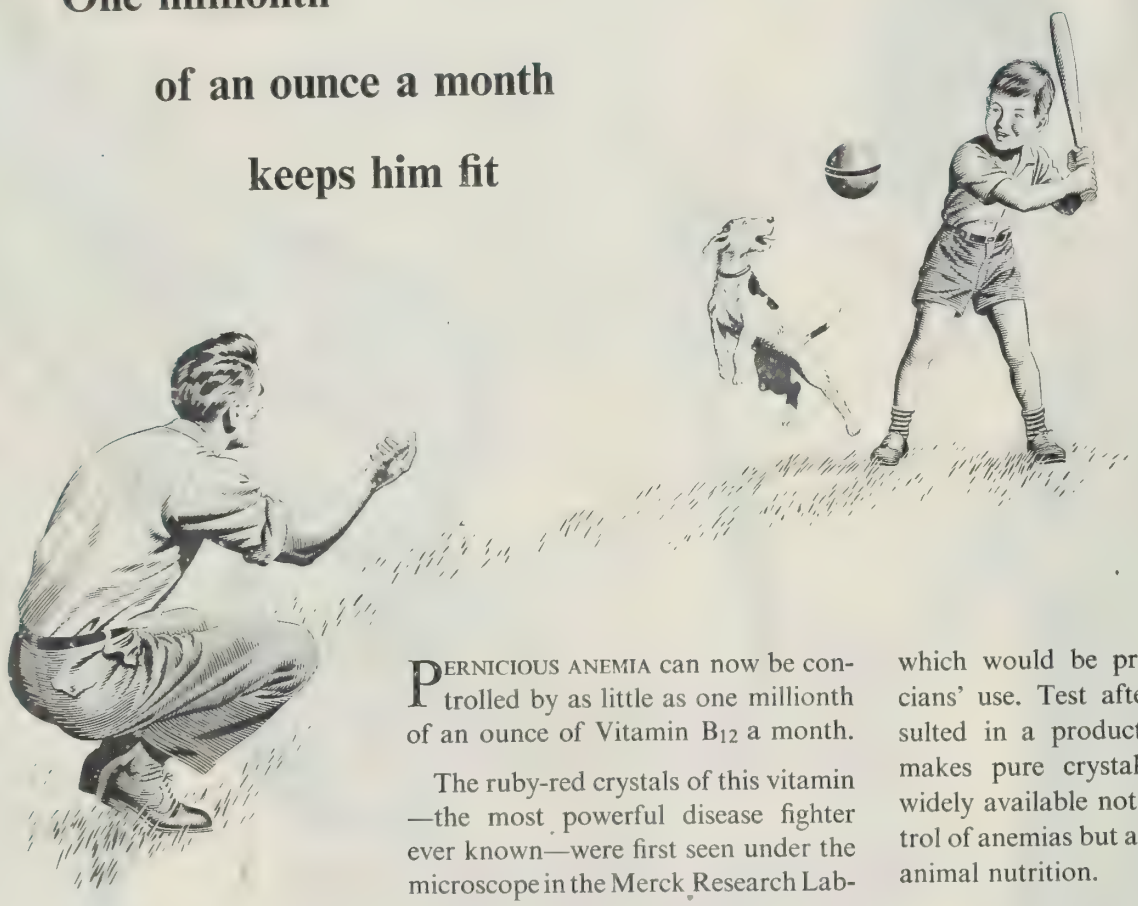
SCIENCE REPORT

*B_{12} . . . Spark Plug for Living

One millionth

of an ounce a month

keeps him fit



PERNICIOUS ANEMIA can now be controlled by as little as one millionth of an ounce of Vitamin B_{12} a month.

The ruby-red crystals of this vitamin —the most powerful disease fighter ever known—were first seen under the microscope in the Merck Research Laboratories only three years ago.

Dramatic as the discovery of Vitamin B_{12} was to the world of science, the task of bringing this medicinal substance to the patient had just begun. Merck chemists and engineers still faced the challenge of converting the test-tube rarity into a modestly priced product which would be practical for physicians' use. Test after test finally resulted in a production method that makes pure crystalline Vitamin B_{12} widely available not only for the control of anemias but also for human and animal nutrition.

Vitamin B_{12} is one more triumph of medical science in the relentless fight on many fronts against disease. Vitamins, Streptomycin, and most recently, Cortisone are milestones in a continuous Merck research and production program to help the physician bring better health and longer life to mankind.

*Crystalline Vitamin B_{12} . . . pure anti-anemia factor

Research and Production for the Nation's Health

MERCK & CO., INC.
Manufacturing Chemists
RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY
In Canada: Merck & Co. Limited—Montreal

(Continued from Page 102)

Her heart was light that night when she wrote to Paul. Later she made plans in the darkness. *You'll be well and fat by Christmas, Tanya, and you'll be a lovely angel in my pageant. . . . I must get the children to save pennies. . . . We'll send you milk and oranges and eggs, and we'll make funny little get-well cards to keep you happy.*

But by Christmas Tanya was dead!

The voice from the dark figure was quiet, even monotonous. "Jake an' me, we always work so hard, Miz Richards. We didn't neither one have no schooling much when we was married—folks never had much money, but we was happy. Jake, he tenant farm. I tuk in washing—we plan to save and buy a little house and farm of our own someday. Den the children come. Six boys, Miz Richards—all in a hurry. We both want the boys to finish school, mebbe go to college. We try not to keep them out to work the farm, but sometimes we have to. Then come Tanya. Just like a little yellow rose she was, Miz Richards, all pink and gold . . . and her voice like a silver bell. We think when she grow up an' finish school she take voice lessons—be like Marian Anderson. We think mebbe by then the boys would be old enough to help. I was kinda feared for her when she get sick, but then she start to get better. She was doing so well, Miz Richards. Den it get cold, an' the fire so hard to keep all night long, an' eben the newspapers in the cracks doan keep the win' out, an' I give her all my kivver; but one night she jest tuk to shivering an' talking all out her haid—sat right up in bed, she did. She call your name onc't or twice, Miz Richards, then she say, 'Mot Dear, does Jesus love me like Miz Richards say in Sunday school?' I say, 'Yes, honey.' She say, 'Effen I die will I see Jesus?' I say, 'Yes, honey, but you ain't gwine die.' But she did, Miz Richards . . . jest smiled an' laid down—jest smiled an' laid down."

Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond. Cauliflower is nothing but a cabbage with a college education.

—MARK TWAIN.

It is terrible to see such hopeless resignation in such tearless eyes. . . . One little mouse stopped running. . . . *You'll make a lovely angel to grace the throne of God, Tanya!*

Jane did not go to the funeral. Nelson and Rogers sat in the first pew. Everyone on the faculty contributed to a beautiful wreath. Jane preferred not to think about that.

C. T. brought a lovely potted rose to her the next day. "Miz Richards, ma'am, do you think this is pretty enough to go on Tanya's grave?"

"Where did you get it, C. T.?"

"I stole it out Miz Adams' front yard, right out of that li'l' glass house she got there. The door was open, Miz Richards, she got plenty, she won't miss this li'l' one."

You queer little bundle of truth and lies. What do I do now? Seeing the tears blinking back in the anxious eyes, she said gently, "Yes, C. T., the rose is nearly as beautiful as Tanya is now. She will like that very much."

"You mean she will know I put it there, Miz Richards? She ain't daid at all?"

"MAYBE she'll know, C. T. You see, nothing that is beautiful ever dies as long as we remember it."

So you loved Tanya, little mouse? The memory of her beauty is yours to keep now forever and always, my darling. Those things money can't buy. They've all been trying, but your tail isn't off yet, is it, brat? Not by a long shot. Suddenly she laughed aloud.

He looked at her wonderingly. "What you laughing at, Miz Richards?"

"I'm laughing because I'm happy, C. T.," and she hugged him.

Christmas with its pageantry and splendor came and went. Back from the holidays, Jane had an oral English lesson.

"We'll take this period to let you tell about your holidays, children."

On the week ends that Jane stayed in Centertown she visited different churches, and taught in the Sunday schools when she was asked. She had tried to impress on the children the reasons for giving at Christmastime. In class they had talked about things they could make for gifts, and ways they could save money to buy them. Now she stood by the window, listening attentively, reaping the fruits of her labors.

"I got a doll and a doll carriage for Christmas. Her name is Gladys, and the carriage has red wheels, and I got a tea set and ——"

"I got a bicycle and a catcher's mitt."

"We all went to a party and had ice cream and cake."

"I got ——"

"I got ——"

"I got ——"

SCORE one goose egg for Jane. She was suddenly very tired. "It's your turn, C. T." *Dear God, please don't let him lie too much. He tears my heart. The children never laugh. It's funny how polite they are to C. T. even when they know he's lying. Even that day when Boyd and Lloyd told how they had seen him take food out of the garbage cans in front of the restaurant, and he said he was taking it to some poor hungry children, they didn't laugh. Sometimes children have a great deal more insight than grownups.*

C. T. was talking. "I didn't get nothin' for Christmas, because mamma was sick, but I worked all that week before for Mr. Bondel what owns the store on Main Street. I ran errands an' swep' up an' he give me three dollars, and so I bought mamma a real pretty handkerchief an' a comb, an' I bought my father a tie pin, paid a big ole fifty cents for it too . . . an' I bought my sisters an' brothers some candy an' gum an' I bought me this whistle. Course I got what you give us, Miz Richards" (she had given each a small gift) "an' mamma's white lady give us a whole crate of oranges, an' Miz Smith what live nex' door give me a pair of socks. Mamma she was so happy she made a cake with eggs an' butter an' everything; an' then we ate it an' had a good time."

Rachel spoke wonderingly. "Didn't Santa Claus bring you anything at all?"

C. T. was the epitome of scorn. "Ain't no Santa Claus," he said and sat down.

Jane quelled the age-old third-grade controversy absently, for her heart was singing. *C. T. . . . C. T., son of my own heart, you are the bright new hope of a doubtful world, and the gay new song of a race unconquered. Of them all—Sarahlene, sole heir to the charming stucco home on the hill, all fitted for gracious living; George, whose father is a contractor; Rachel, the minister's daughter; Angela, who has just inherited ten thousand dollars—of all of them who got, you, my dirty little vagabond, who have never owned a coat in your life, because you say you don't get cold; you, out of your nothing, found something to give, and in the dignity of giving found that it was not so important to receive . . . . Christ Child, look down in blessing on one small child made in Your image and born black!*

Jane had problems. Sometimes it was difficult to maintain discipline with forty-two children. Busy as she kept them, there were always some not busy enough. There was the conference with Mr. Johnson.

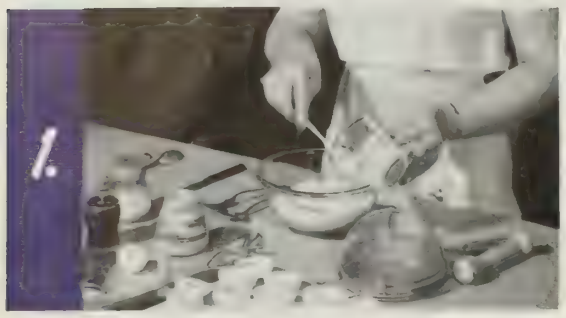
"Miss Richards, you are doing fine work here, but sometimes your room is a little . . . well—ah—well, to say the least, noisy. You are new here, but we have always maintained a record of having fine discipline here at this school. People have said that it used to be hard to tell whether or not there were children in the building. We have always been proud of that. Now take Miss Nelson. She is an excellent disciplinarian." He smiled. "Maybe if you ask her she will give you her secret. Do not be too proud to accept help from anyone who can give it, Miss Richards."

"No, sir, thank you, sir, I'll do my best to improve, sir." *Ah, you dear, well-meaning, shortsighted, round, busy little man. Why are*

(Continued on Page 107)



How to make extra good Deviled Eggs



Cut 11 hard-cooked eggs in lengthwise halves. Press yolks through a sieve. Blend with 1 tsp. Kraft Salad Mustard, 1 tsp. onion juice and ½ c. Kraft Mayonnaise. True mayonnaise at its finest—*Kraft's has the richness and flavor extra good deviled eggs need.*



Season to taste with salt, pepper and paprika. Refill egg whites, forcing mixture through a pastry tube. You will find it takes only a moment—thanks to that satin texture of Kraft Kitchen-Fresh Mayonnaise and the creamy, smooth filling it makes.



Cover the center of a large deviled egg relish plate with leaf lettuce. Place deviled egg halves in the depressions around the rim. Place a small bowl of Kraft Mayonnaise in the middle, surround it with deviled egg halves. and garnish with radish roses.



True mayonnaise at its finest!

TRUE MAYONNAISE because it is made solely of fine salad oil and eggs, fragrant vinegar and seasoning . . . *Nothing else.*

...AT ITS FINEST because Kraft is generous with the costly salad oils . . . gives you mayonnaise that's *luxuriously* rich. Because Kraft insists on really *choice* ingredients, blends them in just the right proportions for most delightful flavor. And because Kraft's own special beater gives velvety smooth texture. Next time, do get *Kraft* Mayonnaise.

Don't miss TV's most famous dramatic show!
KRAFT TV THEATRE
every Wednesday evening, NBC TV.

Kraft KITCHEN FRESH Mayonnaise

(Continued from Page 105)

you not more concerned about how much the children have grown and learned in these past four months than you are about how much noise they make? I know Miss Nelson's secret. Spare not the rod and spoil not the child. Is that what you want me to do? Paralyze these kids with fear so that they will be afraid to move? afraid to question? afraid to grow? Why is it so fine for people not to know there are children in the building? Wasn't the building built for children? In her room Jane locked the door against the sound of the playing children, put her head on the desk, and cried.

Jane acceded to tradition and administered one whipping. Booker had slapped Sarahlene's face because she had refused to give up a shiny little music box that played a gay little tune. He had taken the whipping docilely enough, as though used to it; but the sneer in his eyes that had almost gone returned to haunt them. Jane's heart misgave her. *From now on I positively refuse to impose my will on any of these poor children by reason of my greater strength.* So she had abandoned the rod in favor of any other means she could find. They did not always work.

There was a never-ending drive for funds. Jane had a passion for perfection. Plays, dances, concerts, bazaars, suppers, parties followed one on another in staggering succession.

"Look here, Richards," Nelson told her one day, "it's true that we need a new piano, and that science equipment, but, honey, these drives in a colored school are like the poor: with us always. It doesn't make too much difference if Suzy forgets her lines, or if the ice cream is a little lumpy. Co-operation is fine, but the way you tear into things you won't last long."

"For once in her life Nelson's right, Jane," Elisé told her later. "I can understand how intense you are because I used to be like that; but, pet, Negro teachers have always had to work harder than any others and till recently have always got paid less, so for our own health's sake we have to let up wherever possible. Believe me, honey, if you don't learn to take it easy, you're going to get sick."

Jane did. Measles!

"Oh, no," she wailed, "not in my old age!" But she was glad of the rest. Lying in her own bed at home, she realized how very tired she was.

Paul came to see her that week end and sat by her bed, and read aloud to her the old classic poems they both loved so well. They listened to their favorite radio programs. Paul's presence was warm and comforting. Jane was reluctant to go back to work.

What to do about C. T. was a question that daily loomed larger in Jane's consciousness. Watching Joe Louis' brilliant development was a thing of joy, and Jane was hard pressed to find enough outlets for his amazing abilities. Jeanette Allen was running a close second, and even Booker, so long a problem, was beginning to grasp fundamentals, but C. T. remained static.

"I ALWAYS stays two years in a grade, Miz Richards," he told her blandly. "I does better the second year."

"Do you *want* to stay in the third grade two years, C. T.?"

"I don't keer." His voice had been cheerful.

Maybe he really is slow, Jane thought. But one day something happened to make her change her mind.

C. T. was possessed of an unusually strong tendency to protect those he considered to be poor or weak. He took little Johnny Armstrong, who sat beside him in class, under his wing. Johnny was nearsighted and nondescript, his one outstanding feature being his hero-worship of C. T. Johnny was a plodder. Hard as he tried, he made slow progress at best.

The struggle with multiplication tables was a difficult one, in spite of all the little games Jane devised to make them easier for the children. On this particular day there was the uneven hum of little voices trying to memorize. Johnny and C. T. were having a whispered conversation about snakes.

Clearly Jane heard C. T.'s elaboration. "Man, my father caught a moccasin long as that blackboard, I guess, an' I held him while he was live right back of his ugly head—so."

Swiftly Jane crossed the room. "C. T. and Johnny, you are supposed to be learning your tables. The period is nearly up and you haven't even begun to study. Furthermore, in more than five months you haven't even learned the two-times table. Now you will both stay in at the first recess to learn it, and every day after this until you do."

Maybe I should make up some problems about snakes, Jane mused, *but they'd be too ridiculous. . . . Two nests of four snakes —— Oh, well, I'll see how they do at recess.* Her heart smote her at the sight of the two little figures at their desks, listening wistfully to the sound of the children at play, but she busied herself and pretended not to notice them. Then she heard C. T.'s voice:

"Lissen, man, these tables is easy if you really want to learn them. Now see here. Two times one is two. Two times two is four. Two times three is six. If you forgit, all you got to do is add two like she said."

"Sho' nuff, man?"

"Sho'. Say them with me . . . two times one ——" Obediently Johnny began to

WHAT TO DO IF POLIO COMES YOUR WAY

WATCH for signs of sickness, such as headache, fever, sore throat, upset stomach, sore muscles, stiff neck or back, extreme tiredness or nervousness, trouble in breathing or swallowing.

BECAUSE—During an outbreak of polio, symptoms vary from the very vague to actual paralysis.

Put a sick person to bed at once, away from others, and call the doctor. Quick action may lessen crippling.

BECAUSE—While paralysis cannot be prevented, doctors have determined that early bed rest and prompt treatment may influence progress of the disease and lessen the severity of deformities.

If you need help, telephone your local chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Your chapter will pay what you cannot afford.

BECAUSE—The 2800 local chapters of the National Foundation, supported by your contributions to the March of Dimes, exist for this purpose. Other March of Dimes funds are spent for scientific research and the training of much-needed professional personnel.

Remember, at least half of all polio patients get well without any crippling.

For young homes... sterling from the start

CONTEMPORARY CLASSICS

Fine sterling silver on a young budget? Absolutely, if you select one of these Wallace Sterling Silver patterns. Bright young homemakers the country over, are discovering this group of four Wallace Sterling patterns—designed for young homes . . . suited to young tastes . . . priced within young incomes. Choose yours today from these exquisite designs. You'll find the pattern that was made just for *you* . . . in lovely, lasting WALLACE STERLING SILVER.

LUCERNE . $27.00*

NORMANDIE . . . $27.00*

WALLACE *Sterling*

Wallace Silversmiths at Wallingford, Connecticut also create the exclusive and now famous "Third Dimension Beauty" patterns in sterling silver.

LA REINE . . . $29.50*

IRVING . . . $27.00*

*All prices quoted are for six piece place settings including tax.



From Borden's...the handiest, dandiest Cheese Spreads...

YOU'LL find Borden's Cheese Spreads worth their weight in gold these summer days!

Eight inviting varieties begging to be tasted! So creamy in texture they spread as smoothly as a happy smile! And see how they can brighten your menus and lighten your work:





...for picnics, weekends, vacation meals!

1. **Tuck a jar or two** of Borden's *Vera-Sharp, Cheese 'n Bacon,* or *Smokey* Cheese Spread in your picnic basket with sliced bread and let folks make their own sandwiches. Vera-Sharp is a zippy spread made from sharp American cheese. Great for cheeseburgers, too!

2. **For a snack or a sandwich** to serve with iced drinks, try Borden's *Pimento, Olive Pimento, Blue,* or *Relish* Cheese Spreads. These cream cheese based spreads are fresh-flavored and tempting. Add come-on to a salad with Pimento. And just taste Relish with cold meats or fish!

3. **Children love the taste** of Borden's *Pineapple* Cheese Spread . . . wholesome cream cheese mixed with sweet, juicy morsels of pineapple. Grownups love it, too, on date or nut bread. There's a Borden's Cheese Spread to please every taste —so pick your favorites today at the dairy counter of your favorite food store!



What a Beautiful Party Glass!

Borden's Cheese Spreads come in lovely re-usable glasses.
Start collecting your set today!
Smartly styled — crystal clear.
Sturdy, well-balanced, with a heavy base.
Looks well with any color china or table setting.

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES

Folks who know cheese say "BORDEN'S, PLEASE!"

recite. Five minutes later they came to her.

'We's ready, Miz Richards."

"Very well. Johnny, you may begin."

"Two times one is two. Two times two is four. Two times three is. . . . Two times three is ——"

"Six," prompted C. T.

In sweat and pain, Johnny managed to stumble through the two-times table with C. T.'s help.

"That's very poor, Johnny, but you may go for today. Tomorrow I shall expect you to have it letter perfect. Now it's your turn, C. T."

C. T.'s performance was a fair rival to Joe Louis's. Suspiciously she took him through in random order.

"Two times nine?"

"Eighteen."

"Two times four?"

"Eight."

"Two times seven?"

"Fourteen."

"C. T., you could have done this long ago. Why didn't you?"

"I dunno. . . . May I go to play now, Miz Richards?"

"Yes, C. T. Now learn your three-times table for me tomorrow."

But he didn't, not that day or the day after that, or the day after that. . . . *Why doesn't he? Is it that he doesn't want to? Maybe if I were as ragged and deprived as he I wouldn't want to learn either.*

Jane took C. T. to town and bought him a shirt, a sweater, a pair of dungarees, some underwear, a pair of shoes and a pair of socks. Then she sent him to the barber to get his hair cut. She gave him the money so he could pay for the articles himself and figure up the change. She instructed him to take a bath before putting on his new clothes, and told him not to tell anyone but his parents that she had bought them.

BLUE RIBBON

This symbol of superiority had its origin in the bestowal of the blue velvet garter, the most highly coveted order of knighthood in England. The term is now used to indicate the highest possible honor attainable. —DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.

The next morning the class was in a dither.

"You seen C. T.?"

"Oh, boy, ain't he sharp!"

"C. T., where'd you get them new clothes?"

"Oh, man, I can wear new clothes any time I feel like it, but I can't be bothered with being a fancypants all the time like you guys."

C. T. strutted in new confidence, but his work didn't improve.

Spring came in its virginal green gladness and the children chafed for the out-of-doors. Jane took them out as much as possible on nature studies and excursions.

C. T. was growing more and more mischievous, and his influence began to spread throughout the class. Daily his droll wit became more and more edged with impudence. Jane was at her wit's end.

"You let that child get away with too much, Richards," Nelson told her. "What he needs is a good hiding."

ONE day Jane kept certain of the class in at the first recess to do neglected homework, C. T. among them. She left the room briefly. When she returned C. T. was gone.

"Where is C. T.?" she asked.

"He went out to play, Miz Richards. He said couldn't no ole teacher keep him in when he didn't want to stay."

Out on the playground C. T. was standing in a swing gently swaying to and fro, surrounded by a group of admiring youngsters. He was holding forth.

"I gets tired of stayin' in all the time. She doan pick on nobody but me, an' today I put my foot down. 'From now on,' I say, 'I ain't never goin' to stay in, Miz Richards.' Then I walks out." He was enjoying himself immensely. Then he saw her.

"You will come with me, C. T." She was quite calm except for the telltale veins throbbing in her forehead.

"I ain't comin'." The sudden fright in his eyes was veiled quickly by a nonchalant belligerence. He rocked the swing gently. She repeated, "Come with me, C. T."

The children watched breathlessly.

"I done told you I ain't comin', Miz Richards." His voice was patient as though explaining to a child. "I ain't . . . comin' . . . a . . . damn . . . tall!"

Jane moved quickly, wrenching the small but surprisingly strong figure from the swing. Then she bore him bodily, kicking and screaming, to the building.

THE children relaxed and began to giggle. "Oh, boy! Is he goin' to catch it!" they told one another.

Panting, she held him, still struggling, by the scruff of his collar before the group of teachers gathered in Marilyn's room. "All right, now *you* tell me what to do with him!" she demanded. "I've tried everything." The tears were close behind her eyes.

"What'd he do?" Nelson asked.

Briefly she told them.

"Have you talked to his parents?"

"Three times I've had conferences with them. They say to beat him."

"That, my friend, is what you ought to do. Now he never acted like that with me. If you'll let me handle him, I'll show you how to put a brat like that in his place."

"Go ahead," Jane said wearily.

Nelson left the room, and returned with a narrow but sturdy leather thong. "Now, C. T."—she was smiling, tapping the strap in her open left palm—"go to your room and do what Miss Richards told you to."

"I ain't gonna, an' you can't make me." He sat down with absurd dignity at a desk.

Still smiling, Miss Nelson stood over him. The strap descended without warning across the bony shoulders in the thin shirt. The whip became a dancing demon, a thing possessed, bearing no relation to the hand that held it. The shrieks grew louder. Jane closed her eyes against the blurred fury of a singing lash, a small boy's terror and a smiling face.

Miss Nelson was not tired. "Well, C. T.?"

"I won't. Yer can kill me but I *won't!*"

The sounds began again. Red welts began to show across the small arms and through the clinging sweat-drenched shirt.

"Now will you go to your room?"

Sobbing and conquered, C. T. went. The seated children stared curiously at the little procession. Jane dismissed them.

In his seat C. T. found pencil and paper.

"What's he supposed to do, Richards?"

Jane told her.

"All right, now write!"

C. T. stared at Nelson through swollen lids, a curious smile curving his lips. Jane knew suddenly that come hell or high water, C. T. would not write. *I mustn't interfere. Please, God, don't let her hurt him too badly. Where have I failed so miserably? . . . Forgive us our trespasses.* The singing whip and the shrieks became a symphony from hell. Suddenly Jane hated the smiling face with an almost unbearable hatred. She spoke, her voice like cold steel.

"That's enough, Nelson."

The noise stopped.

"He's in no condition to write now anyway."

C. T. stood up. "I hate you. I hate you all. You're mean and I hate you." Then he ran. No one followed him. *Run, little mouse!* They avoided each other's eyes.

"Well, there you are," Nelson said as she walked away. Jane never found out what she meant by that.

The next day C. T. did not come to school. The day after that he brought Jane the fatal homework, neatly and painstakingly done, and a bunch of wild flowers. Before the bell rang, the children surrounded him. He was beaming.

"Did you tell yer folks you got a whipping, C. T.?"

"Naw! I'd 'a' only got another."

"Where were you yesterday?"

"Went fishin'. Caught me six cats long as your haid, Sambo."

Jane buried her face in the sweet-smelling flowers. *Oh, my brat, my wonderful resilient brat. They'll never get your tail, will they?*

It was seven weeks till the end of term, when C. T. brought Jane a model wooden boat.

Jane stared at it. "Did you make this? It's beautiful, C. T."

"Oh, I make them all the time . . . an' airplanes an' houses too. I do 'em in my spare time," he finished airily.

"Where do you get the models, C. T.?" she asked.

"I copies them from pictures in the magazines."

Right under my nose . . . right there all the time, she thought wonderingly. "C. T., would you like to build things when you grow up? Real houses and ships and planes?"

"Reckon I could, Miz Richards," he said confidently.

The excitement was growing in her. "Look, C. T. You aren't going to do any lessons at all for the rest of the year. You're going to build ships and houses and airplanes and anything else you want to."

"I am, huh?" He grinned. "Well, I guess I wasn't goin' to get promoted nohow."

"Of course if you want to build them the way they really are, you might have to do a little measuring, and maybe learn to spell the names of the parts you want to order. All the best contractors have to know things like that, you know."

"Say, I'm gonna have real fun, huh? I always said lessons wussent no good nohow. Pop say too much study eats out yer brains anyway."

The days went by. Jane ran a race with time. The instructions from the model companies arrived. Jane burned the midnight oil planning each day's work:

Learn to spell the following words: ship, sail, steamer— boat, anchor, airplane wing, fly.

Write a letter to the lumber company, ordering some lumber.

The floor of our model house is ten inches wide and fourteen inches long. Multiply the length by the width and you'll find the area of the floor in square inches.

Read the story of Columbus and his voyages.

Our plane arrives in Paris in twenty-eight hours. Paris is the capital city of a country named France across the Atlantic Ocean.

Long ago sailors told time by the sun and the stars. Now, the earth goes around the sun ——

WORK and pray, Jane, work and pray!

C. T. learned. Some things vicariously, some things directly. When he found that he needed multiplication to plan his models to scale, he learned to multiply. In three weeks he had mastered simple division.

Jane bought beautifully illustrated stories about ships and planes. He learned to read.

He wrote for and received his own materials.

Jane exulted.

The last day! Forty-two faces waiting anxiously for report cards. Jane spoke to them briefly, praising them collectively, and admonishing them to obey the safety rules during the holidays. Then she passed out the report cards.

AS she smiled at each childish face, she thought, *I've been wrong. The long arm of circumstance, environment and heredity is the farmer's wife that seeks to mow you down, and all of us who touch your lives are in some way responsible for how successful she is. But you aren't mice, my darlings. Mice are hated, hunted pests. You are normal, lovable children. The knife of the farmer's wife is double-edged for you, because you are Negro children, born mostly in poverty. But you are wonderful children, nevertheless, for you wear the bright protective cloak of laughter, the strong shield of courage, and the intelligence of children everywhere. Some few of you may indeed become as the mice—but most of you shall find your way to stand fine and tall in the annals of man. There's a bright new tomorrow ahead. For every one of us whose job it is to help you grow, that is insensitive and unworthy, there are hundreds who daily work that you may grow straight and whole. If it were not so, our world could not long endure.*

She handed C. T. his card.

"Thank you, ma'am."

"Aren't you going to open it?"

He opened it dutifully. When he looked up his eyes were wide with disbelief. "You didn't make no mistake?"

"No mistake, C. T. You're promoted. You've caught up enough to go to the fourth grade next year."

She dismissed the children. They were a swarm of bees released from a hive. "'By, Miss Richards." . . . "Happy holidays, Miss Richards."

C. T. was the last to go.

"Well, C. T.?"

"Miz Richards, you remember what you said about a name being important?"

"Yes, C. T."

"Well, I talked to mamma, and she said if I wanted a name it would be all right, and she'd go to the courthouse about it."

"What name have you chosen, C. T.?" she asked.

"Christopher Turner Young."

"That's a nice name, Christopher," she said gravely.

"Sho' nuff, Miz Richards?"

"Sure enough, C. T."

"Miz Richards, you know what?"

"What, dear?"

"I love you."

She kissed him swiftly before he ran to catch his classmates.

She stood at the window and watched the running, skipping figures, followed by the bold mimic shadows. *I'm coming home, Paul. I'm leaving my forty-two children, and Tanya there on the hill. My work with them is finished now.* The laughter bubbled up in her throat. *But Paul, oh Paul. See how straight they run!*

A DAY IN JUNE

(Continued from Page 66)

all summer long and can serve again and again out on the patio or porch, down by the grill or even in the dining room!

I'll tell you. It's like this. All fall and winter we talk about *dinners*. Now dinners are very nice occasions indeed, and we go through the cold months very appropriately talking about dinners at night. But, when warm weather comes—and that means the beginning of June—isn't it a good thing to go in for *suppers* for a change? I remember so well getting up in the morning and thinking that it would be fun to ask some friends for supper that evening. So, having summoned my chosen guests, I'd plan my supper and proceed to the making thereof. My, it was fun, and if it proved to be a lovely summer's day, we ate on the porch overlooking the river. If it insisted on drizzling and misbehaving outdoors, we had just as much fun inside, and the food tasted equally delicious either way. I can taste that chocolate cake this minute, and I'll bet some of my guests can taste it too. And look back with a nostalgic sigh to what was to them, and to me, a not quickly forgotten party.

Serve something special. Since the nights are still cool and the stars refuse to warm things up much (as for the moon, it's only for decoration and to set hearts acting up), we have picked on a good substantial hot dish to start off with. Might almost be a mulligan, only it isn't. It's a "mull"—in fact, a famous dish from a famous sea island inn, and this is the way you can make it:

SHRIMP MULL

Brown 1½ cups diced bacon (about 18 slices) in a frying pan. Add ½ cup butter or margarine and 1½ cups chopped onion; sauté

Please— *don't ruin the refreshment of your cold drink with the wrong cracker!*

Frost on the glass and RITZ CRACKERS on the plate—it's hot-day *heaven!* For no other crackers *stay this crisp*—have such refreshing flavor. A special baking process keeps them from wilting even in hot weather. With cold drinks, salads, soups or spreads, RITZ CRACKERS make a *delicious* difference. You'll see!



Remember it pays to buy "RITZ" because . . .

"Nothing tastes as good as RITZ—but RITZ!"®

Real juice tang plus Vitamin C
It's luscious—it's canned
for E-CON-O-ME-EE!



...*and ready to serve.* Keep Hi-C Orange, Grape and Lemon on hand for every occasion. Costs only a few cents a glass. Not carbonated. Children love it. Your grocer has Hi-C in 46- and 12-oz. cans.

Biggest Beverage Value in taste, quality and price

©

AN ORIGINATION OF CLINTON FOODS INC.... PACKERS OF FAMOUS Snow Crop

EASY RECIPE

DELICIOUS MEAT LOAF

A REAL TREAT SERVED HOT OR COLD

2 *cups leftover or raw beef, ground (1 lb.)*
2 *tbsp. fat salt pork or bacon, minced*
2 *cups bread crumbs*
1¼ *tsp. salt*
2 *tbsp. LEA & PERRINS Sauce*
¼ *cup finely chopped celery or 1 tsp. celery seed*
2 *eggs, well beaten*
1 *minced onion*
1 *minced green pepper (may be omitted)*
Milk to moisten

Mix ground meat with crumbs, salt, LEA & PERRINS Sauce, celery, onion and green pepper. Add well-beaten eggs, and mix thoroughly. Add enough milk to make a compact mass. Pack into a greased loaf pan and chill in refrigerator. Turn out on a roasting pan containing a little melted fat. Bake in moderately hot oven (450°F.) about one hour.

Whenever recipes call for Worcestershire, you can be almost certain that the experts who write the recipes mean you to use LEA & PERRINS Sauce, the *original* Worcestershire. Always ask for it by *name*.

FREE RECIPE BOOK. Write LEA & PERRINS, INC. 241 West St., New York 12, N. Y., Dept. L-6.



P.S Tighten latches, screen hangers, fasteners with PLASTIC WOOD

Want To Earn An
ELECTRIC MIXER?

Write us and we will tell you how you can earn an Electric Mixer, one of the best known makes in the country, complete with base, upright and motor, two beaters, two mixing bowls, revolving platform, juice extractor bowl, spout and reamer. Send a postal today for complete information.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
442 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

CRISP — TENDER — DELICIOUS
JOLLY TIME POP CORN
BEST FOR HOME POPPING

until the onions are golden color but not brown. Transfer to a heavy kettle. Add 5 cups water, 2 No. 2 cans tomatoes, 1 can condensed tomato soup or 1⅓ cans tomato sauce, ¾ lemon, seeded and sliced thin; 2 small, peeled cloves garlic, sliced; ¾ cup chopped celery, 1 teaspoon celery seed, 1 drop Tabasco sauce, 1½ cups catchup, 4 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, ¼ teaspoon allspice and ½ teaspoon curry powder. Simmer, covered, 2 hours. Add 5 pounds raw peeled shrimp. Cook slowly for 20 minutes. Thicken with 1 cup crushed salted cracker crumbs. Serve with fluffy rice.

It's not hoecake. Way down in the deep South, they made hoecake on the hearth. Usually on a shovel in front of the embering fire. It was wonderful, crackling and brown and thin and hot, loaded with butter and having a flavor that only corn in juxtaposition to coals can give. And a tantalizing fragrance to match.

Well, our corn sticks are not quite hoecake, but they're first cousins and wonderful to eat with the shrimp mull, and the cheese that's been added does no harm either. So here we go:

CHEESE-CORN STICKS

Beat 4 eggs until very light. Add ½ cup sugar, 1⅓ cups milk and ⅔ cup melted butter or margarine. Sift 2⅔ cups flour with 1⅓ cups corn meal, 2 tablespoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt into a bowl. Stir in 1½ cups grated cheese with a fork, so the cheese is mixed all through the mixture. Add the liquids all at once—that is, the eggs, sugar, milk and melted butter or margarine. Mix together but do not beat. Stir just enough to mix with the ingredients. Grease corn-stick pans generously and heat very hot. Fill almost, but not quite, to top of the pans. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., 25 minutes. Makes 2 dozen corn sticks. If you do not have corn-stick pans, bake as a corn bread in 2 square shallow pans for a little longer time. Cut into squares.

An overnight dish. It's a comfort to know there are things all cooked and waiting and ready to heat up and beat the clock. And to start things agoing in the morning, if you have something all fixed up and working away in the refrigerator since yesterday, improving each shining hour, that's a big comfort too.

So you can just put together your garden salad in its casement of gelatin, set it away to keep cold till it's set to appear in a lovely combination of colors and flavors, and have it off your mind until the last minute. And if you want the receipt, far be it from me to say no. Here it is:

GARDEN SALAD

Soften 2 envelopes plus 2 teaspoons unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water 5 minutes. Add 1 cup boiling water and ½ cup sugar and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Blend in 1¼ cups cold water, 1¼ cups cider vinegar and 2 teaspoons salt. Chill until thick. Fold into the gelatin mixture 1½ cups sliced radishes (2 bunches), 1¾ cups sliced, peeled cucumbers (2 medium cucumbers), 1¼ cups sliced scallions (2 bunches—use part of the tops), and 1 teaspoon dill. Mix thoroughly; pour into a 1½-quart mold. Chill until set—about 5 hours, or overnight. Unmold on chop plate; garnish with lettuce, chicory and tomato. This allows ½ cup per serving.

Sour-Cream Dressing: Mix 1½ cups thick sour cream with ½ cup mayonnaise, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons sugar and 2 teaspoons vinegar.

French fry is all. Try to figure out something that can't and doesn't cry out to go the French-fry route to the table. Batters and crumbs and any and everything that can go with them into the deep-fat kettle, and if you can find anyone who doesn't hail these delicacies with a gleam in the eye, let me know. Then I'll go to work on that one and make one more convert.

One of the latest tricks which come out of the kitchen to answer the roll call is not exactly a French fry, but you may call it that, for on the West Coast they call them French-fried nuts. By the way, you may buy them all done, in cans. But here's how you do them yourself:

FRENCH-FRIED NUTS

Place shelled, unblanched almonds in a shallow pan with 1 teaspoon butter or margarine for each cup of nuts. Toast in a slow oven, 300° F., stirring occasionally for about 40 minutes until the interior of the almond is a delicate brown. Try one to see. Sprinkle with salt while still hot. Whole filberts may be done the same way, reducing toasting time to 30 minutes. Try a pan of each.

The last fling. Always has to be one. After all the serious business is over, you can settle back and listen to the nightingale—if one can be heard around these parts. It's a moment when everyone relaxes and waits for the sweet nothing that the hostess is bringing in. And you'd better be ready for it, too, for reasons that you'll find out.

So you'll know what to do and how to do it when it comes your turn to make it, I'll tell you all about this last fling:

I must forgive the lovelessness, the hatred, the slander, the fraud, the arrogance which I encounter, since I myself have so often lacked love, hated, slandered, defrauded, and been arrogant. I must forgive without noise or fuss. In general I do not even get as far as being merely just.

—ALBERT SCHWEITZER: Philosophy of Civilization (The Macmillan Co.).

LEMON-CHIFFON WHIP

Separate 8 eggs. Beat the egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored with 1¼ cups sugar. (This makes for a good long beating, since the egg mixture is not cooked.) Soak 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water and then dissolve it over hot water. Add the gelatin, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind and 6 tablespoons lemon juice to the beaten-egg mixture. Chill, stirring occasionally, until it gets thick but not *too* thick. Beat the egg whites with a pinch of salt until stiff but not dry. Add to the yolk mixture and fold in gently until well mixed. Chill overnight to set in ease and comfort by itself. It will still be a very fluffy, delicate mixture and will not mold. This is not a turn-outable mixture.

Serve by spoonfuls in scooped-out pineapple shells with sugared, fresh strawberries and any of the pineapple that has been scooped out—cut into slivers and sugared. Don't fill the pineapple shells with lemon whip until just before serving. The lemon-chiffon whip is a delicate gelatin dessert and will not stand long contact with fresh pineapple. Goes all to pieces, like a soufflé. So have your guests all set to lay spoon to it when *you* are ready. Then everyone and everything will be happy. And if you happen to be short of pineapple shells—well, use your best cut-glass bowl.

Till we meet again. A day in June. A short month. Only thirty days. I guess we all remember at least snatches of that lovely old poem:

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays. . . .
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur and see it glisten.

No words in praise of June can compare with these, no gallantry better encompass her beauty and her grace.

And I'll be here when other Junes await us—to greet you and say "*No price is set on the lavish summer; June may be had by the poorest comer.*" And no one is poor now, for this belongs to all—this glorious day in June!

THE END

A Cup of Milk and You...

The idea here is so simple a ten-year boy (or girl) could write this ad. You get the Cake Mix with Pillsbury on the front of the box at your grocery store. You get the milk out of the icebox. You get the you into it by reminding yourself that you can now make cakes (white or chocolate fudge) as glamorous, spellbinding and delicious as the one you see here. See what we mean by Pillsbury, a cup of milk and you? Shouldn't you do something about it?

Remember – You and Ann Pillsbury can make a great team

Pillsbury BEST XXXX Mixes



Pillsbury CAKE MIXES

WHITE AND CHOCOLATE FUDGE

Just add milk—



Milk is *all* you add—no eggs, flavoring, or extras of any kind required. These are complete mixes.

Fresh Youthful Hair Loveliness *with this finer shampoo care*



Photograph by HORST.

COUNTESS BETSY VON FURSTENBERG, *beautiful young actress, always uses Conti Castile Shampoo.*

For fresh, youthful hair loveliness leading beauty authorities say: "*Pure Castile is the Best Shampoo.*"

Conti Castile Shampoo gives you the same fine hair care that leading hair stylists use . . . pure castile at its finest . . . containing *pure imported olive oil* to bring that silky soft, naturally lovely look. Its natural oils guard the health of the scalp and condition the hair perfectly to take and hold its wave.

A hundred years ago, lovely women made Conti Shampoo from famous Conti Pure Castile Soap, imported since 1836. Their demand led to the development of today's famous Conti Castile Shampoo in liquid form.

Absolutely pure and mild, you know Conti is safe. It contains *no mysterious ingredients,* has *no drying* or irritating effect on the scalp, is universally recommended for every type of hair . . . and requires no conditioning agents or after rinses.

For really lovely hair, be sure to use Conti Castile Shampoo regularly.

Conti *Shampoo*

PURE CASTILE

Now also available in Canada

OUR OWN YOUNG MARRIEDS

(Continued from Page 50)

$100

The secret of good hosteling is to travel light. Before leaving home, we packed all the clothes and other essentials for the trip into a large knapsack (Dan's, left over from the Army). Our requirements were pretty similar, and consisted of: a pair of blue jeans for each of us (avoid shorts on a trip like this, as they afford no protection against wind and sunburn, bugs, sand or grease, all primary occupational hazards), several changes of T shirts, long and short sleeves (they can be washed and dried overnight and need no ironing), old, familiar sneakers (you should never hostel in untried shoes), nylon underwear, four pairs of wool socks apiece, and two caps with visors long enough to shade the eyes and the nose; also a sweater apiece, a bathing suit and trunks, a broomstick skirt for me (again, doesn't need ironing), a copy of Thoreau's Cape Cod, and a jar of sunburn cream. We each had an Army surplus mess kit with its own knife and fork, skillet and partitioned cover (50c apiece), one dish towel, and two small turkish towels apiece. The hostels provide blankets and pillows, but we had to carry very thin sleeping sacks, a requirement, as they do not provide sheets. Dan's sack was an Army leftover, and mine was two old sheets sewed together—just as good. The whole of the equipment weighed about 35 pounds, and was chivalrously strapped during the trip to the luggage rack of Dan's bike.

For this trip we allowed ourselves roughly two weeks to bicycle down and back along the 50-mile hook of land from Provincetown to Barnstable, stopping two or three days each way at the hostel stops at North Eastham and East Sandwich, and planned on an occasional night at an inexpensive tourist camp when we found accommodations available. We started out from Philadelphia for Boston on the day coach, arrayed in pink linen and city seersucker, carrying the knapsack and a small overnight bag. We rented our bikes first thing next morning in Cambridge—lightweight English ones with three gears and hand brakes and hard tires (you should always avoid balloon tires for long journeys). Their rental was $7.50 apiece per week—a reduced rate for us, because we showed our hostel-membership cards. The overnight bag now enters the plot, for we packed our train clothes in it, and checked it at the station in Boston; then, in cycling costume of blue jeans, shirts and sneakers, we rode through the city streets heading for the Boston water front and the excursion boat to Provincetown.

Our first stretch of riding from Provincetown to North Eastham gave our biking muscles a real workout, and several times during this trip I began to feel little, tired and misunderstood, so we had to stop for a breather. At one point there were 26 cottages spaced along the sand, each named in alphabetical order, after a different flower—Aster to Zinnia!

We wheeled into the hostel at North Eastham just before the seven-o'clock deadline, threw ourselves on the grass, and as our muscles relaxed in the cooling breeze, began to enjoy that self-congratulatory glow with which one rewards oneself for a good day's biking. After all, 24 miles! But we were put in our place five minutes later when two more riders arrived at the hostel, and very matter-of-factly began to prepare their supper: a very old man and his granddaughter, about eleven, who had come in from the other end of the Cape that morning—a distance of 45 miles! That night we registered with the houseparents at the hostel, paid our 50c fees, and fried potatoes and grilled hamburgers (three apiece) on the hostelry stove (we had picked up food for dinner at one of the stores along the road). We slept on mattresses and blankets supplied by the hostel, with that special salty, piny breeze that is supplied only by Cape Cod blowing in through the window. (I had to sleep on the girls' side of the barn, so Danny spent the night romantically under my window in a hammock slung between two trees.)

The hostel at North Eastham is a goat farm, and we spent the next day, after a large breakfast of bacon and eggs bought from a roadside stand near the hostel, playing with the kids. The farm was so relaxing, with swimming in Cape Cod Bay only half a mile or so away, that we decided to spend a day and the following night there before pushing on to East Sandwich. (Hostelers may remain longer than three nights in any one hostel only with special permission from the houseparents.)

All during the trip we ate not only bacon-and-egg breakfasts, but also sandwich lunches that we made at breakfasttime and took with us on our day's excursion trips away from the hostel. The hostel kitchens accumulate by midsummer somebody's half jar of raspberry jam, somebody else's leftover quarter pound of sugar, and maybe you yourself buy some cheese at the nearest store—what you don't eat will keep for the evening arrivals. The hostel stoves work on bottled gas, and the big pots and pans belong to the hostel. We cooked suppers of canned vegetables, hamburgers, frankfurters, corned-beef hash, and so on. Sometimes there are groups of hostelers on the road, a dozen or so with an expert from HQ as leader, and some days we contributed to their kitty and cooked a community supper—other times we did it for ourselves. One night we splurged on a real New England Cape Cod fish dinner at one of the thousand-or-so tempting inns along the road.

It is not easy to find happiness in ourselves, and it is not possible to find it elsewhere. —AGNES REPPLIER.

Besides resting in the evenings, and washing our clothes, we spent a couple of evenings at the hostels square dancing. Dressing on the Cape is informal in the summer, to put it mildly, so that blue jeans for a man and a broomstick skirt for a woman were quite dressy enough for anything.

A summary of costs on our two-week hosteling trip would go like this: round-trip coach fare to Boston for two, $31.70, and boat fare, $5.00; hosteling fees for two weeks at 50c a night each, $14.00; food, $3.00 a day for two, total $42.00; rental for two bikes for two weeks, $30.00. Total, $122.70. A large part of this expense, as you can see, is the train fare. We just happened to want to hostel on the Cape, but there are hosteling accommodations all over the country, and the expense of train fare would be avoided if you started from home.

—ELIZABETH MCFARLAND HOFFMAN

$200

(Continued from Page 51)

dressy cotton to wear on a gala night. My clothes are almost always simple, so I would like to have some very gay accessories . . . perhaps printed polka-dot green silk shantung shoes, gloves, and artificial flower to match, to wear with the plain-colored linen dress; or, if my tie-silk is polka dot, the shoes and gloves would be plain blue linen or shantung. A pretty natural straw hat and bag would go with shantung suit, linen dress and tie-silks. For evening, a stole in a bright color, with matching gloves, would be pretty with a sleeveless dress. So many places in New York are so well air conditioned that you can be really uncomfortable in a short-sleeved dress, and one should make sure to take a stole or little jacket to the theater or movies, for instance.

Mornings, we'll devote to explorations in the town; I would like to browse through the vast, hectic auction galleries on 57th Street, and downtown on University Place below Fourteenth Street. They are one of the great excitements of New York for me, although one has to exercise a lot of self-control in order not to come away with half the things put up on the block. At various times I have

(Continued on Page 115)



Give the gift that always pleases —

BECAUSE she chose her TOWLE pattern herself — and loves it — and needs more . . .

BECAUSE a gift of TOWLE Sterling is in perfect taste . . .

BECAUSE you need only to telephone or write your favorite TOWLE store . . .

BECAUSE TOWLE Sterling has a range of prices to suit every purse — from $3.70 for a teaspoon, as little as $29.75 for a six-piece place setting . . .

And here's an idea! *The dream of every bride-to-be — a Sterling silver shower!*



TOWLE
STERLING

There's a Towle pattern that's perfect for you

Collecting *your* Sterling? Send 10c in coin to Dept. L6, Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Mass., for your copy of *How to Build Your Own Collection of Towle Sterling.* Includes table settings, uses of pieces, care and cleaning, ways to collect *your* Sterling.

ATTRACTIVE MRS. MARIE ALLEN SAYS:

"You can get so many Better Products at Stanley Parties"...

During the last few years, Mrs. Allen has attended about 40 STANLEY Hostess Parties. She has been Hostess at 8 STANLEY Parties of her own. Wife of a St. Louis police officer, mother of three children, spic-and-span housekeeper who does all her own work yet still finds time for bowling and figurine painting, Mrs. Allen is a STANLEY Products enthusiast. "I use practically every one of the many different QUALITY PLUS Products one can shop for at a STANLEY Hostess Party," Mrs. Allen declares. "STANLEY's many wonderful cleaners, polishes, mops, brushes and other household aids help me lighten the work in every room in my house and so give me many extra hours of leisure."



Mrs. Marie Allen, well-known STANLEY Party Hostess, in her attractive home, 3163 Iowa Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

It's Easy to Hold Your Own Stanley Hostess Party



You just invite in your STANLEY Dealer with a group of your friends and neighbors.



Your friendly Dealer, as one of your guests, sees that everyone has fun, gets welcome gifts.



While your Dealer demonstrates STANLEY QUALITY PLUS Products, you all shop for those you need.



Your Dealer presents to you, in return for your cooperation, a splendid Hostess Dividend Gift.

Every day more than 10,000 housewives . . . women like Mrs. Allen . . . act as STANLEY Party Hostesses. To arrange for your own STANLEY Hostess Party . . . or for any information about STANLEY . . . phone or write your STANLEY Dealer, your nearest STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS Branch Office, or communicate direct with STANLEY's Home Office in Westfield, Mass.

STANLEY LEADS with more than 150 QUALITY PLUS Products to save women time, work and money!

(1) Products to improve personal grooming.
(2) Household cleaning preparations.
(3) Dusters, Mops, Brushes, etc.

STANHOME
A STANLEY HOME PRODUCT

Originators of the famous Stanley Hostess Party Plan

STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS, INC., WESTFIELD, MASS.

Factories in Easthampton, Massachusetts and London, Ontario

© S. H. P., INC. 1951



(Continued from Page 112)

found lovely things "for a song"—lamps, a wood box, leather-bound sets of Waverley Novels and Dickens, and once a beautiful damask tablecloth with twelve great big dinner napkins for $5.00. Another morning, we plan to attend a session of the United Nations, out at Lake Success. Tickets are free—there are only 200 tickets available for each day, and you must call up early in the morning of the day you want to go, or write ahead a couple of days. To get there, you can take the Independent subway to Kew Gardens, where you can get a bus that will take you to the Lake.

Johnny and I love Chinatown, and one of our vacation afternoons will be spent down there: a whole small city consisting of four main streets—Mott, Pell, Doyers and Bayard streets. You will find everything here; what with grocery stores, curio shops, restaurants, apartment buildings and about 6000 people, this small downtown section of New York always seems crammed full as a laundry hamper. And even the hundreds of American alley cats, all thin and gray-looking in spite of haunting the grocery stores, seem secretive and Oriental. When we go down, we usually take the Third Avenue el, and get off at Chatham Square—you're right in the center of things. The markets are fascinating to walk through—great bins of Chinese broccoli, and pea pods, and vegetables so exotic-looking as to be unrecognizable; in the windows are smoked duck, dried fish, large jars of Chinese candy, and pieces of preserved, sugared winter lemon. The small shops in Chinatown offer a profusion of wares, some of them lovely and unusual, and not expensive. Here you can find beautiful rice bowls for under 50c, children's gaudy paper kites in the shapes of dragons and fishes, ivory cigarette holders for less than $1.00, embroidered silk slippers, sheets of Chinese tea paper.

Not a secondary attraction is the food. There are so many good restaurants in Chinatown that it's hard to find a bad one; you can have a really good dinner for as little as $1.50 apiece, but it is very important, if you possibly can, to go there for dinner with at least one other couple, so you can share a lot of different dishes between you. All the best Chinese specialties are to be found there: sweet and pungent spareribs, roast pork with snow peas and water chestnuts, lobster yook soong. And always, fortune cookies, each with a different paper admonition inside: "Half a loaf is better than no bread." . . . "I love you, I adore you, what more do you want?"

As for things to do in the evenings —— We might watch the stars, at the Hayden Planetarium, in the Museum of Natural History at 81st Street and Central Park West. It is 60c in the evenings, and you take the Seventh Avenue subway, getting off at 81st Street. We want, once, to go out on the town; have dinner at a really swish restaurant like "21" or the Colony, or maybe at one of the hotel "roofs" open in New York in summer, where there is dancing, and you can watch the whole panorama of the city translated into the mysterious terms of night—the buildings blue-black, the windows lit like fireflies, and the mournful bellows from the big boats on the river floating through the soft warm air. One evening we shall probably go to a night baseball game up at Yankee Stadium, with dinner at the Stadium Club beforehand. Another time, we might take a walk along the bright, overgrown neon ice-cream cone that is Broadway . . . stop at some of the shooting galleries; have our fortunes told by birds (the bird sizes you up, and then selects your fortune from a pile with his bill); have our pictures taken; listen to the salesmen of hair restorers and freckle removers bawling out their spiels—there are a million things to do, and this kind of evening can be a lot of fun, if you are in the right mood.

We have allowed ourselves a rough budget of $200 for this vacation—it is very liberal for a vacation at home, but takes in everything for us, in addition to the evening "on the town" (and, incidentally, allows about $50.00 for a big party we would like to give during our two weeks, when we would have lots of time to prepare for it). People coming in from out of town should figure, in addition to their railroad fare, about $6.00 a day for a double hotel room—around $70.00 in all; food would average about $8.00 a day for two—around $90.00. The things you do in New York can cost a little or a lot, as you can see, depending on what you want, but I think $60.00 would cover everything, including tips, taxis, busses, cleaning clothes, and any possible emergencies you might run into. —NORA O'LEARY SMITH.

The primary work of the average man and the average woman—and of all exceptional men and women whose lives are to be really full and happy—must be the great primal work of homemaking and homekeeping, for themselves and their children. —THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(Continued from Page 51)

$300 two or three good shirts and ties just in case. Also a pair of bathing trunks and towels. He took along his electric razor and plugged it in at filling stations whenever we were "camping" (couple of times the plug-in was next to the grease pit, but it didn't seem to bother him). We had removed the seats from the back of the station wagon, and fitted it out with an air mattress, a crib mattress inherited from one of our children, and two heavy blankets, so that we could sleep in back of the station wagon whenever we liked. Most comfortable, believe it or not. This gave us more freedom, as we didn't have to catch up with hotel reservations along the way, and also saved us a good deal of money, last but not least. My clothes were pretty much the same as John's. The mainstays were dungarees, sweaters and a mustard-colored denim dirndl, with an elastic waistband, that I could slip on right over shorts or a bathing suit. To anyone who should contemplate a trip like this we say, "Take as many nylon, nonironable things as you can—pajamas, underwear, blouses and men's shirts. Things that can be washed at night and dry by morning." Important: take along your own washcloths, as even the best hotels don't provide them.

From the very beginning of the trip we had a sort of unspoken rule that we would do what we felt like doing and forget about trying to be in some particular place each night by suppertime. We stopped at all the handicraft places in New England and Canada that looked good to us, and there were a surprising number of them. I do not mean gifte-shoppe kind of thing, but authentic handicraft from that particular locale, wherever it might be. We particularly noticed the lovely wood carvings in all the New England states, wonderful pottery, handwoven fabrics, corn-husk toys, handsome wrought-iron work—whimsical, or very utilitarian, or just beautiful. And the nicest thing of all is that in these places where handicraft is displayed you are free and welcome to go in and admire without purchasing a thing. At the Rowantrees potteries in Blue Hill, Maine, you can go over to the kiln and watch the people working on the pottery in all its different phases from the green-clay stages all the way up through the glazing. . . . Also, there are always carnivals along the way in the summertime, the gaudy kind that I have always loved, and what could be more fun than an unexpected chance to ride on a merry-go-round? Or you may find playing in some little town a movie that you had always wanted to see but had always missed before—well, how "golden" does an opportunity have to get?

One place where we did some earnest and enthusiastic sight-seeing was around Lexington and Concord . . . visited the statue of the Minute Man, where one plump, pigeonlike lady from Kentucky sidled around and around the statue, and finally remarked, "Well, I'll be darned if he hasn't got an old-fashioned plow!" This left us wondering—

Pullmanaire

The favorite chair of men all over America!



The only lounge chair with exclusive "Spring Float" Comfort Construction

A man's ideal of *perfect comfort*. Favored by the women, too, because it's so smartly styled and harmonizes with any living room ensemble. *See* it. *Sit* in it. *Compare* it for comfort and style. It's today's top value in lounge chairs for men.

The popular Pullmanaire is available in the models shown and many others. You may choose from Pullman's nearly 500 style-right fabrics, patterns and colors.

Some Pullmanaire models have the NEW Turnstyle feature. *It turns with you.* Optional at extra cost.



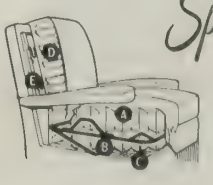


Featured all over America in leading furniture and department stores. Write for name of your Pullman dealer.

For BIG Men, 6-footers and over, there are Super-size Pullmanaires.

Every day IS FATHER'S DAY

*T. M. Reg.



Spring Float The Secret of Pullmanaire Comfort

Cutaway view shows (A,B,D) layers of individual, muslin-covered springs; (C) flexible steel suspension; (E) Sinuous-wire-spring back.

CHOOSE A *Pullmanaire It's HIS Chair

PULLMAN COUCH COMPANY
Chicago • New York • Newton Falls, Ohio

Also makers of PULLMAN LIVING ROOM FURNITURE *AND* PULLMAN SLEEPERS

Arvin

Master-styled Dinettes



First in fashion

for well-dressed rooms



Cigarette Proof!

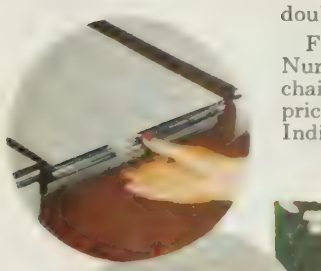
Eminently eligible for any setting!—because Arvin's master-styling blends sleek lines, classic proportions, harmonizing colors, in a unique way that makes a room fresher, brighter, more inviting.

And when the Arvin Miracle Leaf does its disappearing act—what a time-and-effort saving convenience! Not magic—just typical of Arvin engineering, as are the tapered legs that can be adjusted to uneven floors . . . the mirror-smooth plastic table tops that never crack, warp, peel, ripple, fade or stain. Even lighted cigarettes can't mar them!

Any of the charming chair styles will give you double delight—rare grace, roomy comfort.

For endless satisfaction, own an Arvin dinette set. Numerous table types and sizes, a wide choice of chairs, a rich range of color combinations—all at prices that please! Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Indiana. (Formerly Noblitt-Sparks Industries, Inc.)

Send for illustrated booklet L-6.



Exclusive! The famous Arvin Miracle Leaf disappears and stores automatically beneath table top—slips back into place at a finger-touch.



had she expected a tractor? We took a guided tour through the old Hancock house in Lexington where one of the Founding Fathers had hidden out while the British were looking for him. Somehow a guide's talk leaves one longing for a big drink of anything so long as it is wet, and it is on the basis of this fact that a little old lady whose house is right next door has made her living for the past forty years. She serves fruit punch for 15c a cup, made from a secret recipe known to her and only her. (There is only one existing copy of her recipe, which she keeps in her bank vault and has willed to her daughter when she dies.) She says she started out in business with two lemons. In the early 1900's someone came to her door ready to sell his soul for a drink of water after the guided tour, she made some lemonade, and immediately found herself in business.

We entered Canada through Jackman, Maine. You need no passports to get over the border, but you do need identification, and it's a good idea to carry birth certificates or photostats thereof. As you go across, you have to register your cameras, your radios and guns, if any, but that's all there is to it. Entering this way, through Maine, you pass through rural areas, and that's where the differences between Canada and the U. S. are the most apparent—just little differences in the way people do things. For instance, in Canada, the cows do not go to the farmer to be milked; the farmer takes his pails out to the fields to the cow. One night we parked for the night in a broken-down-truck graveyard, near some open fields. We were awakened in the morning very early by the sound of some hummy singing; after we had defrosted the windows enough to look out (it gets real cold in Canada at night) we saw a farmer milking a cow out in a field, and as he milked he sang to her. They both seemed happy.

The $300 allowance for the trip was more than generous, but this was because we planned to do a great bulk of our next year's Christmas shopping along the way. Food was our main expense—we averaged about $7.00 a day for food, but we followed a splurge-or-picnic system, depending on whether we felt fancy and wanted to make an evening of it, and have dinner in a swish restaurant, so this is definitely *an average*. Sometimes we used our picnic basket—had it filled with enough sandwiches and coffee to last the whole day and stopped to eat wherever we felt like it along the way. We spent about $4.00 a day on gasoline and car repairs (minor, thank goodness!), and averaged about $5.00 a day for lodging, for the two of us. This, also is an *average*, since we stayed in the station wagon a lot of the time (free), sometimes at tourist cabins (about $2.00 apiece), and occasionally treated ourselves to a fancy hotel, with movies, or a play, if we happened to run into one. Generally, though, the trip itself was entertainment enough, and we were too tired at the end of the day to want to do very much. We allowed about $75.00 for succumbing to the enticements of New England and Canadian shops in our search for Christmas presents. We brought back really lovely things like cloisonné ash trays and cigarette boxes, beautiful cotton wall hangings and tablecloths, baskets, pottery, a few of which turned out to be presents from us to ourselves, as we couldn't bear to part with them. The total of expenditures would run this way: food for two weeks, $98.00; gas and car repairs, $56.00; lodgings for two weeks, $70.00; money for presents, $75.00. Total, $299.

—MARY ADELE MORRIS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"She May Not be Beautiful But She Sure is Dumb"

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

All common sense has slipped me by,
I never sipped at wisdom's fount,
By two I cannot multiply,
And you should see my bank account;
In any logic-fashioned chain
I represent the missing links;
I cannot even catch a train . . .
He thinks.

I'm quite incapable of Thought
(Since it's a function of the mind);
By Politics I'm left distraught,
By Economics left behind;
No ken have I of business lore,
A dud I am at male affairs;
I do not know that there's a war . . .
He swears.

My head resembles to a T
The well-clichéed and age-old sieve,
And awed he asks, "How can it be
She's managed all these years to live?"
Without his reason and his rhyme,
His guiding hand, I could not cope. . . .
(That this delusion, sweet, sublime,
He holds until the end of time—
I hope!)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

(Continued from Page 51)

$400

the same places, and, ourselves, considered the place improved for lack of tourists.

Our DC-4, roaring over the sea from Miami, gave us an inkling of what the island was going to be like, at least in quality, for the water, seen from thousands of feet above, is so crystalline clear that what appear to be gigantic masses of black seaweed floating through it in patches are really the dark shadows of the clouds on the ocean bed. We taxied from the airport to the town along the only inland road. The entrance into the town is impressive and beautiful. Nassau was built originally as a fortified citadel, on the highest coastal ridge of the island, so that it would be defensible against sea attack. Sloping down the hillside toward the harbor lie the bright pink, yellow and blue stone houses of the landowners (English, American and Canadian, mostly). Highest of all, on the peak of the hill, is the yellow stone Governor's Palace, like the topping on a gigantic, variegated sundae.

We had been allowed by the airlines 60 pounds of baggage apiece, but found that we needed nothing like that. We carried, in all, three pieces of luggage—a small, a medium and a large suitcase of the lightweight canvas type between the two of us, with tennis rackets strapped to the two larger cases. Todd took along one seersucker suit, a pair of gray flannels, two pairs of Army khaki pants for walking and bicycling, a pair of shorts for tennis, two pairs of swimming trunks. I had packed two bright-colored cotton play dresses for morning, with little jackets; three "good" cotton and one dressy printed silk dress to change into for dinner; a couple of pairs of longish shorts, and two bathing suits. (During the day, shorts could be worn through the town, but never bathing suits.) At night I needed a light topcoat or sweater over my dress, sometimes a sweater early in the morning. Our laundry was done at the hotel, for phenomenally cheap rates. I had, for instance, three cotton dresses beautifully washed and ironed by hand for a quarter. We also took along, on the advice of friends, plenty of American sun-tan lotion, a pair of dark glasses apiece, and sneakers, not openwork sandals—since sand and tiny stones find their way inside them immediately. I remembered to pack some large cakes of soap, since I hate the small,

(Continued on Page 118)



"It took just one meal and then I knew!...



...no one makes ranges like MURRAY!"

SEE FOR YOURSELF how easy it is to cook better-controlled meals with a Murray! Experience the pleasure of preparing tastier steaks and chops with a broiler that's high, smokeless, accurately-heated. Enjoy baking in an extra-large oven that you can *set* and *forget!* Join the thousands of other homemakers who have more leisure time.

YOU (AND YOUR FRIENDS) will know at once your new Murray range is highest quality... with its rich styling, ever-white porcelain enamel, rigid drawers that glide on silent *nylon* rollers!

YOUR HUSBAND will *like* investing in a *long-life* range... dependable, year after year. These are times to buy *only the best!*

ELECTRIC RANGES—8 beautiful models—having the very latest, most desirable features... come to you from one of the world's finest plants! Combined with Murray style-matched wall and base cabinets, you have America's newest, modern kitchen.



GAS RANGES—6 in all—are the most recent of the over 2,000,000 major Murray-made appliances that are giving full satisfaction in homes coast to coast. Produced the new Murray mass-production, low-cost way, under highest-quality standards!



NO ONE MAKES KITCHENS LIKE

MURRAY

THE MURRAY CORPORATION OF AMERICA, *Home Appliance Division*, Scranton 2, Pa.



MURRAY

Color Control Heat Tuning! Graduated-color pushbuttons (from deep red, meaning hot, to light pink, meaning simmer) help you select any of the 7 electric-heat intensities at a glance. Clock with automatic oven timer, also times appliance outlet and 6-quart deep well cooker! Lights show when surface, broiling, and baking units are in use.



MURRAY

Dependable Robertshaw Precision Thermostats accurately govern gas heat for perfect baking and roasting. 4-hour interval timer is built into handsome kitchen clock.



MURRAY

Giant Ovens (some 17"x18"x20") have non-fogging windows, interior lighting for clear-view cooking. Fully Fiberglas insulated for maximum economy! Porcelain enameled; rounded corners, so easy to clean!



MURRAY

High, Smokeless, Gas Broiler swings ***out*** and ***up*** for extra convenience! Separate heat control! ***Five*** rack positions! Door folds down, out of the way.



MURRAY

Supreme Quality Porcelain Enamel ... acid and stain resistant! Lemon-acid tests show no harm caused to Murray enamel, in contrast to etched marks formed on inferior finishes.



MURRAY

Seamless One-Piece Tops have burner bowls built in... for easy cleaning. Waterfall front curves over edge... ***no seam*** along top to catch dirt and grease!

Most make-ups shout: "Made-up!"— Magic Touch whispers: "Natural beauty"



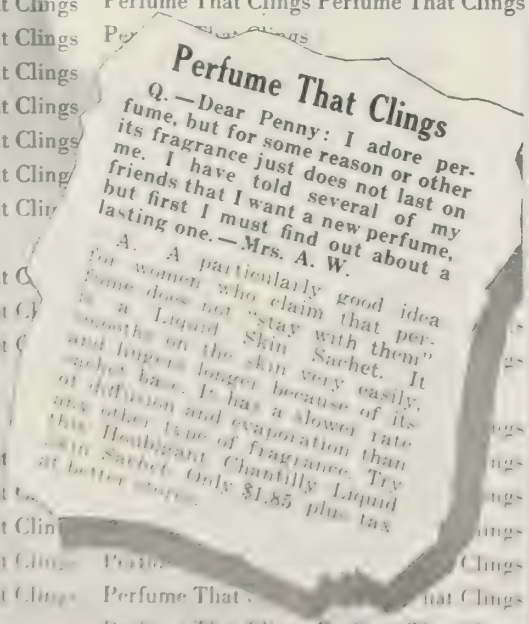
Replace that heavy "made-up" look with natural-looking loveliness by using Magic Touch. No puff, no sponge.



43c and 1.00—6 magic shades
...a CAMPANA product

Magic Touch is NEW . . . a *tinted cream* make-up so sheer your skin glows through! . . . yet it hides each tiny blemish while it smooths and softens and adds glorious color. . . . Apply with fingertips (with or without powder)—so quick, so easy, so *naturally lovely!*

Perfume That Clings Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings



Perfume That Clings

Q.—Dear Penny: I adore perfume, but for some reason or other its fragrance just does not last on me. I have told several of my friends that I want a new perfume, but first I must find out about a lasting one.—Mrs. A. W.

A. A particularly good idea for women who claim that perfume does not "stay with them" is a Liquid Skin Sachet. It smooths on the skin very easily, and lingers longer because of its added base. It has a slower rate of diffusion and evaporation than any other type of fragrance. Try this Heathgate Chantilly Liquid Sachet. Only $1.85 plus tax at better stores.

Perfume That Clings Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings Perfume That Clings
Perfume That Clings Perfume That Clings

Choose 1847 Rogers Bros.

"It's still the thing to own"

GENERATIONS AGO, when shining-eyed brides set their tables with the "silverware of their dreams," more of them chose 1847 Rogers Bros. than any other. *And that's still true today.*

You'll know why, when you see the enchanting 1847 Rogers Bros. designs pictured here. For each has a perfection of balance—an extra height and depth of ornament found in no other silverplate.

So, whether you choose 1847 Rogers Bros. brand-new pattern, or one beloved for years, you have the proud knowledge that—like the brides of great-grandmother's day—you own *America's finest silverplate!*

1847 ROGERS BROS.

America's Finest Silverplate

COPYRIGHT 1950, THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

Joyous new pattern...

"DAFFODIL"

Brand-new, lilting and lovely!
Specially created for the young in heart!

or patterns loved for years...

REMEMBRANCE For those who love tradition. A dainty, romantic pattern!

ETERNALLY YOURS Exquisite openwork design, unique in silverplate.

FIRST LOVE Delicate flower-and-scroll motif, adaptable to any decorating scheme.

ADORATION If you want a monogram, this simple, yet elegant design is for you!



BUY-LINES

AN ADVERTISING PAGE

FOLLOW FASHION'S WHIM when you buy your summer shoes . . . for this year's styles are the smartest I've ever seen. But as every woman knows new or too-tight shoes tend to make your feet sore, hot and tired. That's why I dust DR. SCHOLL'S Foot Powder between my toes and into my hose and shoes every morning . . . for I find that this wonderfully soothing, refreshing powder keeps my feet in soft-slipper comfort all day long. It really works wonders . . . eases shoe friction and gives quick, heavenly relief to pinched, tender and weary feet. DR. SCHOLL'S Foot Powder helps prevent Athlete's Foot, too . . . as well as that clammy, sticky burning feeling so often caused by nylon hose. So wear your new summer shoes with pride and joy . . . but protect your feet with DR. SCHOLL'S Foot Powder. And send some to the boys in service . . . they'll be eternally grateful.



I'VE FOUND THE SILVER LINING . . . a way to keep the high cost of living down. I just e-x-t-e-n-d the goodness of meat, fish and poultry by combining them with UNCLE BEN'S *Converted* Long Grain Rice. It works sheer wonders . . . not only makes 'em go *farther*, but they taste so much *better*. It's so easy, too . . . for UNCLE BEN'S always cooks up light, white and fluffy with no rinsing, no draining and no steaming. In fact, it's guaranteed . . . or your money back. Furthermore, UNCLE BEN'S exclusive new process makes rice more delicious *and* nutritious . . . has a distinctive, luscious flavor and extra B vitamins sealed into each fluffy, fluffy grain. Sounds wonderful? It is . . . just get UNCLE BEN'S *Converted* Long Grain Rice and try this taste-enticing **Meat Loaf.** Like this:



Blend well 1 lb. ground beef, 1 egg, 1 tbsp. chopped onion, ¼ cup bread crumbs, 2 cups cooked UNCLE BEN'S Converted Long Grain Rice, salt and pepper to taste. Shape and bake at 350° F. for 35 mins.

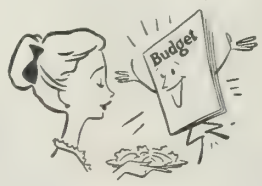


HAVE you ever stopped to consider how important little acts of courtesy are . . . how pleasant they make the lives of those around us? And courtesy is such an easy, simple thing, too . . . the "please," the "thank you" and "I beg your pardon" that we say countless times through the day . . . to the sales person who waits on us in the store, the usher who seats us in the movie, the stranger we pass on the street. And be generous with your smile . . . it's the "magic touch" that gives meaning to your words. But remember . . . courtesy, like charity, should *begin at home.*

IS YOUR FAMILY A PROBLEM these warm June days . . . have no appetites for breakfasts? Then here's your answer . . . POST-TENS. This marvelous Post Cereal assortment will bring a BIG smile from everybody at the breakfast table . . . "offers" enough choices for each and all to pick their own favorite or have a *different* delight every morning! You see, there are 7 different cereals in 10 individual "one-serving-apiece" packages . . . including a luscious "new addition", SUGAR CRISP, that "honey" of a new candy-coated puffed wheat cereal that makes the assortment better and more varied than ever! The others? 3 pkgs. of Post Toasties, 2 of Grape-Nuts Flakes, 1 of Post's 40% Bran Flakes, 1 of Grape-Nuts, 1 of Post's Raisin Bran and 1 of Nabisco Shredded Wheat. So get POST-TENS today and serve 'em every morning. For a change, try Post Toasties sprinkled with sugar, honey or brown sugar—a dash of cinnamon . . . then topped with bananas, berries or applesauce and cream.



HAPPY THE HOMEMAKER who can serve delicious, hearty protein main dishes daily . . . without "abusing" her budget. And that can be Y-O-U . . . once you call on DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets to give you a helping hand. It's a new and different kind of salmon . . . light in color, delicate in flavor, with the skin removed. It's wonderfully economical and ready to serve wink-quick, too . . . offering endless inspiration for a wondrous array of peak treats. As a "for instance", try this cool, nourishing salad:



Separate DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets into long flakes. Make nests of shredded lettuce. Cut 1 avocado in half, lengthwise, peel, cut in wedges. Place 3 wedges of avocado on each salad plate, fill in between wedges with flaked salmon marinated in French dressing. Garnish with ripe olives. Serve with French dressing. Serves 4.

And when you buy DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets, get DEMING'S Sirloin Salmon (that old favorite Alaska Red Sockeye) with skin removed . . . *and* DEMING'S Recipe Pink Salmon in the regular pack.

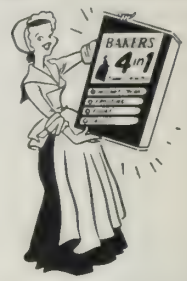
WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? . . . 10 million luscious *magic* Lemon Pies were made last year with BORDEN'S Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. It doesn't surprise me . . . for as I've told you before, it's the secret of the most delicious pie I've ever tasted. This pie filling needs no cooking . . . saves you 20 minutes. Just try the *magic* recipe and see:



Blend 1⅓ cups (15-oz. can) BORDEN'S Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, ½ cup lemon juice, 1 tsp. grated lemon rind or ¼ tsp. lemon extract and 2 egg yolks. Stir till mixture thickens. Pour into chilled 8-in. crumb crust or cooled pastry shell. To make the meringue, add ¼ tsp. cream of tartar, if desired, to 2 egg whites and beat until almost stiff enough to hold a peak. Add 4 tbsp. sugar gradually, beating until stiff but not dry. Pile lightly on pie filling. Bake in slow oven (325° F.) 15 mins. or until lightly browned. Cool.

FREE BOOKLET FOR Y-O-U . . . ***"Eagle Brand Magic Recipes."*** It's a priceless "treasury" of 70 time, work and money-saving treats . . . so write Nancy Sasser, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y., for yours.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY OCCASIONS call for out-of-this-world refreshments . . . so know what one wonderful product *I* always "call on"? WALTER BAKER'S 4 in 1 Instant Sweet Cocoa Mix . . . it's the secret of *four* deliciously different chocolate treats, all with that famous WALTER BAKER flavor *and* all out of *one* package. Each one fixes in "no time", too . . . just try 'em and see:



1. *Instant Cocoa or chocolate milk* . . . extra chocolaty, luscious either hot or cold.
2. *Quick Frosting* . . . creamier than chocolate frosting mixes.
3. *Scrumptious, smooth Fudge* with no long cooking and no testing . . . why not "whip up" a batch for Father's Day?
4. *Rich Chocolate Sauce* . . . perfect on ice cream, cake and pudding.

Easy-to-follow directions for each taste-tempting treat are right on the package. Try one today and you'll agree that *everything* chocolate tastes best when it's BAKER'S. P.S. BAKER'S 4 in 1 costs much less than most instant sweet milk cocoas.

ON PARADISE ISLANDS down where the Trade Winds blow . . . that's where DEL MONTE Unsweetened Pineapple Juice comes from. But that doesn't fully explain the reason for its wonderful flavor . . . it's DEL MONTE'S *exclusive* strains of pineapple that make it so delicious. They have true tropic flavor . . . are picked only when natural tartness and sweetness are in perfect balance. This makes DEL MONTE not too tart and not too sweet . . . the most delicious pineapple juice you've ever tasted. I mean that . . . just compare DEL MONTE Unsweetened Pineapple Juice with any other brand and you'll quickly agree that it's so. Best of all, it's a "toast" to your health as well as a treat to your taste . . . abounds in natural fruit sugars and is a good source of Vitamin C. Just one more reminder . . . DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice is so-o-o good it goes f-a-s-t. So better get several large cans when you shop . . . then you'll have plenty for mealtime and snacktime, too.



GIVE THE BRIDE her heart's desire . . . a smart, new GENERAL ELECTRIC Automatic Toaster. It's a gift of lasting pleasure . . . for this sleek beauty promises toast to her taste (the groom's too!) for a long and happy lifetime. I can't begin to tell you all about the wonderful new G-E Automatic Toaster . . . but let me describe a few of the features I like best: 1. You just set the control to dark, light or in-between . . . every slice comes out exactly as you like it . . . whether you toast one slice or twenty. 2. But that's not all . . . it pops the toast up or keeps it down until you and the breakfast are ready. 3. There's a marvelous Snap-in Crumb Tray that's a "cinch" to clean, too . . . simply snap it out, brush it off or wash it with the dishes, then snap back in again. Equally amazing is the price of a GENERAL ELECTRIC Automatic Toaster . . . only $22.95. So visit your G-E Dealer today . . . get one for yourself as well as for wedding gifts.



JUNE WEDDINGS MEAN PARTIES . . . receptions, teas, showers . . . a whole round of entertaining . . . June is graduation month, too . . . which calls for more parties. And everybody knows that a party just isn't a party without p-l-e-n-t-y of ice. But did *you* know that you can easily pick up the *extra* ice you're sure to need at a conveniently located Ice Vending Machine or Ice Station? Well, you can! Just consult your classified telephone directory or phone your local Ice Company for the address of the one nearest you. *All* the ice you need, *when* you need it! Convenient! Inexpensive!



P. S. Speaking of June weddings, I've made several recent brides very happy by giving each one a handsome, handy Ice Chest. They're simply wonderful for entertaining and to relieve overcrowded refrigerators. Ask your Ice Company about them.

HOSPITALITY BEGINS AT HOME . . . so treat your family like special guests as often as possible. And one of the best ways to do that is to serve TRISCUIT Shredded Whole Wheat Wafers at meals and snacks . . . for they give every get-together a gay party air. But that's only natural. They're made from hearty, tangy whole wheat, salted to a turn and golden-toasted to a crisp, crunchy perfection. That's why I'm sure your family will love TRISCUIT Wafers as much as mine . . . just as they come from the package with soups, salads and beverages . . . as well as "crowned" with a luscious spread. I think you'll like this one . . . my family does: Rub small bowl with cut piece of garlic. Mix well, equal parts of deviled ham and cream cheese in bowl; spread on TRISCUIT Wafers. Smart hostesses wouldn't dream of entertaining without TRISCUIT Wafers, either . . . so always keep several packages on hand. You can't miss them. They're made by National Biscuit Company and they bear the big red NABISCO Seal.



by Nancy Sasser

For You and Yours!

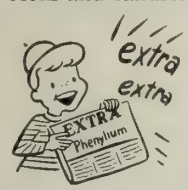
A MOTHER'S LOVE gives her infinite wisdom . . . a complete understanding of her baby's special needs. Take a small thing like cotton tips, for instance . . . she knows the delicate, exacting nature of their use and how unwise a compromise with quality can be. That's why more and more mothers every day insist on Johnson's COTTON TIPS . . . for no one else in the world has such experience and skill in making baby products. Naturally, therefore, Johnson's COTTON TIPS bring you many advantages: They're *baby-soft* . . . made of the world's finest cotton. And they're *baby-safe* . . . because they're sterilized right in the box and constantly checked by famous Johnson & Johnson quality-control method. Furthermore, the cotton is spun directly on the sticks and *stays* firm in use . . . with double tips for thrift and convenience. So don't merely ask for just any cotton tips . . . insist on Johnson's COTTON TIPS, created by specialists for your baby's special needs.



IT'S FUN to play in the sun and let summer breezes kiss your hair . . . but, of course, in excess that tends to make your hair dry, brittle and unruly. And it's adding insult to injury when you use a drying shampoo . . . so take a tip from John Robert Powers, famous beauty authority. He recommends KREML Shampoo to all his models . . . considers it a must under the conditions they work . . . for it has a natural oil base. I find, too, that KREML Shampoo keeps my hair silken-soft and a darling to manage under all conditions . . . even encourages any natural curl, as well. Its special cleansing qualities bring out all your hair's natural highlights, too . . . making it sparkle with natural glossy sheen. So play in the sun . . . but give your hair this special beauty care with KREML Shampoo. And get KREML Hair Tonic for Friend Husband . . . an ideal way to keep his hair neatly groomed and handsomely in place. And buy the 16-oz. size . . . it saves you up to 40%.



HEARD THE WONDERFUL NEWS about BLUE-JAY's new Wonder Drug, *Phenylium* . . . how it brings quicker, surer relief from painful burning corns and calluses? It's the first really new medication for corns and calluses in over 70 years . . . in actual tests, for example, BLUE-JAY's Wonder Drug, *Phenylium*, went to work 33% *faster* and worked 35% *more surely* than other leading remedies. It actually gave effective results in 19 out of 20 cases . . . a better record than that of any other agent. And here's something that's most important to you . . . of corn sufferers who tried New-Formula BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters with *Phenylium*, 3 out of 4 say, "It's better than any corn treatment I ever used before!" But trying is believing . . . so get the new BLUE-JAY Corn and Callus Plasters with the amazing new Wonder Drug, *Phenylium*, at your Drug Store today. The results will speak for themselves . . . the quickest, surest corn removal remedy you ever used!



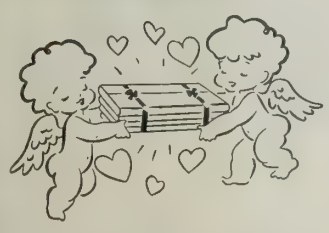
YOU CAN BE PRETTIER than you are . . . provided you know the right tricks of the beauty "trade". And I can tell you from experience that a CO-ET is your best bet for every beauty task . . . the perfect "aid" for perfect grooming. You see, CO-ETS are wonderfully handy little fluted cotton squares . . . as soft as down, marvelously smooth and extra-absorbent. That's why they're so ideal for *everything* . . . from applying home permanent wave lotions, skin-freshening lotions and leg make-up to removing nail polish, creams and "stale" make-up. And now that your feet will be more exposed on the beach and in open-toed shoes, here's a helpful hint about pedicures:



When applying polish put a folded CO-ET between your toes. Helps keep toes apart and prevents smudging.

You'll find CO-ETS at all Drug and Cosmetic Counters . . . only 35c for the large economy package with 80 fluted cotton squares.

YOU'LL LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER . . . once you learn that many luxuries are actually bargains. Take Lady PEPPERELL Muslin Sheets, for example . . . they're beautifully textured and extra processed for soft, smooth loveliness. And they promise you *years* of luxurious sleeping comfort . . . because long wear is carefully woven into each exquisite thread. That isn't just my opinion, either . . . for recent tests prove that these luxury muslin sheets are 33% *stronger* crosswise than regular muslins . . . and everybody knows it's the crosswise threads that get the most wear 'n' tear. And what a blessing this is . . . particularly today when you not only want lovely sheets, but ones that give the longest and best wear for your money. So get the *extra value* of finer, firmer Lady PEPPERELL Superfine Muslins . . . in snowy-white and in gorgeous "personality" colors . . . Aqua, Pink, Misty Yellow, Hyacinth Blue, Ashes of Roses, Spring Green and Peach Bloom.



(Continued from Page 118)

son why. The labor may be easy because it is frequently premature, and with the babies undersized you can see how there would be less complication in spite of the fact that there is a much greater chance of unusual and improper presentations. It is very common for one twin to come head-first and the other breech-first, while the second baby *may* present in almost any manner conceivable—transversely, shoulder or feet, to mention a few. The worst kind is where the heads or other parts of the infants become locked, which is indeed a serious complication."

"I should imagine so. Then, as I understand it, if a twin pregnancy goes to full term, its delivery is likely to be difficult."

"Yes. That is accounted for by the fact that the uterus is overdistended. Its muscular tone is likely to be affected and the contractions infrequent and ineffectual, which of course makes for a long-drawn-out first stage."

"Are twins born together, Doctor?"

"That would be manifestly impossible," he told her.

"I guess that was a foolish question."

"After the first child has been born there is usually a considerable wait for the second because the uterine contractions cease for a while. The obstetrician hopes to see some gain in muscular tone after the uterus has been relieved of part of its load. Normally, then, after a matter of minutes, contractions should be resumed, followed shortly by birth of the second child unless the musculature is too weak or a bad presentation interferes. In about eighty-five per cent of cases the second follows the first twin within an hour, but twelve or twenty-four hours have been known to elapse."

"Would you let me wait that long, Doctor?"

"I doubt it—not unless some condition intervened which I cannot at present visualize. I think that in most cases interference is indicated after the lapse of a full hour. At least the doctor would need to assure himself of what was holding up progress."

> **PREJUDICE**, n. A vagrant opinion without visible means of support.
>
> —AMBROSE BIERCE:
> The Devil's Dictionary
> (Albert & Charles Boni, Inc.)

"If the uterine muscle was so weak, I should think that might make trouble when it came to deliver the placenta."

"That is an intelligent comment, and unfortunately very true. There would be danger of hemorrhage, among other things. We would have to be alerted for that. Some doctors even pack the uterus as a routine measure after a twin delivery."

"I guess you don't use forceps much in these cases."

"When we have to facilitate the birth of the second twin," the doctor told her, "we are more likely to elect version and deliver it feet first on account of the multiplicity of positions in which it may present."

"You haven't told me much about triplets and quads and quints."

"They are so uncommon that I wouldn't waste the time."

"But I don't understand how one would get quintuplets. A single ovum couldn't divide in five or six ways, could it?"

"It certainly could—and has. The famous Canadian quints developed in exactly that way, as has been conclusively shown."

"Well, I've changed my mind, Doctor. I don't want twins now."

"I can assure you that you need not worry. Here is the X ray of your abdomen, and down here on the film you can see a single skull atop a single spine. No, Mrs. Doe, I predict that within a very few weeks you are going to deliver a single, normal infant in a normal manner and without complications. That should make you happy."

"You may be sure, Doctor, that it does. I'll take what Nature gives me and be thankful."

"That's the way to look at it. I'll make one further prediction. By the time you come to me next week you won't feel as large as you do today."

"You mean the baby will have dropped?"

"That's right. Lightening will have occurred."

"Believe me, that will be most welcome."

(To be Concluded)

Back and Other Views. Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 56 & 57

Vogue Design No. 7413. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress. 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.

Vogue Design No. 7252. Bodices. 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.

Vogue Design No. 7269. "Easy-to-Make" skirt. 24 to 30 waist measurement. 40c.

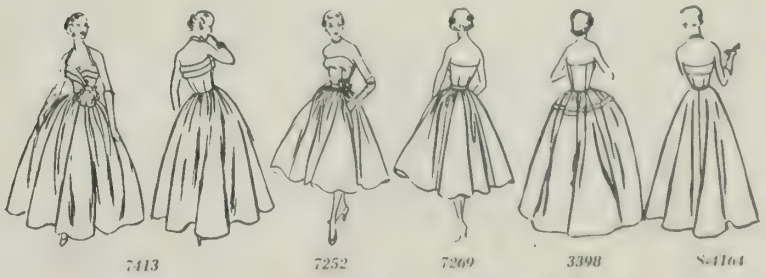
Vogue Junior Design No. 3398. Evening dress. 9 to 15, 29½ to 33. 75c.

Vogue Design No. S-4164. One-piece dress and jacket. 12 to 20, 30 to 38. $1.00.

Vogue Design No. 7200. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress. 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.

Vogue Design No. 7101. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress. 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.

Vogue Design No. 7307. "Easy-to-Make" coat. Small (28–30); Medium (32–34); Large (36–38). 75c.







The Make-Believe Twins

What's there to play on an afternoon
when the World is a garden filled with June ?



"I believe that I'm floating,"
Penny cries to Peter.
"Let's both be Butterflies!"
And the air is so light and
the sky's so blue, Peter believes
he is floating too.



Soaring and Dipping high and
low, they follow where butterflies
really go – like the peony bed and
the window box. They visit the pinks
and the Hollyhocks and the
climbing roses. Then, puff! they're
gone to turn quick Somersaults
over the lawn or play a
game of
butterfly tag
till their
Wings
are tired
and their
flutterings
lag.



Then, leaving the last delicious
petal, they swoop to the steps
and there they settle.



"We'd get pretty tired," says Peter, sighing, "if we spent
All our afternoons Butterflying."

By PHYLLIS McGINLEY
DRAWN By ROBERTA MacDONALD



He needs your wisest care to protect his thinner skin from harm

Take tender care of his thinner skin



Of course you use a special baby-soft cloth when you bathe him. The kind of wash cloth you use could be too "rough" and might irritate that tender, sensitive skin. Your tiny baby looks to you to guard his comfort, you know, and his skin really is thinner than yours. Modern skin studies show that it would chafe more quickly, "rub off" sooner.

You know that even a small discomfort might "hurt" that thinner skin. So you check his bathroom tissue for 3 "tender skin" qualities. "Old linen" softness to prevent chafing. Instant absorbency for *clean* cleansing. Just enough strength to resist shredding.





More mothers every day are finding this ideal combination of "tender skin" qualities in ScotTissue. You will discover too that ScotTissue's greater value makes it the perfect choice for the whole family. You get 1000 generous full-size sheets to a roll. ScotTissue goes further, lasts longer.

Trade Marks "ScotTissue," "Soft as old linen," Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

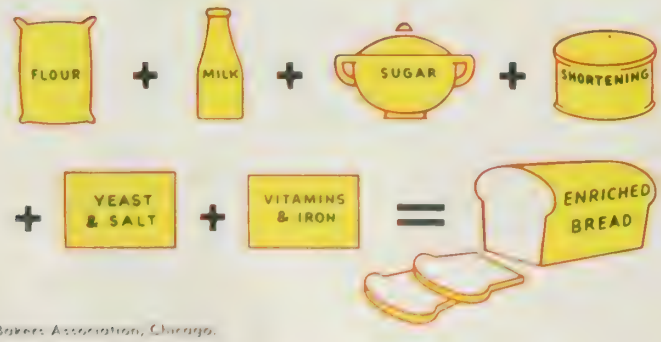
1000 Full Size Sheets—Soft As Old Linen



BREAD keeps little beavers eager!



HERE'S WHY:



©1951, American Bakers Association, Chicago.

Look at all those good foods you get in enriched bread — foods rich in vitamins, protein, calcium, iron and other necessary elements!

They make enriched bread a splendid source of the energy children need to keep *going;* the nutrition they need to keep *growing.*

So — to keep your little beavers eager, Mother, make sure they eat plenty of nutritious bread. And spread on the peanut butter for lunches and between-meal snacks!

Remember! Penny for penny, enriched bread (the kind a baker bakes) provides more of the things the body needs — more generously — than any other food!

10th Anniversary
ENRICHED BREAD
Bakers of America

Eat more BREAD... your best food buy

PARADISE FOR TWO

(Continued from Page 59)

I bumped," mother said, "and there he was and I was sure."

I folded my arms and looked at mother. "That makes everything clear," I said. "You swim on your back and you bump and then you're sure."

"Don't listen to me, sonny," father said. "Get your facts of life from mother."

"There was more to it than that," mother said. "I'd been going with father—only of course I didn't call him father then—just kind of going along for quite a while. It had drifted into a pretty steady kind of a thing and I had read this article and I wondered if I had ought to let that happen. It wasn't that I was bored. I had a good time with father and I liked him all right but I got to thinking. Maybe I was passing up a lot of chances and one of those might be more right than father. That's what the article I read said. To shop around first and be sure. So I began to cast my eye around and almost immediately I began to have chances to go out with a lot of very nice fellows."

"And then you could see that none of them was righter," I said.

"Oh, no," mother said. "There were some very right ones."

"My gosh!" I said. "Maybe this isn't the father we were supposed to have then. If you couldn't see that he was the rightest, maybe he's the wrong one."

"I like that!" father said. "Please consider all the information you have. Don't forget I'm the one that got the tingle. I'm the one that was sure. You're my children too. Maybe this isn't the *mother* you were supposed to have."

My little brother had left the fort he was building and was taking it all in. "Then we wouldn't even be us, would we?" he said, real worried.

"If you'll hold on a minute," mother said, "I'll tell you how it was. There hasn't been any mistake. We're both right. And you had to be you. But it's a wonder I ever found it out, the way father acted. He shadowed me.

"He made it very difficult. I met a lot of nice fellows but I hardly got to know them really well. Father was always around. There was one fellow in particular, Vincent Mason." Mother sighed. "I wonder what ever became of him," she said. "The Invincible Vincent! Was I thrilled when *he* started noticing me! It was a feather in anybody's cap to go out with him—a football star—big and with eyes as blue as Sweden . . . and a physique! What a physique! Today, that's what they'd call him—The Physique. He was a gorgeous hunk of man, Vincent was. You could actually *hear* hearts fluttering when he passed by." Mother sighed again. "And *I* was the one he liked. Me. But I never really had a chance with him. I never had a chance."

"He took me to a picnic that first time. With two other couples, way out in the country on the river. You wouldn't have thought father could possibly have known about it. But there he was. We'd hardly unpacked the lunch when up he turned. All by himself with a sack of sandwiches and a bottle of olives and a bottle of pop he couldn't get open. He came over and asked Vincent to open it for him and acted helpless and pathetic and sad. Vincent asked him if he was alone. None of them knew him then and I pretended I didn't either.

"FATHER was quite an actor in those days. With tears in his voice he said yes, he was alone, all-soul alone, his girl had thrown him over. Vincent had his jackknife out working away at opening the pop and everybody gathered around and listened. 'I've been going steady with her for months, too,' father said. 'Spent all my money on her and now she's ditched me. She goes out with this one and that one, flitting here and there, trying to get the most out of all of them. I'm afraid she's just a little gold digger,' he said, 'just a little gold digger, but I loved her just the same.' Vincent got the pop open and he handed it to father. He took it and held it under one elbow and leaned on the top of the bottle with his forehead in his hand and his eyes closed. It was very dramatic. 'I suppose I'll get over it,' he said and sighed a big sigh. Then he climbed a little way up the riverbank and sat down and ate his sandwiches and drank his pop and ate his olives. The whole bottle of olives. Slowly, one at a time, chewing them carefully and looking silly and soulful and sad.

"We had a fire and the other couples sat together around it and sang and Vincent wanted to sit together and sing, too, but I couldn't enter into it somehow with father chewing his olives and watching. And gradually the others couldn't either. Finally everybody stopped singing and just sat, poking the fire and watching father out of the corner of their eyes. It was a very subtle piece of picnic stopping. All he did was eat olives but it stopped our fun. One of the girls was studying abnormal psychology and she said he was a manic depressive and he was gazing at the river because he was thinking of ending it all. They all felt sorry for him and said they thought we should watch him so he wouldn't harm himself. I said I doubted if a would-be suicide would be that interested in food, but they all sat and watched him eat his olives and were a little scared. I never did see anyone masticate olives so thoroughly."

"They were good olives," father said. "Olives are a food that *should* be eaten slowly. And thoughtfully."

If ever this free people, if ever this government itself, shall become utterly demoralized, it will come from this human wriggle and struggle for office; a way to live without work—from which complaint I am not free myself.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"It was a large bottle of olives," mother said. "It lasted him all evening. But finally he tossed the empty bottle in the river and we packed up to go. Then father hiked off down the road toward the bus stop on the highway. Naturally we picked him up. At that hour. The busses only ran about every two hours; and he was very willing. He got right in beside me and Vincent—the other two couples were in the back—and made himself right at home."

"That was a nice car Vincent's father drove—a Hup," father said. "Trouble was, he was so stingy with it. Poor Vincent had to go by streetcar most of the time."

"Well—then he asked me to this dance," mother said. "And I was awfully pleased because I was afraid maybe the picnic might have discouraged him. I got a gorgeous new dress for it. I looked wonderful in it. I really did. I looked worldly and sophisticated. I was a sensation. Especially with Vincent." Mother gazed into space. She was dreaming about one of them—Vincent or the dress.

"Your mother was almost as pretty then as she is now," father said. "She always looked fresh and neat and her hair was all soft, smooth, shining waves. She did look wonderful in that dress. She looked like a little girl playing lady."

Mother woke out of her dream. "I looked *sophisticated!*" she said. "We floated off across the dance floor and everybody looked and was envious. And it was heaven! But only for a minute. Father was there. He was taking tickets and kind of tending to the door or something. Vincent said, 'Look! It's the Manic Depressive. He still doesn't have a girl!'"

"I did have a girl, though," father said. "She came with Vincent."

Mother smiled. "Vincent had hundreds of friends," she said, "and he had my program all filled out with several saved for himself, and he was a divine dancer, simply divine. But I never got to dance with him. Every time I had a dance with Vincent, father, who seemed to be running things for some reason or other, spoke to the orchestra leader and then they announced that this was a lemon dance. Then father and some other fellows who didn't have girls would come out on the floor with lemons and when they handed some fellow the lemon that fellow had to go and give it to someone else while they got to dance with their girl. Father handed his lemon to Vincent. Every time. I never got to dance with Vincent at all. He was boiling mad but there wasn't anything he could do."

"No, poor Vincent," father said. "All brawn, no brain. He wasn't clever enough to think up some stunt of his own."

"HE tried," mother said. "He even tried to bribe some of those fellows to give *him* a lemon again the second time, so he could give it to father then and dance with me again but they were all on father's side. They were just jealous. They didn't want Vincent to have a good time.

"That's the way it was all the time. Father kept hanging around. I felt like I was being watched. I felt like he was always there, wherever I went."

"I wasn't, of course," father said. "It was just that she could feel my presence even from afar. She was beginning to tingle, too, but she didn't know it. She was awfully slow at catching on."

"He followed us to movies and concerts and once even to the Met when we had seats on the ground floor where I'd never sat with father," mother said. "Vincent had really fallen for me. People were talking about it and our names had been together in the gossip column of the Daily. I hadn't ever seen the actors in a play straight on before, just from the tops of their heads from the gallery, and I was very excited and happy that night. The lights went down and Vincent held my hand and then some latecomer was seated behind us but I didn't tumble until father leaned over and touched Vincent's shoulder and asked to see his program.

"'It's the Manic Oppressive!' Vincent said. 'Pay no attention to him.' So we didn't; but holding hands even with a football star gets to be tense and nerve-racking with someone looking over your shoulder, borrowing your theater program eternally. Vincent told him to keep it but father said he wouldn't think of it."

"Poor old Vincey Wincey," father said. "He was *so* upset."

"I'd 'a' punched you one!" I said.

"Young man!" father said. "Let us not forget that when I'm sitting there in the Met I'm your father-to-be. Please show me a little respect!"

"Well, I'd 'a' anyway spoken to him," Bumps said to mother. "I'd 'a' turned around and spoken to him. I'd 'a' said, 'Father! You stop that!'"

Mother laughed. "I couldn't do that, you see," she said. "He wasn't father yet. And Vincent was a gentleman. He didn't go around punching people."

"He was too much of a public figure, you mean," father said. "He had a reputation to uphold. He *wanted* to punch me. But he'd be put off the football team if he went around punching people in public. He was all for Vincent, Vincent was, and he knew what was good for Vincent too."

"He was a gentleman," mother said. "And everyone knew him. And he treated a girl like a lady. He took me to John's afterward and he knew the headwaiter. He even had it all arranged. He had a booth reserved just like important people and it was cozy and intimate. Father came, too, of course, but they put him at a table across the room. Vincent took off his fraternity pin and he was going to ask me to wear it."

"Wear it?" I said. "Why?"

"That meant you were . . . oh, not really engaged—not engaged for keeps like with a ring, but sort of trying it out, like going steady. There were hundreds of girls on that



MOVING PROTECTION
all the way
by NORTH AMERICAN VAN LINES

From old residence to new one, your nice things travel securely when packed and handled the North American way. Heirloom furniture and fragile china, hard-to-replace appliances and sheer dresses—all get the right protection for their trip. Call your local North American agent *now*.

NEW! "SURVEY SERVICE"

Get our advance analysis of your move for best results. See classified phone book for nearest agent or write for helpful free booklet, "The Happiest Move We Ever Made."

NORTH AMERICAN VAN LINES, INC.
National Headquarters
Dept. L2, Fort Wayne, Indiana



CALL YOUR LOCAL AGENT



Easy, quick, here's all you do: Add a pinch of salt and pepper, a teaspoonful of French's Worcestershire for each glassful of tomato juice—mix well, and serve very cold. It's a Wow!

TOPNOTCH QUALITY ...COSTS LESS!

campus ready to give their front teeth for a chance to wear Vincent's fraternity pin and I'd almost made up my mind to give it a go—just for a couple of weeks or so—just for the prestige.

"And then, before Vincent could get around to it, the place filled up. More and more people kept coming in and the headwaiter asked father to give up his table and take a smaller one in the next room and good, thoughtful old father, just to help them out, moved in with us. 'I don't need to take up a whole table,' he told the waiter. 'These are friends of mine. I'll just sit with them!'"

"My heart ached for Vincent," father said. "A fickle woman, already in love with a better man, was about to accept his pin for prestige. I felt it my duty to intervene but o-o-o-oh, was he unsociable! All the way home on the streetcar, even, he hardly said a word. He and I had to stand and hang on to straps and I did my best to find something to converse about but he didn't open his mouth. He didn't even talk to mother. If he'd been more friendly I'd have given him the seat next to her when it was vacated instead of taking it myself."

"You had no right to come along out on the streetcar," mother said.

"I paid my own fare," father said. "I thought it was very nice of me. I let Vincent take you to the *door* alone. I waited on the front terrace, remember? Then we both went back out southeast together on the streetcar. I hated to think of a football star like Vincent traveling out there alone at that hour of the night. Suppose some thug had attacked him? He couldn't protect him*self*. He had his reputation to think of."

"And then spring came," mother said, "and early summer, and Vincent got a canoe. His father gave it to him for his birthday and oh, but he was proud of it and rightly so; it was a beauty. He had it on Lake Harriet, as beautiful a canoe as I ever hope to see. If there's one thing that puts a girl in a romantic mood, it's a canoe. He took me down to see it when he was having the name painted on it. You want to know what he named it? I still think it was kind of clever. He had a pair of dice painted on it; four spots on one of them, two on the other. Get it?"

"No," I said.

Father closed his eyes and opened them again like he was bored stiff. "In the first place, he didn't think it up himself," he said. "In the second, it wasn't clever. Pair of dice four two. Paradise for Two. Of all the sappy names for a boat!"

"Well, I thought it was clever," mother said. "It was romantic. It had a special meaning. And it was entirely different from anything father ever did, believe me. Guess what he got that summer? With money he earned. A rowboat! And he built a motor all by his own little self to hook up to it, the noisiest, smelliest, most obnoxious motor Lake Harriet had ever seen. *He* had a name for *his* boat too. It wasn't as romantic as Paradise for Two, but it was a name. The Putput. Wasn't that clever? The Putput.

"Well, we went canoeing, Vincent and I. Canoeing was a great racket in those days. Maybe it still is in lake country. The poor young people around here get arrested for parking in cars on Lovers Lane. You could park as long as you pleased in a canoe and it was all okay. There was a band concert that night in the old pavilion and the lake was full of canoes. It was a wonder there weren't some collisions, only there wasn't much traffic. They didn't move around. They just sat."

"What for?" Bumps said. "If I had a canoe, I'd row it."

"To listen to the band," mother said. "The music was beautiful and couples sat and listened in canoes because music carries better over water. It was lovely. Romantic and peaceful and private there among all those other canoes. For a while.

"Then father showed up in The Putput. He cut in and around; he circled us; he came straight at us and then turned off just in time. We couldn't even hear the band, much less each other.

"'It's the Oppressive Maniac,' Vincent shouted in my ear. 'Just disregard him. That raft of his should be scuttled. It messes up the whole lake.'

"I didn't like The Putput and I certainly didn't like the way father was acting but it made me angry to have Vincent talk like that. 'It was kind of smart of him to make that motor, though,' I shouted back. 'He did it all alone.'

"'Say!' Vincent yelled. 'Whose side are you on?'

"'I'm on your side, of course,' I screamed.

"'Well, that's better,' Vincent shouted. 'And now that we have some privacy, let's get things settled!'

"It wasn't much of a proposal but Vincent had been trying to propose off and on for several weeks. I knew what he meant. And it *was* nice and private; father couldn't get into the canoe with us at least and The Putput was so noisy he couldn't hear what we were saying. The Putput roared down on us and swerved away. Father certainly handled it nicely.

"'I'm just not sure, Vincent,' I yelled. 'I have to be sure.' I was watching father turn The Putput on a dime for a return attack. He was churning up the whole lake.

Song to Summer

By Eunice Mildred LouCoske

Lie close to summer in this field of clover,
Come cleanse the mind and let the heart grow strong,
While meadow larks embroider and stitch over
The burnished morning with their loops of song.

Lie close to grasses shouting in their glory;
In pollen-dusted field and blazing tree,
To read the ever-new but ancient story
Of summers gone, and summers yet to be!

"Vincent got kind of tough. 'Not sure!' he shouted. 'Not sure! How long does it take you to get sure? First time we've had a chance to talk private and you're not sure! I'm tired of that maniac hanging around. You say yes and I'll have the right to drive him off.' He had to yell at the top of his voice. His face was red and the veins in his forehead stuck out.

"'But I can't,' I hollered. 'I'm not sure yet.'

"I think canoes have a bad influence on young men. Vincent got really tough. After all, he was used to girls hanging on his words, standing in line for a word from him. He accused me of leading him on, of playing with him. He got his fraternity pin out of his pocket where he had it ready. It was colossal, that pin, heavy with jewels. He held the pin in one hand and put the other on the edge of the canoe and he said, look, either I took the pin and got engaged or he'd rock the canoe and tip us over and drown us both.

"He wasn't tough inside. He didn't really mean to tip the canoe. He was just mad. He was fed up with always being in a threesome and he was new at handling a canoe and that huge fraternity pin in his hand made him awkward.

"But I was mad too. I said I wasn't going to be bullied and I was sick of men and through with them forever. 'I'm not going to get engaged and married at all,' I told him. 'Not ever!' and I jerked up straight and said to take me to shore.

"Well, that did it. The canoe wobbled and Vincent got excited and grabbed and there we were in the water.

"For a minute I floundered around. I grabbed for a cushion and missed and went down. I came up and grabbed for the canoe and missed again. Then I remembered the backstroke. I got myself over on my back and started swimming. I could hear shouting around me and I could see the stars up above me just coming out and the slivery thin moon, like a fingernail. I swam in long, even strokes like I'd been taught. I knew that there was a shore in every direction and I was swimming economically. I could keep it up forever by resting and floating in between. If no darn fool got in my way. But one did."

"That *was* a swim!" father said. "Mother pushed through that water like a steamship, head well back, calm and powerful, in perfect form. I could almost see her getting directions from a teacher pacing up and down the shore. I was so lost in admiration that I completely forgot where I was going. I forgot to steer and wham! she bumped. Almost knocked a hole in the boat. She went all limp and I grabbed her hair and toppled her into the boat. She looked like a half-drowned cat."

"And that's how it was," mother said. "I couldn't see where I was going."

"So you married him because he saved your life," I said. "That made you sure."

"Oh, goodness no," mother said. "He didn't save my life. If he'd kept his head and stayed out of my way I'd have made shore on my own. No. I just knew. I got sure. When I got my bearings I was sitting next to him in the boat and his arm was around me holding me up and the motor was sputtering along, traveling right along and maybe it wasn't romantic but it felt good and comfortable and safe. It was romantic enough for me. I started to cry."

"As if there wasn't enough water," father said.

"And father patted my shoulder and said we'd be on shore in a minute and I felt comfortable and taken care of and my marcel was gone and my hair was stringing all over my face and my dress was wet and messy but it didn't seem to matter. It didn't seem to matter how I looked. I felt like I had come home. I felt sure."

"And *I* went right on calmly tingling," father said. "I said, 'Forget the Invincible. You know where you belong. It's me you want to marry.' And she corrected my grammar. 'It's I, you mean,' she said, so I knew I was accepted and we got engaged right then and there."

"With a ring?" I said.

"Sure," mother said. "He'd been carrying it for months. He almost had it paid for even."

"That's right," father said. "I'd started buying a ring as soon as I started saving money on all those dates we'd had that Vincent had paid for."

"And did you forget about Vincent?" I asked.

"Almost," father said. "He yelled, so I threw him a rope and towed him in, heavy fraternity pin and all. He was still holding on to it and it was almost dragging him down but I rescued him. They found the canoe the next day. And mother put her wet head on my shoulder, ruining my best suit, and I put one arm around her and with the other hand on the tiller I took her for a little engagement ride in amongst the canoes before I made for shore. It was a warm night and my suit was ruined anyway and the music and the moonlight and all—Vincent and his fraternity pin gleaming in the starlight—I couldn't resist it. Vincent was the only guy I ever knew who had to be towed home from a canoe ride. That was the real reason I went for the ride. It was so much fun having Old Invincible on the watching end."

"Really?" mother said. "Not because you wanted to prolong that wonderful moment?"

"Oh, that," father said. "That was old stuff to me. I'd known all the time that's the way it was going to be. You can absolutely depend on that tingle." THE END

HOT DOGS! with that extra flavor French's gives!



Millions prefer this smoother, creamier mustard

Broiled frankfurters hot from the grill, popped into toasted rolls, and served with lots of French's Mustard—my, how fast they'll disappear! Be sure it's *French's* you use—this delicious piquant mustard brings out *all* the succulent goodness of the meat.

Only the finest spices, mustard seed and vinegar are used in French's. It spreads evenly, blends smoothly in sandwich fillings and mayonnaise. Try this recipe for zesty potato salad:

FRENCHWISE POTATO SALAD

Combine 4 cups cold boiled potatoes, cubed; 1 small onion, chopped; 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 teaspoon salt. Mix with dressing made by beating until fluffy; 4 tablespoons French's Mustard, 2 tablespoons evaporated milk or light cream, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons vinegar, ¼ teaspoon salt. Garnish with thinly sliced radishes.

LARGEST SELLING MUSTARD IN THE WORLD



(Also made in Canada)



FREE! **Handsome new recipe book "DINING DELIGHTS"**

Send name, address to The R. T. French Co. 1676 Mustard St., Rochester 9, N. Y.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

The difference between this...



and this...



is often this...



JOHNSON'S BABY OIL

Mild, pure, made specially to agree with delicate skin—Johnson's Baby Oil helps prevent irritations, soothe and smooth baby's skin after bath and at diaper changes.

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Silky-soft, with a fresh, delicate scent—Johnson's Baby Powder is such a pleasant way to chase away prickles and chafes, keep baby comfy and contented.

Johnson & Johnson



Make his meals attractive, and eating an adventure. The sick child needs nourishing food, but nagging will not make him eat.

Feeding the Sick Child

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen

President, Chicago Board of Health

"BUT, doctor, how do I get Susie to eat the diet you prescribed for her? It's hard enough to get her to eat when she is well. Now that she's sick, she will hardly touch a thing!"

This is a maternal complaint that is all too familiar to doctors. And I must admit that it is far easier for one of my profession to hand out a diet that will help a sick child get well, than it is for a mother to get the called-for foods inside the child.

The little girl in question had a virus infection of the respiratory tract which had kept her in bed for several weeks. During her long, slow convalescence, it was especially important for her to have plenty of solid, nourishing food. So her mother had been urging, wheedling, nagging and scolding in a well-meant effort to get her to eat. As children will do under such circumstances, Susie had become increasingly finicking and obdurate. The very sight of a meal became the signal for a clash of wills.

This was most unfortunate for several reasons. The sick child has an even more intense need than the well one for nourishing foods, quite aside from the special dietary requirements essential to combat certain illnesses and conditions. Second, we have learned in recent years that meals eatén at a time of emotional tension or conflict are not fully assimilated. Even if Susie's mother could succeed in getting the food down with the methods she was using, Susie's digestive system probably would not function as it should. Hence the nutritional effect of the food would be impaired. Third, a lasting nutritional problem can easily develop out of the anxious, worried efforts of a mother who nags and harries a sick youngster to eat.

If your youngster is ill, and the doctor has stressed the importance of diet, look upon this as a challenge to your ingenuity. The first thing is to prepare the prescribed foods so that they will be attractive and appetizing as well as nourishing. Then make the serving of them so happy and cheerful an occasion that the youngster has downed the meal before he realizes it.

Of course this is not easy to do when the child is so ill that he has to lie flat on his back in bed and be fed each mouthful from a tray that he cannot see. Yet I have known devoted mothers, and nurses in the children's departments of hospitals, who succeeded at it superbly. How? By keeping up a constant flow of cheerful comment, or by telling anecdotes or stories, or by describing each bite in colorful, appetizing terms as it was offered to the child. I remember especially a four-year-old who was in the hospital for several weeks following an operation on his eyes, with heavy bandages which made it impossible for him to see anything. In this distressing circumstance, the boy's mother stayed with him and gave him his meals with such a fine show of cheerfulness and zest that the little boy remained healthy and happy throughout the long, dark weeks.

However, when the child is able to see what he is getting, as is the case in most illnesses cared for at home, it will quicken his interest in mealtime if thought and care are devoted to the appearance of the tray. Bright, party-style paper napkins help provide a festive air that stimulates the appetite; so do shiny, silver and mother's best china. Even the small child

(Continued on Page 131)

DOCTOR BUNDESEN'S booklets, used by many thousands of enthusiastic mothers, cover all phases of baby care. They are:

BEFORE THE BABY COMES (prenatal months), No. 2333, 50c.

First series of booklets, covering first eight months, 50c.

Second series of booklets, covering nine months to two years, 50c.

A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER (breast-feeding helps), No. 1346, 6c.

OUR BABIES (complete book and invaluable supplement to the monthly booklets), No. 1345, 50c.

Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

Bringing Up Baby

HINTS COLLECTED BY
Mrs Dan Gerber
(MOTHER OF 5)



Mrs. Dan Gerber

If your pride and joy is old enough to hold up his head, he's ready for a little exercise. Grasp his (or her) hands and pull gently to a sitting position. Three- or four-months-old babies chortle with glee over this kind of play.

* * *

Room service. Does your baby sleep in your room? It's wise to move him out before he is six months old. If, like so many young couples, you don't have an extra bedroom, a screen, homemade by papa, can give you and baby needed privacy.

* * *

First birthday. Now baby is probably ready to learn how to chew, so start serving Gerber's Junior Foods if you haven't done so. Menu for a Gerber-good birthday: Gerber's Junior Beef, green Spinach 'n golden Squash. And to make it an occasion baby won't forget, end up with Gerber's wonderful Orange Pudding!

* * *



The children's hour. The toys youngsters like best are the ones scaled to their size. A small woolly animal is much more dearly loved by a one-year-old than a large one. Another tip: stuff home-sewn toys with nylon stockings. They'll dry fast when washed.

* * *

Look for the red signal. Wet diapers are more than a nuisance to baby; they are a breeding ground for the bacteria that cause diaper rash. If your tot turns pink in the diaper region, it's a good idea to boil all diapers for 10 minutes after every washing.

* * *

Taking a hint. Some of our readers want to know if the hints in these columns come in book form. They haven't all been put between covers, but those mentioned above come from our "Baby's Book." A copy of this 32-page book of hints may be had for the asking. Just write me at Dept. 86-1, Fremont, Mich. In Canada, write Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Canada.





This is one Peach that doesn't have to blush



RIGHT now millions of sweet-looking peaches (the kind that grow on trees) are growing up in the warm sun getting ready for the big day when they are picked, processed and packed for that sweet peach of *yours*.

So count on lots of sunny smiles at mealtime! For our peaches are selected especially for babies. Color-right, flavor-right, texture-right. Sweet 'n luscious, and just about the best Mother Nature can produce. They don't have to blush for their quality because they come from trees singled out for our "most important people"—babies!

Note this for nutrition: Gerber's Peaches help babies get the Vitamin A they need and are a good source of *iron*. That's why they are among the first fruits added to baby's diet. *All* Gerber's Fruits, Vegetables, Meats, Cereals and Desserts are flavor-true and true in nourishment, because we spend all our time making baby foods and nothing else.

P.S. Have you tried our Meats? They supply important body-building proteins which babies need. Gerber's Strained and Junior Meats are prepared from selected cuts of Armour Meats and cost *far less* than meats cooked and scraped at home.

Babies are our business . . . our only business!



Gerber's Baby Foods



the Champ!

Maybe not to the cold, cold world . . . maybe not to the neighborhood "gang" . . . but to mom and dad . . . he's The Champ! They should know, for they have not only reared him, they have *fed* him—and that's mighty important. Plenty of vitamins, minerals, proteins, carbohydrates and fats in his diet—and his mother's diet before his arrival—have made vast changes in his stamina and measurements. The improving status of the American family's diet over the past hundred years has caused the average height and weight of boys and girls to increase steadily and this process will continue.

Much of this favorable picture may be attributed to increasing interest in research and public health. Lederle investigators have been leaders in both fields. Such developments as the preparation of folic acid, the isolation of vitamin B_{12} from the fermentation mash of aureomycin, the perfection of liver extracts, and the improvement of multivitamin formulae are examples of their efforts. Under a system of free enterprise that furnishes the great bulk of the people with the means for maximum self-development, *growth* —physical, spiritual and economic—has become the order of the day.

Lederle

(Pronounced Le'-er-lee)

A Division of AMERICAN Cyanamid COMPANY

30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

JOHN FALTER

(Continued from Page 128)

responds to these subtle appeals to his taste and will learn to look forward with pleasure and excitement to the next surprise.

Most patients don't realize it, but hospital meals are planned for color as well as for calories. Dietitians know that bright green and yellow vegetables appeal to the eye and hence to the appetite; the sprig of parsley on your hospital plate adds a touch of needed, decorative brightness. Mothers should follow suit and try to prepare meals that look and smell good, in addition to being tasty. Also, the sick child can be pampered with favorite dishes, and with out-of-the-ordinary soups and desserts, as long as the doctor's orders for a proper diet are always followed. Servings should be small, even if this means carrying the tray down to the kitchen and back up to the bedroom again to get a second helping. Too-large servings are unattractive and may discourage the child from eating.

I also urge mothers to keep the sick child's meals comparatively light and to serve between-meal snacks of milk or fruit juice and cake, cookies or tiny sandwiches. Such treats are likely to be greeted with enthusiasm because they are unexpected, and help the child eat as much as he needs.

When the child is less seriously ill, or convalescing but still has to stay in bed, one of the most important things to remember is that he will not eat well, no matter how attractive the meals, if he is not comfortably situated for eating. The child who is propped at an awkward angle, or is having difficulty managing an unsteady bed table or tray, often will not bother to explain his trouble. Instead he will just say, "I'm not hungry," or "I don't like this," and reject the food he needs and may actually want.

A triangular pillow that fills the hollow of the back makes sitting up in bed to eat much less fatiguing. And I think that every family should have a hospital-style table which extends over the bed, for use when some member of the family is ill. This eliminates the teetering tray that is especially difficult for children to manage. At least there should be a large, sturdy bed table instead of the narrow, unsteady kind that makes eating in bed such a hazardous nuisance.

Finally, to insure comfort and convenience in eating, it is a good idea to freshen up the child's bed just before serving a meal—smoothing the sheets and blankets, fluffing the pillows, and straightening up the papers, magazines and toys that are usually lying around on or near the sickbed. In all these details, mothers can take a tip from hospital nurses, who know that disorderly surroundings are a drag on the appetite.

If all these efforts should fail, don't hesitate to tell your doctor and to ask for special help. He needs to know it when his small patient turns away from meal after meal, with no appetite or interest. But keep in mind that it is always a mistake to force a sick child to eat, or to heckle and nag him during meals. Place your reliance upon an attractive tray and plate, with little treats and surprises always coming up; upon delicious food, served in small doses; upon a cheerful, happy, playful mealtime atmosphere. Unless a youngster is very ill indeed, to a point requiring the expert attentions of a doctor or nurse, he will then eat all he needs to regain health and strength.

THE SPELLBOUND VILLAGE

(Continued from Page 39)

friends he met on the street. Hence, life-hardened publishers had been known to grow pale with excitement when they heard that Barclay Hampton had taken up one of their publications. Others had attempted what they referred to as persuasion. It never worked. Shrewd and ravenously mercenary, Hampton was honest. He made his own choices; and almost invariably they became the choices of tens of thousands of his fellow citizens.

Therefore Stafford, while lounging casually enough in his chair, felt a slight sensation of smothering, and released a long, noiseless sigh. *We've pulled it off*, he thought. And it did not seem curious that by "we" he meant himself and Faith Goodbind, whom he had never seen. His interest in the book had been immediate. It was he who had talked Carson into taking it on.

Now Hampton, staring at the ceiling, said softly, "Two River Junction. How does one get there?"

"Oh, it's about a seven-hour drive," Stafford told him. "Up the Parkway to Bear Mountain Bridge ——"

"Oh, no. I don't care for motorcar explorations. Too sudden—you *plunge*, actually. Is there a train?"

"There's a train. But it's a local after Albany and you get into Two River Junction at five in the morning. No Pullman."

Hampton's rosy face beamed. "Excellent." Stafford thought dryly that his passion for detail might be partly affectation, but the physical effort involved demanded respect. Undoubtedly he'd have undertaken to go by stagecoach if that were possible.

Then Hampton came out of his daze and suggested food. A servant brought cheese and *pâtés* and an excellent port.

Stafford, exultant behind an expressionless face, attacked his cheese with relish. Things were going swimmingly. Feeling lavish and slightly Edwardian himself, he held his wineglass for a moment between himself and the firelight. Then, making a silent toast to the unknown Faith Goodbind, he drank.

Stafford made another notation in his little book. "Everything's set," he said. He looked at his watch. "If Hampton gets there at five this morning, my landing in around eight this evening ought to make it about right."

"Perfect. He'll have had the whole day to 'discover' all by himself. He'll be oozing Two River Junction at every pore. I hope Faith Goodbind hasn't got a fuzzy permanent and a lot of beads." Carson, hands in pockets, walked back and forth behind his desk, his expressionless voice indicating nervousness only by a more than usual harshness.

"Twenty-seven," Stafford said. "I'd be easier in my mind if she were a little old lady. He can get positively exalted over little old ladies."

"She's not a little old lady. So get down and find out what she *is*. And try to smooth it over if it's too bad. And be sure he does all the discovering. Even if you get something you know he'll bite on, let him get it out of you in a way that'll make him think he's the one who found it."

"I know, I know. What if he asks me point-blank why I'm up there?"

Carson shrugged. "Personal-publicity stuff—sounding out the future—*you* know."

He put a hand on Stafford's shoulder and gave a little push to start him toward the door. Then he placed both hands carefully on his desk. Between them lay the dummy of a book fresh from the binder. "Summer Brave, by Faith Goodbind," was printed on the jacket, with a wood engraving of a dozing main street on a summer's day.

Carson did not touch the book. He looked at it for a long time, framed between his hands. Then he slid his hands off the desk, pushed them into his pockets, and went to stare out the window.

I often wonder, considering what charming things children are, where all the queer old men come from. —GERALDINE FARRAR.

The town of Two River Junction stirred in its sleep beneath the blanket of mist which nightly crept in from the two rivers and enveloped it. Toward the edge of town, where the grouped houses began to thin out into dairy and chicken farms, lights shone in kitchens and barns.

Then the one scheduled sound of Two River Junction's early morning pierced the silver translucence of the mist. It was the shriek of the Strawberry Flyer as it bore down upon Two River Junction.

This was Two River's only train. Late in the evening, it returned the way it had come. It had fallen into almost complete disuse and was kept on the tracks only to permit the railroad company to maintain an ancient franchise. It dropped mail and freight, the few milk cans belonging to the only company which did not move its products out of Two River by truck.

On the morning of August twenty-seventh, however, it bore a passenger. He stood alone on the platform, both hands cupped over the head of his cane—a figure of dapper elegance. He walked the length of the platform until he came upon George Hauer, loading empty milk cans onto his truck.

"Is there a place in town," asked Hampton, "where I could get breakfast now?"

George stopped and looked, not in surprise, but to see if this man was the kind to send to Larkie Drumheller's or to The Saddler's. The decision was obvious.

"The Saddler's opens about now," he said. "Nobuddy there this hour o' the day but truck drivers, but the food's good."

"And how do I find The Saddler's?" Hampton asked.

"You c'n walk—it's half a mile up into the middle o' town. Or you c'n wait till I get these cans loaded and go 'long in the truck."

"Thank you very much."

Hampton waited. When at last he lifted himself to the truck seat beside George, the mist was beginning to dissolve.

George looked at him sharply. "Visitin' relations?" he asked.

"No." Hampton turned his rosy, friendly face upon him. "I've no relatives here."

George was irritated. He prided himself on his ability to spot just about anybody he happened on, but if this feller wa'n't visitin' . . . the beautifully aged leather traveling bag didn't look like a sample case . . . still ——

"Not much of a town for drummers," George said, bumping along the cobblestones that had been laid in the days when the old brickyard had sent heavy wagonloads of bricks down to the barges in the river.

"Isn't it? Now why wouldn't it be?"

At least he wasn't just asking a question, thought George. He seemed to have a real interest. "Oh . . . drummers are strangers, mostly. Folks around here like tradin' with folks they know."

"Commendable," said Hampton.

They bumped onto the main street, the milk cans rattling in the truck behind them. George assumed a cold silence. Nobody could accuse him of nosing into people's business. If they wanted to be closemouthed, he could too.

"The Saddler's," his companion said. "Would that be an inn?"

"*Would* be," George said sourly, "but it ain't. Not much of a one. Was in its day, when there was travel on the river and folks come down from the city. Now it's more of a boardin' house. But The Saddler's Inn—that's the name of it."

"The Saddler's Inn!" Hampton leaned easily against the worn back of the truck seat.

George, against his better judgment, made one more effort. "Lookin' for a place t' stay? Useta get summer folks here and they all stayed at The Saddler's."

"Thank you. Probably I shall too."

Well. He'd got that much out of him, little as it was. He ground to a stop before The Saddler's. His passenger got down, took his bag and removed his hat in a gesture that even George found impressive.

Curity
DIAPERS



THE NAME THAT LABELS
THE *best* FROM THE REST

A diaper by any other name is not as fine . . . because *only* Curity Diapers have the patented *Coldline*, woven into the fabric for good . . . *only* Curity Diapers are woven to resist the after-laundering wrinkles and size distortion of machine washing. And, of course, soft-for-baby Curity Diapers . . .

Wash Easier — Their open weave permits quick, thorough cleansing in the suds of pure Ivory Flakes, Ivory Soap or Dreft.

Dry Faster — Indoors or out, drying air acts faster on their open weave.

Absorb Fully — Their thirsty surgical weave always assures maximum absorption.

You can buy wonderful, launderful Curity, the world's largest-selling gauze diaper, at your favorite infants or department store. The nation's leading diaper laundries use them, too. And do ask to see the new pastel Curity Diapers in gentle pink, blue, maize or mint green . . . pretty for Sunday-best . . . charming for gifting!



NURSERY PADS • BIBS • FLUFFS • MASKS

MAIL THE COUPON

KENDALL MILLS — Division of The Kendall Company, Walpole, Mass., Dept. J61
Enclosed is 25c (coins only) for full-size Curity Diaper and literature on Curity Nursery Products. (Only one diaper to a family.)
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Good in Continental United States and Hawaii.

FAMOUS NUDES

Which type is your baby?



BOOKWORM

. . . goes in for good books and good *looks* —the Mennen Baby Oil kind! Give your angel the silken comfort of this blissfully smooth, fragrant oil. You get more ounces for your money.



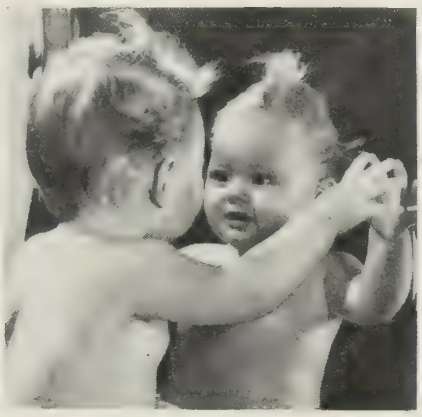
HALE-FELLOW-WELL-FED

. . . why dress for dinner when you can wear Mennen Baby Oil? Feels like satin to tender skin . . . contains heavenly Lanolin. Guard against diaper rash, skin irritations this safe way.



MAD HATTER

. . . well, *somebody's* got to amuse mother! She gives him such extra-good treatment: Mennen Baby Oil after baths, at diaper time, always. So pure, so good. More economical, too.



GLAMORPUSS

. . . wouldn't *you* be smitten with *your* charms if you got luxurious Mennen Baby Powder? Soft as a caress, delicately scented —the finest, smoothest made! And baby gets a jolly Built-in Rattle . . . entertaining Mother Goose pictures on container. Cute toy, when empty.

Every baby is the right type for

MENNEN

BABY PRODUCTS



Best of all for baby's skin

Mennen Baby Oil gives you more ounces for your money than other major leading brand.

"Thank you, Mr. Hauer. You've helped me tremendously."

George gave a grudging nod and pulled out into the street. Smart, wa'n't he, getting his name off the side of the truck? But he hadn't tried to pay him—for that, George gave him full credit.

But who was he and what did he want in Two River? The question still irritated George as he bounced off toward the dairy farms.

Inside The Saddler's, Barclay Hampton took a chair at the end of the dining room nearest the door. All the center tables were surrounded by milk-truck drivers in white coveralls with the name of their dairy company embroidered in red across their backs. Their voices were loud and cheerful and their eating noisy, but the odors drifting from their tables and from the kitchen set up a slight tremor of anticipation within Hampton.

He tucked his napkin under his chin and looked about him until a gaunt, large-boned woman approached him.

"May I have breakfast, please?" he asked.

She looked at him carefully. "You mean *breakfast?* Or orange juice and toast and that?"

"What is breakfast?"

"Today it's kidneys and hominy. And pie—apple or cherry crumb-top."

"Breakfast!" Hampton said with decision.

When the woman had gone, he leaned back and looked about him at the dark wainscoting, the shabby wallpaper, the rows of antlers over the bar, the coach dog sleeping before the empty fireplace. He had been right. Already there was stirring in his mind a yeasty concoction which included the rattling train, boring deeper into the past the farther it got from Albany; George Hauer's shrewd and friendly face; the cobbled street, the other-century houses emerging, clean and a little blurred by mist as if by time itself.

The only remaining ingredient—Faith Goodbind—would be perfect. And if she wasn't, Hampton told himself cheerfully as he attacked the steaming food, he would make her so and no one in the world would believe her otherwise.

His face gleamed with satisfaction. He hadn't struck such a gold mine since his discovery of the essay-writing, octogenarian Wickwire sisters.

He turned the warm rays of his benevolence upon the bony woman who served his food.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "how to find Miss Goodbind? Miss Faith Goodbind?"

THE woman looked sharply at him and for the moment did not put down the cup of coffee in her hand. "*Her.* That strange woman that lives out beyond the brickyard."

"Strange?" Gently, without curiosity, Hampton let his voice invite explanation.

"Oh, I don't mean crazy. Guess she's all right *that* way. Only she's from away. Ain't been here long and nobuddy knows her."

"Oh. Has any one called on her?"

"To *visit?* Well, I sh'd say *not!* She's from *away.* Ain't even got kin here."

Hampton stirred his coffee, but the woman did not go away.

"*You* a friend of hers?" she asked.

"Oh, no. We've never met."

"Related?"

"No."

She stared at him, waiting, but he smiled with the same pleasant innocence he had turned upon George Hauer. She stood uncertain, but she was a woman who had, sooner or later, to say her piece. She said it flatly.

"Well, I ain't a one to put my nose into other folks' business," she told him. "But if you're luckier at findin' out than anybuddy around *here's* been, I'd like you to tell me what she lives on. Don't even dig garden. And if she's got money, why don't she dress different and get a perm and why does she live . . . *out there?*"

"Out there?" Hampton repeated gently. "It ain't even *town.* The pipes and wires don't go beyond the brickyard. She ain't even got the *conveniences.*"

HAMPTON pushed back his chair. He regarded the woman with respect, for though it was obvious that her own cooking had softened her neither in body nor in mind, it was nevertheless superb.

"I can understand your feelings," he said, his manner at its most courtly. "But my acquaintanceship, if it comes into being at all, will be only a business one, I'm afraid."

"A drummer!" the woman exclaimed.

"No." Hampton smiled again, and made a slight bow, before he put on his hat and left.

He stopped at the table which served as a desk in the wide hallway, and reserved a room. As he turned toward the street door, he passed a woman entering. Filled with the glow of his so-far-successful morning, he gave her an appreciative glance which took in the dateless elegance of her dress, the massed hair swept away from a face not young but extremely beautiful. She looked at him, smiled without self-consciousness, and disappeared into the dining room, carrying over her arm a wicker basket covered with a white linen napkin.

"Hullo, Evie," he heard the thin woman's voice. "It's fried chicken today. Leave the basket and I'll send Janie down with it."

"Thank you, Rosa. Will you fill the decanter from one of papa's bottles?"

Good heavens, Hampton thought, *she fits too.* For a moment he knew a vague discomfort, an absurd twinge resembling jealousy, at the thought that he might have stumbled into a place and a situation so complete that none of his creative touch would be needed to bring it up to his standard.

But the feeling passed at once. With the return of his happy glow, he stepped out into the street.

Joe Stafford slid his car in before the iron hitching post which stood before The Saddler's Inn. He found his way to the table in the hall, but there was no one behind it and no one in sight.

The first door he tried opened into a bar. Beyond it lay a large dining room, obviously closed for the night, but the area around the bar basked in a dimly lit coziness. A tall, gaunt woman presided from a stool behind the bar with an air at once tolerant and firm.

Stafford took his place at the bar. The woman paused in a game of two-handed pinochle she was playing with a walrus-mustached man at the other end of the bar, and approached with dignity.

"I'd like a beer, please," he said. "And is it too late to get something to eat?"

"Dining room's closed."

Then

By William Stafford

I will call you by your softest name.
Though snow will fall along the farthest hill
Winter will end. Nothing will be the same.
At first we will not know; and then we will.

Down all the long unceasing breath of day,
Into our eyes and gently on the land,
The snow will say its whiteness, and I'll say
Your softest name, your hand within my hand.

Guard against DISEASE-CARRYING FLIES, MOSQUITOES

and other insects...



with

Bridgeport*

AER★A★SOL* INSECTICIDE

Always ready for instant use. A touch of the thumb releases fine spray—reaches even hidden insects. Quick! Effective! Safe when used in accordance with directions. A six-second spray sufficient for an average room. Also kills moths, fleas, wasps, roaches, bedbugs, waterbugs, silverfish, many other household insects. Protect your home at the first sign of insects. Don't wait. Get Bridgeport Aer★a★sol Insecticide at your drug, hardware, grocery or department store.

LARGE ECONOMY SIZE **$1.59**

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

*Trade Mark



BRIDGEPORT AER★A★SOL INSECTICIDE high-pressure refillable. 16 oz. **$3.95** Refills **$2.25**

BRIDGEPORT ROACH & ANT KILLER. One spraying protects for weeks against crawling insects. **$1.59.**

BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

World's Leading Producer of Aer•a•sol Products

"I know. I hadn't expected a dinner. Just what you serve at the bar."

"Larkie Drumheller's the place for them's wants to eat all kinds of times. But I guess I could make out to find you a little something."

She went into the kitchen. Presently she emerged with a platter of food which gave him, in that moment, a prejudice in favor of Two River Junction which he never entirely overcame. He had driven all day, and as he did not like to eat on the road, he was atremble with hunger. His eyes grew moist as he looked at the platter before him.

"Thank you," he said, and saw that she watched him closely.

"Ain't nothin' but leftovers."

He lifted his beer glass toward her with a small gesture, and then drank from it. Her face grew red, but she grinned unwillingly and started toward her stool. Halfway, she turned back toward Stafford.

"How'd you land in Two River this time o' night?"

"Oh, I'm here on business," he said casually, lost in the pleasure of eating.

The woman turned fully to face him, and he felt, rather than saw, that everything else in the barroom had come to a full stop. No one turned or moved, but the checker playing, the low drone of speech, all had unmistakably ceased.

THE woman regarded him for a moment in silence. Then she announced, "Funny thing. A hull year'll go by and nobuddy comes to Two River but truckers and folks visitin' and drummers and such. Now we got two to oncet."

She paused, and waited. But Stafford stirred cream into his coffee—and the coffee was such that he could appreciate it, even under the stare of the woman behind the bar.

"Don't suppose *you'd* be here to see *Miss . . . Faith . . . Goodbind!*" She emphasized the last three words, giving each of them an enormous irony.

"Why, yes. I am, as a matter of fact."

Again he felt, rather than saw, a stirring among the spectators at the bar. No face turned toward him, but the current that moved through the room was almost electric.

"Lawyers, 'twouldn't surprise me," the woman said. "Be a good thing if she come into money. She ain't never gunta do no work, looks 's if."

Stafford sipped his coffee. It required effort, but if Faith Goodbind had not seen fit to inform the locals that she was having a book published, he did not consider it his business to do so.

He smiled amiably. "Where does she live, by the way?"

"Beyond the old brickyard, like I told t'other one this morning. And ain't seen hide nor hair of him sencet. In a house nobuddy's thought fit to live in sencet Pappy Wicomber died."

"The brickyard?" Stafford looked out, seeking direction.

"You'll find it. Long's you stay on the main street, you got to reach the river or else the brickyard. She's out beyond it in a house with no paint to it in the middle of a medder which ain't had the hay cut off it fer fifteen years."

"Thanks." He slid off his stool while he gave her his most charming smile. "Tomorrow will be time enough. Can I get a room here for the night?"

"No reason why not. Put you right next to your friend. If he ever shows up. Bathroom's at the end of the hall."

Stafford eased himself gradually toward the door. "I'll see the room later," he said hastily. "Just hold it for me. Stafford—Joseph Stafford, New York City." He fled.

Faith Goodbind walked twenty yards downhill from the back of her house and, with a wide swing, flung her dishwater into the high grass. She wiped the inside of the dishpan with the cloth she had worn across her shoulder, and brought cloth and pan back to the house. She hung them in the kitchen, glanced at the stove to see that the drafts were closed, and walked through the other room of her house to the front porch.

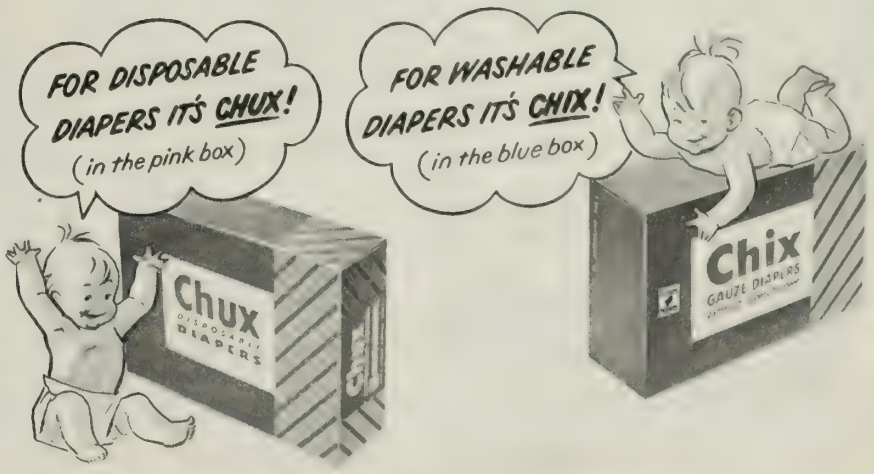
will your baby have WINNING WAYS?



BEING LOVABLE is the natural thing for any healthy baby. All he asks is to be loved . . . *and kept comfortable!* And what an aid to his comfort Chix Diapers are! They're powder-puff soft—have greater absorbency and better ventilation—because they're made with thousands of tiny, woven-in airy cushions. And, no thick hems to irritate tender skin. Yes, Chix *are* different from other diapers! Your baby will appreciate their *extra* comfort. You'll enjoy how they wash easier, dry faster!

Winning Idea for Mothers!

You'll be won over by the *convenience* of Chux—the *completely* disposable diaper that needs no waterproof pantie! A blessing when visiting or travelling with baby! Made with layers of thirsty cellulose, anti-chafe cottoned facing, moisture-repellent backing.





READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



Use Colgate Dental Cream
To Clean Your Breath
While You Clean Your Teeth—
And Help Stop Tooth Decay!



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

The two rooms were shabby, scantily furnished, but painfully clean. She looked about her with love as she walked through them. *A real house, and my own,* she thought. And then, *Oh, pa, don't worry about me. I haven't become enamored of possessions, but it's fine to have it, to have belonged to it for so long.* . . . And as she passed out to the porch she touched the doorjamb with affection.

Her object was to walk to the village for her mail, but when she reached the porch steps she saw Amos Tucker stretched out in the high grass under the pear tree. She could not see his face, but she knew the worn Army pants, the faded shirt, the careless ease with which he lay.

Oh, careless love, she thought, the phrase coming to her because it seemed to suit the warm and easy feelings she had for Amos. She walked toward him and he sat up when he saw her. They grinned and she dropped into the grass near him.

The sun, diffused by the leaves of the pear tree, lay gently on their heads and backs. She was glad he was here. There was no need to hurry for the mail. And she had learned, long ago, to grasp a moment that was good. So they sat for a time without speaking. Then she lay back in the grass, blinking against the sunlight.

He sat and watched her. After a time he turned so that he could drop face downward beside her but, with his chin on his crossed forearms, watch her still.

"Maybe you know," he said. "You've got all of Two River in a turmoil."

"Me? I haven't left the house for three days."

"I know. But the mountains have been coming to Mohammed. And all of them by way of The Saddler's."

"Oh. The plump little man from New York?"

"There were two men, Faith," he told her. "Possibly more. When Rosa gave me my beer last night I got the idea there were at least a dozen. All mysterious dudes and up to no good."

His face relaxed around the slow, uneven smile she knew and watched for. Yet behind the smile was something else . . . a fear—a worry.

"I've seen only one," she said. She shaded her eyes against the sun and looked sharply at him. "Amos," she said. She wanted to reach across and touch him, but she did not. "Amos—does it worry you too?"

He said, "I don't worry. Not over *you*—just yourself. I don't even think. About why you're here, or where you came from. You *are* here—that's all. Only ——" He looked away from her and rested his forehead on his arms. "Faith—let's get married."

She watched him carefully, but said nothing. She was frightened. Something sweet, familiar, was looming into importance, changing in this moment from carefree rapture to an emotion defined, called by name, requiring by its existence discussion, decision. She did not want to decide; she did not want —— *Amos, oh, Amos* ——

He said, "I didn't want it like this. Getting married ought to . . . just happen. Both of you knowing it has to be that way, and no need to talk. But . . . we've just had a year. Not quite that. And if there's something in all those other years, pulling you back —— Oh, I had to ——"

He turned toward her a face puzzled and unhappy. *Oh, Amos,* she thought again, melted within at his look. Then he moved toward her so that his face was above hers, shutting out the sunlight. He kissed her mouth and moved his lips along her cheek, finding the hollows of her closed eyes, her temples where the hair fell back from her face, her ear and the smooth space behind her ear, and at last stopped and stayed in the curve between her chin and throat.

For a time she did not move, but opened her eyes and stared unblinking into the light-pierced leaves of the pear tree. Tears stung her eyelids. Then she lifted her hand and laid it along his cheek, lightly, neither holding him to her nor pushing him away.

"Amos," she said, "there's nothing. Nothing pulling me back. Only ——"

How could she tell him? What was there to tell? She did not know; but, faltering, she began.

"I love you, Amos. And I love this house and this field and the pear tree . . . and Two River Junction."

All the years, she thought, when there had been nothing her own that could not be carried and she had not known that she bore within her the emotions she now felt. As she spoke she knew that she was trying to explain to herself as well as to Amos.

"I've never stayed in one place before for longer than a few months. I've never had anything of my very own, except my clothes and they were always given to me . . . and a set of books. But when I'd read them till I knew them by heart, pa and I decided they were too heavy ——"

How could she tell him? How could he ever know? She thought of his house, among the willows above Bottom River, older than the willows themselves . . . and she thought of pa and the way their life had been.

She said slowly, "I think I must tell you about pa."

"Not if you don't want to."

"I want to. I must, sometime." Yet she hesitated. She knew that if what Amos felt about pa wasn't right, exactly right, they would both be hurt.

So she lay with her eyes closed, thinking pa alive again, thinking all of it back into being; the dusty roads, the cool glades in the woods, the feel of rain and of being sheltered against rain, the rivers, the long days stretching endlessly before them, lying ahead of them beyond curve of road and lift of hill. All of that pa had given her and only he had had it to give. As well as she could, she must show it to Amos.

"He was a preacher," she said, "before I can remember him. In little towns—towns like Two River, I guess. He hated it. I haven't been in churches often, and pa never said much about them. But what he hated ——" She paused. "He thought there was a simple, innocent relation between people and God, and that churches had muddled it."

She moved, slipping away from Amos, and sat near him in the grass, her knees pulled tightly against her chest.

"He . . . just left. I remember that—a little. I was small. But I remember that he went through every room in the house—it was the last real house I lived in—to see that everything was as it should be. And he left the church records on the table in the parlor. Then he put a lot of bags and boxes in the back of the buggy and we went away.

"I don't know what it was pa gave people. But it was something. I think something important. When he stopped even pretending to preach, I think it was because he knew the thing he could do wasn't talking *to* people but letting them talk to him.

"That's what pa did, I guess. Most of his life. Listened. We went from town to town. Sometimes we stayed as long as a month. Once we stayed in one town three months; I went to a real school that year.

"When I was little we went in the buggy. By the time the horse was too old to go any more, I was big enough to walk. So we walked. Maybe the best thing pa gave me was the feeling there was always time. Time for everything, and never any hurry. We slept in all kinds of places. People's attics or barns or sometimes rolled up in blankets in the open. Only when we wanted to, though. There were always people who knew pa and more places where we could sleep than we could use."

"What a wonderful life!" Amos said.

She looked at him with gratitude. "It *was* a wonderful life," she said slowly. "I don't know what a child psychologist would think of it. There wasn't much of what they call security. And pa's friends weren't always . . . well, they were ——" She stopped and grinned at him sidewise. "They'll surprise you. Saloonkeepers and tramps. And in one town we always stayed with the madam of . . . whatever it's called in Two River. The barkeeper in that town called it the Frolicsome House. I can't even tell you she had a



For complete removal of superfluous hair use ZIP Epilator

ZIP - IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

Safe for face, arms, legs. Good stores, or send $1.10 to Jordeau Inc., South Orange, N. J.



heart of gold, like in the storybooks. She was shrewd and ruthless. But it meant something big to her—that pa would go there. She could talk to him. She could ——"

She stopped, helpless. You couldn't, she thought, not really, make anyone see pa. She pressed her drawn-up knees against her chest remembering him, remembering the madam of the Frolicsome House.

"She gave me most of my clothes," she added irrelevantly.

Neither of them spoke or moved for a time. Then she said slowly:

"That's all there is to say about pa. He lived as he thought he should because it never occurred to him not to. He was the gentlest man I ever knew. Life wasn't complicated for him. He knew the way he lived was right for him, but he wasn't sure about me. So he left me some money. Not much—but all he'd ever had. A hotelkeeper he'd known in Baltimore left it to him. Pa wanted me to go to college."

She got to her feet and walked over to the pear tree and leaned against the trunk.

"I've said all this hoping you'd see —— It's not that I didn't love the way we lived. But now I know most of it was pa. Since he's gone ——

"I—I tried to tell you before. I've found out things about myself I didn't know. I'm all stirred up inside with—with love, I guess. For this house because I can come back to it every night—every single night. And Two River, because I go down the same streets every day and see the same people and the same houses and the same stones in the street. I have to be settled long enough to know"—she faltered, and looked hopelessly at him—"how much is me and how much is Two River Junction."

Don't laugh at the man who has fallen when there are slippery places ahead.
—BANTU PROVERB.

"It's all right," he said. He stood and went to her. He caught her arms just below the shoulders and held them hard while he looked at her. "But keep us separate. Me and Two River Junction. I love this place too. Differently from you. I was born here and I've gone away and come back again. If anything ever happens"—he gripped her arms tighter and did not pretend to smile—"anything to interfere with this grand affair between you and Two River—*keep us separate.*"

His look was so intense that she felt suddenly afraid—as if now, beginning in this moment, there would be a difference. Her feeling must have shown, for he pulled her to him and kissed her, and laughed.

"Oh, Faith—it's going to be marvelous! The two of us."

Laughing still, he tumbled her down into the grass. She rolled easily away from him and lay in the sun, looking at him and pulling the grass stems out of her hair. Her fear was gone. The dry heat of the sun, the summer sounds of locusts and wind through dry grass, the summer scent compounded of grain, grass, fruit ripening and flowers, closed them into a private space, magic and untouchable. He moved toward her and she felt that everything about her of bone and flesh had melted and been absorbed into the earth, the sun, the air itself, and nothing was left but warmth and tenderness.

BARCLAY HAMPTON leaned back in the creaking wicker rocker which was the only chair in Stafford's room at The Saddler's. His face glowed with self-satisfaction. "A find. You can give Carson that piece of information from me." His tone implied that this statement alone settled Redfield & Carson's decision on a book that was already in the hands of the binders.

Stafford, stretched out on his bed, gave him an admiring look. "Marvelous, Hampton. Really you're marvelous. Did you mean a find in a personal or a literary way?"

"Both. An amazing child, really."

"Child," Stafford knew, was a word Hampton used freely, as it added to his air of other-generation mellowness. He said nothing and waited.

"Bind her to you, Stafford, with hoops of whatever it takes. You won't find her like. One has the feeling that she knows all there is to know about life and people—a simply astounding air of wisdom and tolerance—but something along with it. Virginal. Spiritually virginal."

Though the look Stafford gave him was casual, he had never been more alert. "What's she like? Looks, I mean."

"Not beautiful. Don't plan glamour-girl publicity. But a *good* photographer would swoon over her. Marvelously attenuated quality: long, oval face; long legs . . . graceful, in an unstudied sort of way. Like an El Greco saint without the transparent look. More earthy."

STAFFORD permitted the series of words to run through his mind. *Attenuated. Virginal. Earthy.* Lucky he'd have a chance to see for himself.

"What's her background?" He gave his voice a touch of humble admiration. "I could never get anything out of her on that."

Hampton gave Stafford what could have been a look of annoyance. "Really—we hardly discussed it. She lives alone and I imagine there is no immediate family."

Ha, Stafford thought cheerfully, so he was stumped too. His inner amusement was great, for he knew that one of Hampton's vanities was his way with people which, given ten minutes alone with anybody at all, brought forth life histories complete with genealogical trimmings.

"People around town know anything about her?"

"Nothing. It infuriates them. She is referred to as the Strange Woman or That Woman Out Past the Brickyard. And regarded with suspicion."

"I gathered part of that from my bout with our lady bartender," Stafford said.

"*Her* name," Hampton continued, "is Silvernail. Her husband runs the post office, so she also contributed the fact that the only mail Miss Goodbind gets is 'business-looking letters from New York.' Sounds like your little efforts, my boy."

"My fruitless little efforts. Hasn't she any boy friends?"

"One. But nobody knows how *much* of a boy friend, though they've all made interesting guesses," Hampton told him. "He's a black sheep, too, after a fashion, but a local one, so it's not so bad. He inherited one of the larger local fortunes—and there used to be some fairly impressive ones. When Two River Junction was in its prime—canaling days. Bottom River fed into one of the big canal networks. But since he's got his money, he has neither nursed it along and increased it—which could be understood—nor gone to hell spending it on liquor and women—which could be understood even better. He just"—Hampton shrugged—"*lives* off it. Very uncolorfully. Runs some sort of furniture factory in one of his father's old mills. I haven't met the young man. His name is Tucker."

Apparently Hampton was finished, for the time being, with what he had to say. Stafford lay silent, rolling the information about in his mind, hoping that out of the confusion he could construct a web of the right kind of publicity for this book in which he placed such hope. He had played hunches with Summer Brave since its manuscript first lay on his desk, and one of his hunches was that, because of the strangely personal quality of the book, there would be a demand for information regarding its author. He himself was intensely curious about her, and he knew that not all the curiosity was professional.

"Hampton," he said, in genuine admiration, "you're *really* amazing. All that in one day. I wonder—could you do me a tremendous favor?"

Hampton lifted an eyebrow.

"I got absolutely nowhere with letters—you know that. You've established some sort of confidence in her. Could you take me out tomorrow?"

Truly a Miracle of Mildness!



New, Improved VEL* now brings you the safest way of all to wash fine fabrics

New Vel bursts into suds in **cooler,** safer water than even the finest soap flakes . . . and every woman knows the **cooler** the water, the safer it is! Yes, even delicate washable colors stay **lovely** up to **10 times as long.** **New Vel** is mild enough for heirloom laces . . . the softest skin. Even after washing **dishes,** your **hands** will prove how **mild new Vel** is.

Stockings stay sheerer looking, lovelier **longer** — no soap scum no soap fading no alkali.

*VEL is the trade mark of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co

New VEL is unbelievably Mild!



Again Awarded Fashion Academy Gold Medal

Look-twice nylons with fashion's top honor twice to prove it—Holeproof nylons in new Singing Tones. And you'll appreciate this sheer hosiery's skin-fit, lasting wear from all these features found only in Holeproof:

- **LUX-SEAL FINISH** for less snagging, more wear
- **FORM-TOP** for comfortable "give" above the knee
- **PROPORTIONAll** for fit in leg as well as length
- **HELLS** styled and made to slim in looks, hug in fit

Holeproof

PROPORTIONED NYLONS

© Holeproof Hosiery Company, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin
In Canada: London, Ontario
World Famous Men's Socks • Women's Proportioned Hosiery
Lucile Lingerie

"Certainly, my boy. I intend to stay here four or five days. This inn alone is worth a week. I'm sure you'd do as well alone, but I shall be privileged to present her to her publishers. It will be a moment worth recording." Stafford knew that it *would* be recorded—in print, on the radio and in private conversation; and was even more certain of it when Hampton said again, more impressively, "I've unearthed a find for you, Stafford. You'll never regret it."

Stafford felt only momentary irritation. Faith Goodbind was, after all, his baby, and had been from the beginning. But since Hampton was moving along the very path into which Carson had hoped he could be guided, he said nothing but, "I'm certain you're right, old man. And we won't forget it."

Joe Stafford gave up at last. Completely, and with wry amusement at his own bafflement. He had never, he thought, engaged in a more pleasant conversation. Yet he was aware of each instance in which he had led the talk into certain channels and been stopped—casually, but as definitely as by granite.

He and Hampton and Miss Goodbind had discussed a variety of topics. They had laughed a great deal. And he knew still that Miss Goodbind had been born twenty-seven years ago in the village of Rising Fawn, Georgia; that her mother had died in giving her birth; that her father's name had been Singleton Goodbind and that he had died five years ago; that she had gone to college in Ohio and had lived on the outskirts of Two River Junction for a year. That was all. And he knew that for the time, at least, that was all he would know.

Hampton was more determined. It was, of course, more important to him. Publicity for a novel could be managed without involving its author. But much of the charm of Hampton's work lay in his ability to gather small, personal details and puff them, with the breath of his peculiar talent, into entrancing shapes. From Faith Goodbind he would gather, Stafford guessed, what lay before him and not much more.

Stafford, relaxed now because he himself had given up, stretched his legs along the top step and leaned against the porch pillar, watching. Miss Goodbind's reticence no longer worried him because he could see that Hampton was sold completely and that he found her reserve intriguing, despite his efforts to break it down.

WITHDRAWN from the conversation, Stafford had time to look at her more thoroughly. Hampton had not been too far wrong. Brown and earthy she was—and while he would not have thought of El Greco, there was a certain resilience, a delicacy of bone structure, which lifted her away from earthiness. He liked the way her hair fell uncurled around her face, enclosing its oval in dark parentheses. The parts of her skin left untouched by the sun—the curve of her throat, a fleck under her nose, the line protected by the ridge of her eyebrows—were pale, giving her face the effect of receiving a mysterious light from below.

The personal background stuff could be eliminated, he thought. Definitely they could get one good photograph if he sent the right man down. Bronsky, probably. Wonderful on female authors, especially the thin kind. He gave them an air of mystery and psychic intelligence with a good splash of sex.

While he looked at her thus professionally, he saw that she was watching him, and, though her face showed no trace of a smile, he had the uncomfortable feeling that she knew what was in his mind and was amused by it.

Abruptly he stood up. "Miss Goodbind, I must be back in New York tonight. Hampton, here, has more time ——"

"I'll go along with you, my boy. Miss Goodbind is dining with me at The Saddler's this evening. Why not stay long enough to be with us? The book ——"

"No—thanks very much. *Because* of the book, actually. I've got a sales meeting tomorrow."

He turned to Faith Goodbind, and again gave her a long and curious look as he took her hand. Behind this face lay the mind that had produced Summer Brave—the sharp humor, the warm and gentle love. Within the broad limitations of the book he knew this girl. Yet they had met and now were parting as strangers.

He said, on impulse, "Miss Goodbind, it's part of the publishing code to be pessimistic. Especially with writers. We're supposed to be extremely cautious—a little like doctors treating the sick, to give the impression that everything within human power will be done to lead your little effort into health and prosperity, but that—after all—mustn't expect too much—wait and see ——"

He stopped, and grinned. She smiled back—a quick flash in the brown face, which made her, for a moment, not a stranger.

"All that caution is right, actually. Nobody knows what will happen to a book. But I—just as an individual—think yours has ——" He stopped and realized that he could not be glib about this book. "I have great faith in it," he finished, knowing this sounded like nothing more than a formality.

But he saw that she knew what he was trying to tell her. And again he felt, for a moment, that they were not strangers.

He turned abruptly and said, "Well, Hampton," and started toward his car.

He held the door open for Hampton, got into the car and started with a jerk, giving Miss Goodbind only a nod against the background of Hampton's cheerful leave-taking. He was silent during the drive back to The Saddler's. The dealings between publishers and writers should, after all, he thought, be handled entirely by letter. If you knew a book as well as he knew Summer Brave you knew already too much about its author.

Wryly he admitted to himself that that had been Faith Goodbind's idea exactly, and that he had made every effort to help Hampton break it down. And that if her book sold as well as he thought it was going to, and a demand for information about its author arose, he would probably try again. And fail again, he suspected. That was the publishing business and he knew he would not get out of it if he could

Faith closed her door and started the walk into the village early in the morning while the mist still lay in the hollow between the hills and the two rivers. She walked slowly, and when she reached the old brick oven she sat down beside it, watching the mist take on the white brilliance that preceded its dissolution. The milk trucks began to loom up into view and roar past her. George Hauer's truck came into sight, going in the opposite direction.

She lifted her hand in greeting and George nodded; then, as if he had just remembered something, he pulled his truck up beside her.

"Out early, ain't yuh?"

"Yes."

"Heard y' had company this week. Brought him to The Saddler's myself. Didn't know he come t' see *you*, though."

"Yes," she said.

He looked hopefully at her and, for the hundredth time since her arrival in Two River, she knew that more was expected of her, but did not know exactly how to give it. He looked at her for a moment longer, then, mild disappointment marking his face, put the truck into gear and departed.

Faith got up and resumed her walk. As she reached the outskirts of the village, there came the moment for her usual decision: should she walk the length of town to the post office along the main street, or go through the alley? It made a difference, for Two River's street and its alley might have belonged to different towns.

THE street was immaculate. Painted house fronts and fences gleamed with cleanliness. Small patches of lawn lay in untrodden perfection beside spotless doorsteps, and, except for formal shrubs, there were few flowers. But along the alley, from which the back yards could be seen, all restraint ended, like that of a fat and dignified woman who had borne her corsets as long as she could and had burst out of them into a flowered wrapper. Here clotheslines flaunted their bright banners of laundry. Flowers grew in beds, poured over fences into the alley. Ancient sheds, unused barns stood unpainted and vine-hung.

This municipal schizophrenia fascinated Faith. It affected her own attitude, so that when she walked down the street she went briskly. When she went through the alley she dawdled, pausing to lean over fences and talk to children, to stare at rubbish piles (for nothing so revealed the character of a household as its pile of trash), make friends with dogs and admire the riotous abandon of the flowers.

Today she hesitated as always, then chose the formality of the street. She found herself hurrying toward the post office, though there was no reason for haste.

Ed Silvernail was sorting the mail. She gave him a quick smile and waited. Then she noticed that Rosa was behind him, holding a broom but making no effort to sweep.

"Mornin', Miss Goodbind," she said.

"Good morning."

"Your friends find you all right?"

"Yes—thank you."

Rosa continued to look at her with the look that gave an effect of suction. Faith found herself gripping the window shelf as if to prevent being pulled in by it.

Ed pushed a magazine and a catalogue across the shelf toward her. "That's all today," he said.

But before she could turn away, his wife said, "Guess they don't hafta write you when they come down themselves."

"No . . . no, I guess they don't."

(Continued on Page 139)



"You're staying for breakfast, of course!"



Are you always Lovely to Love?

At important moments like this . . . underarm protection must be complete.

Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be stopped and stay stopped. Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it **really stops perspiration.** Furthermore, with FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated . . . and start to work all over again at those times when you need protection most. **No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.**



New... For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap . . . prevents body perspiration odor yet mild and gentle . . . contains amazing new soap ingredient Hexachlorophene, reported in Reader's Digest.



Today . . . the best rest, for the least money! Beautyrest . . . only 2¢ a night!



Isn't it good to know that there is one place where you can count on getting deep, satisfying rest?

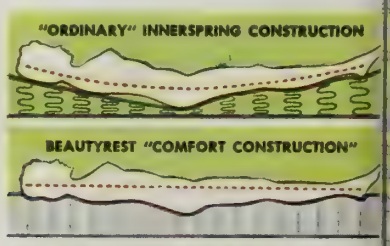
And that place is: a *Beautyrest** mattress. Famed all over the world as the ultimate in sleeping comfort.

And what is it that makes Beautyrest more comfortable than other mattresses? *It's the construction.* Beautyrest is *made differently* from all other mattresses. Made for better comfort. (See below.)

It's yours—this superb mattress—the greatest mattress value ever—for less than 2¢ a night. See it, today, at your dealer's.



Can't Sag—Beautyrest Independent Coi Construction (no springs wired together means springs *can't* pull each other down *Proof:* Water glass on springs won't tip when near-by spring is depressed.



Gives You "Levelized Support"—To chart shows how ordinary mattress let body slope. But Beautyrest (bottor chart) gives perfect, "Levelized Support to every part of your body. No hollow



Lasts Twice As Long—At the Unite States Testing Co., Beautyrest too 740,714 more poundings from "Tortu Tester" machine. Lasted twice as long any other mattress tested. A real valu

Only Simmons makes

Beautyrest

Also from the House of Simmons: Matchi Beautyrest Box Spring, Deepsleep* Mattres Hide-A-Bed,* Ace* Spring.

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office.
Copr. 1951 by Simmons Co., Make* Mart, Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from Page 136)

"Never'd 'a' thought that's where *you* come from—New York."

"I—I didn't. I've never been there."

The woman continued to stare, her curiosity twisting her face into a look of hunger. Faith saw it and thought, *What does she want of me? What can I tell her? "Mrs. Silvernail, I came to this place because I liked the name of it and the agent in Lunadilla told me there was a house here I could buy for five hundred dollars? I cannot tell you of my native heath because I don't remember it. I was not born out of wedlock and I have had no interesting love affairs. I have sold a book which took me a long time to write and which I hope will earn enough money for me to live on while I write another"?*

These were the things which Rosa Silvernail—and George Hauer and all the others—wanted to know. And she could not say any of them. She had not lived the sort of life about which she could drop casual little facts into a conversation; she had learned that in college. Those who were not horrified by it regarded it as exotic and unbelievable, like the life of a circus freak. No one (except Amos) had ever accepted it for what it had been while she lived it—normal and good.

She turned toward the door and saw Amos come in. He grinned and lifted his hand to her, but she could only look at him, relaxing into relief and gratitude because he had never asked questions nor even looked them.

"Wait for me," he said, and turned toward the window for his mail.

Amos and Faith left the post office together and walked toward Bottom River, where he had set up his factory in his father's old grain mill. They did not enter the building, but crossed the bridge over the millrace and sat on the piling at the edge of the river where barges had once tied up. They watched the water swirling beneath them. She remembered the sun-warmed morning under the pear tree, and her tenseness began to relax. She knew that she could not plan for the future, but that their acceptance of each other without question, her relaxation with him, were good and might be good enough.

Presently he said. "Poor Rosa. You're killing her by inches. As if you were using sharp nails and thumbscrews."

"I know. But what is there to say? What can I tell her?"

"Nothing. You won't *have* to, as a matter of fact. Sooner or later she'll find out everything for herself. Funny"—he began to toss broken bits of twig into the water—"we all have our talents—or think we have. Rosa's is collecting information. Her father was Two River's doctor for forty years, and her mother and grandmother before her ran The Saddler's. And now Ed's postmaster. Nobody for fifty miles around has got drunk or written a love letter without Rosa's knowing about it. Until by now she thinks it's her right to know."

He dropped a blossom of Queen Anne's lace into the water and watched it swirl and flatten and dart downstream.

"Queer thing," he went on, "she doesn't gossip much. Being above gossip is part of her—her pride. Only she's got to know—and know first. So when somebody says, 'Rosa, did you hear so-and-so?' she can give them a look and say she's known it for months—letting on she hadn't thought it worth mentioning."

Faith stared into the water. She did not think what he said was funny and felt that his own amusement was only on the surface. She felt, indeed, that he might be trying to—to warn her.

She said slowly, "It . . . there's something worse now. I've written a book." She knew her voice could not have sounded more guilty if she had said, "I've robbed the bank."

"So that's it. I thought there was something."

She felt absurdly relieved. "They—it's going to be published. That's what the men came here to see me about. Only—how could I tell Mrs. Silvernail?"

He laughed. "Some people could, and would. Not you, though. But everything will solve itself now, won't it?"

"How?"

"Well, if it's going to be published, that will get in the papers. And even here in Two River, somebody's bound to see it. Then everybody can heave a sigh and say, 'So that's it. That's why she's so peculiar.'"

"The papers," she repeated slowly. "I—I suppose so. Amos—it's not just Two River. Those men who were here—they were tactful and charming, but not too different from Rosa, really." She stood up, looking out into the water, her arms crossed over her chest as if she were cold. "I don't know why I feel like this. I'm not . . . ashamed. Only—all those years—they belonged to pa and me and the people who knew us and loved us. I can't — —"

She stopped, for there was more within her than she could explain even to Amos. Perhaps the years with pa, who had given himself completely, holding nothing back that was wanted or needed, had left her with an abnormal need of privacy. She knew this affected her attitude toward marriage. The reasons she had given Amos for wanting to wait were real, but there were others. She was not like her father. She needed time alone before she could admit anyone, even Amos, into this cell of seclusion she had built for herself.

The feeling she had now, that the walls of the cell were crumbling and that the events leading to this were slipping from her control, made panic rise within her. But she forced herself to push it down, to cast off the wish that she had never sent her manuscript away, since it seemed to be forcing the opening into her retreat.

She had wanted to write. It was the only work she had ever wanted. And it was, in its way, her tribute to pa. The people he had known and loved she could give, seen with his clarity, warmed by his understanding and affection, to the world. She would go on—nothing could frighten her.

The world is full of willing people: some willing to work, the rest willing to let them. —FROST.

She stared into the water, feeling herself tighten into resistance against her own emotions at the assaults on her privacy. She knew that she was even more stubborn than frightened.

Rosa Silvernail slid a hand from under the covers and flicked off the alarm clock. The beginning of her day was defined by the alarm clock, which went off at four.

She lay in bed until the town's two clocks struck the hour—thus establishing it with unmistakable thoroughness. First the big clock on the Grange Hall began to boom out. Before it reached its second note, the little German clock over Hartling's jewelry store came suddenly to life and rapped out its staccato little *bang-bang-bang-bang*.

The two o'clocks always reminded Rosa of Jonathan Bricker and his wife. Jonathan began slowly, in his deep voice, to say something, and Lucy jumped in midway and finished it. But Jonathan, looking helplessly at her, always finished his sentence anyway because, once started, he seemed unable to stop.

A person couldn't blame Jonathan, Rosa thought. A man had to have somebody who would let him finish a sentence once in a while, and Evie Larch was good at that, if nothing else. When you came down to it, that's about all her pa had ever trained her for.

Rosa slid out of bed and put on her clothes in the dark. She never minded getting up at four in the morning. As she looked out her window on the third floor of The Saddler's over the village, vulnerable in its unconsciousness, her sense of power and possession was at its highest. By the time Two River stirred and moved and pulled itself, with reluctance, out of the depths of sleep and mist, Rosa Silvernail sat alert behind the bar.

Thus she sat at ten in the morning on the seventh day of October.

She was smoothing the foam off a glass of beer for Pat Traphaven when Fern Ferris entered the dining room, in obvious excitement.

Fern might have annoyed Rosa. All that put-on with book clubs and that, and getting an interior decorator from Rochester to fix her house up. But when Rosa found herself being stung into irritation she had only to remember Fern's ma and those boarders she used to take in (if you wanted to call them boarders).

She waited to wipe the bar and rearrange the dishes of pretzels and oyster crackers before she condescended to notice Fern. Then she moved into the dining room, slowly and with dignity.

"Thought you was still to your sister's in Lunadilla," she said.

"Rosa! I simply *rushed* back! Look!" Fern dropped a book and a folded newspaper on the table between them. "Fay was all excited and couldn't *believe* nobody in Two River knew about it!"

She smoothed the paper. Rosa stared at it and at the book. Then she saw that the photograph under the heading Books in Review was of a face familiar to her. And the name at the bottom of the book jacket was Faith Goodbind.

She felt a slow flush creep up into her face and knew that Fern saw it and thereby guessed that her revelation came as a surprise to Rosa. Even now she could hear the triumph in Fern's voice.

"I *knew* you'd be amazed!"

Slow anger began to stir within Rosa. She said nothing because she could not speak and keep her voice normal. She continued to stare at the book and the newspaper.

Little phrases from the newspaper caught at her consciousness: ". . . the town that most of us came from and all of us want to find again. . . . Miss Goodbind handles with warmth and keen insight the intricacy of small-town existence. . . . Living herself in Two River Junction ——"

"Look!" Fern pushed the book forward. "It's real nice looking, isn't it?"

Rosa stared at the picture on the book jacket. Slowly she opened the cover and turned the pages: the title page that said, "In Memory of Singleton Goodbind," and a page that said, "All characters in this story are fictitious. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental."

She read this slowly. Fern continued to chatter beside her, her voice having the effect upon Rosa of a gnat close to one's ear.

"—— I bet Amos Tucker knew, ha-ha-ha, May Anna Parker will go crazy, who'll make a fuss over her old Strolls in a Garden any more, ha-ha-ha, when I think of *you* not knowing, Rosa, of all people, ha-ha-ha ——"

None of what followed was planned by Rosa. She went forward by instinct, speaking each phrase as it came to her, propelled by anger so intense that it ached within her.

"I was surprised all right," she said slowly. "That she really *printed* it."

Fern cut off her flow of chatter. "Now, Rosa, don't tell me you knew about it! I could *tell* you were surprised as me."

"I sure was." Rosa shook her head as if in sorrow. "I thought she'd have more—well, never mind."

She began to move toward the bar, as if the matter were closed.

Fern snatched up the book and darted after her. "What are you talking about, Rosa?"

"I ain't talking about *anything*. And don't you forget it! If that girl had her reasons for coming here, looking around, I don't know what they were—don't forget I told you that."

Fern stared at her, comprehension coming slowly. "But—you mean—it *can't* be about people in Two River. She don't *know* anybody here."

Rosa said nothing, but looked at her as if in pity, and Fern continued to protest.

"She don't even *live* in town. How could she ——"

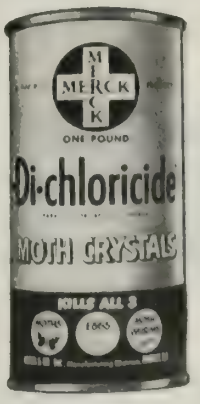
"Fernie, you better watch your tongue. Look." She took the book from her and opened it. "*They're* being careful not to get in no trouble. 'All characters in this story are fictitious.' That means they're made up

EASY 3-WAY MOTH PROTECTION



YOU CAN'T BE SURE UNLESS YOU

KILL ALL 3



Always play safe. Di-chloricide kills all 3—moths, eggs, and mothworms.

← AT YOUR DRUGSTORE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Di-chloricide®
CRYSTALS and NUGGETS

IN 1-POUND AND 5-POUND SIZES.

Note to every wife who's ever felt uneasy about her husband's trips



Ask him to Go Pullman

COMFORTABLE, DEPENDABLE, AND—ABOVE ALL—SAFE!



outa whole cloth. So if anybody begins to catch on ——"

"But it says that in a *lot* of books. Not all of them, but ——"

"That's right. Just in some of them. *They* don't aim to get into no trouble, and I don't neither. And if you got any sense, *you* don't."

"But Fay read part of it, and *she* didn't notice ——"

"No. Just like I say. That's being smart—twisting things around so nobody'll notice. Not unless they know. And *nobody*"—she stared virtuously at Fern—"don't need to know."

Fern took the book into her hands and stared at it. Then she clutched it against her chest and fled without another word.

Rosa watched her go. The violent churning of her emotions began to subside and some of her sense of power and control returned.

Behind her, she heard the party-line telephone come to shrill life. Two shorts and a long. That would be Dolly Stillwell's ring. Fern, she thought complacently, wasn't losing any time.

If Two River Junction's emotions and mental processes had been made of tangible substance, the waves stirred by the forces of their upheaval during the weeks that followed could have been seen rolling over the town and beyond its borders.

One wave washed as far as the offices of Redfield & Carson, in New York City, where Milroy, from the order department, placed a letter on Joe Stafford's desk. It was on a letterhead printed with "Roger Tilton, Soda, Drugs, Stationery," and contained an order for one hundred copies of Summer Brave.

"Thought you'd like it," Milroy said. "I looked up Two River Junction. It's got one thousand and eighty-two people. Now if the *rest* of the country ——" He made an expressively vast gesture.

Stafford took up the letter and looked at it. So Two River was taking it that hard! He remembered Faith Goodbind's guarded face, her stubborn defense of her privacy, and felt a flash of sympathy for her.

Well, that was her problem. And a hundred copies was a hundred copies; and even outside of Two River Junction it was beginning to look—he could not possibly say for certain—but it was beginning to look as if he had, after all, hit the jack pot. . . .

The waves struck Faith Goodbind as she walked from her house to the post office. She felt them in the nervous greetings, the stares that followed her with more painful attention than before, and was bewildered. . . .

They rolled over back fences, along telephone lines. . . .

"I know it don't seem *exactly* like—them two that carry on in the hay barn, I mean—but if you make it a gristmill instead of a hay barn, do you reckon it *could* be ——"

SUMMER BRAVE was being read in Two River Junction with devotion to detail that it would receive nowhere else. The faces that bent over it were anxious, greedy, fearful, satisfied—none of them bored, none casual.

It was being read by Rosa Silvernail. She kept it at the bar on the shelf where ordinarily she kept her crocheting, and picked it up between customers. This made her reading slow, with pauses between for thinking. Her anger against Fern Ferris and Faith Goodbind had made her let her tongue run away with her—a thing which rarely happened to Rosa. Yet even as she talked to Fern, the most she had had in mind was to put her in her place and maybe set people to puzzling a little.

As she read, she knew that the things which happened in this book *could* have happened in Two River; that the characters could have lived here. Rosa could not deceive herself. She knew Faith Goodbind could not have filled her book with people and happenings in Two River. Yet the number of parallels that could be drawn, by minds intent on doing so, momentarily appalled her.

Panic-stricken, she set her defenses to work. When you came down to it, she hadn't said a thing a person could pin her down to. All she had done was to set Fern's ferreting little mind to working, and land knows it didn't take much to do that. And if a person had to be so closemouthed as that Faith Goodbind, it was bound to set people's suspicions going and start any kind of a thing at all.

In all of Two River, Rosa was the only person who could not be drawn into a discussion of the book.

Eve Larch parted with the dapper little man (Mr. Hampton? Mr. Barclay? She was never quite certain) at the door. He wished, she knew, to be asked in. It was against her nature and training to appear (or even to feel) ungracious, but since it was impossible to invite him, she fenced, delicately and expertly, and managed to make him feel that he himself had been torn away by the pressure of other engagements.

She watched his departing back. Then she turned to go up the stairs. A long, gilt-framed mirror hung at the head of the stairs and her thoughts so completely filled her consciousness that the reflection of her figure caught her off guard and gave her for a moment that rare power of looking at herself as at a stranger.

Despite the detailed smartness of her clothes, there was about her an air which suggested the era of her childhood—the clean chinline, the forward tilt of the body, the massed, swept-up hair. She might have been her own mother or Aunt Lydia or any of the others who had floated up and down this stairway when she and Vronnie were children, and mamma and papa—and the house itself—were young and alive.

For a moment she stared at her reflection as at a ghost. She shook her head sharply, and lifted her arms to remove the small hat, to fluff the hair. Then she prepared a smile and entered the little upstairs parlor.

Jonathan Bricker sat in his chair in the bay window, as she had known he would. He started to get up, but she walked quickly over and put her hands on his shoulders, pressing him back into the chair. After a time he bent his big body forward, elbows on knees, and stared at the floor.

Eve said gently, "It's been pretty bad?"

He did not answer, but reached back without looking and took one of her hands. She stood thus behind him for a long time. Then she moved to sit in the armless rocker in the opposite side of the bay.

"Jonathan," she began gently, "you—surely you guessed. People have known—all along, really. Lucy knew. I could tell she knew."

"I know that." He stood and stared out the window, his bent back a heavy curve of misery. "I don't know why it makes such a difference. It's a feeling you have. As long as you can ——"

"I know. As long as you can pretend you don't know anybody knows."

"Guess that's it."

"It's all a little mad. Did you read it?"

"Yes. No more us than a couple of Eskimos. Only ——"

HE turned and stared at her, and all the peace and pleasure that had lived for so many years in this room were gone, and both of them knew it.

"Things don't turn out the way they do in storybooks," he said. "All we could do now would be pick up and go off together. That's how it would be in a storybook."

"Yes," said Eve. And thought, with alarm, *I can't. I never thought of it before, but I know I can't.*

But Jonathan said heavily, "She's got joint title to everything I own. And I'd have to quit at the bank. And the way the law is, I guess what little she hasn't got she could get." He smiled with difficulty. "We're older than we were, Evie."

Because her whole life and training had been devoted to comforting and soothing the male, she could still give him her slow, unruffled smile. "It's all right, Jon."

"I guess I'd better stay away for a while. Until maybe the whole thing'll blow over and ——" He flushed and looked away from her.

She knew he felt like a coward and rushed to comfort him. "Don't think about it. You couldn't do anything else," and all the other little phrases to make his mind at ease, to make him feel like a man again. Her heart seemed to turn inside her with sorrow, for now he would not have her to do this for him—only Lucy, shrill and cruel, finishing sentences for him, straightening his necktie or pulling his jacket down with sharp, condescending movements; filling his days with the edge of her voice and laughter.

He went at last. Eve watched him go, and then turned back into the dim and fragrant room. She went to her rocker and sat for a long time, forcing herself to face what had happened, trying to think what she should do.

She had never been faced with the problem of what to do about anything, until now. Life had unfolded itself before her and she had accepted it as it came.

There had been papa first. Papa, who liked to keep himself surrounded with lovely women—so his wife and daughters, even his sisters, had been lovely for him until mother had died and Veronica had rebelled against sitting and being lovely and had run away to Rochester.

Eve had not rebelled. Papa didn't like his women all done up in house dresses, and it had been easy to sit in the charming little upstairs parlor, playing the piano, or in the library reading or making fragile and useless lace. There had not been too much money, but there had always been enough to have a woman to cook and clean, and all the Larch women were clever about clothes—turning fabrics, changing sleeves. Veronica, to her father's disgust, had turned this knack into a profession.

It had been easy for Eve—because of that place on her lung that might be a spot, and it had been years before they decided it was not—to feel that it was better not to swim or play tennis or go on picnics. Papa had hated red-faced, muscular women. Eve had skated on Bottom River, for she loved the magic, flying motion, the sharp cold against her lifted face.

It was the skating that had brought Jonathan into her life—naturally, smoothly, without effort on anyone's part. He had come onto the ice one evening in February at the hour she always came—the time, just before dusk, when everyone else in Two River was

(Continued on Page 142)

The Kiss

By Walter de la Mare

In the long drouth of life,
Its transient wilderness,
The mindless euthanasia
Of a kiss

Reveals that in
An instant's beat
Two souls in flesh confined
May yet in an immortal freedom
meet.

From those strange windows
Called the eyes, there looks
A soul athirst
For heaven's water brooks.

The hands tell secrets.
And a lifted brow
Asks, "O lost stranger,
Art thou with me now?"

All stumbling words are dumb;
And life stands still;
Pauses a timeless moment; then
resumes
The inevitable.

Charm,
simplicity; true elegance—
this is

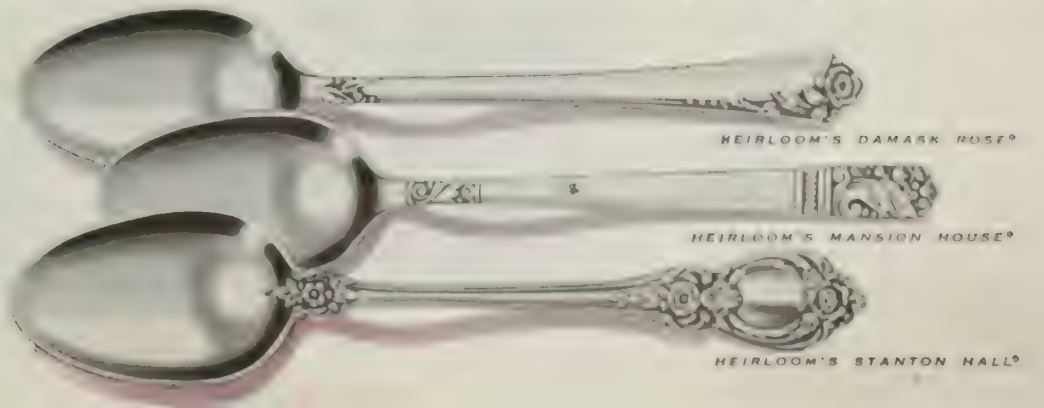
Lasting Spring

in

Heirloom Sterling

Memorable engagement party . . . Heirloom Sterling's Lasting Spring*, romantically beautiful, on pink damask, with tiny symbolic gifts showering from pastel umbrellas

The bright promise of tomorrow begins here—with the proud luster of this distinguished solid silver, gleaming symbol of a happy new home. Like a perfect marriage, your Heirloom Sterling grows more warmly beautiful with each passing year—and even a hundred years of constant loving use can't wear it out! Heirloom* Sterling's greatly loved patterns are young in spirit, famous for freshness and originality. Start *your* Heirloom Sterling now, with just two place-settings if you like, and add more later. Ask your jeweler about easy-payment terms!



*Trade Mark. © 1951, Oneida Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.

Stunning Values

. . . so saucy and smart

by Verplex



Quaint Pennsylvania Dutch lamp in antiqued white. Gaily colored design on both base and shade combines green/blue/red/yellow. 18" high. Retails about $11.00.

AT LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES AND WHEREVER BETTER LAMPS AND SHADES ARE SOLD

LAMPS and SHADES by Verplex

THE Verplex COMPANY

at Essex, Connecticut

Story & Clark

INSTRUMENTS OF QUALITY—
BY ONE FAMILY, SINCE 1857



Ranch Style...

ORIGINALLY custom-built for one of the most luxurious ranch-houses in the Southwest, this new Story & Clark Ranch Style Spinet has overnight become a *sensation* from New England to California. Its case is of genuine knotty pine embellished with heavy cowhide straps. The music panel is available either with or without a hand-carved steer's head and real ranch brands on either side, as illustrated. Yes, the Ranch Style Spinet is a spectacular example of the pioneering versatility of this 94-year-old company. Built by our family's *third generation*, it combines matchless old-time workmanship with many new-day innovations found exclusively in Story & Clark pianos.

See the Style R and other* Story & Clark masterpieces, at your leading music dealer's. They are *The Most Beautiful Pianos In The World.* Story & Clark Piano Company, 64 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

* Louis XV, Georgian, Early American, Contemporary, French Provincial, Modern, Etc.

(Continued from Page 140)

eating or preparing to eat supper. She had remembered vaguely having seen him in town—he was the man Hiram Tucker had brought in to help at the bank—but he was different on the ice. His tremendous body was graceful, his movements easy and unself-conscious.

It was easy to please Jonathan—as it had been easy to please papa. Easier, for his need seemed greater. It had never occurred to Eve not to do so. They had skated together evening after evening, flying down the ice as far as Lunadilla on days when the ice was good, coming home in the luminous dusk of winter.

The first time he had taken her to the deserted gristmill—that had been natural too. Nothing about it had shocked her. Despite his great need, he had been gentle.... She had never felt guilty or evil. Nor was it alien to her nature to keep the relationship secret from papa. She had never told papa anything that might disturb him.

AFTER papa died, it was natural for Jonathan to come to the house and sit in the big leather chair in the bay—natural for her to sit quietly near him, reading or making lace or softly talking. . . .

Now she sat motionless in the little rocker. The effortless flow of her existence had been stopped with brutal abruptness.

Noiselessly, with no sobs, tears flowed up to her eyes, poured over her cheeks. She wept silently, unable even to feel resentment. There was no one to blame. She could not blame papa, for while he seemed to have trained her, without either of them realizing it, as a perfect courtesan and nothing else, she knew that she could have escaped papa, as Veronica had done. She had not tried. And Jonathan had never asked her for anything she had not been ready to give. And Lucy—poor, dreadful Lucy! She could not blame her.

The mid-October meeting of the Two River Junction Book and Thimble Club lacked its usual sprightliness.

The Thimble section managed as usual. Dolly Stillwell's needle flicked yarn into and out of the fabric of a needlepoint chair seat. In one corner the knitters clicked needles through soakers and sweater sleeves and bootees. Pearl Miller, Two River's only tatter, poured lace out of her bobbin at the same unbelievable rate of speed that she had maintained for years.

The Book department, however, staggered and limped as at a fatal blow. May Anna Parker was not herself. Her buoyant bosom, her ringing contralto voice, were shrunken imitations of themselves.

To Two River, May Anna Parker and Culture were synonymous. Until she married old Lucius Parker (Fern Ferris had been known to hint that she had caught him at one of the rare times when he was under the influence) and brought the truth and the light from Boston, Two River could not be said to have had culture—at least not with any style.

May Anna had changed all that. May Anna was an organizer, as Two River should have guessed from the fact of her having caught Lucius after his fifty-three years of turtlelike bachelorhood. And May Anna loved lifting and leading those about her toward the heights on which she herself lived. Most of Two River's ladies, dazzled by her city clothes and her elegant accent, followed her, hypnotized, into the paths of book-club memberships, discussions of art, and a choral society. The old Wednesday Sewing Circle became the Book and Thimble Club.

But today May Anna had, for the moment, lost her force. Following the business meeting, May Anna usually commented on the latest books, copies of which she brought with her, and read reviews from the Boston newspapers. Occasionally—at least, no oftener than twice a month—she could be induced to read her Strolls in a Garden, which were then turned over for publication to the Lunadilla County Weekly Gazette.

Today, however, was different. As the business meeting neared its end, Fern Ferris arose. "Ladies!" she said. "As program

Have You a Septic Tank System?



If you have a septic tank system, you need not worry. You can use Sani-Flush to clean your toilet bowl *with perfect safety*. Proof is shown in "Report of Scientific Tests". Write for it. Show it to your plumber.

Sani-Flush is quick, easy, sanitary. No work. No messy scrubbing. All grocers sell it. The Hygienic Products Company, Dept. 10, Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush



PERFUMED with a mild, fresh fragrance

Cloth

the key to quality in window shades!



The only way to make a fine window shade is to start with **CLOTH**—firmly woven cotton fabric that won't shrink, stretch, curl or sag out of shape. This tough **CLOTH** backbone can be treated with oil paints or coated with plastic, but it *must* be there to begin with. It's positive assurance that your window shades will hang straight and smooth year after year . . . will keep their smart, crisp, new look through countless thousands of rollings and unrollings. Substitute window shade materials come and go, but nothing takes the place of **CLOTH.** And nothing can match the dollar-for-dollar *value* of **CLOTH** window shades.

Valuable book free! Plain facts about window shade quality, with *actual samples* comparing **CLOTH** and cheap substitutes. Write Joanna Western Mills, Dept. A, 1351 Merchandise Mart, Chicago 54.

Joanna Western Cloth Window Shades

...tell the world you're a smart housekeeper!

JOANNA WESTERN MILLS CO. • CHICAGO

chairman of our little group, I have today a *rare* privilege."

She paused. The ladies shifted impatiently. But Fern, not to be done out of her moment, prolonged the pause as long as possible before she continued.

"For *many years* we have accepted literature and the creative arts as something of *great interest* to us *all*, but originating *outside* our little sphere. *Now*, Two River needs *no longer* look to New York or Boston for its artists. We have one in our *midst*."

She laid a hand upon the copy of Summer Brave on the table beside her, a sheaf of newspaper clippings tucked inside.

"As always, the *true* artist is modest and reserved about talking about herself or her works. All my efforts could not induce Miss Goodbind to appear before our little group. But our well-loved president—*something* of an artist herself"—here Fern laughed gaily—"has consented to discuss this book and read the write-ups for us. Ladies, it is my privilege to *re*-introduce—*our president!*"

Slowly May Anna arose. Her smile, usually firm and confident, was a ghost of itself. She lifted the book in a reluctant hand, opened it and began, "May I read first a comment by John Richards, my father's old friend, who writes a column called Books for the Boston Review ——" She looked up once, waveringly, into the merciless stare of the long-subdued Book and Thimble Club, then hastily looked down again, and began to read.

The force which had been released in Two River began to take on an ugliness. It was almost tangible, repulsive, frightening. The slime it left behind seemed to leave no one untouched.

In the West, people think too much of sex and too little of woman.

—LIN YUTANG. (Used by permission of John Day Company.)

"So that's what you done with it!" Lem Miller accused his wife.

She stiffened in her chair. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"You know, all right. I knew we never spent it all. The way we live with nothin' to show for it."

"Lem, you're crazy," Pearl said. But she looked afraid, and he had never known her to look anything but firm and complacent.

"Oh, I know it ain't in a hole in the cellar, like that crazy woman in the book. I guess that writing woman don't even know you. Only it just come over me, readin' it, that's what you been up to all these years. Hidin' it away—for somebody to find when we're dead."

"Lem, you're crazy," she said again. The hands holding the tatting shook. . . .

Sometimes a momentary sting exploded into laughter.

"Funny," Dolly Stillwell said, looking with concentration at her needlepoint, "the way she had the woman call it a *boarding-house*, wasn't it?"

Fern Ferris' face, which had long ago begun to lose its triumph, was pinched and gray. "How do you mean, funny?" she said.

"Oh, just funny, that's all," Dolly said, smiling her thin smile.

Fern gave her a dreary look. Her tongue was dry and there was a constant weight within her. She could have pointed out that if the madam of the Frolicsome House in Faith Goodbind's book bore a vague resemblance to Fern's late mother, the parson who drank rye whisky in secret could certainly be compared to Amy's grandfather. But the spirit for such retort was dead within her. Too much had happened.

She thought back to that morning in The Saddler's and tried to remember what she had said and what Rosa Silvernail had said, but she could not. Only she knew it was there this dreadful force had been released, and now there was no stopping it. . . .

Old John Cartwright, always the last to leave, gave a final look at the cherry chest which was his work in progress. Amos, at his drawing board, watched him potter about with brushes and tools and, finally, push his arms into his shabby coat.

"Think it'll be okay," he said. "Don't know how they'll take to it in cherry. Folks get set idears. But it's a nice piece of work."

"Thanks, John."

After the old man had gone, Amos sat for some time making marks on the drawing paper before him. He thought about John Cartwright; and Les Hardy and Dutch Fenstermacher. All expert cabinetmakers; all, ten years ago, piecing out an existence by doing plumbing, masonry, any odd jobs they could find.

Probably, he thought, there were towns all over the country like Two River Junction. Towns once thriving and prosperous and now, through changes effected by automobiles, shipping, railroad lines, left off the beaten track. In such spots the old skills and crafts had survived a full generation longer than anywhere else, but even there would soon be lost forever.

But not in Two River, he thought—not, at least, in the field of cabinetmaking. The emotions involved with River Valley Enterprises went deeper than his feeling toward his workers. River Valley was his child, his reason for being. The chests, the tables and chairs—graceful, almost delicate in line, yet practically indestructible—which left the old grain mill, carefully crated, as rapidly as they were finished, came to life on his own drawing board. He knew that they were good. He knew, too, that they were born, somehow, of Two River.

In theory, his was a business that he could start anywhere, but he knew that it was not. His roots were in Two River and his creative energy grew out of those roots. The woods he used were local woods that he had handled and carved and whittled since childhood; his eye for line, for simplicity without self-conscious starkness, grew out of his life in this curious, isolated village.

He had no illusions about Two River, and had had none when he had decided to come home to stay. It was a vicious town, and a kind one; vindictive and generous; spiteful and pitifully vulnerable. These were human qualities and would apply, he thought, to most towns.

But there was something extra about Two River—the something extra that, for him, swung the balance. It had guts. Other towns, cut off by changing times from the sources of their prosperity, withered and died—became decadent ghosts, or charming museums of the past catering to tourists, self-conscious quaint.

Two River Junction, deprived of its transportation by the ending of the canals, had staggered for a time and nearly fallen. Then it had pulled itself together. The fields that had produced grain and hay for shipment had been turned over to dairy cattle. Men who had worked in the grain mill and brickyard had found work on the dairy farms, or had started small lumbering projects or even smaller shops or factories. Two River worked harder than in its prosperous days and it had never been rich again. But it was no ghost; it was vigorously alive.

If only he could make Faith see this; make her know that the things she loved and needed were here, if she could wait long enough to find them. Faith must not be frightened away. Grimly he thought of what the past days must have been for her. Yet this was her place, he was certain. If a town had been made for her longing, her talent and her need, it would have been Two River Junction.

Restless, he turned and took down his coat. He walked to the post office and approached Rosa's window briskly, with what he hoped was a matter-of-fact air.

"Faith Goodbind's mail, please, Rosa," he said.

The look she gave him held sullen resentment and . . . fear as well, he thought. She took the letters from the cubbyhole and handed them to him without comment. But he felt her stare burning into his back as he left.

Old Colony

by HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD 125TH ANNIVERSARY

Old Colony will key your home to traditional American friendliness all through its long, useful life. Because Heywood-Wakefield has earned and *kept* a reputation for fine quality furniture since 1826. Because its exclusive "Home-Planned" designs give you the advantage of "open stock." You can be sure that later additions will retain the decorative harmony of your living, dining and bedrooms. Look for the Heywood-Wakefield trademark at your department or furniture store.



"Home-Planned" Furniture Brings a Sure Touch to Your Planning



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or a Refund of Money if Not as Advertised Therein

You're extra sure of quality when you buy products bearing the famous Heywood-Wakefield trademark, including—

MODERN FURNITURE

ASHCRAFT FURNITURE

BABY CARRIAGES



Old Colony

PLANNING IS EASY WITH THIS BOOK

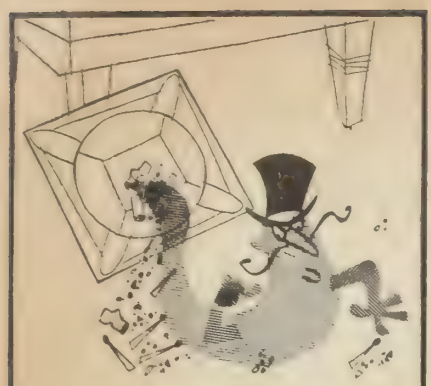
Gladys Miller, decorating consultant, has packed its 32 pages with so *many* nice ideas for decorating your home around Traditional furniture. Send coupon with 25¢ for your copy today.

Heywood-Wakefield Company, Dept. LH-15, Gardner, Mass.
I enclose 25¢ for your book on Old Colony Furniture by Gladys Miller.

NAME . . . . . .

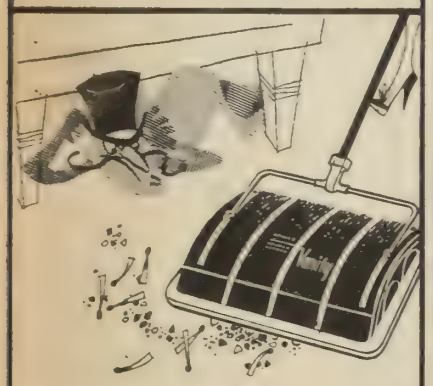
STREET . . . . . .

CITY & ZONE . . . . . STATE . . . . . .



I'M THE RUG-A-BOO!

I TELL BRIDES THAT ASHES ARE GOOD FOR THE RUG. HA! HA! THEN I GRIND 'EM IN UNTIL TIME TO VACUUM AGAIN!



HORRORS! WHO GAVE HER THAT BISSELL SWEEPER FOR A WEDDING PRESENT? NOW THOSE ASHES AND BURNT MATCHES CAN'T WORK INTO HER NEW RUG AND SPOIL IT.



BRIDE: IT'S THE HANDIEST GIFT I GOT! WATCH THIS "BISCO-MATIC"* BRUSH ACTION DO THE WORK, WITH NO PRESSURE ON THE HANDLE. YOU JUST GLIDE IT—ON THICK OR THIN RUGS, OR UNDER LOW FURNITURE!

DON'T LET THE RUG-A-BOO GET YOU!
GET A "BISCO-MATIC" BISSELL



Only $6.95 up
A little more in the West.

BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's first sweep recommended height.

He ignored Rosa's stare and the other looks that were turned upon him as he walked out of town in the direction of the brickyard. When he reached Faith's doorstep he walked slowly up the steps and stood before the door for a moment. He knocked.

There was no answer; no sound, even of a movement, from inside. Yet he knew she was there.

He knocked again; then said, "Faith" softly, for he knew she could hear him. But there was no sound at all.

If he could touch her . . . her shyness, her desperate reticence, always had given way at his touch and in a moment the barriers behind which she lived had disappeared and there had been warmth and intimacy. . . . He felt his throat grow tight, remembering, and suddenly leaned his body against the door and struck it lightly with his open palm.

"Faith—open the door," he said.

But there was no sound.

He pushed his face against the cracked paint of the door until he could feel its rough edges cut into his skin. As his hand slid down the door panel it reached the knob; automatically the brass oval slid into his palm. She was there, on the other side of the door—not moving, close enough to hear him, close enough ——

He stood so for a long time. Then he moved back from the door, dropped the letters on the porch, and went away.

Pearl Miller sat with her tatting in the kitchen. Her fingers moved as always, darting in and out with invisible speed, but her face was strained, haggard and at this moment tense with listening.

He's in the attic now, she thought. *He won't find it, I know he won't find it, but what am I going to do? He'll always be watching me and he'll never believe me again. I can't live with him watching me all the time and looking at me worse than as if I was a—a* ——

Even her mind refused to use the words. *How can I be thinking such things?* she thought, and her face grew red and her head began to tremble. *I didn't spend it*, she thought, *never a penny of it, just saved it so we'd have it for when we're old.*

But she'd never have given it up. She knew if they were old and starving she couldn't have borne to take it out, the lovely money she'd kept so safe all these years. Always she'd be saving it for a time when they needed it more, but really she saved it because she loved it, because it made her feel good just to look at it, to touch it, the lovely green nest of it tucked away where she could take it out whenever she liked but he would never, never find it.

Oh, no! she thought, and tears of self-pity and helplessness began to flow down her mottled face. *He's got no right to look at me as if —— I never done nothing wrong. I helped with the embalming, he never had to hire nobody. . . . If you come to think of it I earned it, every penny. . . . He's in the spare room now and I can't stand him looking at me any more.*

The tears poured now and her mouth stretched into a painful grimace of weeping. How had this thing which had always been her secret virtue, her pride, the reason for her looking with condescension upon other women, been twisted by her husband into a sin? She could only weep helplessly, thinking in terror of her husband searching, with anger and hatred, and the secret, the dear secret that she could not bear to give up.

At last even the tatting dropped from her hands. She covered her twisted face and the weeping broke into tortured, wailing sobs.

Joseph Stafford gave the order for Hampton's lunch and his own, and cheerfully reflected that Hampton could make like a gourmet from cocktail to brandy and the expense account would bear it with joy. *Hampton, you are wonderful*, he thought, *vain and fat, even pompous, but I love you at this moment with unbridled affection.* He said aloud, as he leaned back, "Well, Hampton ——"

"How are you, my boy."

"Merry as a grig. As you may well imagine. Like to see these?" He tossed a sheaf of orders on the table.

Hampton picked off the one on top and glanced at it. "My dear boy, I'm delighted for you. However, if Summer never sold a copy I'd speak as I've spoken and write as I've written."

Stafford retrieved the orders cheerfully. He knew that if Summer Brave had not begun to sell by now Hampton would be incensed. He had chosen it—therefore it would be the chosen of thousands. But without rancor he stuffed the sheaf of orders back into his case.

"You're quite right. But if somebody has to be crass it may as well be me. I can't honestly say any more whether I like the town in Summer or the Two River Junction you've given us. In fact, I get them confused. We really ought to go up again. The two of us."

"But I've *been* up again. Several times. One could hardly do a thorough job based on a three-day observation."

Stafford let that one go. He knew Hampton had done a thorough job before this based on a good hour's observation. He felt alert and wary.

He said, "Why, I suppose not. And how *is* Miss Goodbind?"

"I've scarcely seen her. Passed her on the street once. It's the town I've been working on."

It's the town he's been working on, thought Stafford. *That nice long main street, all of three quarters of a mile, and that confusion of hotels and inns and hot spots, that absolute riot of activity around the post office. What is he after?*

He said, "You should have let me know. I might've gone along."

"My dear boy! With everything under way and the book absolutely swimming—I hadn't the *faintest* notion you'd want to see Miss Goodbind."

"Oh, not just Miss Goodbind. Two River Junction. I got fascinated by it. Or you've fascinated me—I scarcely know which."

"Why, I'm delighted. I shall certainly give you a ring if I go up again."

"Thanks, Hampton! And I'll call you if *I* go up."

Simultaneously they looked at each other, warily, across the table.

Eve put her muff and hat on the table and walked into the upstairs parlor. She stopped in the doorway and reached a hand toward the wall for support. For in the chair opposite the piano—in Jonathan's chair—sat Pearl Miller. The violation of her privacy had been so complete that she felt no surprise, only revulsion, though Pearl had not been in her house since the night father died.

Pearl had always revolted her, even when they were children. The unhealthy skin with features which looked as if they were made of potato dumplings bundled loosely into it; her secret, dreadful little vices. She had brought the best-filled lunch pail to school, for her mother had been a famous baker; but she had eaten only the sandwiches and sold the exquisite little tarts, the cakes. She had never spent any of the money but had kept it with her, carrying it about tied in her handkerchief.

More than once she had been found with a group of first-graders in the grove of trees out behind the privies, holding them bound in terror. She never touched them. She talked. She told them about the Thing that would come and get them in the dark, the huge man with no face who would come and feel around the beds trying to find them, feeling because he could not see, but you could not get away from him, because he heard everything, even your breathing, your heart beating.

She had had a passion for disaster. Whenever anything dreadful happened, somehow Pearl had been there.

(Continued on Page 147)

QUILTED THROW

Soft turquoise rayon taffeta lined in plaid makes a delightful lightweight throw . . . especially when delicately quilted with field flowers in an easy-to-sew outline stitch. The two thicknesses are bound together with the plaid. Add a sprinkling of silver sequins for sparkle. Journal design No. 2568, 25c. Order from the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.



Detailed drawing shows the flower with the slightly raised petals and the detail of the binding.

New for furniture! A lasting hand-rubbed look with a few easy wipes!



O-Cedar Dri-Glo is faster than old-fashioned wax, its rich luster lasts months longer than any other polish!

Now you can give your furniture a lasting hand-rubbed look with a few easy wipes. It's a snap with O-Cedar Dri-Glo.

Not a wax—contains silicone! Dri-Glo is O-Cedar's new, non-oily silicone polish for furniture. It covers wood with an invisible glass-like film that brings out all its natural color and gloss. Dri-Glo's clear, silky sheen *lasts* like wax, but eliminates the hard work of rubbing!

The 10-ounce bottle of Dri-Glo does all the furniture in the average 6-room house. And the lovely luster lasts months! Ask for Dri-Glo where you buy your cleaning supplies.

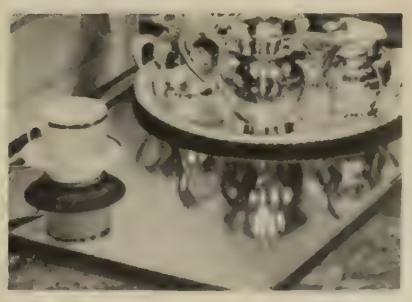




60 day shine in 60 seconds! Smooth on Dri-Glo, let it dry, polish for 1 minute or less. The deep, soft hand-rubbed look lasts for months.



Hot coffee won't mar this surface! Wipe away spills and sticky finger marks with a damp cloth. Zip—your lasting Dri-Glo luster gleams again.



Dust can't cling to Dri-Glo! There's no oily film or sticky wax to catch dust. Dri-Glo's satin-smooth, *dry* finish *stays* bright with less dusting.



O-Cedar dri·glo 98¢

Big 6-Room Size

A NON-OILY SILICONE POLISH
by the makers of the famous O-Cedar Sponge Mop

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

GUARANTEE! Your money back if you aren't completely satisfied Dri-Glo lives up to *every* claim made for it here.

O-Cedar Corp'n
Chicago, Illinois

O-Cedar of Canada, Ltd.
Toronto, Canada

"Sure feels good to have money left over"



"And it's some change from a few weeks ago! My Tom's a good, steady wage-earner, but trying to feed a growing family is a headache these days. I plodded from store to store, buying the 'specials' they offered . . . but it didn't make much difference in the *weekly* food bills. Then I Test Shopped A&P! Now we eat better and have money left over! Why don't *you* Test Shop A&P? See what you save!"

Test Shop A&P

Save more...more easily. Get hundreds of items priced low every day—not just a few "specials."



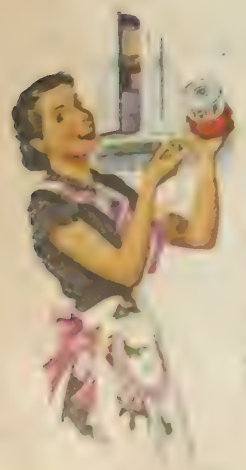
1. You'll find—

. . . over 3,000 different items of food in your A&P Super Market! All the makin's for countless menus . . . all reasonably priced!



2. You'll find—

. . . scores of low prices in A&P's newspaper advertisements every week . . . and hundreds of other wonderful values in your A&P *any day you shop!*



3. You'll find—

. . . A&P stamps the low price on every item . . . as well as on the shelves. You *know* just what you're spending . . . and saving! You get better service at the checkout counter, too!

A&P'S PRICE POLICY

Store-wide low prices on hundreds of items every day . . . instead of just a few "one-day" or "week-end" specials.

We believe this policy helps our customers save more money.

With the correct price marked on every item, plus an itemized cash register slip . . . you know what you save at A&P.

CUSTOMERS' CORNER



Is your A&P Super Market always as neat as you'd like it? Are all the trays and cases scrubbed—the grocery racks orderly? Are the aisles clear for convenient shopping? If not, the folks who serve you at A&P want to know about it . . . they try to maintain the highest standards of cleanliness. Please write:

CUSTOMER RELATIONS DEPARTMENT
A&P Food Stores, Graybar Building
New York 17, New York

A&P

SUPER MARKETS

(Continued from Page 144)

Now Eve stared at Pearl and felt that she could not bear to have her here. "What do you want, Pearl?"

But Pearl could not speak. She was weeping violently, though with little noise. Her shapeless features were twisted, the skin mottled and wet.

"Oh, Evie ——" She began to gulp and stammer. "I never done nothing wrong—not like —— I mean it ain't as if I *took* it . . . only I can't stand it no more, the way he keeps looking, as if—as if ——"

She broke down again, and Eve, after watching for a moment, turned her back because she could no longer bear to look at her. She went to the table in the corner and lit the alcohol burner under the teakettle she kept in this parlor. As she began to arrange the tea things on the tray, still with her back turned, she could hear the gulps and snuffles which indicated that Pearl was trying to regain control of herself.

"It's that—that *woman!*" Pearl burst out. "Writing that book! He never would of got such a notion if 't wouldn't of been for that."

Eve's hands, moving among the things on the tea tray, became still. So she and Pearl were caught in the same net. Slowly she turned. "You'd better tell me why you came, Pearl," she said.

"Oh, Evie, I ——" Another wave of weeping overcame her, and Eve turned back to the humming kettle. The water began to boil and she poured it over the tea, rearranged the cups and saucers, but all the time she was listening to Pearl. "I saved it for *him*, that was all. What would we of spent it for? Nothin'. It'd all be gone and nothin' to show for it ——"

So that's it, Eve thought. *Remember the pennies tied up in her handkerchief that she used to take out and play with but she always put them back. Now that I think, I never saw her spend one—not one single penny.*

"I *know* I haven't done nothing wrong, Evie, only I can't stand it any more. He hardly don't speak to me, and he looks—oh, Evie ——" Again the voice trailed off into a smothered wail.

When Pearl finished this spasm of snuffling and began to speak again, her voice had changed. Its quality of hysteria was gone.

"The way I thought was—if I could *show* him I meant it all along for his good. He always liked this house. I ain't gunta be cheap and make out it ain't just perfect for the business, because it is. With them double parlors downstairs and this little setting room for when you need it kind of intimate and private like. And that summer kitchen with the spring running through, we wouldn't even have to have water piped in special, we could use it for ——"

The teapot Eve held crashed onto the tea table. The cups overturned, the tea began to run across the table and drip onto the floor. But Eve could not move. Pearl did not notice and even the crash of the teapot stopped her only momentarily.

"I ain't gunta haggle, Evie. I'll give it all to you. Everything but what it would take to install the equipment and that. . . . You got signed water rights to that spring, ain't you? They couldn't divert that on you, could they?"

Eve turned toward her. She stared in fascination: the expectant, greedy eyes; the great toad's body tightly bound in black clothes, the hands moving in the depths of the bag that held the eternal tatting. Then slowly Pearl brought her hands out of the bottom of the bag. They were filled with money.

That's where she hid it, Eve thought. *Where she could always see it and touch it. Lem would have guessed if he had remembered the handkerchief with her pennies in it, at school.*

"You wouldn't think it, would you?" Pearl said, looking down at it with pride, with love. "Just saving a little here and there. And bills Lem never even knew I collected, they wouldn't of been paid at all. It's fifteen thousand, Evie. You won't never get such an offer again."

For a moment Eve thought her own voice had been lost in the depths of her tight, aching throat. She rested her hands behind her on the soaking tea table and breathed deeply. "Get out of this house," she whispered.

Pearl stared without comprehension.

"Get out," Eve said again, and could not force any more from her voice, though words she could not say burned within her. . . . *Get out, get out, put it back in the bag and never come in here again, horrible and filthy, get out of the chair where papa sat and Jonathan and the summer kitchen that was mamma's own where she made currant jelly and kept the milk and butter crocks. . . . Get out, get out, the whole room is filthy with you, get out, get out. . . .*

For a moment Pearl, unbelieving, continued to stare at Eve and at the money she held. Then she stood up. Shaking, she pushed the money back into her bag and clumsily drew the strings tight.

"My money ain't good enough for *Miss* Evie Larch," she said. "And this house is too good for our kind of a business. It was good enough for your pa, with his high and mighty ideas, and sneaking out nights to that little Polack over in the Flats. And *Miss* Evie Larch, lookin' down at the rest of us as if we was dirt. I might of been wrong, at that. Lem hardly wouldn't care for it. In *our* business you got to be careful. You might better offer it to Roxie Drumheller."

For one moment longer her face, smiling in triumph, remained in the doorway. Then she turned and left.

Eve listened to the heavy footsteps until the closing front door put an end to them. Looking about the little room, she felt old and very tired. And she knew that never again would this room be the same. She turned and began to pick up the broken teacups and to mop with a napkin at the spilled tea.

The Two River Book and Thimble Club had shrunk to a nervous, hag-ridden shadow of itself. Most of its members deserted it utterly. Those who still attended gave one another furtive glances, stared mostly at the work in their hands as if clinging to the one thing that would not betray them. May Anna Parker's weekly Strolls in a Garden fell on ears deaf to anything so far removed from the miserable reality that enveloped Two River Junction.

Bravely her voice soared forth over the almost empty meeting room. There was neither applause nor comment. There was no gathering of admirers to offer congratulations and say, "I don't know how you think them things up, May Anna."

Separately and almost silently they left, no one offering to share the pleasure of May Anna's company on the way home. She watched them grimly, and grimly gathered up her papers in preparation for her own departure. The complete loss of her kingdom was not coming easy to May Anna.

That evening at dinner she stared resentfully at her husband. He was like all the rest of Two River Junction—excluding her, ignoring her. Suddenly she could not bear it.

"What's the good of your being a lawyer?" she demanded. "Something could be done to that woman. It's criminal, isn't it—if anything is?"

With visible reluctance Lucius pulled his attention from his newspaper. "Hm-m-m? Criminal? Don't think so, technically. Roxie's always been very careful."

May Anna's face grew furious. So *that's* where his mind was! Could it be that ——

Her eyes narrowed as she said in a deadly voice, "We were thinking of different kinds of crime. *I* meant libel. Couldn't that Goodbind woman be sued for libel?"

Lucius dropped his paper and rested his elbows on the arms of his chair. His face, which gave the effect of having just emerged, like a turtle's, from the rings of loose, dry skin which disappeared into his collar and of being able to return into them again, became—for Lucius—animated.

"Who's she libeled?" he asked crisply.

"Why—good heavens! Everybody in town, from what you hear."

"You mean the town should sue her? The town council?"

"Lucius! Don't talk nonsense! There seem to be dozens of specific persons who ——"

"Like who? Name me one."

Lucius' attention was now completely hers. The taut feeling within May Anna began to relax a little. That was all it took. She could bear dislike or ridicule or enmity, but she could not bear to be ignored.

"I don't gossip," she said. "This is *your* native heath. *You* should know the—the absolutely *abandoned* manner in which that woman has pried into people's lives and spread the most dreadful *intimacies* all over that—that cheap, sensational ——"

"How'd she do it?" Lucius came as close as he ever did to looking sprightly. "She's been out at Pappy Wicomber's place a year, hasn't she? And she don't come to the village often. Far's I know there's not three people in town she knows more'n just to speak to."

"She sees enough of Amos Tucker."

"Amos. Huh. He'd of had to start mighty young to collect all the gossip that's supposed to be in that book. Besides, I don't figure that's how they've spent their time."

"She got it somewhere."

"Did she? Well, suppose we allow that. I don't, but suppose we do, just for argument. Who's going to stand forth and say, 'That tale in that book about me bedding down in the haystack ain't about me a-tall'? Or, 'The night Roxie Drumheller's place caught fire it wasn't me they carried out in the washbasket.' Who's gunta do that, May Anna?"

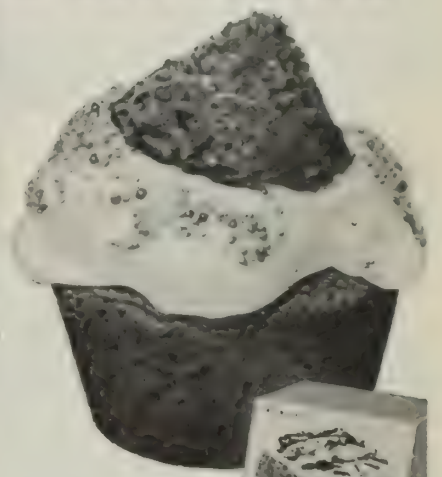
"You're a lawyer, aren't you? People having to sue for such a thing shouldn't have to put it like that, if they've got good lawyers."



"Is that all you've learned to make—bedposts?"

12 luscious Cup Cakes ... from one thrifty package of Dromedary Devil's Food

BEST YOU EVER ATE



ACTUALLY PRICED LOWER THAN ORDINARY MIXES! And only water to add.

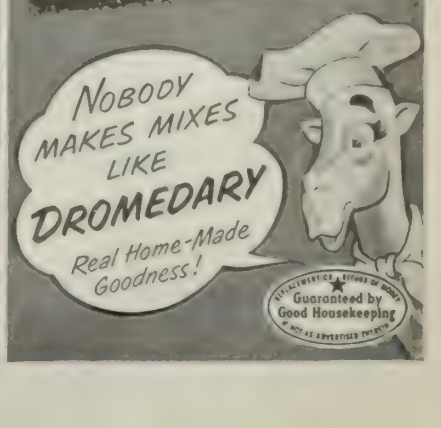


TRY EASY-DO "TOP-HATS"

You never *tasted* cakes like these! Melting mouthfuls of chocolaty richness! Dromedary Devil's Food is *famous* for its home-made goodness. Yet this finest of *all* mixes costs much less!

FOR "TOP HATS," add water; bake cup cakes. Cut out cones, fill hollows; replace cones up-side-down.

Look for "Dromedary" on other Mixes, other foods. Superb!



Couldn't taste better!

You'll love garden vegetables seasoned with rich-tasting Parkay Margarine!



Parkay tastes so good because it's always fresh!

You're always sure of fresh flavor when you buy Parkay Margarine. Every few days fresh stocks of Parkay are rushed by refrigerated trucks to grocers. And each package is flavor-dated (with a special code number) so it can be withdrawn from sale when it passes its peak of flavor freshness.



You can buy Yellow Parkay, each quarter wrapped in "Flavor Saver" aluminum foil, in all markets where state laws permit the sale of colored margarine. In other markets, Parkay is packaged in special Color-Kwik bag or with coloring enclosed in separate envelope.

Fresh flavor guaranteed by Kraft

"That's what it amounts to. You can word it different, but it amounts to that. And you might 's well admit you know and I know and everybody else knows, when they face it, that girl didn't write about folks in Two River a-tall. People's people, only in a small town more so. She wrote about people. And everybody was ready to see themselves in what she wrote—or, more likely, somebody else. It's been like everybody was walkin' around naked, only pretendin' not to notice—and suddenly somebody points a finger and hollers, '*Look, you're all naked!*' Then they *got* to notice. And they try to cover themselves up with one hand and point to somebody else with the other, to distract attention."

Having thus delivered himself, Lucius retired to his newspaper. May Anna saw his attention removed from her with a revival of her feeling of desperation. She went to her desk, hoping to find letters she must write, notes she must make which would distract her. On top of a pile of papers was her copy of Summer Brave. Angrily she flipped back the book's cover; it opened at the title page.

Suddenly she began to feel the old excitement that came to her when she thought of a plan. She got out blank writing paper and her fountain pen. Her face became flushed, her eyes grew bright. She wrote carefully in a script copied, with intensive practice, from an old advertisement featuring distinctive handwriting.

"Redfield and Carson," May Anna wrote. "Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Gentlemen:"

Many of Joe Stafford's hunches on Summer Brave had been sound; among the soundest was his insistence on careful, unsensational publicity. Here was a book, he had felt from the first, people were going to like thinking they had discovered for themselves.

This was true. Those strange unknowns with a true flair for books found it out first and said, "You've got to read it. Probably won't sell a thousand copies, it's not sensational enough. But don't miss it."

They were partially wrong, for file clerks and bus drivers and schoolteachers began to read it and recommend it with the same sense of discovery and of something more—possession? participation? Perhaps the strongest factor in its success was this indefinable feeling that there was something about the book that you and you alone would understand.

Stafford looked at the pile of letters and thought of the larger piles, addressed to Faith Goodbind, which had been forwarded to her. This was it. All of Redfield & Carson was in that state of excitement bordering on pleasant hysteria known to publishers who have on their hands a possible runaway. Stafford himself was the fair-haired boy.

We've done it, he thought; *we're set*. All his planning and thinking for months had been aimed at bringing about exactly this state of affairs. Yet now, between himself and the pure enjoyment of his triumph stood his mental image of Faith Goodbind—her look of withholding, of almost desperate reticence.

HER face haunted him—physically as well as mentally, for Bronsky had got the one good photograph he had hoped for and it now hung, two times larger than life, on the wall opposite Stafford's desk. He looked from the photograph to the stack of letters. Then he took up one which had been put aside, and glanced over it again.

". . . that someone must protest in behalf of a simple, kindly people too humble to defend themselves. I am sure there are laws of libel or slander covering such outrageous violation of the privacy of . . ."

Anonymous, of course. Two River postmark. Crackpot—there was always somebody.

Still, he thought, he ought to look into it. He really ought. A girl like that, not used to this sort of thing—might throw her into a panic.

He swept the letters into a pile and went into Carson's office. He handed him the one he had held out.

"Thought I should take another run up," he said.

Carson looked up at him, then at the mass of letters. He barely glanced at the one regarding libel and slander. He said nothing, but pulled at his eyebrow, a look of bleak amusement on his face. Stafford was uncomfortable, and irritated with himself for being so.

"I'll give Hampton a ring," he said. "Time we lured him up again—keep his interest up." He did not add that he knew Hampton had been up already and that the luring was not being done by Redfield & Carson.

Carson gave him a baffling look and said, "Go ahead, son."

WITH dignity, Stafford gathered the letters and returned to his own cubbyhole. Then he asked his secretary to get Barclay Hampton on the telephone.

He took the instrument himself as soon as she had dialed the number. He could hear the ring go on for some moments before he heard the voice of Hampton's servant.

"Mr. Hampton is out of town. . . . No, he did not say."

Slowly he hung up. Out of town. *We were going to call each other up, were we? Next time we'd go up together. . . . Out of town.* Could it possibly be Faith? He didn't think so. But there was something there, all right. *Well, well.* He grinned to himself, then took up the road map.

Mr. Hampton, who had met Eve at The Saddler's, walked home with her. When they reached her door she turned and, because she had not been gracious to him, said, "Come in, won't you?"

He accepted at once, and she took him to the upstairs parlor. When she looked about her, at the place where Pearl Miller had sat, she knew again that the room would never again be as it had been.

It's not the room, she thought; *it's you.*

"What a charming house, Miss Larch. You've lived here always?"

"I was born here."

He gazed at her with such obvious admiration that she might have been embarrassed if she had not been, at that moment, indifferent to everything outside her own secret emotions.

But because certain gestures were automatic with her, she said, "Would you like tea?"

"I should be delighted, Miss Larch," he said.

She went about the task. Handling the tea things, seeing the cup that had chipped when she dropped it, catching the scent of the sliced lemon, brought Pearl back into the room. *She'll never be gone*, Eve thought heavily. It was no longer the chair where Jonathan and papa had sat; it was the chair where Pearl had sat, taking in all the room with her greedy eyes, holding out with reluctance the bundle of money; the doorway where Pearl had stood, saying obscene things about her father and herself.

Eve began to make conversation with the ease and charm that were hers without effort. Mr. Hampton responded with interest.

"It's miraculous," he said, talking of her house, "that it's never been spoiled or tampered with. Do you live here alone?"

She gave him his tea and brought forward the little table so that he could reach the sugar and lemon and the dish of English biscuits. Then she sat back in her own chair and looked at him.

"Papa died twelve years ago," she said. "Since then, I've had a lover."

In her whole life she had never used that word—never even thought of it in connection with Jonathan. It was a word out of a book. As she leaned back, her hands resting lightly in her lap, it occurred to her that possibly that was why she had used it; her life was beginning to take on the quality of something that was happening to someone else, something you read in a book.

She added slowly, "I am—in theory—the heroine of the scene in the hay barn in Miss Goodbind's book."

He set his teacup on the table. "What *is* going on in this town! I've felt there was—but what an unbearable situation for you. You must get out of it!"

"Must I?"

"Of course. Come away for a time. Come to New York! I've a tremendous house with nobody in it. I'll have my sister come down from Connecticut. My dear child, you *must* come."

She stared at him and thought, *Why, I believe he's courting me.* It seemed impossible and she gave him a look composed of amusement and gratitude.

But she knew that there was an odd quality in his courtship. She had seen a look such as his face wore now. On the face of that man from the museum who had found his way to her house and let his eyes fall upon Grandfather Larch's sherry decanter.

Then she thought, for the first time, *But papa looked like that too. That's what mamma and I were—collector's pieces; perfect, preserved without flaw.*

She rose and walked to the window where she stood looking out at the gray sky. This was the way things happened. She waited, she did nothing, and life opened before her as she went along, always another page turned without effort on her part. A page was turning now; she could go to New York with this man, she could escape everything—Jonathan and Lucy, Pearl Miller. *He might even marry me,* she thought, *for I am indeed a rare piece and particularly well preserved.*

What was different? She did not know. She thought again, *It is I that am changed; nothing else.*

Yet on the surface she was the same. She could turn a gently smiling face and say, "How very kind. But I'm really quite all right. We're all in the same boat, you see." She paused. "Two River's an old town. Its families haven't changed much in the past few generations. I guess there isn't a major or minor escapade or an illegitimate child or a touch of adultery for fifty years or more that isn't a part of everybody's little stock of town knowledge."

She looked out the window again.

"There's nothing vicious about it, really. People just *know,* that's all. And when the town closet, so to speak, is thrown open and all the skeletons tumbled out at once, there aren't many who can refuse to claim at least one of them."

"But how"—he set his cup down—"how did this ridiculous situation start? This identification with the book? It's so completely absurd. Miss Goodbind's manuscript was sent out before ——"

"I know. It is absurd. I think someone started it."

She walked away from the window and again seated herself opposite him.

"I DON'T know why. But once it was started ——" She spread her hands and gave a slight shrug. "If you take any thousand people, and know completely their lives and their fathers' and grandfathers' lives, you could probably find a parallel for any situation in any book at all. Someone began it. And that's what happened."

"But surely it must have occurred to someone that these things could have happened anywhere."

"I think it occurred to everybody. All of us—after the first shock. Yet the thing kept growing—almost as if—as if ——" She searched for words. "It was as if all these things that had been whispered about *had* to be brought out, exposed. Like—like the people you read of who go through a sort of mass orgy and torture themselves or rush into the ocean to cleanse themselves of their sins."

How queer, she thought. *It's only as I talk about it that I see it so myself. . . . Pearl Miller, holding the money out, yet she didn't have to tell anyone . . . and me telling this man that Jonathan was my lover.*

She leaned forward to refill his cup and then stopped. There was a noise on the stair, and then, "Eve!" called Jonathan's voice at the door as he rapped lightly.

Calmly she filled the cup, put down the teapot, and went to let him in. She introduced the two men and saw that beneath his smooth polish Mr. Hampton was the more embarrassed of the two. A lover mentioned over a teacup can add mystery to a woman, but Jonathan, met face to face, was different.

BUT Mr. Hampton had poise. He finished his cup of tea, making cheerful small talk as he did so. When he left there was the barest touch of haste in his good-bys; and he did not mention New York again. Eve stood for a moment with the door open, watching his neatly tailored back. *Probably,* she thought gently, *the last suitor, or possible suitor, I shall ever have.* Then she turned smiling to Jonathan.

Faith Goodbind looked for a long time at the letter and the check. It was a large check. She had not known exactly what to expect from her writing. She had hoped she could earn her living by it, for it was the thing she wanted most to do.

So she held the check, thinking. It was not fabulous but, living as she did, it might keep her for a year. It gave her a sense of solidity that she had never had. The walls of the little house seemed more firm. It was hers; and maybe—maybe she could keep it, perhaps live here always. Her growing feeling for this house, this valley between the rivers and the hills, almost frightened her.

She stood up. She must take the check to the village and deposit it, she thought; and forced herself to face something which she had been trying to ignore.

She had not gone to the village for three days. Yesterday, when she had seen Amos coming down the road, she had closed her door and stood behind it, until at last he had dropped the mail and gone away.

Something had happened—something strange, even horrible. She did not know what it was and there was no way of finding out, for the signs of it were intangible, darting briefly into light and disappearing.

But hiding in the house was no good. She should have gone in days ago for mail. Now this check gave an excuse for her to force herself into the village, to face . . . whatever it was.

She brushed her hair, though it was brushed already, and changed her skirt, though the one she took off was clean and crisp. At last, her face pale under the tan, she turned toward the village and began her walk.

Roxie Drumheller arranged the cushions to her liking, settled back into their perfumed depths and opened the book.

Roxie was fond of saying that when she was little she had always liked things pretty and had never had them and now she was making up for it. She was. She had dreamed up this bedroom at the age of nine and carried out the dream unchanged. The Irish-linen sheets were tinted shell pink and edged with Swiss embroidery. Roxie liked things matched up so the bedspread, the voluminously ruffled organdy window curtains, the dressing-table skirt, the chair covers were also shell pink and edged with the same embroidered ruffles. The floor was covered with carpeting of a slightly deeper shade of pink, broken only by two white fur rugs, one on either side of Roxie's bed. Piled on the chaise, the chairs and behind Roxie in the bed were masses of tiny cushions covered with flesh-pink satin. It would have been a fascinating task for an observer to try to mark the line where the down-filled satin left off and the more resilient cushions of Roxie's own soft flesh began.

PROVING GOD EXISTS

Poll taker George Gallup made one statement, some years ago, which deserves a permanent place in the literature of our time: "I could prove God statistically. Take the human body alone—the chance that all the functions of the individual would just happen is a statistical monstrosity."



A Mere Man Can Make It... with a SIOUX BEE honey assist!

● It's that easy . . . so imagine how swiftly *you* will whip through the blending of this honey-smooth chocolate sauce! It's delicious . . . and *we* may add that it keeps indefinitely in the refrigerator . . . but *you* will cry, "*What* happened to all that chocolate sauce?"

Just make another pint, dear lady . . . and then go on to discover how good and helpful Sioux Bee Honey is in *various* ways . . . for example, in making cakes and cookies stay tender-fresh for days. A wonderful cooking ingredient!

Enjoy Sioux Bee Honey for purity and delicate flavor, carefully controlled by the world's largest honey packers. Ask for it by name—Sioux Bee Honey (liquid) and Sioux Bee Honey Spread (crystallized). Just say "*Sue Bee*"!



NEW FREE RECIPE BOOKLET suggests tempting new dishes to spark dull appetites. Write for it, to Sioux Honey Association, Dept. L-651, Sioux City, Iowa.

For finest honey, say
"Sue Bee"







1 AN *extra-gentle* BLEACH

Clorox not only makes white and color-fast cottons and linens snowy-white and color-bright . . . it *conserves* them, too! That's because Clorox is *extra gentle,* free from caustic and other harsh substances . . . made by an exclusive, patented formula!



2 A *dependable* STAIN REMOVER

Clorox removes stains quickly and easily from white and color-fast cottons and linens ...from kitchen and bathroom surfaces. Let the Clorox label be your stain removal guide.



3 AN *effective* DEODORIZER

The deodorizing action of Clorox provides a big plus value in laundering and in routine cleaning. There's a fresh smell to linens and household surfaces that are Clorox-clean!



4 *In addition* CLOROX is one of the world's great DISINFECTANTS

Yes, Clorox *kills germs quicker* than any other product of its kind because it's free from caustic, therefore faster-acting! For added health protection in *your* home, use Clorox regularly in routine cleaning and in laundering. See directions on the Clorox label.

You get all 4 in 1 with

CLOROX



Into the shell-pink bedroom one thing about Roxie fitted perfectly: her face. The full lips, the liquid eyes on another face might have been sensual; on Roxie's they were innocent, childish, completely without guile.

Curiously enough, the face reflected the mind behind it. Years ago Lucius Parker, when he had got Roxie out of her first and only legal scrape, had said that she was one of those creatures created purely for purposes of confusion, with the quality of believing, completely and without hypocrisy, exactly what they want to believe at any particular moment.

Thus when Roxie, at the age of twelve, sat demurely in her mother's front parlor and beguiled the Federal agents with innocent prattle (and possibly something more, for even at twelve Roxie had been what is known as an overdeveloped child) about her widowed mother and the sewing she took in, while mother and her gentleman friend and her brother, Larkie, emptied the working mash down the well and got the tanks and vats out of the barn and onto a truck, it was not surprising that they believed her genuine. In that moment the mother, the sewing, the proud poverty were more real than reality itself; the guileless face glowed with love and almost tears.

When Roxie spoke of her place as The Club (and she never spoke of it in any other way) and of her girls in the same tone she might have used if she were leader of a group of cherished and innocent Camp Fire Girls, her face held such sincerity, such motherly concern, that strangers were drawn to her at once.

No one knew who kept Roxie. It was certain somebody did, for local trade could not account for the style in which the Rainbow Club was run. The question was one which Two River's males liked to speculate about, long winter evenings around The Saddler's bar. There were tales of evenings when the Rainbow Club, theoretically, was closed, but long black cars with low license numbers were seen turning into Roxie's lane from the direction of State Capital. There was also speculation as to whether or not Roxie's girls, on their frequent nights off, really went home to their mothers, as Roxie always claimed, or whether they furnished the entertainment for certain parties also in State Capital.

Now Roxie's beautiful face was marred not only with concentration but with the beginnings of a storm of violent displeasure. She followed the words before her slowly, sometimes tracing a line with her finger.

When she reached page sixty-seven, the threatened storm seemed about to break. She muttered several expressions that would have astonished her clients (with whom, she stated often, she was a lady herself and expected them to behave likewise).

On page seventy-two, she dropped the book, her face growing red with fury. She yelled, "*Beulah!*"

By the time the maid scuttled in, she had heaved her bulk out to the middle of the pink carpet. With a shrug she dropped her negligee into a heap at her feet, and charged toward the bathroom.

"Get out that black suit," she yelled over her shoulder, "and then go strip the sheets offa every bed in the house."

"But Miss Roxie ——"

"Fold 'em up, just the way they are, and put 'em in a basket. Huh. Prob'ly figgers I can't sue her. Maybe I can't—but I can take them sheets and ——"

She disappeared into the bathroom, where her voice drowned itself in the rush of hot water.

After Hampton had left Eve's house, Jonathan stood by the piano for a time and looked at her. His face was desperate and very tired. "Eve," he said, but seemed unable to go on.

They had not seen each other for weeks. Looking at him, she began to tremble. She could no longer bear to watch his face, but turned away torn with grief and pity. She had been thinking of her own punishment, but Jonathan was being punished too. Instead of being able to come home, to shut everything out, when he came home Lucy was there.

Poor Lucy . . . Eve's vast pity could, at this moment, include even her. Always, at school, sharp-faced, daring anyone to laugh, anyone to say anything about what everybody knew . . . her father and mother and aunt and uncle, all living in the same house, all changing bed partners when they felt like it. . . . Once in a while a horrified minister (new to Two River) had paid an official visit, but everyone else had adopted the attitude that as long as none of the four complained it was nobody else's business, and none of the four had complained.

Lucy had always made the best grades in school, though she had had to work for it, work and work. Her clothes had been immaculate. Other children might wear the same dress two, even three times in a row; Lucy's was fresh, crisp from the ironing board every morning.

She had hated boys—not with the pretended hatred of other girls (the pushes they gave, to be pushed back, the faked struggles,

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Water Meadows

By May Sarton

Have you seen the water meadows
Garlanded in streams,
Where the cool and shining glade
Makes an emerald-colored shade,
Where the fiery green of trees
Is a classic Grecian frieze?

Have you wandered there alone
With one so dear that two are one;
As bound, as free as earth and sun
And free and bound, but each
alone?
So when you slept your very
dreams
Were water meadows, crystal
streams.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

the tantalizing retreats) but with violent, trembling hatred. The boys seemed to know, and had let her alone.

No one had thought of Lucy's ever marrying. Yet for a time she had been pretty. At a period between sharp-featured childhood and sharp-featured womanhood a softness had settled upon her, creating a delicacy and an ethereal appearance. It was during that period that Jonathan Bricker had come to town.

Quickly, Lucy had married him. It had not been difficult. He was young, reared to an old-fashioned courtliness to which her fragility made great appeal. There had been in her a strange combination of yielding—almost pursuing—and then complete withdrawal, leaving him with the feeling of having glimpsed something warm and lovely through a door now half open, now closed in his face.

He had married her. The first night he had entered her room she had lain, stiff and silent for a time, then suddenly sprung away and beaten against his face with her fists. He had waited after that. Several times she had come to him, her face white with determination to endure. Always afterward she had been sick. After a time he himself had locked the door between their rooms, filled with bewilderment and pity.

Lucy's face had gradually lost its softness. Her voice had become sharp and bitter, used only for sarcasm, for thinly veiled ridicule, and for accusations, constant accusations, long before he had met Eve, long before he had begun to recover from the shock of his marriage. . . .

Now Jonathan's voice, dull and tired, came from behind Eve. "Eve—we can't stay here. We've got to get away."

She turned slowly and looked at him. As she looked she saw herself as well. Quite middle-aged, both of them, beginning to fade. Her eyes were wet, yet she smiled gently at the picture of them—respectable, settled-looking—making a clandestine dash for freedom. She wondered if older people avoided sin more carefully than young ones because they were less inclined toward it or because it made them look ridiculous.

She left the window and went to him. "Jonathan ——" she began. How could she say it? She knew that if Jonathan was determined she would go with him, for the strongest factor in her character still was the instinct to please, to adapt herself.

But he turned at last and looked at her. "We're too old, Eve," he said. "Maybe we should have done things different in the beginning. But I don't know how."

"No. I wouldn't change anything. Even if—if there was another chance and I knew how it would be." Then she said (and even to herself her voice sounded false), "We can wait, Jonathan. Maybe it will work out."

"Maybe," he said, and kissed her; lightly at first, then long and close as they had kissed when they had first known each other.

He left the room. She did not follow him to the door, as she had always done. But she went to the bay window and waited until he emerged from the door beneath her and started down the street. She saw that he carried his ice skates. He must have taken them out of the boot box in the downstairs hall, where they had stayed for years. Nothing seemed so final to her as that.

Oh, Jonathan, Eve thought. Before he actually moved out of sight her eyes became too blurred to see him and she turned back into the empty room.

Faith turned off the dirt lane and stepped onto the scrubbed brick sidewalk that marked the beginning of the main street. She was tense and wary.

As if each curtained window hid an enemy, she thought, scoffing at herself. *Yet pa and I knew dozens of towns like this and there was not an enemy in them. I wrote about people who might have lived in a town like this, and they were not enemies.*

I am getting queer, she thought. *There is nothing any different, nothing, nothing at all.*

At the place where the street began to curve downhill toward the river stood a brown, gabled house with a brass plate which announced it as a funeral home. Here a heavy woman in black clothes was scrubbing the front steps. She stood suddenly upright as Faith approached, and placed herself in the middle of the pavement. She began to tremble visibly as Faith came near.

"You coulda minded your own business!" She thrust her face forward and spoke in a piercing whisper. "He didn't know nothing about it. And he wouldn'ta *had* to. And we'da had it then, for when we're old."

Faith stared. But the woman seemed to collapse as suddenly as she had loomed in the pathway. Giving Faith a look of bewilderment and pain, she dropped again to her knees and took up her scrubbing brush.

Faith stood where she was. *What is it, oh, what is it!* she thought, but she could not ask. After a time she made herself go forward again.

Nothing could overcome her feeling that to walk through this town was to walk among enemies. Even Amos seemed a part of this alien race. She had avoided him for weeks and she knew if they met at this moment she would see him as a stranger, and the warmth, the closeness they had known, the shared laughter, would be as distant as a dream.

Now she had almost reached the post office. As she passed the entrance to The Saddler's she saw a woman stop quickly and turn to face her. She knew her—as she knew almost everyone in Two River. That is, she had passed her often enough to separate this face and figure from the others; and they were distinguished in Faith's mind by a remarkable loveliness. She was not young; but to Faith an internal airiness and grace revealed itself in her delicate, forward-tilted

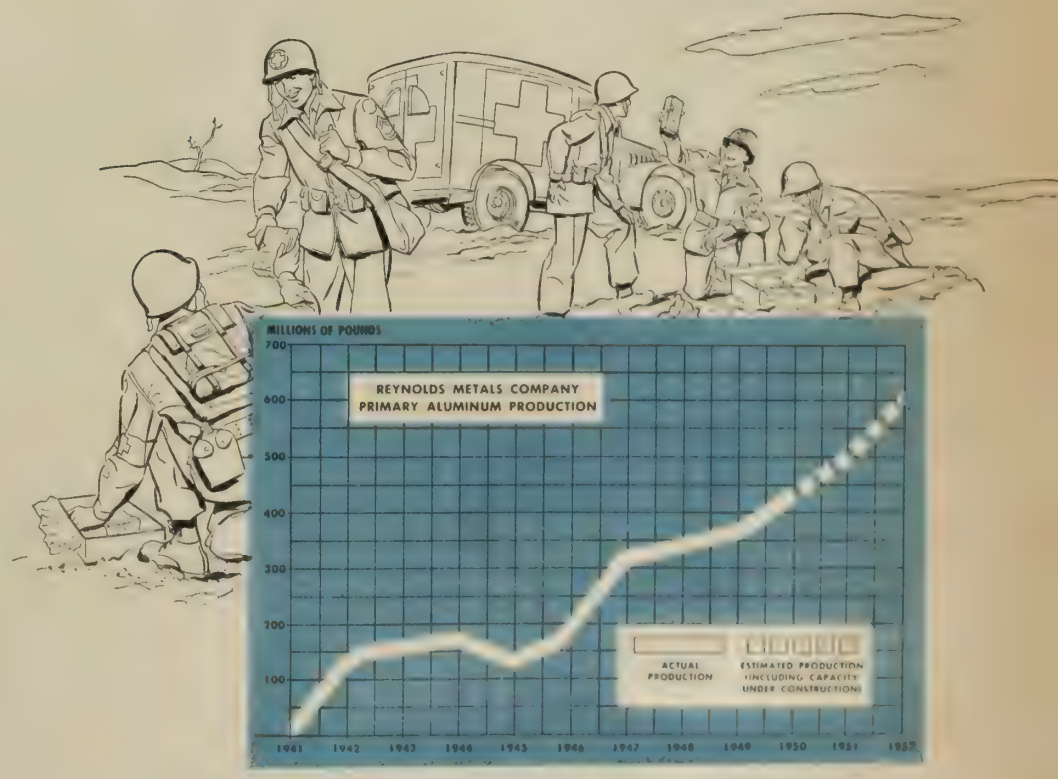
(Continued on Page 152)

Return Flight Guaranteed!

Here, flying away by Government order, is Reynolds Wrap . . . the pure aluminum foil that kept leftovers fresh, covered bowls so neatly and quickly, made roasting and baking so much easier and better. Aluminum foil is needed by the armed forces . . . to protect rations, medical supplies, rustable parts and delicate instruments.

This protection is the more important because our supply lines are long, and because they must extend to whatever future fronts the defense of Freedom may require. The amount of aluminum used as "fighting foil" is small compared to the tons of aluminum in planes, ships, tanks, trucks, pontoon bridges, bazooka and other rocket tubes. But a first aid packet can be as vital as any weapon; all these needs have the same urgent priority.

For all this, and to restore civilian supply as soon as possible, the U. S. aluminum industry is rapidly expanding production. We face a double job: fighting shortages and inflation while we fight aggression. Reynolds is working at that double job *full time, full speed!*
Reynolds Metals Company, General Sales Offices, Louisville 1, Ky.



Reynolds Wrap is now "all out" for defense



Return Flight Guaranteed!

REYNOLDS METALS

REYNOLDS ALUMINUM

PEQUOT
PLUS-SERVICE
SHEETS
PILLOW CASES

PEQUOT
Fine Combed
PERCALE
SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES
OVER 200 COMBED THREADS PER INCH

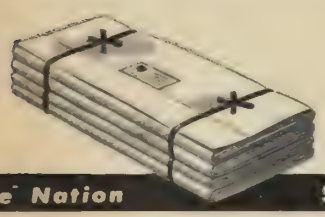


Where price and budget have to meet;
The answer is a
PEQUOT SHEET

Such pleasant saving too! Because you enjoy the luxury of Pequots all their extra long life! "Available in white and six lovely pastel colors."

Send for the *"Do's and Don'ts of Sheet Care"*—IT'S FREE. PEQUOT MILLS, Dept L-4, Salem, Mass.

More than 40 million
PEQUOT SHEETS
are continuously in use





"The Nation Sleeps on PEQUOT SHEETS"

KILLS ALL MOTH LIFE!
Protects against future damage
MOTH CAKES Two Sizes 25c 39c
APEX
MOTH CRYSTALS AND NUGGETS 79c $1.49
APEX
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
MOTH VAPORIZER for large closets 89c
A CLEAN HOME PRODUCT

CORNS
also Calluses. Quick, easy, and economical. Just rub on. Jars, 30¢, 50¢. At your druggist. *Money refunded if not satisfied.* Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.
removed by MOSCO

How to Get Rid of CARPET TACK MARKS!
NOT THIS
THIS
SMOOTHEDGE *Tackless* Installation for wall-to-wall carpet beauty ... No tack marks, no lumps, no ripples. *Easier to keep clean.* Write today for free color book "New Carpet Beauty."
Smoothedge
1532-C N. Indiana St., Los Angeles 63, Calif.

Sleep like a Queen



OSTERMOOR SINCE 1853
You'll awake with a happy, healthy zest for life—buoyed up by the supreme night-long comfort of Ostermoor's hand-crafted Mattress and Box Spring! For the sleeping qualities of an Ostermoor are as famous as its century-old name! See your Ostermoor dealer. Ostermoor & Co., Bridgeport 4, Conn., Chicago 16, Ill.

Make yours an
OSTERMOOR
MATTRESS®
AND BOX SPRING
America's Quality Mattress for nearly 100 years

(Continued from Page 150)

movements, the light poise with which the head was placed on the unmarred column of her throat.

Now the face turned toward Faith, though smiling, was ravaged with some emotion deeper than Faith's own. She looked almost ill. Instinctively Faith moved toward her, hand outstretched. But as she approached the woman brought her lovely face into composure. She even smiled.

"You're Faith Goodbind."

"Yes."

Faith waited. There was no enmity here—but curiosity, fascination. At last the woman said, "I wanted to see you."

Faith said dryly, "You have seen me now."

The woman laughed then, and her laugh fulfilled the promise of airiness made by her movements. It was gay and delicate.

Impulsively, Faith stretched a hand toward her, thinking, *This is a friend even if there's only one,* and said, "Let's go in here."

It did not matter now that it was The Saddler's and that she would meet Rosa Silvernail. The terror had receded to the back of Faith's mind, or had been partially replaced by the feeling of warmth and friendship emanating from this woman.

THEY went into the small L of the dining room known as the Ladies' Bar. When Rosa appeared, the woman slid her coat partially back from her shoulders.

"Is there any of papa's brandy left, Rosa?" she asked.

"Sure, Eve. Half a bottle and a couple not opened."

"Bring an unopened bottle, please, Rosa. And two glasses."

"Okay, Evie."

Faith stared after Rosa, and for a moment the weight descended on her again. She watched in silence, her throat tense, as Eve poured brandy into the two glasses.

"I'm Eve Larch—I should have told you. We're so certain, in Two River, that everybody knows us because we all know each other so well."

She gave Faith a look that seemed casual, yet searching. Then she set down the bottle and moved one of the filled glasses across the table toward Faith.

"Papa never denied himself," she said. "He liked the conviviality of The Saddler's, but didn't like the liquor. So he had Rosa keep part of her cellar stocked with his own. He was quite a one for having his cake and eating it too. But the brandy's been a help, at times."

She turned toward Faith a face which was, beneath its composure, completely desolate, and made a slight gesture with her glass.

"To 'the Power,'" she said.

"The Power?"

"You know:

'Oh wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!'

That's what's happened to all of us in Two River. Not all of us can bear it."

As Stafford left the elevator in the lobby he ran head on into Barclay Hampton. Hampton took Stafford's arm and drew him into the coffee shop.

"Glad we collided. I was just coming to see you."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Why don't we take a run to Two River Junction?"

"Two coffees, please. . . . That's a *thought,* old man."

And quite by coincidence, what have I got but a briefcase full of stuff that would interest Miss Goodbind? he thought. *Can you imagine that now? And my bag all packed too!*

"Just an idea," Hampton said modestly. "Any excuse for a trip to the country."

Stafford said cheerfully, "How about driving with me? You must have got enough atmosphere from the Toonerville Trolley by now."

"*Love* to. You can pick me up at my place in an hour."

Hampton drained his cup and moved off among the tables. Stafford watched him narrowly. *He just came from there, I'd be ready to swear it,* he thought. *And he came back to*

NOW YOU CAN
Smoke and Smile too!
ARE YOUR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN?
USE
IODENT No. 2
TOOTHPASTE
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
A SAFE HEAVY-TEXTURE DECAY FIGHTING TOOTH PASTE MADE BY A DENTIST AND
GUARANTEED
TO RESTORE TOOTH SPARKLE

This double-action, creamy dentifrice offers a safe, sure way to erase smudges—even Smoke Smudge—and fight tooth decay, too! Brush your teeth at least twice daily with Iodent—get a new "Mouth Thrill"—that fresh, clean taste—at the same time.

All this is backed with our guarantee that if results don't satisfy you, we will refund full purchase price upon return *to us* of your partly used tube.

Buy Iodent No. 2 in the Big Economy Size tube .... ONLY 47c
THE IODENT CO., Detroit 1, Mich.

MOTHERS! Protect *young* folks' teeth with Iodent No. 1—the special gentle *formula* for young, growing teeth! At same low price—47c.



FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN



BRIDAL
Fabrics at Wholesale
Write for FREE catalogue and swatch book
Schonfeld & Sons
97 Hester St. (Dept. L-6) N. Y. 2, N. Y.



fetch me. There's something doing. Either something good and he wants an audience while he discovers it or something smelly and he wants somebody else around to be responsible.

But nothing could kill the pleasant quickening of anticipation he felt.

Amos Tucker, standing at The Saddler's bar, heard Faith's voice. He did not at once turn his head. He put down his glass with care, but kept his fingers gripped around it. *Just her voice*, he thought. *Just that.* After a time he moved along the bar until, when he turned, he could see her. It had been weeks. . . . Until this moment, as he looked at her, he had not realized how deeply he longed to see her, to touch her.

At last he turned from her and stared down into his glass, his elbows resting on the bar, his face between his hands.

"Want it filled up?" Rosa asked.

"Okay."

His glass had been filled for some time before he noticed that Rosa had not moved away. He looked at her and some of what he felt must have been in his face.

"Oh, why don't she go away to someplace else!" she said suddenly, with desperation rather than venom.

"She can't. If she's driven away from here, she'll ——" He stopped.

"*I'm all stirred up inside—with love, I guess,*" she had said. "*For this house because I can come back to it every single night. And Two River because I go down the same streets every day and see the same people and the same houses.*"

"This is the only home she's ever had," he said.

"Pappy Wicomber's!" she said.

"Yes."

"My land. Not even no conveniences!" Her voice held withering contempt. "She can't 'a' had much in the way of folks."

"Depends what you'd call much. Just her father. He was a traveling preacher."

"One o' *them!*"

He looked at her. Her voice held contempt, but excitement as well. This was all it took, he thought: a few crumbs of information, a little knowledge. Back in the beginning, just this much might have prevented all that had happened.

"He's been dead for several years," he said.

"Why'd she hafta come *here* for!" Again Rosa's bitterness burst forth.

"She came because a real-estate agent told her about the house. She could afford it. And she loved Two River."

Rosa said nothing more. At last she turned and moved away into the kitchen.

He stood at the bar, trying to think. He knew that he could no longer stay away from the table at which Faith and Eve sat, and he tried desperately to plan. Everything he said and did must be exactly right.

Slowly he turned to walk through the dining room toward the table where she sat.

"Hello, Eve," he said. And then, "Faith ——"

Eve said, "Sit down, Amos. We're drinking almost the last of papa's brandy. I consider it a highly symbolic act."

He sat down and thought that perhaps Eve was feeling the brandy a little, but with the grace that never deserted her.

Rosa brought a glass for him and he let Eve fill it, watching her with the affection grown out of long knowledge, years of memories. He thought of his first memory of Eve. She had been, he now knew, an exceptionally poised and mature young girl, but to him she had seemed the essence of grown-up femininity—a vision in layers of sheer white with a large white hat. He had torn away from his aunt's hand and plunged at the vision, pushing his face into the soft layers of the dress.

"Amos! *Amos!*" his aunt had called sharply, but he had paid no attention.

"All white, all white, all white," he had murmured. And Eve (there had been a wonderful, delicate scent about her, the same one she used now, thought Amos) had bent down and kissed him.

"My papa likes for girls to wear white in the summer," she had said.

He had loved her violently then and for years afterward. And even after that there had existed between them always a warmth and tender friendship.

Now he turned to Faith. "I'm glad you and Eve have met," he said. "Eve was the first grand passion in my life. I've never recovered completely."

"Amos!" Eve smiled and laid an affectionate hand across his.

Amos thought, *Faith has nothing like this—no old affections, no ancient ties. There'll be none of this to help me hold her.* Again he felt desperation.

"Faith ——" he said, and stopped, and for a moment could only look at her. Then he said, "Don't ever do it again, Faith."

She looked a question at him and he said: "Stand behind a closed door without answering. That was —— Don't do it again."

"I'm sorry." But she looked at him for only a moment and there was no intimacy in her look. Presently she said, "Eve has told me. I know now what I've done."

Eve exclaimed, "Oh, my dear! Not you! You've done nothing at all!"

If Faith heard she gave no indication. Amos watched her for a moment and then said sharply, "Faith! You're being foolish. Two River has got itself in a stew. It's lived through scandals before and calamities and whatever else has come along."

Fear not that thy life shall come to an end, but rather fear that it shall never have a beginning.

—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

He stopped, for Faith, her face closed against him, had turned toward a sound at the entrance of the dining room. The sound became a noise and then a turmoil. Rising above the attendant noises was the voice of Roxie Drumheller.

"Turn me a-loose. Leave *go* of me, Luce Parker!"

After a noisy scuffle at the door the mass of struggling bodies there separated themselves and stood clear. Roxie shook herself free and looked around until she saw the table in the corner. Then, glowing with rage, she charged.

"Bring along them sheets, Beulah!" she bellowed.

In her wake struggled a scared-looking woman bearing a huge basket filled with bed linen; and last of all came a somewhat battered Lucius Parker.

"*Roxie!*" He raised a voice obviously impotent against the flame of Roxie's fury.

"Shut up!" she barely paused to yell over her shoulder. "Payin' you year in and year out to keep me outa any kinda trouble!"

"That's what I'm trying ——"

"Then leave somebody claim I use dirty bed sheets!"

She descended upon Faith, ignoring Eve and Amos. Faith was behind the table, but Roxie, knocking glasses and ash trays aside, leaned forward until her face was within inches of Faith's.

"Ain't never even *seen* my place. But I got dirty bed sheets! Well, I brought every one of 'em here. And you know what I'm gonna *do* with 'em? I'm gonna take 'em and *stuff* 'em! Right where you'll *know* if they're dirty or not!"

She reached over the table and caught Faith under the armpits and, before Amos or Lucius could prevent it, dragged her across the table.

"Give me them sheets, Beulah!"

Amos struggled to get from behind the table, but before he could untangle himself Faith shook herself free. And then Amos stopped. For he saw Faith's face and thought suddenly, *She can manage! She's not walking out, not on this!*

"Don't touch me again," Faith said gently. But there was something in her voice that made Roxie pause. Only for a moment, however; then she started forward again.

Faith's hand flew upward so quickly Amos scarcely saw it, but the slap sounded across

(Continued on Page 155)





Coloramic dining set. Bronze, silver gray or avocado green legs. Wood-grained Daystromite top in green, gray, chartreuse or limed oak. Chairs upholstered in plastic faille, plain or modern pattern, in cocoa, green, wine or chartreuse.*

Wonderful news for homes everywhere!



Chromed steel dinette set, with Daystromite Wonder Top in a large selection of colors in wood grain or pearl pattern. Chairs upholstered in washable plastic materials to match or contrast.



THE WARMTH AND BEAUTY of wood finishes with the durability of steel — that's Daystrom Coloramic*! It's a new, and exciting type of furniture designed for every dining area of your home. The smooth, rich-colored plastic coating is bonded to the metal to resist chipping, cracking and peeling. The top, of course, is Daystromite. It stays beautiful because it withstands the hardest wear — and is so easy to keep sparkling clean. Chairs feature a brand-new washable plastic material that has the look and feel of the finest fabric.

At ease with modern or traditional décor, there is a Coloramic set for every room size, in colors to suit every decorative taste. Modestly priced, too.

**Trademark*

SMART LITTLE SPACE SAVER. Closed, this table is only 21 inches by 30. When company comes, two hospitable leaves snap up to give a full 51 inches of length for seating six people with comfort. Like all Daystrom furniture, it has the Daystromite Wonder Top. And good news! Every inch cleans with a damp cloth — top — chromed surfaces — colorful plastic upholstery.

Daystrom sets $79.95 up, at furniture and department stores everywhere.

THE TABLES WITH THE WONDER TOP

DAYSTROM FURNITURE, Olean, N. Y.; Friendship, N. Y.; Fullerton, California
Division of Daystrom, Inc.

1950 1951

For the second consecutive year awarded the Fashion Academy Gold Medal

-it's DAYSTROM furniture!



Daystromite Resists Heat!



Resists Scratches!



Resists Stains!

(Continued from Page 153)

the dining room and the mark from it reddened along the flawless skin of Roxie's cheek.

Roxie stopped and stared, bewilderment slackening her features. Her club was her world and in that world no one argued with Roxie. She now looked worried. But not completely finished. She snatched the basket of sheets from Beulah and pushed them toward Faith.

"Dirty, are they? Beulah took them right off the beds and here they are. Now we'll *see if* ——"

"Who said they were dirty?" asked Faith.

"You wrote that story, didn't you? I read it myself!"

"I wrote a story," Faith said. "And it had dirty bed sheets in it." She paused. "They were in a whorehouse."

"Whaddaya *mean?* I run a *club! Lucius"*—she turned to her lawyer—"Lucius, you can't let nobody call my place ——"

"*Who* called it anything, Roxie?" Lucius asked.

"She ——" Roxie raised a pointing finger, her arm outstretched. Then, in mid-gesture, she let the arm fall. "They—they all told me she meant my place."

"Who told you that, Roxie?"

Roxie stared at everyone in the room in turn. Then she turned on Beulah. "Who brought that story in the place? Who said it was *my* bed sheets?"

"I do' know, Miss Roxie!" The woman trembled. "One o' the girls. She heard it over to Lunadilla."

For a moment Roxie hovered on the verge of another outburst. But something had happened to her. She looked at the staring ring of faces, avid with interest. Then she threw the sheet she held back into the basket.

"Beulah, take them sheets back to the club and make the beds," she said. And then, "Lucius, I'd like to come up to your office for a minute."

She bore her magnificent body with as much poise as ever as she swept ahead of Lucius; but there was an uncertainty in her face so rare in Roxie that it indicated utter defeat.

Lucius followed. Just before they reached the door he said, apparently to Roxie but in a voice that carried all over the room, "Just because you get a good look at yourself in a mirror, there's no sense blaming the person who gave you the mirror for the wart on your nose."

They both went out.

As Stafford and Hampton pulled up before The Saddler's it was obvious that something was doing. There was a crowd of people on the pavement before the entrance, and several men had mounted the low stoop and were peering in. All of them were silent, but their faces held expressions of astonishment and of pure glee. Hampton and Stafford looked at each other, eyebrows raised in question, and moved toward the door.

It burst open with great force in their faces; and there stood before them a figure straight out of Rubens, her proportions generous and magnificently arranged, her skin coloring heightened by what appeared to be pure rage. Stafford made a slight, surprised sound, and even Hampton gave a soft whistle.

She swept down the street, and with her great, curving bulk removed it was seen that she was followed by a dry, gray little man and, more surprisingly, by a hysterical woman carrying a wicker basket filled with bed linen.

The crowd gave a few scattered titters. But it began to dissolve quickly.

Hampton, still watching the retreating figure of the woman, released a long, gentle sigh. He and Stafford went into The Saddler's.

Faith stood where Roxie had left her. She was tense and wary with anticipation, for she knew it was not over. It was the beginning. It was happening now; and she was quite alone.

The faces that had been blurred in the background when Roxie stood before her became clear. Some of them were moving closer and several figures slipped in through the entrance. She had no idea what would come next or what she should do, but for now she thought, *Don't move, just stay where you are and don't move.*

Suddenly there was a stir among the knot of people by the dining-room entrance. A newcomer pushed his way in. "We're lookin' for Doc," he said. He was panting heavily and his face was alive with excitement. "They found Jonnie Bricker. Hung up down by Beecher's Crossing with his skates on. Drowned!"

After the first moment of stunned quiet the room filled with the babble of voices. Faith, tense and waiting, thought, *It's over, at least for now.* Only then was she conscious that behind her Eve Larch had come slowly to her feet. She looked at Eve and saw a face suddenly old.

Amos said, "Eve ——" and then, to Faith, "We've got to get her out of here."

Faith stared at them both. She began to feel sick. Unconsciously she brought both her hands up, pushing them against the sides of her face.

"This—have I done this?"

Before Amos could speak, Eve reached a hand toward her. For a moment the shattered, broken look left her face and it became almost ugly with certainty and self-contempt.

"All that's been done we've done to ourselves!" she said. "Before you ever saw us. It's what Lucius said. We've looked in a mirror ——"

Amos took her shoulders gently and said again, "We must get her out of here, Faith."

"No," said Faith. "You go with her. I—I shouldn't be there."

Then a voice behind her said, "Faith—my *dear* child—what *is* going on here?"

She was not surprised to see Mr. Hampton and Joseph Stafford, for nothing at that moment would have startled her.

Stafford said, "We'll take you home. For that matter, we'd better take you back to town with us—at least for the time being."

She stared at him. *I can get out of it,* she thought. *Right this minute I can get in the car with them and leave all of it as if it had never been. Move on, like pa and me.*

She turned to look at Amos. He looked back for a moment, though he was moving Eve gently from the booth toward the door. But she shifted her eyes at once, thinking, *It can't be Amos helping decide this, or thinking what pa would do, or anything else. . . . If it's ever going to be me, it's got to be now.*

She said, "Thank you. But—I think I'll walk home. I—I'll meet you there, if you like."

Both men protested at once. "But my dear child!" Hampton said, and Stafford said, "Faith, you can't!"

"Yes," she said. "Yes—I can. If I don't walk down that street I—I'll never walk down another. Except as a stranger."

Stafford said impatiently, "You're being hysterical."

"No." Faith went on, saying things she knew would mean nothing to them, but she had to say them aloud. "Everything I've known about people has been through pa. Not secondhand, exactly; I knew them, too, and they were my friends. But everything about them—their feelings and the things they said and did—was filtered by pa's . . . his love. And gentleness." She paused, but before either of the men could interrupt she added, "Maybe they *are* the way pa thought. When I'm as old as he was when I knew him, maybe I'll feel just as he did. Only—I've got to know for myself."

They said nothing more. Faith stood for a moment. Then she walked through the silent room and started down the road toward the end of town, toward Pappy Wicomber's house in the meadow.

Eve disposed of her luggage on the rack, taking as much time about it as she could. There wasn't anything else to do. She could take off her coat, but she was saving that for later . . . in case anyone walked through; in case, if someone looked at her, she could not keep her face under control.

Oh, Jonathan, Jonathan, my poor Jonathan. . . . She must not do that. *Stop,* she thought, *force it out of your mind, think of anything at all.*

There was the house. It didn't matter really, she knew that. Thank God Amos had not discussed the price at all. He had not tried, as others might have done, to get it for less, nor had he (and for this she was even more grateful) tried to pay her more. He had asked no questions when she had said the only thing she wanted was that Pearl Miller should never have it, nor anyone who might sell it to Pearl Miller. But he would remember.

She pushed her face, eyes closed, against the train window. . . . *Oh, Jonathan,* she thought, *you could have taken me. I should have guessed when I saw the skates, but I didn't or I'd have come too. It would have been good, flying down the ice again, just the two of us. . . . If we had been together we wouldn't have known at all when the ice cracked beneath us . . . it would have been quick.*

For a moment she was lifted away, was flying with the clear, soaring freedom of movement on the ice. Then she returned to the heaviness of her body, the grime of the train which now began to jerk itself into motion. No one else had got on. She was dully grateful for that. It would give her a little time before she would have to face other travelers and, eventually, Vronnie.

Vronnie wouldn't condescend, for Eve knew she was extremely glad to have her. It was almost impossible to get anyone these days to do the exquisite handwork Vronnie's customers had come to expect, upon which the reputation of her shop was built. There were, Eve thought dryly, a few advantages in being an anachronism. For generations no one had been taught to sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam; no one but Eve. Now (how shocked, how disgusted papa would be!) she would earn her living by it.

But even Vronnie would not be able to help thinking, *The wages of sin —*

What a good text I would make, Eve thought, knowing how completely her face had lost its illusion of youth, how deeply now the lines were etched. And she would fit the text, for she was being punished—but not for what they thought. Not for loving Jonathan. If her life had held any purpose at all, it had been to be there when Jonathan had needed her. More possibly because of her life with papa—indolent, without purpose except to please. Yet if she had lived other-

(Continued on Page 157)

NEXT MONTH

"I don't want any of your Piggy-wiggy or Henny-wenny, thank you. If you're going to read children that kind of thing, all they'll do is stay awake and listen. I'm looking for something that'll send a child to sleep."

MRS. BELCHAMBER had definite ideas, which she was not averse to airing, about children and animals, and also love. With no hesitancy, she stated her disapproval of Christopher Heron's plan to make a home in London for his three orphaned cousins. However, the beautiful and mysterious Cressida's insistence that she loved but would not marry him was, Mrs. Belchamber felt, a problem Christopher should solve himself. And he thought he did.

THE SPELL

By Elizabeth Cadell

Complete in the July JOURNAL. Condensed from the novel soon to be published by William Morrow & Co., Inc.

Don't take chances

MOTHPROOF

your woolens with

LARVEX

This modern, SURE method lasts a WHOLE YEAR!

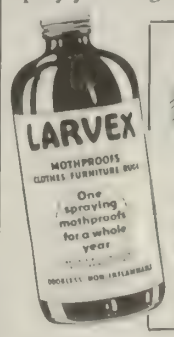


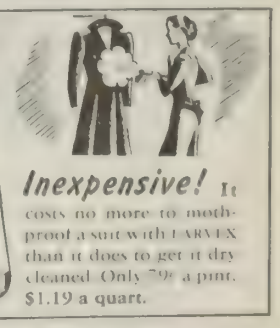
Penetrates each tiny fibre and makes the cloth itself MOTHPROOF

NO ODOR • NO WRAPPING NO STORING AWAY

You can be *absolutely sure* moths will never again damage your woolens. And the method is so easy and convenient! Just spray the garments with LARVEX and *you can be sure* moths won't eat holes in them whether you wear them or hang them away in the closet.

This magic LARVEX spray penetrates each tiny fibre and treats the cloth so that moths are positively *stopped* from eating holes in your woolens. And this positive LARVEX protection lasts a WHOLE YEAR. Washing removes LARVEX's protection—DRY CLEANING DOES NOT. Completely odorless. Stainless. Non-inflammable. No cumbersome wrapping or storing away. Spray your rugs and sofas, too!





Inexpensive! It costs no more to mothproof a suit with LARVEX than it does to get it dry cleaned. Only 79¢ a pint. $1.19 a quart.

LARVEX

The Largest Selling Mothproofer

Yours . . . but only in the New

Gibson

REFRIGERATORS



Pres-Toe Door

HANDS FULL? Just PRES-TOE – door opens! What's more, it stays open – until you PRES-TOE again, walk away, door closes. All automatically . . . NO HANDS! (Model 1151)



Touch-a-Tap

HOT? THIRSTY? Just TOUCH-A-TAP – enjoy cold-running water any time. (Model 1131)



Super-Locker

NEED EXTRA SPACE for frozen foods? Big 54-lb. Freez'r Locker and 55-lb. Fresh'ner Locker combine instantly into giant 109-lb. *Super-Locker*. No subfreezing space wasted when you don't need it – plenty EXTRA space ready when you want it. (Model 1151)

Of course you want one or more of the 3 exclusive features shown above—what homemaker wouldn't?—but remember: Gibson ALSO offers you such decidedly worthwhile EXTRA features as:

Supermarket *Swing'r Crisp'rs*—swing open at touch, lift out easily, slip back into place easily.

Butt'ry—keeps full pound of butter sweet, easy to spread.

Door Racks—food variety at your fingertips.

Yes, these and other features of design and construction that your Gibson dealer will gladly demonstrate—will make you agree that the NEW Gibson is the refrigerator for you!



Be a Gibson Girl

Look for name of your Gibson dealer in the yellow classified pages of your telephone directory or write to Gibson. See your dealer now.

And there is a better Gibson model for every home!



GIBSON REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
GREENVILLE, MICHIGAN

Product specifications subject to change without notice.

Copyright 1951 Gibson Refrigerator Co.

Go look at them now! **Gibson**

6,000,000 HOME APPLIANCES PROVED IN USE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD SINCE 1877

(Continued from Page 155)

wise she would not have been there when Jonathan needed her. No. If she had sinned, it was the sin of being without courage . . . unable to face Pearl Miller in her doorway . . . unable either to go with Jonathan or to face for the rest of her life Two River, seeing herself through the eyes of those who passed her on the street. . . . This was her sin, and for this she would be punished all the rest of her life.

CHEERFULLY Lucius Parker attacked his Sunday-morning sausages. May Anna, dressed for church, cast an occasional quick look at her husband. Something amused him. And though her perception of her husband's mental processes was dim, she knew enough to mistrust any situation which amused Lucius.

After forcing upon herself a few sips of coffee, she began to gather up her gloves and bag and prayer book. Lucius leaned back in his chair, sighed with satisfaction.

"Looks like there might be a law case in that Faith Goodbind business after all," he said casually

"You mean—you mean somebody *is* going to sue her?"

"Oh, not *her*. Told you nobody'd have a case there. Only somebody wrote a letter to her publishers. Anonymous. *That's* a Federal offense. Might be a little libel in it besides."

With great effort May Anna continued to put on her gloves. For a moment the old feeling flowed through her again—everybody noticing just her, talking for days of just her —— Her heart pounded. Then she knew it wouldn't be the way she'd planned. It would be—oh, horrible!

Lucius went on, "Fellow showed it to me. I'd say he had a case, all right, if they find out who wrote it."

But he shouldn't have done that! That wasn't the way she had planned it. Slowly she started toward the door. Lucius was torturing her, of course. If they had shown him the letter he knew it was hers. And if anybody found out now she'd look like a fool. . . . He wouldn't tell, of course. Probably he'd thrown the publisher's young man off the track. But you couldn't tell. You could never tell about Lucius. She turned and almost ran from the house. Oh, everything had got out of control; nothing went the way she planned it any more, nothing at all.

Amos put the deed Eve had given him in the drawer of his desk. Lucius would have it recorded for him and would give him the other papers, she had said. What would he ever do with the house? he wondered. It was impossible to imagine anyone except Eve herself living in it. If there were ghosts, then Eve's would forever occupy the upstairs sitting room, hovering over the piano, touching the tea things with graceful, ghostly hands.

I could take Faith there, he thought. *There we would both be alien, starting from the beginning. Eve's ghost would be kind to Faith.*

He pushed himself away from the desk abruptly, as if forcibly pushing away the thought of Faith. He went to the window and looked down at the river.

There was nothing more he could do. Not even for Faith. Two people had to want a marriage. She knew that he wanted her, that he would do anything to keep her here, to make the situation bearable for her. It was impossible for him to know, even to guess, what she would do.

He stared down at the ice-coated river, remembering her eager, happy face. (*"This house is mine and I can come back to it every single night!"*) And, looking at the river, he thought of Jon Bricker, and again of Eve, and of the whole fantastic mess. If Faith left he could not blame her. But he knew that if she left, he would follow her, though there would be little of happiness for either of them in that.

He heard footsteps on the stairs and turned and then stood motionless. It was Faith. He thought, *I've planned our lives together, in several different versions, and I never heard her step on a stair before.* He neither moved nor spoke, but looked at her.

Faith said, "I—I've never been here. You said once you'd show me ——"

"Of course."

He showed her the workroom; his drawing boards and sketches; the pieces of furniture in the process of completion.

She said nothing, but ran her hand along the curve of the chair John had left clamped in the vise, and carefully inspected the insides of the drawers of the chest Dutch had finished that afternoon.

He took her into the packing room where crated furniture stood ready for shipping. At last there was nothing left to show her.

"Thank you," she said. But she did not move to go.

"Had supper?" he asked casually.

"Yes."

"Going home?"

"Yes."

"I'll walk along. Wait'll I lock up." He turned easily away from her, but he held his breath. But she waited.

Lightly he took her arm (she did not withdraw it) and they walked across the millrace and into River Street. They passed The Saddler's. Rosa, working at the latch on the storm door, regarded them intently and then turned back to the latch.

"Evenin'," she said. Faith and Amos said, "Good evening."

They passed Lucius Parker on his way to The Saddler's. He removed his hat with a gesture that was, for Lucius, sweeping.

"Miss Goodbind," he said. "Good to see you. . . . Good to see *you*, Amos. Good evening."

They returned his greetings, and after they had passed Amos glanced back over his shoulder.

"Well," he said, "*Lucius* was glad to see us."

Faith did not smile. She walked on, looking straight ahead with an expression on her face that made Amos think of something he had seen before, long ago and far from Two River, but he could not remember what it was.

When they reached the bend in River Street which led to the brickyard and to Faith's house, a car coming from the opposite direction pulled up near them. A woman opened the door and got out. She was plump and eager and not of Two River, but she approached them unhesitating.

"Excuse me," she said. "Could you tell me . . . I mean, I understand The Writer—that Faith Goodbind that wrote Summer Brave—lives around here. They told me in a town a few miles back. I was wondering ——"

Amos looked at Faith, ready to help if she needed help. But she looked at the woman and then said, "I'm Faith Goodbind."

"*You*—oh, good *gracious!*" The woman flew into a fever of animation. "I *never* thought —— *Harvey! This* is her! *She*, I mean. The *Writer!* I wonder if you'd—I've *got* your book *some* place!" She scrambled frantically through the large bag she carried. "I *would* be caught like this! If you'd just write your name for me on *anything*. I—oh, here! Would this do?" She produced a folded piece of paper and, as she passed it to Faith, Amos saw that it was a road map.

Faith looked at it for a moment, as if bewildered. Then she said, "I haven't a pen."

Again the woman began to paw through the cluttered bag, but Amos said quickly, "Here's one," and handed his own to Faith.

She looked down for a moment at the map in her hand. Then she wrote her name, and, watching, he saw that "Faith Goodbind" was scrawled over the spot in the map that was Two River Junction.

THEY stood together while the woman scrambled back into the car, pouring out effusive thanks, craning her neck out the window to watch until they were out of sight.

"She looks," said Faith, "as if she'd seen a kangaroo leap out of the woods."

He tightened his hand on her arm and looked down at her. Now he knew where he had seen the expression her face wore. When he had come back from the Army there had been a family of refugees on the boat. The day they had sighted New York Harbor they had clustered at the rail, silent and staring amid the wild cheers of the men around them. They had known that everything familiar was behind them, everything they faced would be strange, and that for years, perhaps forever, they would be aliens in a strange land. They had not turned away their faces. They had looked, as Faith looked now, with hope but no illusion.

He let her arm go and raised his hands to her face, holding it framed between them. She did not protest. She looked back at him, but with none of the eager laughter, the summer warmth of that day beneath the pear tree. It would take time to reach that point again; even then, it would not be quite the same.

But she did not move away. He said, "Faith," softly, and kissed her. They walked on toward her house. THE END

JENNIFER



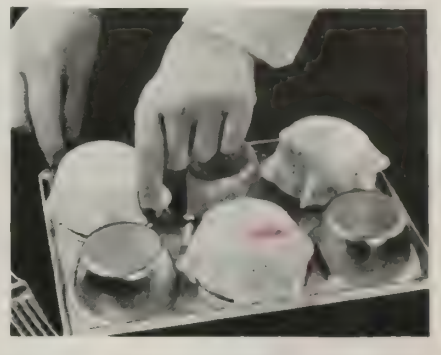
"M-o-m-m-y—would you please bring the broom, dustpan and vacuum cleaner—I'm gonna make my bed!"

Bake pie shells for "Little Pies" on the back of your muffin tin

—a pie-baking hint from MARIE GIFFORD
Armour's famous home economist



"Little Pies" make attractive desserts—and you don't need special, small-size pie tins to make them! Just shape circles of pie dough over the *back* of a regular muffin tin. Pinch edges; prick dough with fork tines. Bake at 450° F. Fill shells with strawberries or red raspberries—top with whipped cream.



But no matter what size pie shells you bake, you want the crust to be always deliciously flaky and tender – and it will be when you use Armour Star Lard! It's America's perfect pie lard – the lard of pie-baking champions.

And for a quick, easy, can't-fail recipe for pie dough, use Marie Gifford's famous 5-minute recipe that's printed on the handy self-measuring Armour Star Lard carton. Use Armour Star Lard for deliciously tender hot breads and biscuits—makes fried foods more digestible, too!

Got a pie-baking question? Just write to Marie Gifford, Dept. 459, Box 2053, Armour and Company, Chicago 9, Illinois. She will help you with any pie-baking problem you may have. Write to Marie Gifford, too, for an interesting free booklet of her favorite baking recipes.



Armour Star Lard

—the all-pure lard that stays fresh without refrigeration. Remember, lard saves you money, too!



JELL-O FOR *Red Letter* SALADS

Jell-O is a registered trade-mark of General Foods Corporation



"In some of my friends' houses there's hardly a soul around. It sure seems lonely," a Tracy sums up the family feeling.

WANTED: NINE CHILDREN

Meet the Tracys, of Fort Dodge, Iowa, who "envy no one because our life is so full."

By HILDEGARDE DOLSON

What We Believe In

"Faith isn't something concrete that you can reach out and touch. You don't have to touch it. It is something you know is there with you and you know it is right. Without faith, I don't know how a person could go on. Without it I would have given up many times. Personally, I don't see how anyone could live without strong faith.

"I don't believe in prayer for material things, but prayer for grace and strength and well-being. It doesn't have to be a formal thing, but just any time like when doing dishes. You don't need dramatic effects, just an asking for help, for everything to happen for the best.

"Church gives a child training in the basic things, and to me the basic things are the first two commandments as enunciated by Christ: Love God and Love Your Neighbor. Everybody should live by that. It would cure many ills. This should be stressed and lived in the home.

"Church attendance with some people is an effort. But really it is as easy as anything else when you get used to it.

"But you can't send a child to church and expect church to make a religious child. Example at home plays a big part in this. If the child is taught one thing at church, and sees parents doing otherwise at home, you can't expect him to have the faith and to practice it."

FORT DODGE, IOWA, celebrated its centennial last summer in the style befitting a town that began as a military post surrounded by Sioux Indians and has grown to a prosperous community of 25,000, richly circled by cornfields and the largest gypsum deposits in the world. On the day of the big centennial parade, eleven of the beamish citizens watching the floats go by were Verna and Jack Tracy and their nine blue-eyed, every-degree-of-blond children—three boys, six girls—ranging from date age to diapers.

Their conveyance, a secondhand '47 Chevrolet panel-body truck, looks efficiently businesslike during working hours, when it holds Jack Tracy's bulky samples—typewriters, Kardex files and other office equipment—on his rounds through eight neighboring counties as sales representative for Remington Rand. But off duty and teeming over with Tracys, the truck has a holiday air that goes well with parades.

When 38-year-old Verna Tracy talks about the centennial now, she says burstingly, "Oh, what I'd give to have lived a hundred years ago, when women could go out with their men as pioneers and



"When I was young I heard so much 'What will people think?' that I'm determined to let each child be an individual, think things through for themselves."

To outbursts of temperament— "Don't make an issue of it."

Seeing the groceries Jack Tracy takes home, people often ask, "How do you feed them all?" Week's supply—minus 63 quarts milk, 21 loaves bread—$45 to $50.





Nine rooms house 11 Tracys, two boarders, Jack's mother. Attic's a dormitory, basement a playroom.



Jack left $6000-year traveling job to open his own agency. Gamble paid off, gives him more time at home.

raise a family in the wilderness no matter what!" An outsider, especially a sissy Easterner, is apt to be a bit startled by this ringing declaration, coming as it does from a mother of nine who takes a lively part in PTA and other local doings, does all her own work and runs a household for fourteen people, including her diabetic, invalid mother-in-law and two boarders-in-pay-only, Audra Johnson and her 14-year-old daughter Lois. The Johnsons, as newcomers to Fort Dodge, were hospitably urged to come spend a few days until they found an apartment. That was two years ago; now they're so firmly a part of the family that they have the same privileges of swapping clothes and amiable insults, raiding the icebox, or leaping into the discussions that any Tracy old enough to talk will start at the drop of a Blarney stone.

The four grownups and ten children cram the Tracy's middle-aged, Middle-West-looking $8700 house on North Eleventh Avenue, and overflow onto the screened front veranda and the big back yard equipped with a basketball net, a sand pile and a barbecue grill. In the square front hall that doubles as the music room, there are constant sound effects of doors slamming, phone ringing, *(Continued on Page 162)*



Tage, and John, 16, take turns at chores. "John's the studious, careful one, the only Tracy who keeps things to himself." With straight A average he plans on college, earning part of tuition.



"I hear young couples talk of not being able to afford children. They want a new house first, a car, a television set. Sometimes we feel those couples value *things* more than they value children."

Of nine children, "hardest to understand" is Tage, 14, who "has his father's charm," Verna says, "is too fond of trading on it, doing things the easy way."



"Have faith things will work out."



Nobody over 7 misses Mass. Verna became Catholic because "I liked the everyday way Jack lived his religion."



"Jack's too amiable to say no to the children—that's our only real disagreement."





At 12-year-old Pat's slumber party guests had popcorn, ice cream, pop, sang songs until 3 A.M.

Music, dancing, basketball, swimming, camping—almost any hobby finds a Tracy fan.



Cowboy fan Mike, 5, goes to kindergarten, likes finger painting, gets gold stars. "I'm good in deportment."

(Continued from Page 160) piano playing, or the patter and pound of feet going up and down stairs. In the small, pleasantly hodgepodge living room, 18-month-old Teresa Louise, a benignly placid towhead, bobs across the floor like a wind-up Buddha. The porcelain-pretty next youngest, Mary Layne, practices standing on her head, while 4-year-old Carol chants a school cheer her brothers have taught her: "Hey, hey, whaddya say? Grab that ball and fight!" When you sit with their mother in the midst of this hopping-as-corn-in-a-popper activity, you can't help feeling that the pioneer women had nothing on Verna Tracy. *(Continued on Page 168)*

Of her first date with Jack, Verna says, "He never handed me a line, had the nicest manners of any boy I'd met." She still finds him "always fun to be with."



She spreads the cleanest sheets in town

. . . she swears by TIDE!



She spreads the cleanest sheets in town—
Tide gets them whiter, too.
Yes, cleaner... whiter! My, oh my!
The things that Tide can do!

Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!



P.S. PREFER TO SKIP RINSING?

With Tide you *can* skip the rinsing, and save all that time and work. Just wash, wring out, hang up. Tide will give you the cleanest possible no-rinse wash!

NO SOAP—NO OTHER PRODUCT SOLD THROUGHOUT AMERICA WILL WASH AS CLEAN AS TIDE!

JUST TRY TIDE in your washing machine. Wring out your clothes, rinse them, and, lady, you'll hang up a *cleaner* wash than you'll get with *any* soap—or any other washing product sold from coast to coast! You'll get the *cleanest* wash in town!

NOT ONLY CLEANER—WHITER, TOO! Yes, Ma'am! In *hardest* water, Tide will wash your shirts, sheets, curtains . . . so radiantly *clean*, you'll never want to trust them to anything else but Tide!

AND BRIGHTER! Just wait till you see how your wash prints *glow* after a Tide wash! The colors look so crisp and fresh . . . the fabric feels so soft . . . irons so *beautifully*, you'll say there's nothing like Tide! And there *isn't!* Get Tide today—and hang the cleanest wash in town on *your* line!

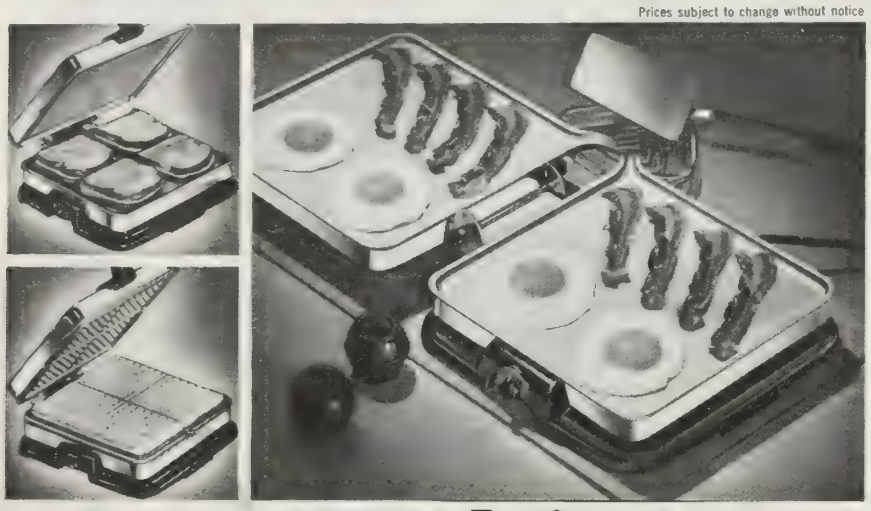
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Proudly given!
Joyously received!
Arvin Lectric Cook

GRILLS, FRIES, BAKES, TOASTS! Grills 16 hamburgers, fries bacon and eggs, toasts four sandwiches, bakes four big waffles. Cooking area equals 3 ten-inch skillets. Can be converted in seconds to a fully automatic waffle-baker. Heat control; signal light; insulated base and handle. Guaranteed one year. Listed by Underwriters' Laboratories.
Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Indiana
(Formerly Noblitt-Sparks Industries Inc.)

$29.95

Prices subject to change without notice



Also Makers of Arvin Toasters, Electric Irons, Fan-Forced Heaters. Hot-R-Cool Fan.



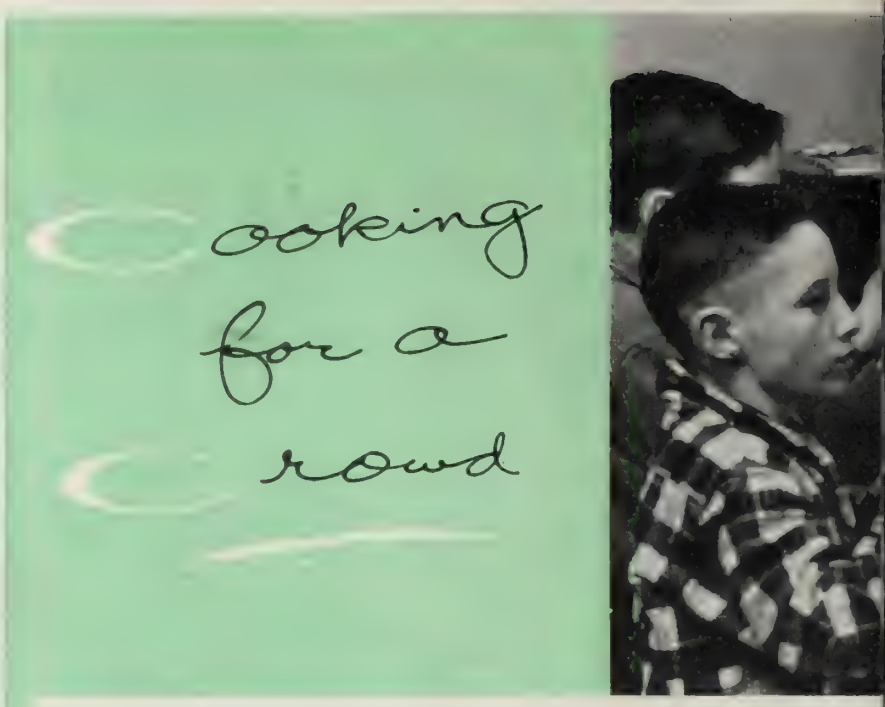
GIVE *Electric Housewares* FIRST CHOICE FOR EVERY GIFT OCCASION



MAKE FOOD LOOK BETTER

Decorate servings with Roylies Lace Paper Doylies! Get economical Family Pkgs. of 45 to 150 Roylies: 5", 6", 8", 10", 12" round, and oblong Place Mats. At 5 & 10¢ Supermarkets, Housefurnishing, Naborhood, Dept. Stores.

ROYLIES
Lace Paper Doylies



By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

WHEN your teen-agers ask, "Mom, may we cook outdoors today?" they usually mean "May we have the gang?" too.

There's never fewer than a dozen to cook for at the Tracys'. "I'm so used to cooking for a big family that company doesn't fluster me a bit—we just put up an extra bridge table and set out extra plates. There always seems to be enough."

For the Younger Crowd

It's always easy to say, "Sure, why not?" to the children with a menu like this up your sleeve. Hot dogs are always a good bet. But cut into chunks, spread with mustard and alternated on skewers with juicy pieces of dill pickle, they are super, as your young guests will say. Something in the ice-cream category, such as this peppermint freeze, is always popular with the bluejeans set. And the Susie-Q cookies should go over big, as they were invented and named by someone their own age. So put on your apron; you're going to have fun too.

Picnic Franks with Dill Pickle
Rolls Potato Salad
Peppermint Freeze
Susie-Q Cookies
Milk *or* Soft Drinks

PICNIC FRANKS WITH DILL PICKLE

Twelve frankfurters and 4 large dill pickles will make 16 picnic franks. Increase quantities, of course, if you're planning on seconds. Cut each frankfurter into 4 pieces, crosswise, each dill pickle into ½"-thick slices, crosswise. Spread the cut surfaces of the franks with prepared mustard. String the frankfurters and pickles alternately on skewers. There should be 3 frankfurter pieces, 2 slices of pickle to each skewer. Broil over outdoor grill or under the oven broiler indoors. Split frankfurter rolls lengthwise without cutting clear through. Spread with onion butter: ⅔ cup butter or margarine and 2 teaspoons grated onion. Lay the cooked picnic franks in the rolls. Pull out the skewers. Serves 16.

PEPPERMINT FREEZE

To 3 packages vanilla ice-cream-dessert mix add 3 cups milk, 9 drops peppermint extract and a few drops red food coloring—just enough to tint it delicate pink. In a separate bowl, mix 1½ cups cold water, 3 tablespoons lemon juice and 3 teaspoons vanilla. Sprinkle 1½ cups nonfat dry milk over the top of the water. Beat with rotary beater or an electric mixer until it thickens. Beat in ½ cup sugar, a spoonful at a time, and continue beating until quite thick. Fold in the ice-cream-dessert mix to which you've added the milk, coloring and peppermint flavoring. Pour into freezing trays. Set up refrigerator to coldest position and freeze until firm, stirring several times during freezing. Makes 3 trays or 3 quarts. Serves 16.

SUSIE-Q COOKIES

To 1 cup sugar, add ¼ cup peanut butter and 1 cup boiling water. Beat smooth with rotary beater. Add 1½ cups biscuit mix, 3 tablespoons melted shortening and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Blend smooth. Now add 1 cup coarsely chopped salted peanuts, 1 cup chopped, pitted dates and 1 cup quick-cooking oatmeal, stirring with a spoon. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased cooky sheets. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., 12–15 minutes. Makes 4–5 dozen.

★ ★ ★

For the Bridge or Canasta Crowd

Many of you may belong to dinner-bridge or canasta clubs that meet frequently. Finding a menu that will go over with the men as well as the women—that won't give your budget a setback, yet will be something different from what everyone else has served—is like finding a diamond in a coal mine. Maybe you'll be first with this one.

The braised beef is a Western version of Hungarian goulash. As one man said, "I could eat this by the bucketful." The cake has a crisp, crunchy nut topping—is perfect with strawberries or sliced peaches.



Hamburgers and soft drinks for the Tracy gang. It's a party!

Braised Beef Western
with Egg Noodles
Spanish Corn
Green Salad
Fruit-and-Meringue-Topped
Spicecake
Coffee

BRAISED BEEF WESTERN

Sprinkle ½ cup lemon juice over 7 pounds lean beef cut for stew. Pick your cut so you will have solid meaty pieces, free of bone and not too much fat. Then sprinkle with 2 tablespoons salt and 2½ tablespoons chili powder. Stir well. Then roll the pieces of beef in 1⅓ cups flour so it is all taken up. Brown meat well on all sides in ¾ cup hot shortening or salad oil. With this quantity of meat the job goes faster using 2 pans—6 tablespoons shortening in each. Transfer browned meat to Dutch-oven-type pan or any large pan you use for stews. Add 2 medium onions, chopped, and hot water to cover—2 quarts. Cover with a lid and simmer 2 hours. Twenty minutes before serving, uncover and let gravy cook down to a nice consistency. Reseason to taste. Serve with freshly cooked and drained egg noodles—you will need to cook 24 ounces for 16 servings.

SPANISH CORN

Sauté 1 green pepper, chopped or diced, and 1 onion, minced, in ⅓ cup butter or margarine. Combine with 8 cups canned whole-kernel corn or an equal amount of cooked fresh corn cut from the cob. Season to taste with 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Heat well before serving. Serves 16.

MERINGUE-TOPPED SPICECAKE

Cream 1½ cups butter or margarine with 4 cups brown sugar until light and fluffy. Add 2 teaspoons vanilla. Separate 4 eggs. Add yolks, one at a time, to the creamed mixture and beat well. Sift 5 cups cake flour with 2 teaspoons baking soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 teaspoons salt. Add alternately to creamed mixture with 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk. Beat until smooth. Pour into 1 large rectangular baking pan, 17¼″ x 11¼″ x 2¼″. This size is sometimes called a dripping pan. Make a meringue of the egg whites, adding ½ cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt, little by little. Spread on batter. Sprinkle with ¾ cup chopped nuts. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°F., 1½ hours. Cut into squares. Serves 16–20 (25 pieces).

★ ★ ★

When Families are the Crowd

Why not join forces now and then, on a week end, with a friend and her family? The more, the merrier! Youngsters and grownups alike will enjoy this meal. You could even split the cooking deal, one of you baking the main course, the other bringing the salad and dessert.

Mushroom Veal Patties
Scalloped Potatoes
Hot Rolls
Beet-and-Cabbage Relish
Peach Crumb Pudding
Coffee

MUSHROOM VEAL PATTIES

In this recipe, ¾ pound meat serves 4 (2 patties each). To 3 pounds ground raw veal add ⅔ cup finely diced celery and ½ cup chopped parsley. Add 2 cups soft bread crumbs, 1⅓ cups milk, 4 unbeaten eggs and 1½ tablespoons grated onion. Season with 4 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ⅛ teaspoon thyme and ⅛ teaspoon marjoram. Mix everything together thoroughly and shape into 32 patties. Mixture will be quite soft. Brown patties on both sides in hot shortening. It will take about ½ cup. As you shape a few, brown them and arrange in a rectangular baking pan, 17″ x 11″. When all are browned, drain off excess fat and add 1⅓ cups water to drippings in skillet. Heat just enough to loosen the brown bits in the pan. Strain

(Continued on Page 187)

"Better than my own French Dressing!"



SO SAY THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF HARD-TO-PLEASE WOMEN. SOME ARE TALKING ABOUT KRAFT FRENCH, SOME ABOUT MIRACLE FRENCH, ALSO MADE BY KRAFT. SEE WHAT YOU THINK!



SALAD BOWL CLASSIC

For each portion, line an individual salad bowl with lettuce and fill the center with more lettuce, curly endive, watercress and sliced radishes. Garnish with tomato wedges and wedges of hard-cooked egg. Serve with Miracle or Kraft French Dressing.



MIRACLE FRENCH. *If you like a touch of garlic and onion—a deft touch, just the right touch!—Miracle French is for you. This lively dressing has the Parisian accent you've been looking for.*

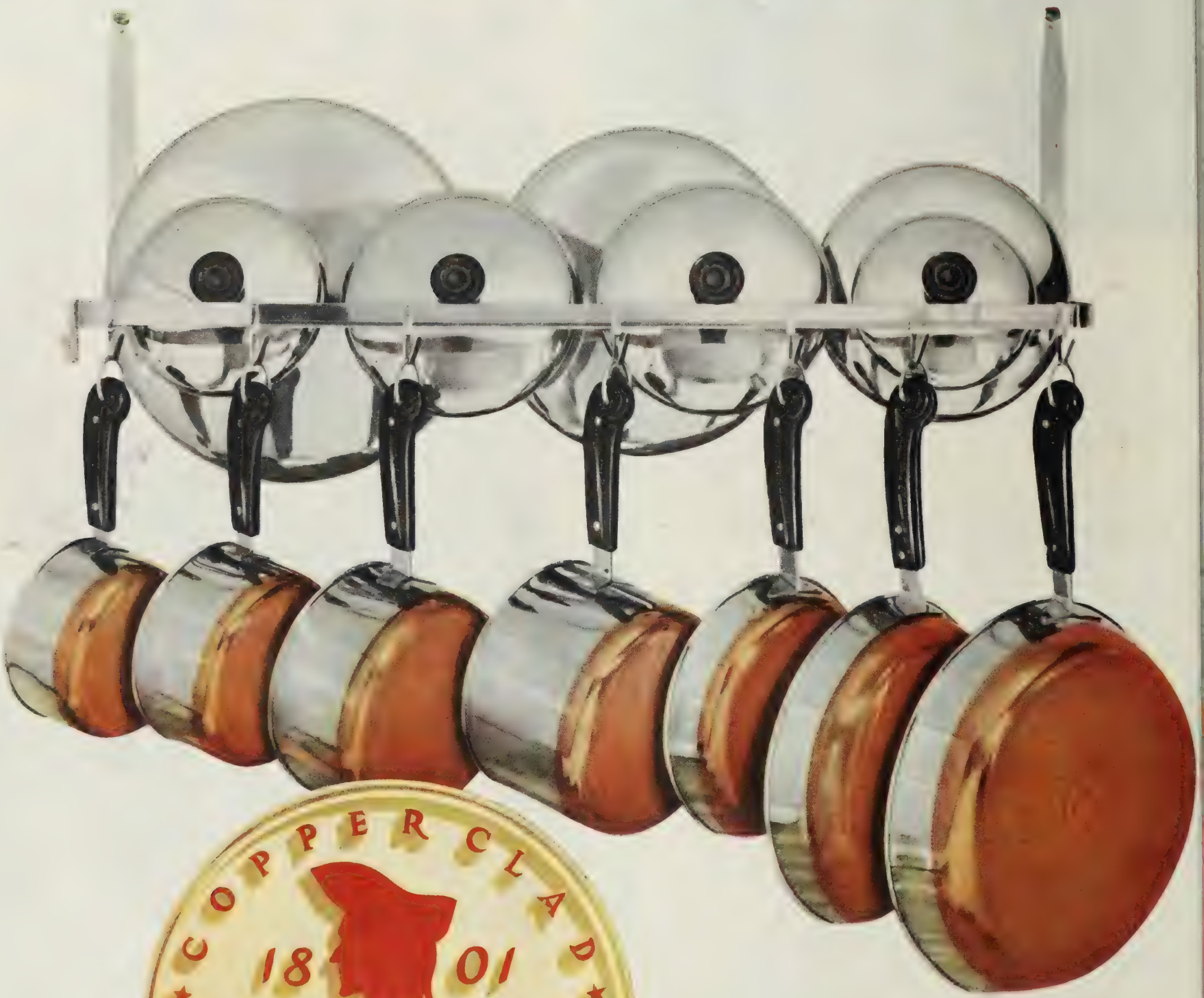
KRAFT FRENCH. *The most widely popular French Dressing ever created! A creamy-thick dressing, with a marvelous blend of savouriness. Flavor so smooth, so exactly right, it's super-tasty for salads, mild enough for children.*

Just try these two delightful

FRENCH DRESSINGS by KRAFT

YOU'RE SET FOR YEARS...

WITH A SET OF *Revere Ware*



Revere Ware is practically indestructible! It is made of tough, gleaming, stainless steel, and of copper, the enduring metal that spreads heat so quickly.

Revere Ware is beautiful to look at, simple to use. The tight fitting covers prevent cooking odors. The use of low heat keeps kitchens cool and saves fuel. The perfectly balanced handles, covered with cool bakelite, are welded on for permanency.

For "waterless" cooking, which makes food taste better and saves important minerals and vitamins, Revere Ware is ideal. It is easy to keep clean, and hung on a Revere Rack, it adds beauty to your kitchen. And it will endure through the years regardless of the hardest use. Get set for the future with a set of Revere Ware. But *look for the trade mark* in the copper bottom! It is your assurance of genuine Revere Ware.

REVERE COPPER AND BRASS INCORPORATED

Rome Manufacturing Company Division, Rome, N. Y.

The Tracy family dining room done over to serve also as a study and recreation room for the teen-agers in the family. Sectional table. cabinets and "built-ins" are carpenter made.

BEFORE →



Sewing machine and desk crowded the old dining room.

HAROLD TOWLER

Get-together Room

THERE were never enough chairs for both family and visiting teen-agers at the John Tracys, of Fort Dodge, Iowa. In a household of fourteen persons, small brothers and sisters led to complications with the high-schoolers' social life. Taking first place in the yearnings of the Tracy teen-agers was a spot to get together, more or less privately, with their friends, a place to study on school nights, entertain drop-in visitors with algebra problems, still capable of being quickly turned into a party room for week-end get-togethers.

Since the Tracys have only three medium-size rooms downstairs, and a household of fourteen to share them, space for such a room seemed not to exist. There was the dining room, which was not altogether functional, as the family eats in relays suited to their various schedules, and the old-style dining room was not greatly used. *(Continued on Page 178)*

By HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal



The double trestle table, divided and pushed back, opens up the room for an informal party.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

UNIVERSAL Stroke-Sav·r

America's Fastest Iron!



CUTS IRONING TIME ALMOST IN HALF!

Certified tests prove Universal Stroke-Sav·r cuts 26 minutes from the average ironing hour. Prove it to yourself with a 10-Day Home Trial. Money-back guarantee.

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Copyright, 1951, LF&C

Your First Ironing with the

"SIT-or-STAND" G.P.F. MET-L-TOP IRONING TABLE

will be a revelation!



● You'll be surprised to find how much sit-down ironing relieves back and foot fatigue. And if you still prefer to iron certain pieces standing up, just press the finger-tip control on the Sit-or-Stand MET-L-TOP and adjust it to the exact height you prefer. Automatic safety lock prevents accidental closing.

Self-adjusting front foot keeps table level . . . sets rigidly on floor . . . won't wobble, creep or tip. Smooth, sturdy, tubular legs won't snag stockings.

You can own this finest of ironing tables without straining your budget. See it at your dealer's today.

SIT-or-STAND Model, $14.95

Speed-Top Adjustable-Height Model, $10.95

Speed-Top Non-Adjustable Model, $9.95

GEUDER, PAESCHKE & FREY CO.

Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

WRIGHT'S

FOR THAT "HEIRLOOM" LOOK

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

America's Largest Selling Silver Cleaner

Just as Marmalade goes with Toast...

C&B MINT SAUCE goes with Lamb



Try some today...

Adds magic to the flavor of every lamb dish. Brings spring to your table!

Costs So Little...Adds So Much.

WANTED: NINE CHILDREN

(Continued from Page 162)

Not that she looks downtrodden. She's a buxomly buoyant, tallish woman with pretty legs and ankles that help belie her current weight, 159 pounds, although she says it's a shock to come upon herself suddenly now in a full-length mirror. Along with her fresh coloring, and curly hair the soft brown of autumn leaves, she still has the warmly cheerful friendliness and awareness, the air of "I'm enjoying this—aren't you?" that makes it easy to understand why Jack Tracy, when he met her, answered his mother's interested "Is Verna pretty?" with a bemused, "Well, no, but she certainly has personality."

Jack, a big, easy-moving 182-pounder with a disarmingly sweet Killarney grin, the same age as his wife, is vividly introduced to you in Verna's conversation, long before he appears in the ruddy flesh: "Jack often lends a hand with the dishes or bathes a baby. He's not the stuffy kind of husband who says, 'I've already done my day's work.'" She added, "But Jack is almost too amiable. He hates to say no to the children or anybody else. Any serious disagreements we've had were because of that."

She went on to talk about her two oldest sons, who were at basketball practice. "John, the sixteen-year-old, is the studious, careful one. He's the only Tracy who keeps things to himself." She laughed affectionately. "He even keeps his toothbrush in his own room, for fear somebody else will use it." John—a tall, gently courteous, mature-acting boy—is a junior in Corpus Christi Parochial School, a member of the second basketball team, and has a straight A average. "He wants to be a C.P.A.," his mother explained, "and he sent for just about every college catalogue in the country and pored over them all, before deciding on Creighton, in Omaha. Jack's teaching him to repair typewriters so he can earn part of his tuition."

Of Jack Tracy's annual income of $6000, over a third goes for food, and with nine children wearing out shoes at a staggering rate, there's obviously no money left over to put toward college. John works Friday evenings and Saturdays packing and carrying groceries at the National Tea; $8 earned weekly. His mother said, "If the children have a real aptitude and want a college education enough, they'll work for it and we'll help when we can. I used to stew and worry and try to work out the future like a mathematics problem, but Jack taught me to live one day at a time and have faith things will work out." She added matter-of-factly, "And, of course, I pray a lot."

Brought up a Methodist, she joined the Catholic Church soon after John was born. "Jack never pressured me, but I liked the way he lived his religion on an everyday basis, and after I'd thought about it a long time, I was sure that's what I wanted." She thinks their religion has influenced their having a large family, "But only to a certain extent. Jack and I just naturally love children, and given a choice, if we had our lives to live over again, both of us feel we'd *still* have it the same way. As Jack said, after Lou-babe was born, 'Now how could we ever have done without her?'" She also quoted 5-year-old Mike's forthright comment, when his grandmother told him, "The stork will soon be fluttering around here."

Mike said incredulously, "What, again! He was here only last year."

All the Tracys down through Mike go to Mass on Sunday mornings, leaving the senior Mrs. Tracy in charge at home. Verna says, with almost tearful intensity, "We just wouldn't be the kind of family we are without Grandma. For thirteen years she's comforted babies and cleaned and cooked and encouraged Jack and me. She's never once butted in with bossy advice, even when she knew we were doing something foolish." The children's attitude is best summed up by John's reaction as a small boy, when he was told about the religious figurines that adorn the living-room wall niches: "That's Jesus and that's Mary, Jesus' mother," whereupon John asked indignantly, "But where's Jesus' grandmother?"

John's own serenely kind grandmother, who has recently been very ill with phlebitis, sits in her rocker now, darning or holding a baby, ready to supply any date or anecdote from her loving store of memories.

"John and twelve-year-old Patty are the most responsible ones," Verna said. "Tage, the fourteen-year-old, has his father's charm, but he's too fond of trading on it, and doing things the easy way." When all the children were discussing what to give up for Lent—candy, movies, and so on—Tage announced nobly he would give up eating liver. Although he's supposed to provide his own spending money ($1.50) from the $4.50 a week earned on his paper route, and bank the rest toward any such major purchase as a gun, he'll often try to wangle extras out of his parents. "Because he's cockier than the others, he requires different handling," his mother said. "Jack and I have a horror of *inflicting* ideas, but Tage needs a push in the right direction at times."

As she and Grandma Tracy recounted Patty's capabilities—baby-tending, dishwashing, cooking, earning $90 detasseling corn last summer—the listener gets a rather uneasy impression of a Cinderella drudge. One glimpse of the dimpling, cute-nosed Patty, in her trim sweater and skirt, dispels any such dreary notion. She's in seventh grade at Corpus Christi, with a B average, takes piano lessons, and played one of her favorite pieces, The Clown, at the District Junior Music Festival in Des Moines. She also took "ballroom dancing" for three months before going to her first dance this spring, a Y-teen affair that ended at 9 P.M., with her solicitous father arriving on the dot to escort her home.

Asked what she wants to be, Patty answers promptly, "I'd just like to be a plain woman like mother." (If any young male readers want to apply as future suitors for a prize "plain woman," they'd better start lining up now to avoid the inevitable rush.)

The Tracy method of dealing with show-off-ism and temperament is, "Don't make an issue of it." Ten-year-old Kathryn, whose silken braids and flyaway grace are as light as thistledown, is by all accounts the most temperamental. Her fits of weeping come on as quickly—and end as sunnily—as a summer shower. Told to run upstairs and get a belt to hold up her jeans, Kathryn wailed, "How can I help being so skinny that my pants fall off? You don't feed me enough. I'm emaciated—it's all your fault." (This sort of outburst, and periodic threats to leave home, are met with an amused calm.) Helping to clear the table, she'll pause dreamily with a plate poised in mid-air, to practice a ballet step. "In theory, Kay-kay's supposed to do almost the same chores as Patty," her mother said a bit ruefully, "but she floats so, it's hard to pin her down."

Kay-kay, a fifth-grader, floated onstage with her crew-cut little brother Mike, whom she'd brought home from the parish-center kindergarten. They settled down to chat, demonstrating the Tracy system of kibitzing, amplifying or deflating—serving as checks and balances. Kay-kay told about her Saturday-morning ballet and tap class; Mike bestowed a beaming blue-eyed gaze on the visitor and said, "Kay-kay bawled and nagged daddy until he just had to let her take the dancing lessons." His sister giggled, and perhaps to ward off further disclosures, urged Mike to show his kindergarten "report card"—a large cardboard angel spotted haphazardly with paste-on stars. "Explain it, Mike," Kay-kay ordered. "See, the silver stars are for a child's telling a story to the class, and the blue stars are for helping put the blocks away, and the gold ——"

"Gold's for deportment," Mike cut in. "I'm very good in deportment."

"And he finger-paints well," Kay-kay said graciously.

The unconfinable Tage sauntered in, a debonairly handsome blond boy wearing a crimson-visored cap tilted on the back of his head, and a black sateen jacket emblazoned with the emblem of the freshman basketball team. He sat down, on the end of his spine, to answer questions and volunteer information with the seasoned aplomb of a movie star. (Cary Grant is his favorite.) His favorite sports are ice skating, swimming (in the city pool two blocks away), and going on overnight camping trips. "But John's a better swimmer and a better shot," Tage said suddenly. "He gets pheasants." Tage has a .22 Winchester rifle bought with his own money, and admits it's pretty good for such game as rabbits and squirrels. "It takes three rabbits to make a meal for this family. Mom fries them."

Asked about the disadvantages, if any, of being a member of so large a family, Tage said coolly, "I can't have as many things as some of my friends," whereupon Patty burst out, "Why, Tage Tracy, you get plenty. We all do." Tage reconsidered, and agreed it wasn't too stark an existence. "And some of the guys I go home with after school, why, I've gone into their houses and there's not a soul around. It sure seems lonely." It was clear, from his tone, that to a Tracy the most ghastly thing in the world is being alone.

As the house fills up toward late afternoon, this gregarious instinct reaches its fullest flower. Kay-kay kicks aside a rug and goes through a tap routine, leaping casually over a baby sprawled in the middle of the floor. Patty runs back and forth from the kitchen, where she's helping her mother get dinner, and pauses en route to bang out a new piece on the piano. Slim, brunet Audra Johnson comes home from Gates's store, where she's manager of the downstairs millinery department, and she, too, joins the kitchen-and-back movement, setting the table. Her daughter Lois, a brilliantly dark-eyed, attractive eighth-grader in Fort Dodge Junior High, is on the phone and calls out to ask, "May I have the basement for a pot-luck supper next Friday?" This question reverberates through the house, with Verna having the final decision: yes.

At five-thirty, Jack Tracy arrives, wearing the beaming expression of a man who's happy to get home. The three youngest clamber all over him, using him as a punching bag. The clatter of Kay-kay's tap shoes vies with the radio; Mike has turned up the volume to catch every hoofbeat of a cowboy's horse. Just as you marvel how Jack Tracy's geniality stands the gaff, he looks around the room and asks concernedly, "Where's Margaret Ann?" With thirteen present, the fourteenth is still missed.

EIGHT-year-old third-grader Margaret Ann comes rushing in, from a Brownie Scout meeting. A squarish-faced, sturdy little girl, she's as spontaneously friendly as an Airedale puppy, with the same outgoing interest in new people and events that is inherent in every Tracy. When Verna says, "We all just love Fort Dodge—it's the friendliest town," you have a feeling the town must return the compliment.

The Tracys came to Fort Dodge just five years ago, from Verna's and Jack's home town, St. Joseph, Missouri. Jack, then a salesman for Western Chemical Company, handling industrial chemicals, made weekly calls in Fort Dodge, and he says now, "I thought it would be a nice place to bring up a family." Verna, who accepts change as enthusiastically as some women accept mink, agreed instantly, and sold their rambling old house in St. Joseph for enough profit, $2000, to make a down payment on the new home. (The monthly carrying charges are $54.11.)

THE house has nine rooms, counting the curtained-off playroom portion of the basement, and one bath. Jack says wryly, "Getting a chance at the bathroom isn't nearly as tough as getting a chance at the phone." The four second-floor bedrooms are occupied by Grandma Tracy and Mike, Audra and Lois Johnson, Tage and John, two to a room; Jack and Verna's bedroom has two cribs, for Mary Layne and Lou-babe. The airy, bright attic dormitory, where the four oldest girls sleep, is the handiwork of all the Tracys; the night before Verna went to the hospital to have her youngest child, the entire clan nailed blobs of coarse steel wool to long sticks, dipped them in plaster, and spattered the newly fiberboarded walls in what turned out to be a highly effective rough finish. Only five pieces of furniture in the whole house were bought new, the rest of the furnishings were accumulated from relatives' and friends' overflow, or bought for two or three dollars secondhand.

Considering that the Tracy budget has always been stretched to the snapping point, it was a really difficult decision Jack Tracy made, with his wife's encouragement, when he resigned his $6000-a-year job to open his own agency, just two years ago. The strongest reasons for the change: he could get home every night instead of week ends only, and he could be his own boss. Starting on a borrowed $3000, he rented two tiny rooms in a downtown office building; on the door is lettered: "Tracy Office Equipment Company, Representing Remington Rand." He has done so well that he recently hired a salesman, in addition to the mechanic who handles repairs and servicing of machines. Subtracting the latter's salary, office overhead and the cost of a bookkeeping service from his first year's commission of approximately $11,000, Jack cleared $4800 in salary, plus car upkeep and traveling expenses, totaling almost $6000. Verna tells you proudly that he was top salesman in the Des Moines territory in January, and was cited for being second in the entire company on system sales, in March of 1950.

As a well-liked businessman and citizen, Jack is very much a part of the town's civic and social life—a member of Kiwanis and the Ale & Tale men's luncheon group, area governor for the Toastmasters, and a volunteer ticket seller for Parish Center sports events. At the Mr. and Mrs. Dance Club, he's often to be heard bellowing lustily as "caller" for the circle two-step: "Single file, Indian style, ladies first—Grab your partners and *daaaaance!*" He and Verna play bridge monthly with a three-tables group called The Couples, and get together often with friends, for a sociable session of talk, and a very occasional drink.

One unexpected development of having Jack home all week was that it brought a really difficult period of adjustment, especially for Verna. She says now that during the years her husband traveled constantly, "the week ends were such special, precious

NEXT MONTH

"I wish I'd been prepared——"

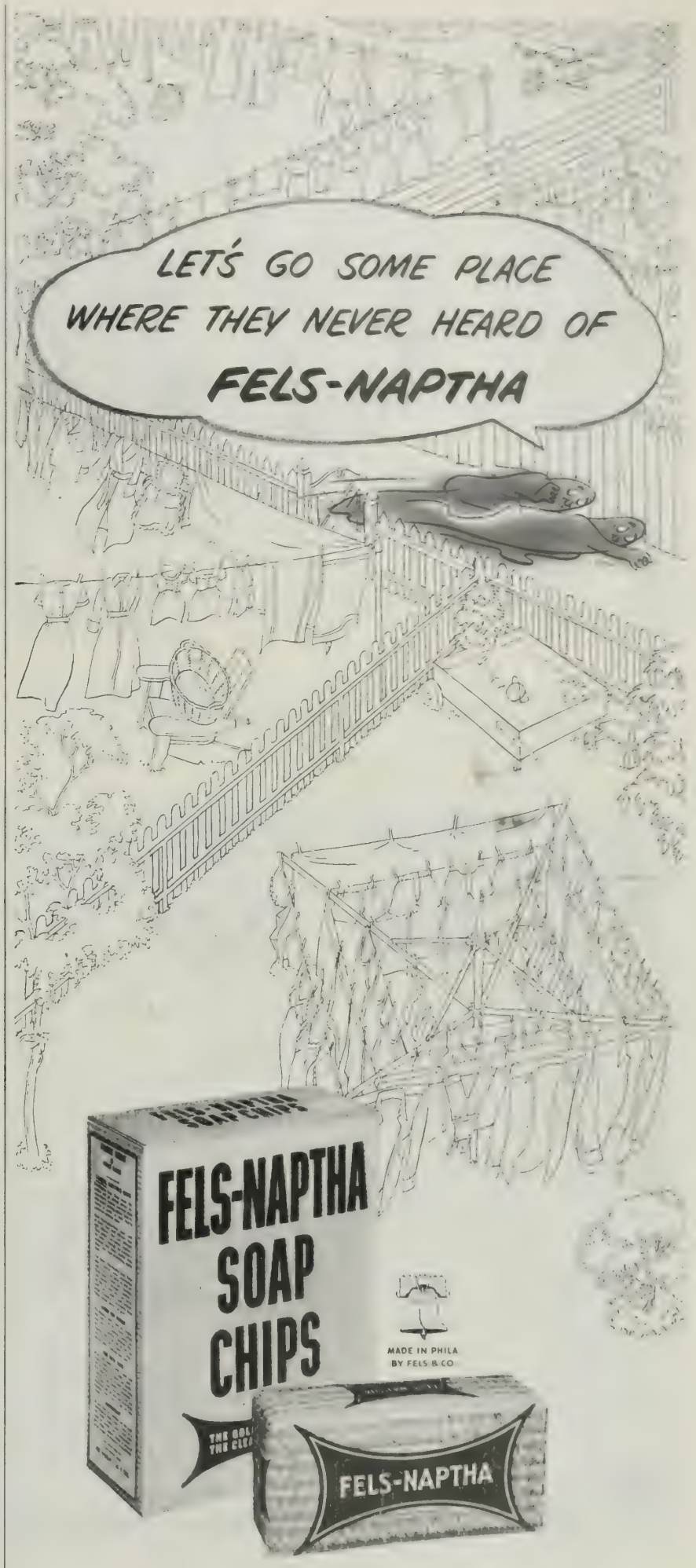
"ALGY" (Annie Lee) Peterson paints, writes poetry, worked as a fashion-copy writer before marriage. Cooking and housekeeping she never had to learn. ("Algy was spoiled," husband Andy claims.) After six years she's mastered cookbook and budget, but disciplinary tussles with three small—and hilariously extroverted—offspring, ages 5, 3 and 2, leave her weary, baffled, wondering just where it is the book theories on child raising break down.

Meet the Petersons, of Akron, Ohio, in

Help Wanted!

By BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

How America Lives
in the July LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



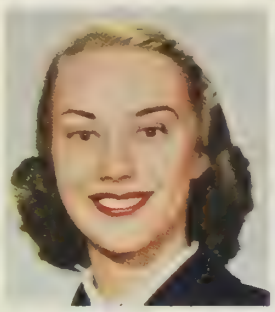
To banish "tattle-tale gray," and always have your wash look cleaner, smell cleaner and be cleaner, nothing succeeds like Fels-Naptha Soap.

FELSO, the All-Purpose White Detergent, is also made by FELS & CO.

"Naturally...



"I'm a registered nurse," says Mrs. Fred Bender of Elizabeth, N. J. "When I come home late it's wonderful to open the oven of my new automatic Gas range and find dinner 'done'—all ready to eat! *Everything* tastes better, is better for you when cooked with Gas. And Gas pressure-cooks best because you can turn it down *instantly!*"



"As drafting supervisor of a large firm," says Mrs. Richard Wellman of Chicago, "I have to make every minute count. That's why I'm so enthusiastic about my new Gas range. It's so fast I can have a home-cooked meal no matter how late I come in. Nothing could be easier to keep clean. And how I love the *flame-kissed flavor* Gas gives to meat!"



"I have 7 children," says Mrs. C. E. Gibson of Chattanooga, "and I just couldn't do without a good Gas range. Fixing baby bottles or a big Sunday roast, my Gas range does exactly *what* I want—*when* I want it to. Saves time. Money, too...for the low steady heat in a Gas oven means less meat shrinkage—enough for *everybody* from a smaller cut!"

I prefer a Gas range!"



MURRAY

and there are 26,999,997 other smart women who cook with Gas!

Gas has got it!

FOR MODERN COOKING, REFRIGERATION, WATER HEATING, HOUSE HEATING, AIR CONDITIONING, CLOTHES DRYING, INCINERATION

See the SPRING STYLE SHOW of NEW GAS RANGES today!

times I couldn't bear to dump too many problems in his lap." As a result, she was the disciplinarian in the family, and faced the day-to-day crises. "I guess I had a dream that I could automatically shift all that responsibility as soon as Jack opened his agency and could live at home," she says. "But it didn't work out that way. Jack's so much more easygoing, and I began to have a nightmare feeling that the kids would remember mamma as the one who always said no, while their dad said yes." It became so serious that she even thought of going to a psychiatrist. Jack, who was baffled but concerned, suggested she talk to the family doctor. "I'll always be grateful to that doctor," Verna says quietly. "He helped me realize nobody can make themselves over in an ideal pattern, or make somebody else over. Even if Jack left too much of the disciplining to me, he had so many other traits that meant more to all of us. After I'd looked at it that way, I gradually stopped worrying."

Jack says one of the things he likes best about his wife is that she never holds grudges, "or drags up some long-past mistake to throw in your face." He thinks her buoyancy in bad times, and her faith in him "even when it was a big gamble like starting my own business," have eased the load he carries in supporting twelve people. "And she's really exceptional about money matters and juggling a budget so it comes out O.K." His voice became warm with affection as he said, "And of course she has a wonderful talent for being a mother."

Verna's worst fault, according to her husband, is being too nervous. News of this pronouncement soon percolated through the family and caused an impassioned discussion on whether "nervous" carried the proper nuances. Several of the children thought it sounded too fussy for mamma. "She's quick on the trigger if she wants to bawl you out, but she's not nagging or twittery" was their verdict.

VERNA Pettigrew and Jack Tracy met on New Year's Eve, in 1932. Both of them had always lived in St. Joseph, but Jack went to Cathedral and Verna to Central High School. Both had A-minus averages; both went to work young. At fourteen, Verna was selling toys in a department store over Christmas; during summer vacations, she was a paid Nurse's Aide in Missouri Methodist Hospital, and entered training there at 17, to become a nurse. Jack's mother, separated from her husband when Jack was first in school, worked as a cook and then a caterer. Jack had a paper route, was a file clerk on Saturdays, and left high school after his sophomore year to help his mother support an invalid grandmother. He had a depths-of-depression factory job cutting overalls, at $50 a month, when a school friend phoned Verna to say she knew "a real cute boy who's a divine dancer and he's just broken off with his girl and wants a date for New Year's Eve."

The 19-year-old Miss Pettigrew said she already had a date. Her friend said, "Gee, that's too bad. We're all going to a marvelous dance in Kansas City." It was too much for mortal flesh. Verna broke her date, with a feeble excuse, and stipulated that Jack must arrive early to pick her up, at the student-nurses' dormitory. ("I was scared my other date would come around anyway," she says now.) Jack took this instruction so literally that when the dormitory housemother called, "Somebody to see Miss Pettigrew," Verna, still in pin curlers and an old bathrobe, stuck her head over the banisters to see who on earth it was. "You said to come early," Jack muttered, staring dubiously at his disheveled blind date. "It's a wonder he waited till I got dressed," Verna remarks now.

THEY drove to Kansas City with friends, and had a fine time until 2 A.M., when they lost the couple who owned the car. Jack still remembers that the cost of the cab to take them 45 miles back home was $13. When his wallet had recovered from this blow, he invited Verna out dancing again. Jack says he has no recollection of proposing; Verna retorts, with spirit, "Well, I certainly didn't ask *him*." They think the troth was pledged, tacitly, as they sat in a car one evening waiting for a Chicago-bound train to pass, and Verna said, "Someday I'm going to Chicago." Jack said, "All right, someday I'll take you." On June 23, they eloped, and were married in the courthouse at Platte City, Missouri. Verna was wearing a lightweight sky-blue wool dress; they couldn't afford a honeymoon. She says now, without a trace of rancor, "We never have gotten to Chicago."

Thanks to NRA, Jack's salary had swelled to $20 a week, and they could rent a bungalow for $12.50 a month. The first real crisis came when Verna almost died of uremic poisoning at the birth of her oldest child.

After Tage was born, Verna had spinal arthritis, which has plagued her ever since. She dismisses it with, "Oh, a pain you know the reason for isn't as bad as the psychosomatic kind." She also has recurrent attacks of stomach ulcers "which are probably due to financial worry." The Tracys have had plenty of those. After the birth of Patty, in 1939, the family budget was so submerged in bills that in order to augment Jack's $20 salary as salesman for an office-equipment company, Verna went to work in Penney's, selling infants' wear from 11 A.M. to 4:30. "Grandma Tracy and I had to run everything on such a split-second schedule, to get all the work done, that it was hard on the children, but it certainly made them self-reliant." She stayed in Penney's seven years. Of her $23-a-week salary, she seldom brought home more than $5. The rest went for clothes for the family. Blue Cross membership covered the hospital bills. "When Kay-kay was born, things were the toughest they've ever been, for us," she says. Jack had to take a job as bartender at the St. Francis Hotel, to get a steady $22.50. "We both felt sick about it, but we pretended to each other it wasn't so bad for a stopgap." Two years later, Jack was having his first solid success, as salesman with Western Chemical, at $350 a month. "How he loved that company," Verna says. "When Jack decided to represent Remington Rand, it took him six trips to resign at Western."

She thinks that their best financial years are ahead, with Jack's agency thriving. "And the older the kids get, the more they can do for themselves, so things are really easing up."

The Tracys' daily schedule is still not the life of Riley. Verna is up at 6:15, when Tage

How the Tracys Spent Their Money Last Year

Food	$2261.67
Payments on house	782.90
Bank loan (home improvements)	425.56
Clothing	516.07
Electricity and gas	318.33
Water (plus water softener)	96.16
Medical and dental	385.55
Insurance (life, fire, hospital)	473.34
Furniture, electric sweeper	184.05
School lunches	157.35
Vacation train fare	66.00
Cleaners	68.75
Church	51.00
Misc. ("No small item in our budget, since it includes everything not otherwise listed—haircuts, carfare, gifts, allowances, etc.")	817.18
	$6604.21

departs on his paper route, and gets breakfast for the first shift—fruit juice, cereal, toast, coffee, and sometimes eggs. She and Jack are joined by Audra, Lois and Tage, the last back home and ravenous.

At seven, John wakes all the sleepyheads; the older girls dress the babies and make beds. School-agers eat and are gone by 8:15, on the heels of their father, and get the 15¢ lunch at the school cafeteria. Verna feeds the babies and Grandma Tracy last. During the morning, she cleans, runs up and down the basement stairs to put in or take out laundry, weighs the food for her mother-in-law's diabetic diet, and prepares the main course for dinner: beef stew, chile con carne, a nourishing vegetable soup with meat bone, or a rump roast. Ironing is the chore Verna detests most.

When she says happily, "There's almost no one home for lunch," she means only five. Lou-babe goes to sleep at 11 A.M., the others have a sandwich-and-soup meal, then Mike goes off alone to kindergarten and the womenfolk all take naps. By two o'clock, Lou-babe is packing away her hefty main meal of prepared baby foods. By three, the bathinette in the kitchen has held at least one small Tracy, and Verna has sandwiched in some mending. She does her main sewing in the spring and fall, mostly making over the highly welcome clothes that come from her cousin in Burlington, Iowa. They provide half of the girls' and her wardrobes, and are a positive bonanza to the budget. When Kay-kay rebelled once against a made-over skirt, Verna said, "If Princess Margaret could wear hand-me-downs, then so can you."

Every Friday afternoon, she does the marketing for the week and hands over a check of $45 to $50, which includes meat, but not the nine daily quarts of milk and three loaves of bread. Jack, who picks up the groceries in his truck, says strangers invariably ask him, in tones varying from awe to real alarm, "How do you feed them all?" When he and Verna go over their card-index budget, on Sundays, they often wonder themselves.

Evenings, after the dishes are washed and the six youngest are in bed, is a favorite time for discussions, often launched when somebody reads a paragraph aloud from a magazine or newspaper. Verna says Jack never used to like arguing—"Imagine, an Irishman!"—but that now he's caught the spirit from her. Both of them are Independents in politics, and will argue briskly for either side, depending on the issue at stake. Verna never misses a discussion at the PTA evening Study Group; at a recent meeting they invited four high-school students to give their views on dating and recommended attitudes for parents.

When Verna and Jack go out on a date of their own—about once a week—she showers and dresses in approximately nine minutes, wears simply cut crepes or a suit. Right now she's looking forward eagerly to the family picnic-and-swim outings at Twin Lakes, "because this summer I'll be able to get into a bathing suit again." Last summer they visited their closest friends, who had moved to Topeka, Kansas, and stopped on the way to see Verna's parents. "And Christmases we stay right here," Jack said, in a no-in-laws, no-nonsense tone.

The big excitement of last Christmas was having each child's picture taken secretly, and framed together in a panel, as a surprise gift for daddy. Daddy carefully ignored all hints, however broad, and was magnificently surprised on Christmas morning. Verna, pointing out the pictures now, said fondly, "Even in these few months, they've all changed so much." She went on, "I hear a lot of younger couples talk about not being able to afford having children. Either they want a new car first, or a new house, or a television set, or a fur coat, or five thousand in the bank. And Jack and I feel that sometimes those couples value *things* more than they value children. We've had rough going at times, but we think the kids are worth it. In fact, I feel that on the whole, our life has been so full and so satisfying that sometimes I wonder what we ever did to deserve it."

BERLIN PROFILE

(Continued from Page 45)

barely sees them as she rushes to catch a seven-fifteen streetcar for school each morning. Even after a half-hour ride, there is still a brisk four-block walk to make her eight-o'clock class in the battered old building of the Kreuzberg Higher School for Girls. Though she points out firmly that "everyone knows I am no lazybones," Brigitte is a little older than most of the twelve other girls in her class. Like many other German students, she lost two years of schooling during the war, first when she was evacuated with her sister, Inge, to a youth camp in Upper Silesia, and later when she worked as a farm hand in Bavaria and as a maid in Bamberg.

"To be evacuated was our 'voluntary duty,'" explained Brigitte. "We were seventeen in all—two teachers, my classmates, my sister and I. I was just twelve, so I took my Johann with me [a fuzzy white Teddy bear, a gift on her eighth birthday]. He was a very brave beast," she said fondly. "He fled with me everywhere and then right back to my bedroom."

Both Zahn girls began the evacuation trip hopefully—Brigitte took three suitcases of clothing and, the first winter, even wrote home for her feather bed. Soon, however, the disaster became clear to them, first in terms of loneliness, then in hunger and finally in fear. They did not see their parents again for over three years (their only brother, Hans, was taken prisoner of war with an antiaircraft unit in Africa early in 1940 and was not returned to Berlin until 1946) and it was not until June of last year, six years and ten months after Brigitte packed that first suitcase, that the Zahn family again lived together under one roof.

Mrs. Zahn, a warm, pretty woman in her early fifties from whom Brigitte inherits both a twinkling eye and a lightness of spirit, commented with a concern she never lets her daughters see, "Both girls are still changed a little. When they came home, they were too quiet, too old. Brigitte is more like herself again. But Inge is more reserved, more silent than she was as a little girl."

Though she was always too young to be considered a voting part of the Hitler regime, Brigitte's relationship with the Third Reich was not completely impersonal. In 1942, at the age of ten, she did become a member of the Hitler Youth group (membership became mandatory in 1939). And she does remember seeing Adolf Hitler for the first time in 1936, as a five-year-old child, when he drove around the Olympia Stadium in Berlin in an open car during the Olympic Games. She saw him again several times before she fled the city in 1943 and admits candidly that "I thought Hitler was one of the most handsome men I ever saw." With equal candor, and with the curious confidence of many young Germans whose ideas have been changed more by circumstances than by conviction, Brigitte says even now, "I was very disappointed that we lost the war. I was very young and had been told so many good things would happen if we won."

Brigitte's first child-sized taste of defeat began in the Silesian youth camp. For the first year and three months, she and Inge, just three years her senior, had been living a community life with other children, keeping up with their schooling. However, as Russian troops neared, the group was transferred to a camp in Czechoslovakia. A few months later, as Allied troops pressed farther into German territory, the children fled 180 miles, first on foot, then by truck, to the safety of the farm lands of Bavaria. At one point, the fighting was so close that a bullet hit Inge's suitcase and exploded it open at her feet.

In Bavaria, the group found shelter in a deserted Nazi work camp and went out to beg work from local farmers. Brigitte found a job cleaning stables and working in the fields



How to bring *Enchantment to Your Table*



AT EVERY MEAL YOU SERVE WITH... *Vernonware*

Add the charm and glamour of Vernonware to your table and watch each meal you serve take on a party air! Vernonware, with its beauty and *durability*, gives years of colorful service at prices so low you'll use it every day. See the wide selection of lovely Vernonware open stock patterns at your favorite store.

CALIFORNIA HERITAGE
fascinating "drip" texture in rich, modern colors to mix or match... Almond Gold, Redwood Brown, Vineyard Green, Raisin Purple.

PICK A PRETTY PLAID
enchanting any time, any season. ORGANDIE... *bright yellow and warm brown.* GINGHAM... *deep green, chartreuse, and gay yellow.* HOMESPUN... *sunny yellow, rust, and deep green.*

SAVE MONEY! Ask for Vernon's Starter Sets

Start your table enchantment with a specially priced 16 piece Vernon set. Let relatives and friends complete your Vernonware table on birthdays, anniversaries!

Dining group above by Morris of Calif. • Below: Furniture Guild of Calif.



Write Today!



You'll be thrilled with this Vernon book
"24 WAYS TO SET A PARTY TABLE"
Complete photo instructions on how to set it!

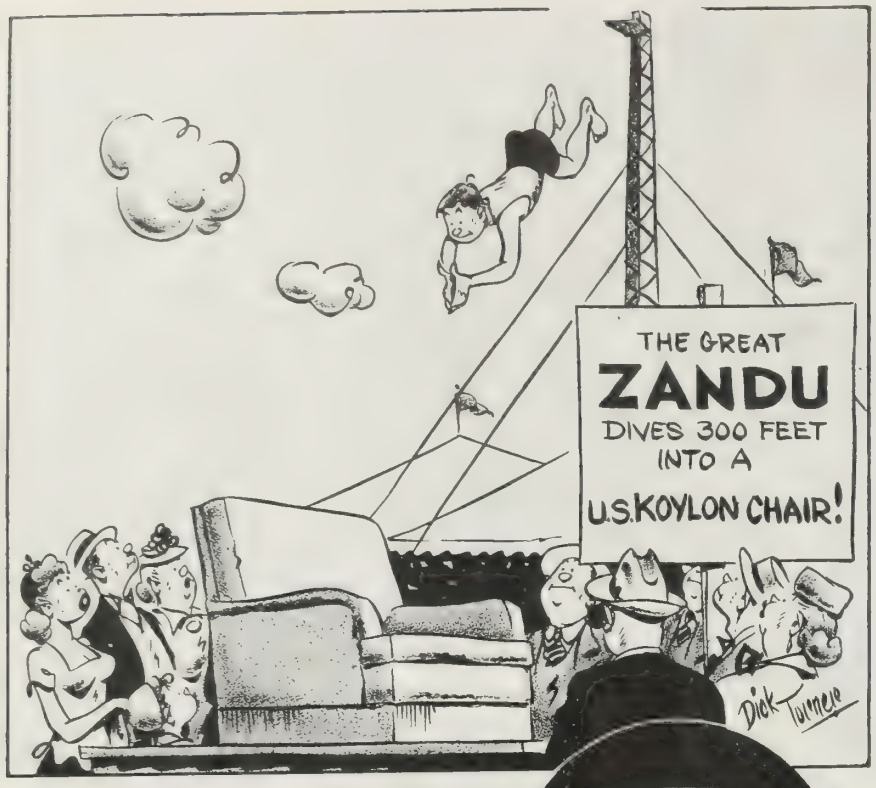
VERNON KILNS 2316 E. 52nd St., Los Angeles 58, Calif.

Please send me "24 Ways to Set a Party Table." I enclose 25¢ to cover mailing and handling. (No stamps please.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



When you land on Koylon, you'll sit on the world's most luxurious cushioning. Super-whipped foam, resilient, never needs fluffing. In fine furniture at better stores.

U.S. Koylon® FOAM Cushioning

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE



ROUT THE "Ghost of the Past" FROM YOUR BATHROOM!

Chase this daily menace with fresh, fragrant VANISH

- Cleans toilet bowls with a fast agitating action
- Goes to work the instant it hits water
- Releases an air-freshening aroma
- Harmless to septic tank and plumbing systems.

NEW EXPELLID OPENER lifts top quickly with flick of finger. No fuss or muss.



Double-Action VANISH makes bathrooms fragrant as it cleans

Try ELF new drain opener and deodorant

Before you choose your Venetians, discover...

Eastern

PRE-FAB* ONE-PIECE BOTTOM RAIL

Makes Your Blinds So Easy . . . So Quick to Clean!



Custom-made PRE-FAB is the ideal venetian blind. Extra flexible, all metal. Enclosed head and the marvelous one-piece *Metal Bottom Rail* . . . snap off the tape clamp, lift out the cord, your blind is ready to clean. Choose from many colors all DuPont Plastic finish. See your Rolla Head manufacturer today!

Pre-Fab blinds are custom-made with the equipment and products made by EASTERN MACHINE PRODUCTS CO. Baltimore 30, Md.

MATERNITY DRESSES WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

Summer Styles

CRAWFORD'S, Dept. A 729 Hall, Kansas City 6, Mo

turning hay to dry from seven in the morning till nine at night. Characteristically, with her "things aren't *so* bad" attitude, she commented, "I was lucky. Most of the city girls knew nothing about farms and were very unhappy. But I had handled sheep and things at our week-end house in the country and I knew all about it."

Both girls were still working as farm hands when the war ended in 1945. Of that period Brigitte tells a small but revealing anecdote about herself which might indicate either a young and healthy confidence in people—or her own lack of feeling of personal involvement with the conflict. One day, when she was feeding a young calf, it broke its tether and went skittering off through the barn, the feed bucket caught on its head. A Polish girl, watching, laughed at Brigitte but refused to help her. "It was so silly of her to feel that way just because I was a German," says Brigitte with some heat. "The calf might have broken his leg!"

A few months later Brigitte was transferred to Bamberg to earn her room and board as a "house daughter," or maid, in a church institution. Brother Hans, after four years as a prisoner of war in Tennessee and Virginia, had been transferred to England; the older Zahns, fleeing from occupied Berlin, took refuge at their former week-end house, a thatch-roofed farmhouse on three acres about fifty miles from the city. Suddenly fifteen-year-old Brigitte, reacting to the tension of the war years, became "ill with homesickness" and wrote pleading letters to her family about coming home. After several weeks of maneuvering, an aunt managed to get her transportation back to Berlin to an apartment just a few blocks from her present school. "She is my favorite aunt and was very kind to me," explains Brigitte, who has a strong family feeling. "And I was glad to be with her then. My uncle had just been taken off by the Russians. He was not a Nazi, but in those days Germans were all denouncing Germans, and we think someone just wanted to get even. We think he must be dead."

Abruptly, after more than three hectic, deeply disturbing years, Brigitte tried to return to the ordinary life of a schoolgirl. Her father, now working in a sawmill, sent her $5.00 a month to buy clothes and take care of school expenses; on occasional visits to her parents in the country, Mr. Zahn helped Brigitte with her French and "tutored her in Latin until she cried." (Though he has always been in the real-estate business, Fritz Zahn is a graduate of The Cloisters, and speaks French as well as German. His wife speaks a little English as well.) Hans was released from prison camp and came back to live in one room of the family apartment in Berlin. With Inge now studying nursing, life began to settle down to an irregular but somewhat permanent postwar pattern.

But for Brigitte, the transition back to peace was not easy. In what she soberly calls "the horrible winters" (1947 and 1948), when other Berliners cut down the city parks and tried to pull bits of wood out of the mid-town debris for fuel, Brigitte often visited her parents' farm to drag back fifty-pound sacks of kindling for the stove in her aunt's apartment. But one day the temperature in her bedroom dropped to six below zero. Brigitte caught influenza. A few days later it developed into pneumonia and she went to the hospital for four weeks. "I was studying so hard," she explained, "that I felt I had no time to lie down. Then suddenly I am ill for good. In the hospital I was almost more sick than ever because the food was so bad. I just couldn't make myself eat dried mashed potatoes all the time." Later that year, partly from strain and partly from many months of scanty diet, Brigitte developed stomach ulcers so severe that she often had to leave school during the day to go home to rest. Then came an accident that brought her nearer to despair than anything that happened during the war years. During gymnastics period in the school courtyard, she slipped and broke her ankle. Even now she cannot talk about it lightly. "There was nothing to do then but ask the teacher if I might be allowed to take the year over."

But in a city like Berlin, Brigitte's troubles are not unique. Most of her classmates, equally juggled about by the war, have faced similar physical and emotional difficulties in reaching their last year of school. The Kreuzberg senior class, thirteen girls from sixteen to twenty-one, sit like a cross section of the disruption and personal tragedy typical of all German youth since the war. The oldest student is a twenty-one-year-old Polish Jew who spent most of her teen years in a concentration camp. One classmate "holds the record," as she puts it, by having been bombed out of her Berlin home three times. Another is a member of the *Freie Deutsches Jugend* (Free German Youth), one of 1000 Free German Youth members, the very active Communist youth group, living in West Berlin. In direct contrast is a fellow student so anti-Communist that she defies East Sector law to come to school each morning from her home in that section of the city. Just a few months ago this student was expelled from her East Sector school and forbidden to attend school at all for writing a strong essay against the Free German Youth rally, which

(Continued on Page 174)



"At first I thought Elwood was all I wanted in a man. Then I realized he was all I could get."

Her daughter's sighs put Betty wise to floor care!



"Golly, Mom!" Betty's teen-age daughter sighed. "Everything's got to be perfect when Bill comes over Friday —and just look at our awful floors!"



"They're pretty shabby, all right," Betty had to agree. "But no wonder they're getting worn and scarred—look how the youngsters rough them up!"



"But, Mom, other people with kids have nice-looking floors. Sally's mother uses wax—says it keeps floors from wearing out. Let's try it!"



Now Betty's family are proud of their floors, too. Genuine Johnson's Wax has made them "new" again—and they'll stay "new" because wax takes the wear!



It's 10 times faster with a Johnson's Wax Beautiflor Electric Polisher! You can rent one almost anywhere—available in 50,000 stores. Or you can buy one for $44.50.

Your floors get real protection when you use genuine wax!*

Begin today to protect your floors from ugly "wear spots" with genuine Johnson's Polishing Wax. If you delay too long, only costly refinishing will make them presentable again.

You'll find it takes a little more time to apply genuine Johnson's Polishing Wax than it does to use self polishing waxes. But real wax gives longer-lasting protection so you don't wax too often.

And waxed floors are really easy to keep clean—much easier than carpeted floors. A dry mop whisks dust away.

Genuine Johnson's Wax comes in two forms—Paste and Liquid. Many people prefer Paste, because it's highly concentrated. Liquid is especially easy to use, and dry cleans as it waxes. *Both* give your floors real wax beauty and protection. Use either (or both) for the loveliest floors your home ever had. Begin today!

For lasting beauty and protection insist on genuine

Johnson's Wax *(Paste or Liquid)*

**For advice on any floor care problem, write to Consumer Service Dept. LJ61, S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, Wis.*

"JOHNSON'S" AND "BEAUTIFLOR" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS. © S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC., RACINE, WIS., 1951

Don't take chances with **ATHLETE'S FOOT**



—it can be serious!

Guard against Athlete's Foot with Absorbine Jr. and the "Wet-Dry" method!

● Don't wait for red, burning toes to make you realize you have painful Athlete's Foot! At the first sign of a crack between the toes, start using the Absorbine Jr. "Wet-Dry" method. Its "wetting" action removes flakes of dead skin and stale perspiration products and allows Absorbine Jr. to kill all the Athlete's Foot fungi it can reach. Its "drying" action helps heal the cracks.

During these hot months use Absorbine Jr. every day as a precaution. Wonderful, too, for non-poisonous insect bites, minor sunburn. Only $1.25 a long-lasting bottle at all drug-stores. For free sample bottle, write W. F. Young, Inc., 415 Lyman St., Springfield 3, Mass.



America's No. 1 Relief for Athlete's Foot

Also used by thousands for comforting relief from sore, aching muscles, neuralgic and rheumatic pain

ABSORBINE JR.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



If your skin can't take the sun



Use new Sun Allergy cream

You can't burn . . . you can't blister

● Sensitive to sun? Use new Skolex Sun-Allergy Cream! It's an exclusive new formula that screens out all the harmful ultra-violet rays; you can't burn or blister.

Not for tanning. Skolex is many times more effective than any suntan product. It has been scientifically developed for people who are allergic to the sun's rays. Completely protects even the most sun-sensitive skin. Skolex is pleasant to use, goes on smoothly, easily. Get a tube from your druggist and enjoy the sun.

SKOLEX SUN ALLERGY CREAM

(Continued from Page 172)

brought 500,000 blue-shirted members of that group marching from all East Germany into Berlin last spring. ("Is it possible," she wrote, "that after all that has happened in the Nazi times, youth again should be deceived by the waving of flags, by marching and hailing? Many people will still remember that it started in 1933 quite similarly."

But in spite of the mixed enrollment, the atmosphere in the classroom is unusually intense and congenial, with the students, all poor and shabbily dressed, working and reciting as if they were determined to make up for lost time. Even Brigitte looks a little too large, a little too mature to be crowded into the small desk. "My classmates are all good comrades," she insists vigorously. "We have no arguments at all unless we talk politics."

At the Kreuzberg school, cramped and in need of new equipment, as are most of the Berlin schools, the students stay in the same classroom all day long (except for science and art periods) and the teachers change about. Even Director Frederick Kranendick, an elderly bachelor and a great favorite with the students, doubles as a math teacher. Between classes, Brigitte—who was elected to the office for the year—hurries to wipe the two small blackboards or roll up the maps, while the others talk at their desks, do some last-minute cramming or rush to comb their hair in an improvised mirror, made by opening a small window inward so it catches the dark reflection of the blackboard. (The school has no washrooms in the main building, but a small cement-floored structure, about 20 yards away, is fitted with half-a-dozen toilets, but no washbasins, towels or mirrors.)

All the students in Brigitte's class take the same required curriculum: four languages, mathematics, chemistry, geography, biology, history, music, art appreciation and gymnastics, with two hours of religion a week optional. (Brigitte attends a Protestant church on special holidays, but feels too busy to fit religion into her school schedule this year.) Twice a week, after her last class, she goes to an ex-schoolteacher for tutoring in English and French.

THE most exciting event of the week takes place every Friday when the class is turned into a free-for-all forum for an hour, with no teacher present. The day Brigitte was chairman the subject for discussion was: "Are careers for women a good thing or a necessary evil?" (Previous discussions, all suggested by the students, covered such problems as mercy killing, corrective legislation for insane asylums and the question "Should women have a place in politics?") As Brigitte pounded on the teacher's desk with the lid of a lunch pail to keep order the girls exchanged, and shouted, such opinions as "Professional women can't have two careers at once—therefore they must make a choice between home and job!" . . . "There are statistics to show that women *do not have* the same intellectual capacity as men!" and "Shame on you! You condemn yourselves to the stove!" The student from the Free German Youth group got no argument from the group with her statement that "Work should not be decided by sex. Work should be a joy—a woman should be allowed to be a brickmason if it makes her happy." Brigitte herself, pink-cheeked with authority, wound up the discussion by stating that "I think it is the natural calling of a woman to make a home and have children. It is mean to call us slaves!"

EACH day at Kreuzberg, as at every other public school in Berlin, the class schedule is interrupted for the "school feeding," a free hot lunch which supplements student diet by 350 calories. Prepared in city kitchens, the food is delivered to schools in insulated cans, and promptly at ten-thirty class monitors scoop out into enameled pails enough food to supply their classrooms. The menu is varied regularly with thick stews, soups, rice puddings and, one day a week, cocoa with raisin buns. Last fall, when some students got too finicking about the food, Director Kranendick cut the daily order by fifty portions, but most girls scrape their bowls to the bottom.

To support the school feeding in West Berlin schools, the United States Government contributes about $2,125,000 a year, the city government about $1,225,000, with the French and British governments also contributing liberally. "School feeding" is also a part of the program in the Soviet-controlled sector of the city, but the menus there are reportedly less appealing than those of the West Sector, consisting chiefly of cereals, sauerkraut soup with black bread, and a kind of soupy pudding made from the residue of flax after it has been pressed for oil.

At Kreuzberg, no student is allowed to leave the grounds during school hours—from eight o'clock to one-thirty each day, six days a week—but after each feeding period, the girls are allowed fifteen minutes for promenading around the big walled-in school courtyard. Over that red brick wall, if no teacher is nearby, the girls can wave to students looking out the windows of the boys' school just a few doors away. For the younger girls, these promenades are just giggling interludes. For the older girls, they sometimes serve as a way to get acquainted with the boys and to arrange walk-home meetings for after school. Even though the two schools exchange invitations to gym dances twice a year, friendship is strictly discouraged between times.

"It's so silly," says Brigitte, "because we all know one another. All but two of the girls in my class have special friends—and we do have our little balls together!" These "little balls," financed by the students and given at Christmas or graduation time, are held from six to nine in the school gym, with a small orchestra, and teachers from both schools as chaperons. "For each ball, we all give a little money—I have more than some, so I give about fifteen cents," Brigitte explained.

It was at such after-school dances that Brigitte met both of the boys who have so far been important in her life. The first friendship ended with some sadness a couple of summers ago when the boy went to West Germany to work for the vacation—and didn't write. "In all that time, I got only two post cards, so I put him behind the mirror," said Brigitte blithely, using one of the few slang phrases in the German teen-ager's vocabulary. ("To put behind the mirror" means simply "to forget." A handsome boy or girl might be referred to as "a cloud," to

What Berlin's Teen-Agers Are Up Against

TO Brigitte Zahn the job of housewife and mother is "woman's natural calling." Numerically, her chances of marriage are a lot better than for girls of the next oldest age group—in 1946 Berlin had twice as many teen-age girls as boys; now it has about 84,600 to 83,300. But supporting a home requires an income. About 280,000 of the 2,800,000 population are jobless. Wages average a little over $60 a month. Prices are high—coffee, $4 a pound. Even getting an education has hardships. Since 1945 public schools have been free. But "many parents are so poor they are afraid to spend even ten cents for a copybook to send their children to school," says a school director. Registrations at the Free University are closed for the next two years. Brigitte, who planned to study chemistry, will take a job as an apothecary's apprentice. Pay, $8 a month.

make your hair

Colorful with this safe Temporary color rinse



Add all the glamorous color you want, *without making a permanent change.* Noreen Super Color Rinse gives your hair such natural-looking color . . . color that rinses in like it belongs, and stays until shampooed out. There are 14 true-to-life shades, ranging from light gold to lustrous black, and lovely grays. Choose one, and "try it on." Then, when you want a change, try another! Noreen is so easy to apply. It takes only 3 minutes with the Noreen Color Applicator (40¢).



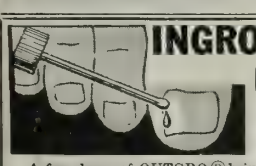
Try, too, Noreen's wonderful Super Satin Creme Shampoo. It's freer-rinsing! (50¢)

Noreen

SUPER COLOR RINSE

15¢ - 30¢ & 60¢ sizes. Also applied in Beauty Salons

Until the Applicator and Shampoo are available in every store, you may order from Noreen, 450 Lincoln Street, Denver 9, Colorado



INGROWN NAIL Hurting You? Immediate Relief!

A few drops of OUTGRO® bring blessed relief from tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTGRO toughens the skin underneath the nail, allows the nail to be cut and thus prevents further pain and discomfort. OUTGRO is available at all drug counters.

Free! Perfume . . . *(Limited to U.S.A. Only)*

3 LIBERAL SAMPLES of exclusive, new and concentrated perfumes. *Mysterious* "MOMENTUM" . . . *daring* "SAY SO" . . . *enticing* "SI". A touch of Paris, created by Jacques Dobais, now being introduced to glamorous American women through this ad. Write for your 3 FREE SAMPLES TODAY. Enclose 10¢ to cover postage and handling. **JACQUES DOBAIS, Inc., Dept. C-27, 264—5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.**

STOMACH UPSET?

If you have "hunger pains," heartburn, frequent stomach upsets or indigestion due to excess stomach acid by all means see your doctor—*and start taking Sedagel.* For excess stomach acid is believed to be a cause of more serious troubles. Users say Sedagel *acts faster—lasts longer* than anything else they've ever tried. Sedagel "sponges up" biting, burning acid—then it spreads a coating over stomach and intestinal walls that *soothes* and *protects.* Get Sedagel today!

fall in love is "to bang," and teen-aged girls themselves are known as "Backfisch," the little fish too small to be considered a legitimate catch.)

The second, and most important friendship, is with an exceedingly handsome boy, now a twenty-one-year-old chemistry student from Bonn University. ("My aunt says he is so handsome he looks like a girl," Brigitte explained proudly.) Though she admits that "I sometimes had little rendezvous I didn't even tell my mother about," her current boy is the first one to get full family approval, since the Zahns did not allow their daughter to invite boys to the apartment till her nineteenth birthday. But now Brigitte keeps his picture in the bedroom she shares with Inge, and when he was home for eight days last Christmas, she saw him every day, invited him to the family New Year's party and went with him to several plays and concerts. "And we always managed just to catch the last trolley home at twelve-thirty!" she added.

Partly because it is German tradition, and partly because all the Zahns are unabashedly grateful to be together again, most of Brigitte's life outside school is spent at home and with her family. The big apartment is used partly as an office, from which father and son conduct their real-estate business. With Mr. Zahn, portly and impressive in dark coat, gray striped trousers and spats, always on hand for clients, the Zahn household has a dressed-up, ready-for-business air about it. The front room is furnished with worn red plush furniture, covered with plump cushions embroidered by Brigitte and her mother; strips of mellowed Persian carpet cover the floor; and on one wall hangs a large original oil painting of a drinking scene from The Student Prince; in the middle of the room, in front of the bay windows, are Mr. Zahn's massive carved desk and chair.

In the "old days," as the Zahns refer to the prewar period, the family were very well off, with a car, the week-end house in the country and money for vacations at the East Sea. Now the country house is inaccessible in the Russian Zone, two of the five Zahn apartment buildings were bombed out in the war, and a third, recently condemned as unsafe, would need $20,000 to put it in repair. Though both Hans and Mr. Zahn are kept busy managing their property, as well as negotiating wills and handling mortgages for others, Brigitte says she "just has to beg" her father for the $2.50 a month she gets as allowance, $2.00 of which goes for a transportation ticket to get to school.

NEVERTHELESS, the Fritz Zahn house has a feeling of warmth and near affluence about it, and Mr. Zahn is a sentimentally affectionate father. Inge, less outgoing in her personality than Brigitte, often goes over to hug him from behind as he sits in his big chair, while Brigitte is more casually and adolescently disrespectful in her affection.

At the end of the war, six families lived jammed in the Zahn apartment, one family to a room. Now, though there has been no painting or papering done for ten years, the windows shattered by bomb blasts have been replaced, there is coal for the tile stoves in every room and Mrs. Zahn never misses baking "the Sunday cake," usually a marble cake or a hazelnut cake with whipped cream. Brigitte has learned how to cook from her mother, and though her heavy homework schedule sometimes limits her kitchen help to squeezing whipped-cream designs on the baking, she is especially good at making doughnuts and a rich goulash of beef, tomatoes, onions and seasoning.

Tall and with a bouncy energy, Brigitte translates her weight from kilos into about 124 pounds and never worries about dieting. Though she often tries to skip the roll and hot tea her mother makes for her breakfast, she is hungry at almost every other hour of the day. Amusingly, however, she is completely unaware of her big appetite. "Sometimes," she explained naïvely, "when I'm not hungry, I eat two slices of pumpernickel bread and that helps." Even her family, used to rich, heavy food, teases her about the whipped cream she heaps on her Sunday cake. "But I didn't have any from 1938 till



FLYING HIGH, BUT DOWN ON HER LUCK!

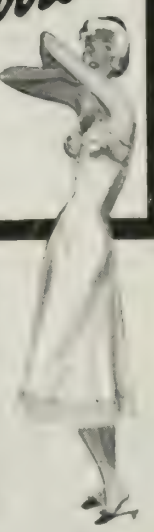
**Based on an embarrassing episode of Mary K. Adam of Denver, Colorado, to whom we have sent a check for $50. Sets of 3 slips have done to five other letter writers. (See contest details below.)*



This "crash" landing was a miscalculated risk that a **Mary Barron** would never permit. (She now wears "M. B's" exclusively!) *Your* **Mary Barron** slips will stay where they belong *always* . . . No breaking straps, crawling up, nor hip-twisting . . . perfect in fit, gracious in behavior to give you comfort and confidence.

Mary Barron

WHEN A SLIP BECOMES A SOCIAL ERROR . . . SWITCH TO



MADE OF Bur-Mil QUALITY

This newest **Mary Barron** "biastrait" slip of Bur-Mil* rayon crepe has imported Val lace edging a deep band of shadow nylon net around top. Matching Val lace and shadow nylon net give a charmingly different touch to the hemline at the bottom of this lovely slip. Colors: pink and white. Sizes: 12, 32 to 40, 31½ to 39½. Buy **Mary Barron** slips in the same size as your brassiere. About $4.00

WIN $50.00 *for your most embarrassing slip moment if used in our advertising. Five other awards of 3-slip sets. Mail to Mary Barron, Dept. LJ-1, c/o The Davidson Brothers Corp., 180 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y. (Expires Dec. 31, 1951)* **Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.*

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

If not available at your favorite store write to Mary Barron.



New finer

MUM

more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

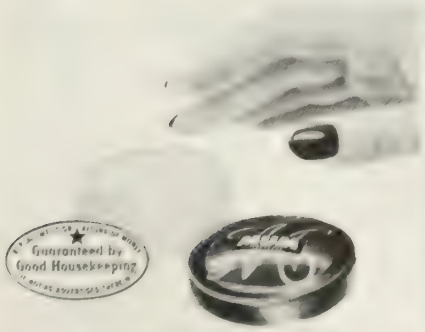
•

When you're close to the favorite man in your life, be sure you *stay* nice to be near. Guard against underarm odor this new, *better* way!

Better, longer protection. Yes, new Mum with M-3 protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm odor. Doesn't give odor a chance to start.

Softer, creamier new Mum smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Gentle—contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

Mum's delicate new fragrance was created for Mum alone. And gentle new Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage—a jar lasts and *lasts!* Get a jar of new Mum today at your favorite cosmetic counter!



New MUM cream deodorant

A Product of Bristol-Myers

1949," she says, "and I just can't get enough."

It is perhaps at family parties that Mrs. Zahn's cooking and Brigitte's appetite show at their best. Cakes with whipped cream and coffee are the usual refreshments, with occasional beer and brandy for the men, sherry for the women. Saturday night is always best for such gatherings, or a birthday or New Year's Eve. The guests are close relatives—aunts, uncles, cousins, some as young as three years old—and the Zahn family. After refreshments, most of the evening is spent in dancing. With her cousins, Brigitte likes to tango or do a kind of wide, swooping jitterbug. A radio and a phonograph stand in one corner of the dining room, and by pushing back the table, the dancers can swing around the parquet floor until the cut glass on the sideboard jingles. There is a grand piano in the living room, and though Brigitte, who took lessons in more prosperous times, no longer plays, her mother can accompany as both sing Swanee River and other Southern songs in English for their guests. (Hans became especially fond of Southern music during his stay as a prisoner of war in the United States, so last Christmas Brigitte gave him a favorite recording, in German, of Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.)

"Our parties at home are so good," explained Brigitte with enthusiasm, "that my classmates sometimes get envious when I tell them about them!"

For Brigitte, most parties away from home are also family affairs. It was with her parents that she went out for her only two "long nights" (dancing till dawn) and this year she got her first formal dress, a peach-colored silk with ruching around the scoop neckline, for a dance given by her father's all-male social club. This dress, like most of the things in her wardrobe, Brigitte designed herself, then had made up by a neighborhood tailor. "I am not ashamed," she says, "that my wardrobe is so small. I am building it up little by little." But to many girls, Brigitte's wardrobe would seem adequate; to many Berliners, almost lavish. In her closet are three skirts, five blouses, two sweaters, four summer dresses, two wool dresses and a heavy wool coat. Each dress, including material and sewing, cost about $11. "Sometimes," Brigitte said, "Inge and I change around to make things go farther. I like pretty clothes, but I am also happy without them because, by nature, I have a light spirit."

But Brigitte's "light spirit," as well as the peace of mind of the rest of the Zahn family, is sometimes overshadowed by two things: first, the difficulty of keeping economically stable in a city still far from recovered from the war; and second, making daily and future plans with the knowledge that Berlin as a city, and they as people, are surrounded on all sides by Russian-controlled territory, a full 120 miles from the nearest Allied zone. Economically, the Zahns have reached a kind of bearable status quo; the Russians, or at least the group antipathy for them, has been adopted almost as a family hobby.

THE Zahns are quick to blame every material loss they have suffered on the Russians. Their summer home happened to lie in a territory declared Russian by the Potsdam agreement, but during the first days after the war, Mrs. Zahn's beaver coat and a quantity of crystal and silver were looted from the apartment. These losses, as well as all furniture damage, nicked picture frames or broken windows, are credited to the Soviet troops. But the Zahns' actual contact with the Russians has been close enough and frightening enough to warrant their apprehension.

After the elder Zahns went to live at their country house in 1945, it took them five years to get permission from Russian authorities to come back to West Berlin. In the meantime, just after the end of the hostilities, Mr. Zahn was arrested by the Russians. With eleven other men from the small village near his farm, he was kept prisoner for two weeks.

"They thought my father must have been an army officer," says Brigitte, "because he was so fine and tall and had such smooth hands." After two weeks, Mr. Zahn and one other man were released.

Even Brigitte, who has never even seen a Russian soldier in Berlin, has absorbed fear from the experiences of her family, as well as from what she has heard about the Russians and conditions in their zone. "I don't even like to listen to the music on their radio stations," she said, "because then you have to hear all the speeches and talk about Stalin." Only on the rarest occasions does she make a trip into the Eastern Sector of the city, and then it is with a precaution that might fit into an old-fashioned spy story. For instance, last January Brigitte and her classmates all went over for a performance of Faust as part of their German course. The old Berlin Opera House is in the East Sector and even the Westerners admit that the best opera is still there. "But we didn't go together," Brigitte explained. "We each went over alone by elevated train, and though I sat next to one of my comrades, the others were all scattered around. No one from this sector likes to be seen over there as a crowd."

It is through omnipresent propaganda that the Russians have stamped their claim on the East Sector of the city. The fluttering flags and Communist posters are everywhere. Swung across several main streets, giant red banners read "It is only the friendship between Germany and Russia that keeps the United States from bringing war to our soil!" Currently the most popular poster, plastered on walls by the thousands, is a picture of a woeful small boy's face, one large tear about to fall, with the caption, "For the sake of our children—Ami, go home!"

Last spring, when East Berlin played host to half a million members of the Free German Youth, Brigitte's brother saw a seventeen-year-old boy, in the blue uniform shirt of the Communist youth group, wandering disconsolately down the famous Kurfürstendamm in the West Sector. "Hansi asked the boy to come for lunch with us," explains Brigitte. "He was very nice—told us he was a forestry apprentice from Thuringia and that he'd been forced to come to the rally or lose his job. He even had to buy shoes for the trip. He stayed first for lunch, then for coffee and then supper. My father gave him a little money to buy presents for his little sister and, after dark, Hans took him to a street where he could slip into the East Sector without being seen. We told him not to write to us because it might be dangerous to him."

Though her few contacts with the American Occupation are more friendly than those with the Russians, they are equally casual and infrequent. American magazines and newspapers are used in her English class, when the students can get them, but Brigitte had never actually talked to an American. "None of my friends would date American soldiers," she said simply. "Neither would I. You know why. We have no way to be introduced to them and it would be terrible just to be picked up on the street."

For the future of Germany, Brigitte has no solution at all, but rather one firm conviction: "We cannot stay split, Germans against Germans. We want to be free. If we are helped, we can be free again. Alone we are not strong enough, but someday Germany will stand by herself."

ABOUT her own immediate future she is less concerned and more confident, making plans within the shell of danger as if her fate were completely in her own hands. On first question, Brigitte always answers enthusiastically that "I want to be a food chemist. I am thinking of going to the Free University of Berlin. But," she must then add, "the Free University is already filled for the next two years, though I hear they may open a new chemistry building next year." Then, faced with the realization that she will be graduated from the Kreuzberg school by the end of June, the future suddenly becomes close and demanding. Having survived a rugged past, Brigitte can also realistically face a rugged future.

"I think what I will try to do is find a job, if I can, as an apothecary's assistant. That will be a two-year apprenticeship in some shop nearby. When I finish I earn $12.50 a week and have a limited license to practice. In the meantime, I get about $8 a month—enough for me if I live at home."

But even that two-year apprenticeship may be cut short for a more permanent working arrangement, because Brigitte admits with frank enthusiasm, "I think marriage is a good idea—and the sooner the better!" And for Brigitte, there will be no conflicting choice between a career and marriage.

"I think women are just made for marriage and I like to take care of a house. I want to have many children—four, I think. I want them to have a free life, but they must learn to obey me and not be naughty. No crying, no bad words in my house. Someday I would even like to have my own week-end house in the country.

"You know," she added disarmingly, knowing even as she spoke that the countryside around Berlin no longer belonged either to her or to the city itself, "I am a very gay person. I could dance all night without two coins in my pocket!" THE END

"Like an island in the red sea"

THE city of Berlin is controlled by four nations, split through the middle by Russian decision, surrounded on all sides by Russian-controlled East Germany. West Berlin, under Allied control, is a sort of island 120 miles from the nearest Allied city (Helmstedt, in the British Zone) and just across the street from the East Zone of Berlin itself. It is today the most vital and vocally resistant area in all Germany. Familiar with the patterns of totalitarianism, the people have recognized what they see in the East Sector, and mince no words in calling the Russian-East German government by its right name.

There is a kind of defiance in the determined regrowth of the city and the standard of living the people are trying to regain. Rebuilt shops, just one story high, are filled with merchandise. Street stalls sell everything from fruit to clothing in shopping areas still filled with debris of wartime bombings. The famous Kurfürstendamm is crowded with cafés serving coffee and whipped-cream cake. Heaps of rubble are hidden by posters advertising movies, plays or a new ballet. West Berlin is poor, the people are poor, but the will for a free life still exists.

Most major landmarks of the Third Reich lie in the Russian Zone—former foreign embassies, Goebbel's propaganda ministry, the Reichschancellory building, in whose bomb cellar Hitler is reported to have died—all are blackened and flattened. For whole blocks elsewhere the bomb damage is continuous and untouched—broken buildings corroded by weather. The once famous Unter den Linden is usually deserted. Amid ruin and silence there lurks a feeling (many Berliners voice it) that the Russians are determined to have this ruin remain as prolonged punishment for the people who, indirectly, caused it.

Last spring East Berlin played host to half a million members of the Free German Youth from all East Germany. The blue-uniformed group sang, listened to speeches, pledged allegiance to Communist principles, paraded signs reading "We want a united Germany!" and "Fight with Stalin!" For August of 1951, Communists have announced a second youth rally. This time East Berlin expects a crowd of one million.

The Bride's Side

MOST of the guests were seated by the time George and Sally Powers arrived. While they waited for an usher, they both looked around the crowded little church.

"It looks to me as if they'll be ready to start the ceremony any minute," Sally said. She glanced around and then squeezed George's arm. "See? There's Mrs. Andrews now—there, through that doorway. Doesn't she look lovely?"

George nodded. He had known Clara Andrews, the mother of the bride, for many years. But he had never seen her look quite so happy—almost tearfully happy—as she did now.

And looking at her, there flashed through his mind a series of pictures of Clara Andrews. He saw her as she looked that time, twenty years ago, when he had stopped at the house to talk with her husband and her about life insurance. The Andrews were young, then, and their daughter was only two years old.

And George remembered how Clara looked that day, some twelve years later, when he had stopped at the house to talk over with her again how thoroughly her husband had provided for her and their only child. It would mean that her daughter could finish her schooling as her parents had planned. It would mean, perhaps, that as nice a wedding as today's might some day happen . . .

The usher was approaching them now, smiling and holding out his arm to Sally. "Do you wish to sit with the bride's friends and relatives, or the groom's?" he asked.

And even though George and Sally were especially good friends of the groom and his parents and had had every intention of sitting in one of the right-hand pews, there was something that made George say, "We'd like to sit on the bride's side, if there's room . . ."

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

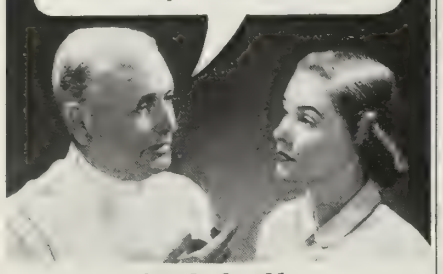
The usher was approaching them now, smiling and holding out his arm to Sally . . .



Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

PAINFUL FEET?

Many parts of the body feel the ill-effects of painful feet. That is why, when your feet hurt, you hurt all over!



Get *Dr. Scholl's* For

FAST RELIEF

Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the noted authority on the feet, has formulated and designed over 100 Remedies, Appliances and Arch Supports for the relief of all common foot troubles. Their cost is very small. At Drug, Shoe, Department and 5-10¢ Stores everywhere.

CORNS—SORE TOES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve and gently remove corns; stop painful shoe friction; soothe, cushion, protect the sensitive spot. Help prevent corns, sore toes, blisters.



PAIN HERE?

Dr. Scholl's LuPAD, a soft Latex Foam cushion; loops over forepart of foot; relieves pains, cramps, callouses, burning, tenderness at ball of foot. Flesh color, washable.



WEAK ARCHES

Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer and exercise relieve tired, aching feet, foot and leg pains, when due to weak or fallen arches. Light, flexible. Adjustable as condition improves.



HOT, TIRED FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves, refreshes feverish, tender, sensitive, tired feet, due to exertion or fatigue. Puts you right back on your feet. Economical!



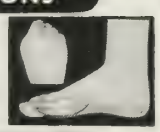
TENDER FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves tender, hot, tired, chafed, sensitive feet. Soothes minor skin irritations; eases new or tight shoes; helps prevent Athlete's Foot. Cultivate this fine foot health habit.



SEVERE BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer, of soft rubber, relieves pain from shoe pressure, hides the bulge, helps preserve shape of shoe. For wear over the stocking, ask for *Dr. Scholl's Leather Bunion Protector.*



ATHLETE'S FOOT

Dr. Scholl's Solvex relieves itching feet and toes; kills fungi it contacts; helps heal red, raw, cracked, peeling skin of Athlete's Foot. Liquid, Powder or Ointment.



RELIEF—PROTECTION

Dr. Scholl's Kurotex, soft, cushioning, protective foot plaster, relieves shoe friction and pressure on corns, callouses, bunions and tender spots on feet and toes. Easy to cut to any size, shape and apply.



Dr. Scholl's

FOOT COMFORT® REMEDIES, APPLIANCES ARCH SUPPORTS AND SHOES

GET-TOGETHER ROOM

(Continued from Page 167)

Finally we decided to turn it into a dual-purpose room for both dining and parties.

The room was furnished with a mission-oak table and chairs, a secondhand oak desk and an old-style sewing machine. So we made a plan for this and all other static dining rooms in homes where space is at a premium and young people have no social rooms of their own.

The key to this new-style room is the JOURNAL-designed, come-apart table. Each unit is a long, narrow trestle, mobile and adaptable to many uses and arrangements. This makes it possible to open up the room for activities other than dining. Each of the long, narrow units is 23" x 81", and has its own supports.

Against the dining-room wall with the windows we developed extra seating space, fitting it with five carpenter-built units, all functional. There are a storage cabinet topped by bookshelves, two upholstered seats, a study desk, and lamp and magazine table. Each piece is separate and mobile, but arranged against the wall they fit snugly and take off only 20" from the width of the room.

Because the smaller children of the Tracy family will undoubtedly take over the room by day and all surfaces will be subjected to repeated hazards, washable vinyl plastic was used for both upholstery and hangings. The tufted vinyl upholstery comes welded to cotton backing, making it easier to use and imparting the cushiony softness of quilting. Odorless, inviting to touch and in enchanting colors, this washable, decorative plastic enables home decorators to use fashion colors and textures in utilitarian spots. The padded upholstery vinyl is 54" wide and costs about $3.25 a yard.

The draperies are vinyl film also, bought by the yard and sewed on a home sewing machine. The film is 54" wide and costs about 70 cents a yard. In fact, this is a plastic room, with place mats and other accessories made of the same type vinyl plastic.

The sewing machine is concealed by a modern console, ready for instant use. The console is a plywood rectangular box without floor or back, and fitted with casters to slide over and around the old-style drop-head machine. It functions as a server between times.

The rug is natural flax fiber, reversible and extremely serviceable in this dual-purpose room.

ARE YOU WORRIED?

(Continued from Page 61)

job on his paper. Johnny was the top graduate and he got the job.

That was fine, Johnny said, but ——

Bullett, the city editor, a bilious and belligerent product of the old-time newspaper days, could not endure the sight of a graduate of a school of journalism. He looked about for ways of humiliating him, and hit on the idea of making him his personal errand boy. He gave him such chores as picking up his theater passes and fetching coffee and sandwiches from Jake's Delicatessen. He couldn't fire Johnny because he was Mr. Dilling's appointment. And it looked very much as if he couldn't force Johnny to quit.

Then Radigan died. Radigan was the ulcer-ridden rewrite man who had for years performed for Bullett as The Pigeon.

When a Globe reader strode angrily into the office and denounced Bullett for inaccuracy or misrepresentation, usually threatening a libel suit, Bullett would, with a great show of indignation, call for the employee who played The Pigeon. He would excoriate The Pigeon as he stood before the desk, accusing him of being a disgrace to the Globe and the fourth estate, and fire him. The Pigeon would abjectly get his hat and go.

The reader was almost always appeased. A half hour later, The Pigeon would return to the office, hang up his hat, and return to his regular job.

Bullett, looking over the room for a successor to Radigan, hit with sadistic glee on Johnny. Thenceforth, Johnny was The Pigeon.

"I've really taken a beating," Johnny confessed sadly. "Each time he fires me I have the feeling I am really fired."

In addition to Bullett, there was Vicky, Johnny said. Vicky was a cool, sophisticated young blonde who made the rounds of the night spots and ran a column in the Globe called Chesterville After Dark.

"I'm in love with her," Johnny confessed.

"Ah"—Doctor Dominion nodded profoundly—"now you are definitely in trouble."

"She's not in love with me. I think she laughs at me."

Doctor Dominion looked at Johnny's naïve, almost wistful face. "You, Mr. Little?" he asked, raising his eyebrows almost to his hairline in a great show of disbelief. "You, of all people?"

"She could be right," Johnny admitted humbly. "After all, I'm only a Pigeon." He looked down at the desk, added in embarrassment, "I'm afraid I'm a coward, too, doctor. I've suspected it ever since I first became The Pigeon. After yesterday, I'm sure of it. That's really why I m here to see you, doctor."

"What happened yesterday, Mr. Little?" The doctor studied Johnny's face.

Then Johnny told Doctor Dominion about yesterday.

Mrs. Dilling, the publisher's wife, and his daughter, Margaret, had come to the office to call on Mr. Dilling. Johnny had known the girl at college and, seeing her in the reception room, went in to pass the time of day.

Johnny felt quite big doing this, for, while she was the daughter of the publisher and due a certain amount of deference in the office, at college she had been a demure, if shapely, little wren. He had been a big shot then and he couldn't see her for dust. Now he wished he had, for plainly she was a lovely bit of femininity.

He was telling her it was a pity she was not cut out for a reporter's job. It was a colorful life, he said, and an audacious one too.

At that moment Bullett shouted for Johnny. A complaining customer was at his desk. So, there before Margaret and her mother, Bullett, in a particularly loud and distressing scene, fired Johnny and told him never to darken the door of the Globe office again. Johnny abjectly got his hat and limply departed. When he came back a half hour later, the girl was gone and he was thus denied even the small consolation of explaining the routine to her.

Doctor Dominion nodded a heavy nod of profundity. "Yes, that is bad."

"Wait till you hear what happened last night," Johnny said.

He was to meet Vicky in the lobby of the Crown Hotel at eight. He had sent her a corsage and bought two seats for a show.

He sat in the lobby and waited. Show time came and went and she did not appear. Nine o'clock came, and nine-thirty. Then a bellhop announced he was wanted on the telephone. It was Vicky.

She was sorry, she said, but she could not meet him. She had to go out on a story that popped just as she was leaving the office.

Through the telephone Johnny could hear a dance band. Was that music he heard? he asked.

She laughed. Yes, she was down at Danny Corelli's at the beach. He had a new floor show. That was the story she had to cover.

Maybe they could get together tomorrow night, he suggested meekly.

She hesitated a moment and then agreed.

"That did it, doctor," Johnny said. "I'm The Pigeon in life, too, I guess, as well as in the office. I'm just a plain, ordinary coward."

Protect yourself against

Mosquitoes!

USE

6-12 TRADE-MARKS SIX • TWELVE

INSECT REPELLENT



Just a few drops will keep mosquitoes, gnats, and chiggers away. You'll enjoy gardening without these pests. It's Odorless!

Get a bottle today at any Drug, Hardware, or Sports Store—only 49¢

BEAUTIFUL *Glamorous* WAVES

mervin WAVE CLIPS

Create Deep, Natural Quick-Drying Waves



AT CHAIN, DRUG & DEPT. STORES 2 FOR 10¢

NOW . . . *Real* SALON-TYPE

Home Facial . . .



See your skin clearer, fresher, finer — a professional treatment in 10 minutes

You know the beauty results of a salon clay facial. Now give your skin the same care *at home* . . . regularly . . . for just a *few cents* a facial with Hopper White Clay Pack. So easy! Just smooth on. Let dry. Rinse. In *just 10 minutes*, you'll see your skin softer, clearer, glowing! Tense feeling melts away! Try it today. Money-back guarantee. **25c to $1. Also 10c trial size.*

FOLLOW UP your Hopper Home Facial with extra-softening Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream. *plus tax

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

HOPPER® white clay pack HOME FACIAL

Doctor Dominion got ponderously to his feet. "Yes," he declared solemnly, "yours is a serious case, Mr. Little. But you have come to the right man." Doctor Dominion waved to the certificate on the wall. "Modern psychology holds all the secrets of fame and fortune. Listen well, Mr. Little, and go forth the master of men—and women!"

Everybody had the soul of a goose in the shape of a man, he went on. Everybody was a coward. Bullett, for example. Vicky. Therefore, Johnny, knowing them to be cowards at heart, must assert his mastery over them.

"This monster of an editor, tell him where he gets off. Tell him you want a raise. And as for this girl—humph! A woman! Poor dependent creature, poor weakling who should be grateful for the existence of a single man! Show her your strength! Reveal your authority! Do not answer when she speaks. Do not look at her except in contempt. Never be on time for an engagement. Be always at least a half hour late. Remember, they all live in fear. Your knowledge of their cowardice is your secret strength."

Johnny was impressed. "You really think it'll work?" he asked, when Doctor Dominion paused for breath.

"I am not a consulting psychologist for nothing, young man."

Swiftly, dramatically he moved back to the inner door, and flung it open.

"Look!" he commanded. "Look and behold! My dear brother, Professor Dominion. Courage—courage triumphant!"

Johnny looked. Stretched out on a worn sofa was a man as big as the doctor. His face was white. A faded blue quilted comforter covered him. In his hand was a pencil and before him was a writing pad.

DOCTOR DOMINION lowered his voice, spoke of his brother. His two legs were paralyzed from the hips down. His heart was shot to pieces. He could hardly eat or drink. His wife had left him at the first beginnings of his illness. His sons had gone off with his money. His onetime fame as a scholar was now forgotten. Here he lay, invalided, penniless, helpless, without hope—and what was he doing?

"Writing a history of the world from the beginning up till now! Up till today!"

The invalid breathed heavily.

"'Audacity! Audacity! Always audacity!' That is my dear brother's motto. Let it be yours, sir!" He closed the door on the invalid. "And you think you have troubles!" he whispered. Then abruptly he said, "That'll be twenty dollars, Mr. Little."

"Twenty dollars!" Johnny needed all his new audacity to keep from keeling over. He had borrowed ten dollars that morning and said that was all he had.

"Very well"—Doctor Dominion spoke in a hurt voice—"I'll take the ten. No money is sufficient to pay me for what I have done. You came in here worried and a coward. You leave triumphant."

JOHNNY thanked him, shook hands and left. His head was high, his jaw resolute, his step light as he walked back to the Globe office. He gave several pretty girls a superior smile, and his ego swelled when one smiled back.

He walked against the traffic lights. When a traffic policeman glared at him, he gave a lordly wave of recognition.

He walked a straight path on the sidewalk and those coming toward him were forced to step aside. He felt good. They were all frightened, as Doctor Dominion had said. He conquered who did not show his fear.

He was still some yards from the Globe Building when he saw Vicky. She was hatless and flashed cool and golden through the sunlight. Johnny's heart sank. It was hard for him to remember Vicky was a weakling, a poor dependent creature, as, serenely self-contained, she came toward him. She gave him her usual little smile of amusement.

"Good morning," he said matter-of-factly, giving her only a glance, hoping his face did not betray the pounding of his heart.

"Hi," she said, studying him sharply in her surprise at his show of indifference.

He kept on past her, but slowing down as he did so.

She stopped. "Mad?" she called.

He half turned. "No," he said coolly, "but please be at the Crown tonight, and"—he felt Doctor Dominion would be proud of him—"be sure you are on time."

With that he turned abruptly and entered the building. She watched him go, her puzzlement showing in her quizzical smile.

Climbing the long flight of stairs to the city room, Johnny felt that he had won his first major battle. Bullett, in his shirt sleeves, was cursing over the telephone as Johnny

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To the Beach

By Marion Lineaweaver

Thinking to ease my heart, bursting and breaking,
I went forth in the New England evening.
The rain fell. Ground fog hushed the narrow roads,
And there was no sound but the sound of silence.
The wooden, shuttered, beautifully measured houses
Glimmered, as if whitewashed in spray.
Their ivied windows opened on peace:
Rocking chairs, people, knitting, checkers, books,
And over all the salt breath of the bay.

Deliberately I walked, trying, oh, longing
To find solace in it. But no.
The lime-green rain fell eastward and oblique.
Fog foamed on the lawns, ghosted the porches;
The picket fences all were hung with roses,
Full, wide open, and as live as blood.
So I stood like a girl, on tiptoe in the street,
Before a window. The people belonged to my dollhouse,
Long since put by, and covered with a sheet.

I laid my lips on a heavy cluster of roses,
So not to cry out loud. Still the salt taste was there,
In my mouth, in my rain-sopped hair. I ran.
I had to run. I threw my sandals off and ran,
Right, left, over the stile, down the cliff,
Sliding and letting go. And then I stood,
Not like a girl, but like a woman free,
With unbound heart singing inside, swinging
To the soft, purple explosion of the sea.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!



MOSQUITOES HATE **SKAT**

You'll like it!



New Improved formula—pleasant to use... safe for nail polish, fabrics, all plastics

Just smooth on Skat—say good-bye to horrid mosquitoes, biting flies and chiggers. New Skat is a **delight** to use. Pleasantly fragrant . . . never any stickiness! And don't worry about your nail polish or clothes. New Skat positively will not harm anything but insects. Proved effective in the South Pacific . . . use it freely and garden, fish or sun-bathe IN COMFORT.

NEW **SKAT** INSECT REPELLENT

BASED ON A FORMULA USED BY THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

DRY SKIN?

Mail this coupon to Helena Rubinstein

"Dry skin is really a *problem!*" says noted beauty authority Helena Rubinstein. "So often I am *appalled* to see prematurely aged skin on women still in their early 30's." If your skin is flaky and feels taut, "PASTEURIZED" FACE CREAM SPECIAL will help overcome these dry skin problems. As it cleanses, its rich emollients sink deep into your skin to give it a young, dewy look and counteract dreaded dryness. After only ten days you will see an amazing difference!"

Send 25¢ in coin for a generous 10-day trial size of "PASTEURIZED" FACE CREAM SPECIAL—and receive a FREE booklet on skin care, showing you how to massage and care for your skin, plus a FREE make-up analysis for your coloring.

Helena Rubinstein, Inc., P. O. Box 840, New York 46, N. Y. Enclosed is 25¢ in coin. Please send me 10-day trial size of "PASTEURIZED" FACE CREAM SPECIAL and FREE booklet on skin care. I am Blonde ☐ Brunette ☐ Medium Brown ☐ Red Head ☐ Silver-Gray ☐

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

entered. His jaw was jutted out, his bilious face scowling.

"Hey, you!" Bullett's voice roared.

Johnny trembled, slowed down, but kept on moving. He knew Bullett was roaring at him. Quickly he whispered to himself, *Audacity! Audacity! Always audacity!*

"Hey, Little!"

Johnny, still trembling, stopped. "Yes, sir," he said as evenly as he could.

"Comin' in at noon now, huh?" He fixed Johnny with an angry eye. "Get in here in the morning from now on or don't come in at all!"

Johnny tried to whisper, *Audacity! Audacity! Always audacity!* But this time the words would not come. "Yes, sir," he said meekly.

"And the salami yesterday was lousy. Get liverwurst this time. Two on rye. And hurry."

Johnny, on his way to Jake's Delicatessen, gave way to everybody on the sidewalk, looked nobody in the eye. His newly found psychology had faded. Vacantly he watched Jake slice the liverwurst for the sandwiches, noticed his jaw was swollen.

"Had a tooth pulled," Jake explained. "Kept me up all night. You ought to be glad you ain't got a toothache. Everybody ought to be glad they ain't got a toothache!"

Then, suddenly, Johnny remembered the professor, Doctor Dominion's brother. Old. Ill. Paralyzed. Poor and forgotten. And still bravely busy writing the history of the world from the beginning down to the present moment. Johnny felt mean and ashamed, like a man who had run from battle.

ABRUPTLY he came to new life. "Never mind the sandwiches, Jake," he said. "Forget them." He strode boldly out of the store and headed back for the Globe. "Audacity!" he said aloud to the sunny day as he went.

Johnny went up the stairs and back into the city room.

Bullett looked up from his desk. "Where's the sandwiches?"

Johnny cleared his throat. "I'm not an errand boy, Mr. Bullett," he said. "From now on, get your own sandwiches."

Bullett was speechless.

Johnny, encouraged by his silence, went audaciously on. "And as long as we're talking, Mr. Bullett, I think it's about time I got a new job. I can do any job in this place, including yours."

"Now, what do you think of that?"

Johnny noted Bullett's voice was slow, measured. He did not shout. (How right Doctor Dominion was, Johnny told himself. They were all cowards!)

He went on. "And first of all I'd like a raise."

Then, suddenly, Bullett exploded in a roar of laughter, long and raucous. Everybody in the room turned, looked to the desk. Johnny felt himself grow smaller as Bullett stood up. This was not, he sensed, going altogether according to plan.

"Look, chum," Bullett said, "ever since the old man tossed you wet-eared into my lap, I've been looking forward to this. Get your hat and your pay check and get out of here!"

Johnny paled. His dream of life ebbed away as he stood there. He grew even smaller. "I'm sorry, Mr. Bullett ——"

"Scram!" Bullett bellowed. "And fast! When the day comes I want to turn my job over to you I'll let you know. Get out!"

Johnny got out.

What had gone wrong?

Johnny, shaken, moped along Main Street. Could it possibly be that Bullett was not a coward? Could it possibly be that Doctor Dominion was wrong?

No, Johnny answered himself, as he remembered the heroic professor, the doctor's brother. He remembered his courage with all the odds against him, with all lost. No. The doctor had to be right.

I guess I must have messed it up, Johnny told himself finally. *I guess I moved too fast.*

Little by little, as he walked on and put the Globe office farther behind him, he began to find consolation in his failure.

It had been his first assertion of manhood and that, he decided, whatever the

Don't be HALF-SAFE



by **VALDA SHERMAN**

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you mature. Now, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a new type of perspiration containing milky substances which will — if they reach your dress — cause ugly stains and clinging odor.

You'll face this problem throughout womanhood. It's not enough merely to stop the odor of this perspiration. You must now use a deodorant that stops the perspiration itself before it reaches — and ruins — your clothes.

As doctors know, not all deodorants stop both perspiration and odor. But Arrid does! It's been proved that the new cream deodorant Arrid stops underarm perspiration 1 to 3 days safely—keeps underarms dry and sweet.

Remember this, too. Arrid's antiseptic action kills odor on contact — prevents formation of odor up to 48 hours and keeps you "shower-bath" fresh. And it's safe for skin —safe for fabrics.

So, don't be half-safe. Don't risk your happiness with half-safe deodorants. *Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure.* Arrid with Creamogen will not dry out, and it's so pleasant and easy to apply. Get Arrid today.

AMAZING CREAM REMOVES UNSIGHTLY HAIR *QUICKLY*, SAFELY



Acts Below "Razor Line" Without Cutting or Scraping Legs

The modern way to remove ugly hair from your legs is with *Neet*® Cream Hair Remover. It works deeper than a razor, below the surface of the skin. Safer too from razor cuts and scratches. Neet leaves tender skin soft and smooth, free from razor stubble. Just apply Neet like any cream, then rinse off and hair disappears like magic.

CONSTIPATED TODAY? After 35, Do This—

Use all vegetable Serutan designed especially for folks over 35. *Serutan is different.* Acts with Nature to give you daily regularity. Results are so pleasant, you'll be reminded of your younger days. What a wonderful feeling to be regular again! Get Serutan at your drugstore today. Money-back guarantee.



FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

KLUTCH CO., Box 5121-F, ELMIRA, N. Y.



At Better Stores And Fit For A King
HIS NIBS SANFORIZED SHIRTS PAJAMAS

ONE MINUTE of Simple Care in Minor Injuries

CUTS, BURNS May Avoid Terrible Infection

Great risk lies in neglected small cuts, burns, scratches, scalds as germs may multiply by millions. Apply tested Oil-O-Sol at once. This germ-arresting antiseptic helps control infection, ease pain, speed healing. A favorite in first aid for 50 years. Mosso's Oil-O-Sol today at your drug store.

consequences, was good. It was a poor job he'd lost, anyway. He straightened up. In any event, he was no longer The Pigeon.

And tonight there was Vicky. He may have missed on Bullett, he told himself, but he would not miss on Vicky. She was a woman, a dependent creature, a weakling.

"Show her your strength! Reveal your authority!" the doctor had told him. "Never be on time for an engagement."

His courage began to surge again. Tonight would be the real beginning of his new life.

EIGHT o'clock was the time they were to meet in the lobby of the Crown. He would arrive, he decided, about eight-thirty or eight-forty. That would be a good beginning.

He killed time at the drugstore sipping coffee. The clock said ten past eight.

Johnny, thinking of Vicky, remembered her delicate self-reliance, her cool, golden charm. Perhaps, he decided, he should not keep her waiting too long. A little lesson might be best at first.

It was about twenty minutes' walk from the drugstore to the Crown.

Vicky was nowhere in the lobby. She had been there about eight o'clock, the bellboy told him. Ten minutes or so ago she had gone off with Danny Corelli.

"You know the Danny Corelli who has the night spot down the beach?"

Johnny nodded weakly. Yes, he knew Danny Corelli.

He had lost his job. He had lost his girl. Not even the memory of the heroic professor, Doctor Dominion's brother, moved him any more. He dragged himself along the brilliantly lighted avenue beyond the Crown like a man on his last mile.

Gaiety was in the night air. People on the street appeared happier than he had ever seen people. The Elks Club canopy, stretching from the entrance to the curb, was up and guests in evening attire were arriving for a ball.

Music from The Golden Horseshoe, a fancy cocktail bar, tinkled out of its glowing entrance, a few doors beyond the Elks Club.

Johnny stopped. Perhaps here was some sort of consolation. He had never tasted whisky. He moved toward the glittering doors. But he had taken only a few steps when the sight of two men coming out of the bar brought him to an abrupt stop. The two men were Doctor Dominion and the professor, flashily dressed and jovial with drink. The doctor no longer wore his professional air. And the professor, as healthy-looking and spry as a man could be, swaggered out on limber legs. Their laughter soared up to join the merriment of the night.

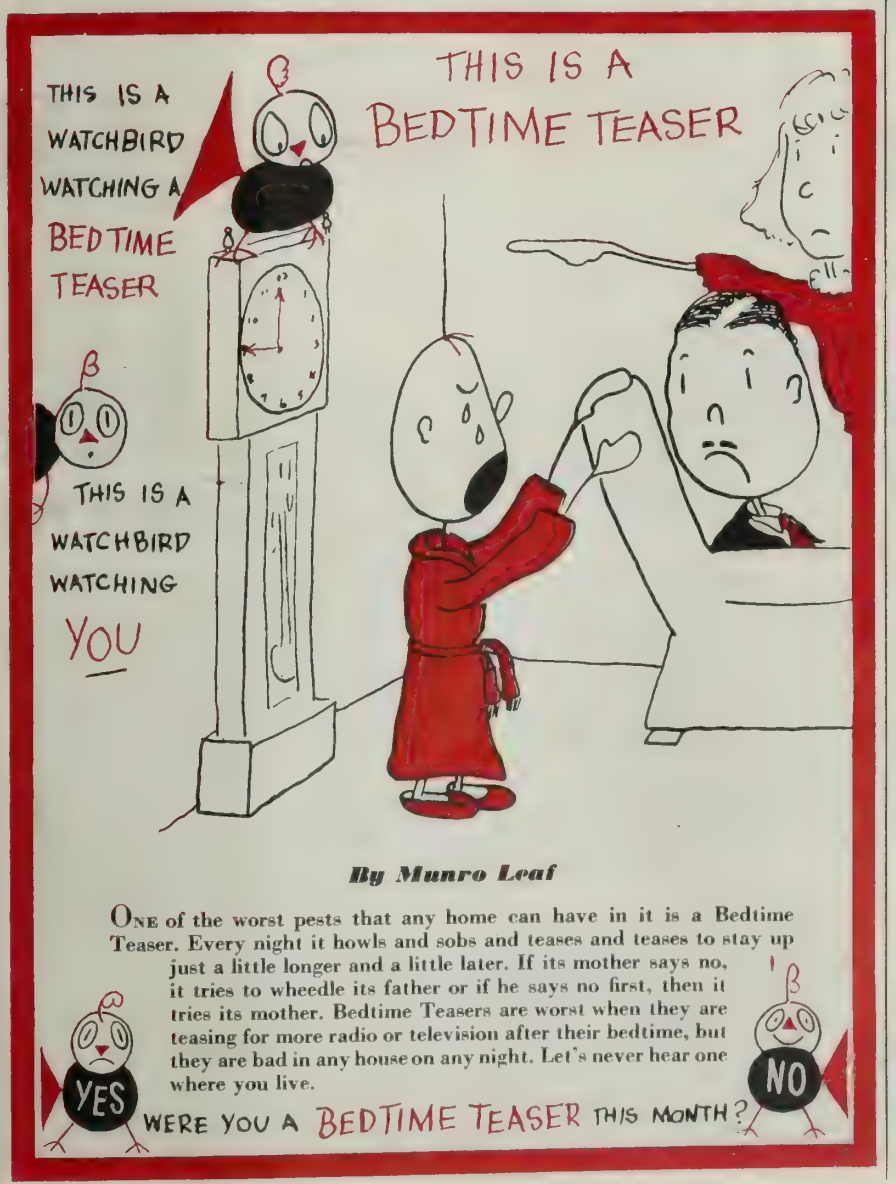
Johnny, stunned, unable to move or speak, watched them as, enwrapped in their own good spirits, they moved past him back along the avenue. This, then, was the heroic professor, old and ill, paralyzed and helpless. The realization crept dimly through Johnny's dazed brain. Doctor Dominion had played him for a Pigeon, too; had taken him in, hook, line and sinker. Anger boiled up in his heart, grew into a fury that blinded him.

MR. WADSWORTH DILLING, owner and publisher of the Globe, was going to the ball at the Elks Club with his wife and his daughter, Margaret, and her escort. He drove his car up to the curb at the club and let his passengers alight. While Mr. Dilling and the escort were in friendly argument as to who would park the car, Mrs. Dilling and Margaret, radiant in evening gowns, glided along under the canopy toward the club entrance.

At the same moment, Doctor Dominion and the professor, buoyantly weaving along the sidewalk, arrived under the canopy. They saw the radiant Mrs. Dilling and her daughter, and saw them with such enraptured gaze they did not see Mr. Dilling and the escort at the car.

"Good evening, ladies." Doctor Dominion lifted his hat, bowed. "Pleasure bound, I see.

(Continued on Page 183)



By Munro Leaf

ONE of the worst pests that any home can have in it is a Bedtime Teaser. Every night it howls and sobs and teases and teases to stay up just a little longer and a little later. If its mother says no, it tries to wheedle its father or if he says no first, then it tries its mother. Bedtime Teasers are worst when they are teasing for more radio or television after their bedtime, but they are bad in any house on any night. Let's never hear one where you live.

WERE YOU A BEDTIME TEASER THIS MONTH?

Dental Research Indicates You Can Help

Prevent Tooth Decay With COLGATE Ammoniated Tooth Powder



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Yes, Colgate's Great Dentifrice Gives Extra Protection As It Cleans Your Teeth—and Breath!

1 REMOVES ACID FILM usually associated with tooth decay! Laboratory tests indicate that when you use it regularly as directed, Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder may help you avoid pain, worry and expense of needless tooth decay.

2 TEETH LOOK CLEANER, feel cleaner immediately. That's because Colgate's foamy cleaning action removes dulling film so well teeth get naturally, sparkling clean.

3 CLEANS BREATH, TOO . . . Removes tiny food particles that cause much bad breath. Has a minty, mouth-refreshing flavor that even children love!

Get Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder today for the whole family. Available at any toilet goods counter.

4 oz. 47¢ 2 oz. 27¢

With A Flavor The Whole Family Will Enjoy

Brilliant new fragrance idea!



- lasts longer than toilet water
- less costly than perfume extract

TOILET ESSENCE in Tweed or Repartee



2.50 PLUS TAX
2 FULL OUNCES

Lentheric
PARIS LONDON NEW YORK



so Wonderful to Live with...

It is so wonderful to live with the beauty and performance of the marvelous Deepfreeze Refrigerator. It is planned as carefully as you would plan your home, with features for better living such as the exclusive Deepfreeze Freezer Compartment. The door of the Deepfreeze Refrigerator, with removable Handy Bin, is *the most important door in your home.* As it swings quietly open, it reveals a place and space for everything! See this refrigerator in your Deepfreeze Appliance dealer's store today.

Go Buy The Name... Deepfreeze REFRIGERATORS

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

© 1951 Deepfreeze Appliance Division, Motor Products Corporation

HOME FREEZERS · REFRIGERATORS · ELECTRIC RANGES · ELECTRIC WATER HEATERS

All products of the Deepfreeze Appliance Division, Motor Products Corporation, North Chicago, Illinois

(Continued from Page 181)

And so are we. Perhaps we could make a merger."

"A delightful idea," the professor chimed in, beaming. "Two lovely ladies join us for a lovely evening." And he chummily draped an arm around each of them.

At that moment, the tornado struck.

Johnny, arms flailing, fists fiercely clenched, soaring with the momentum of his mad sprint down the sidewalk, hit the scene. So blind was his fury, he was only vaguely aware of the two women and completely unaware of their identity.

He flung himself at the doctor first. Immediately, the doctor crumpled to the sidewalk. Then, sustaining his wild motion, Johnny swung at the professor, but that bedridden invalid dodged nimbly and ran down the street with the speed of an Olympic dash man. Johnny was close behind him, shouting, "You phony! You quack!"

Mrs. Dilling screamed. Margaret exclaimed, "Oh, Johnny!" Mr. Dilling and the escort, shocked at the suddenness and strangeness of the event, stood dazed at the curb.

Suddenly, a siren shrilled and a police car careened to a rocking halt at the curb.

The Globe gave the story a two-column headline on its first page:

GLOBE MAN SINGLEHANDED
SUBDUES FELON

Ex-Convict Accosted Women
on Grand Avenue—Wanted
by Bunko Squads in
Seven Cities

Under the headlines was a picture of Johnny Little.

The paper was spread out before Mr. Dilling on his desk in his office at the Globe. Mrs. Dilling and Margaret sat on either side of the desk. Bullett, in his shirt sleeves, stood before the desk.

Mr. Dilling studied Johnny's picture. "Yes," he said, musing, "he has a modest face but a strong face. He's got guts, that boy." He looked up at Bullett. "Any leads on where he may be?"

"Not yet, sir. But I have our top men out looking for him." He gestured to the paper. "He's modest, as you say. Probably trying to duck the notoriety."

Mr. Dilling nodded. "Good boy. It was really thrilling the way he came to the aid of my two girls last night. We're going to have to give him a raise. These college boys, when they've got it, they've got it good. We might groom him to be my assistant, huh? Margaret, here, tells me the boy has really caught the spirit of the business." He smiled over at her. "I'm inclined to suspect she has more than ordinary interest in the young man."

Margaret smiled. "Perhaps you'll give him the afternoon off. He can come out to the house for dinner."

Mr. Dilling, amused, nodded. "Consider him as having the day off." He turned back to Bullett. "And by the way, Bullett, while we're speaking of raises, you and I have to talk about a raise for yourself. I like the way you've brought this boy along. That's the test of a good editor, bringing out the best in his staff."

Bullett shifted nervously on his feet. "Thanks, Mr. Dilling." He turned toward the door. "Maybe I better get out to the desk and see what's happened to him."

Six or seven of the staff were loitering around the city room when Bullett returned. He ordered them all out to find Johnny, jumped to the telephone, called Johnny's rooming house. It was the tenth time he had called that morning. The landlady was annoyed. The young man had talked of suicide lately, and maybe they ought to look for him dead and leave her alone.

Bullett, in growing panic, called the city morgue. But even as Bullett was talking to the morgue, Johnny himself, the Morning Globe under his arm, walked serenely into the empty city room. The Globe was folded so his picture and headlines showed.

Bullett dropped the phone, flung his arm about him. "Good boy!" he shouted. "Where've you been?"

Johnny coolly pulled back from Bullett's embrace. "Just walking around. Why?"

"I just wanted to see you, lad." Bullett was fatherly. "You didn't misunderstand me yesterday, did you?"

"When you fired me?"

Bullett was in a dither. "No, no. I didn't fire you, lad. I was just trying your mettle. I'm doubling your pay."

"Good." Johnny looked over at Bullett's desk. "I think I'll take a crack at your job, Bullett," he said. "I think I can do it a whole lot better."

"I'll bet you can," Bullett agreed hastily, "but I'm grooming you for bigger things. Assistant to the owner, Mr. Dilling. He's in the office now waiting to see you. He and Mrs. Dilling and the daughter. They want to thank you for last night."

Johnny shrugged.

"The girl would like you to come out to their house for dinner this evening. All right?" Bullett was still nervous. "You can have the afternoon off."

"She's a sweet kid and I never really appreciated her," Johnny mused. "I think I'll take a week off."

"Sure, sure. Take a week off." Bullett looked uncomfortably toward the door to Mr. Dilling's office. "You and I are friends, aren't we, Johnny?"

"As long as you stay in line we are," Johnny said.

As he spoke, Vicky appeared. Her eyes widened as she discovered Johnny. She gave a little scream of pleasure, ran to him, threw her arms around him.

"Oh, Johnny," she gushed, "you're wonderful, wonderful."

To Johnny her behavior now seemed brazen and artificial—not at all like the friendly and sincere ways of Margaret Dilling, for example. "Please," he said in cold protest.

"But Johnny, you *are* wonderful," Vicky insisted. "I mean it."

"I agree with you," he said, pushing her away. "Thanks."

Vicky, stunned, leaned against a desk and stared at him.

Bullett glanced again at the door to Mr. Dilling's office. "Maybe we better go in, Johnny."

"I'll go in, Bullett," Johnny said firmly. "And I'll go in alone."

At the door, he turned, waved lightly at Bullett and smiled benignly but a little shyly at Vicky. For the instant, he seemed almost his normal, openhearted self. Then he went on in, closing the door confidently behind him.

WHY MOTHERS CAN'T WIN

Try teaching manners to a ten-year-old and what does she say? "Maybe that was true in *your* day, mother!"

Try to persuade a four-year-old not to make mud pies on your freshly scrubbed porch and what does he say? "*Not* making mud pies, making cement. You got to mix in lots of wocks to make it stwong."

Try being cross with a baby when he gets you up for the third time that night, and what does he say? "Mummy! *My* mummy!"

—OWENITA SANDERLIN.

RED CROSS BLOODMOBILE

(Continued from Page 25)

weighs too little to give the regular donation," Mrs. Hoog points out). Mildred Pohlmyer had driven over muddy roads from her farm home miles away. There were Jim Larkin, editor of the Litchfield News-Herald, and among the most tireless members of the blood-donor recruiting staff, and Jim Platt, an orderly at St. Francis Hospital. The big Engelsmann brothers, in overalls, had come fourteen miles through the storm from Raymond, Illinois. Several young mothers, accompanied by preschool children, planned to be home before their other youngsters returned from school.

As the afternoon wore on, it became clear that Litchfield would go well over its quarterly blood quota of 140 pints. Mrs. Hoog and Harry Ruecking, young World War II veteran and chairman of the Litchfield Red Cross chapter, began to relax.

"All our hard work is worth while when you see the people coming in the front door," Harry Ruecking said. "But the Red Cross chapter couldn't do it alone. Every minister in our town asks for donors from the pulpits. The Litchfield Woman's Club, the Eastern Star, the American Legion Auxiliary—they all work like fiends. The Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Moose and Elks clubs have recruiting programs. Lots of people who are over age for giving blood send us food for the donors' luncheon, or equipment we need for the bloodmobile's visits. Our Litchfield News-Herald plugs away with editorials and news articles. And our radio station WSMI reminds people to come in on the appointed day.

"Litchfield people are beginning to understand the importance of the Red Cross blood program. The St. Francis Hospital receives plasma, whole blood and co-operating blood-bank facilities from the Red Cross. And lots of us here know what blood means on the battlefield," young Ruecking continued.

And the scene in the First Methodist Church Sunday-school room bore him out. Lying there on a neat white cot was white-haired Bill Harris, who soon would be sixty and whose wife, Nettie, had died just two weeks before in spite of repeated transfusions. Quiet little Millie Perkins, who runs a little restaurant off Main Street, assured the nurse, as she watched the bottle suspended by her cot slowly filling with dark red, "I'm fine, and it makes me feel good to be here." The blood was too late to save Ben Perkins, a Korean casualty, but it would be ready for other mothers' sons. Bill Jones, his body still in a cast from an automobile accident, flexed and relaxed his one good big fist over the hand gripper. "I lost my left arm in the Battle of Luzon," he told the nurse quietly. "Blood saved my life then. I want to be sure there will be plenty for the guys who need it now."

By eight o'clock that evening, the high-school boys were back to help pack up Red Cross equipment, the last donor was sitting at the canteen table enjoying a cup of good strong coffee and date-bread sandwiches. "We have a total of one hundred and seventy-three pints," Dr. Claire Ramsey, the Red Cross doctor, said. "We never have to worry about the Litchfield people not going over their quota!"

Mrs. Hoog was too happy that night to say very much. It had been just eighteen months since she had written the Blood Center in St. Louis, "One has to sit at a bedside where life is ebbing fast to see the magic of blood—to appreciate the importance of having a dependable source and one that serves as the need arises. It was for my critically ill husband that your wonderful blood bank made possible a transfusion sixty miles away on Sunday morning. . . . I am past the age of donors, no family is available. But you may be sure that I will use all my power to keep others aware that blood is needed, that blood saves lives."

Today, Litchfield is aware that blood saves lives. And this, Litchfield citizens are sure, *they* can do. THE END



FOR MANY LONG YEARS!

To get your money's worth, insist on U.S. Cushion. This resilient rubber cushion "drinks up" the grind of heels and traffic, protects nap and backing. So rich underfoot, so economical through the years!

Resilient for life • Won't creep, slide, mat, pack or stretch • Cuts to fit • Dust-free, non-allergic, mothproof and sanitary.



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Mishawaka, Indiana

Haviland China



Bel-Air pattern

Theodore Haviland New York MADE IN AMERICA
Haviland France

Your favorite store cordially invites you to see Haviland China.

You may obtain new booklet of patterns and history of Haviland China with their various trade marks throughout the years. Send 25¢ to P. O. Box #314 Glenbrook, Conn.

Haviland & Co
INCORPORATED
26 WEST 23RD STREET NEW YORK 10, N Y

Delicate balance for a summer meal—a chilled creamy soup, hot stuffed peppers *Mexicaine*, salad with a sweet-sour dressing, biscuits split and toasted.

Conversation Piece

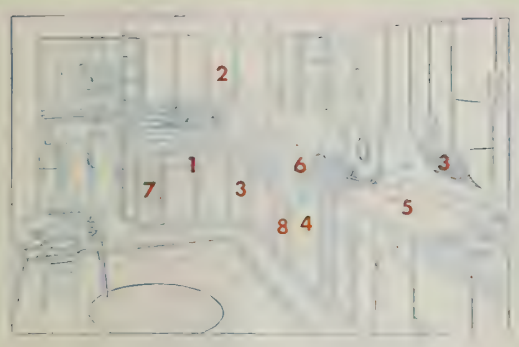


For easy serving have the chilled first course outdoor—the rest of the meal from a buffet arranged in advance

By RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

PLANNING a summer dinner or luncheon party offers something of a challenge. In cold weather practically anything goes, so long as the meal is well balanced and every dish included is delicious. But when the weather is warm it is important to achieve exactly the right balance between hot and cold dishes. We want to tempt appetites, and also we want to make wise use of garden truck which is comparatively inexpensive and, if we're lucky, will be growing in our own back yards. Here's a menu to meet these various specifications, and a handsome production besides.

We'll begin with cold cream-of-cucumber soup—and if that isn't a good beginning I'll eat it. My recipe for cream-of-cucumber soup is very like vichyssoise, except *(Continued on Page 186)*



1. Sound-deadened steel construction. Easy-gliding drawers, positive-closing doors.
2. Baked-on enamel finish—sparkles at the touch of a damp cloth!
3. Loads of accessible storage (including corner cabinet with shelves that turn, and rolling-door cabinet for spices)!
4. Completely modernized dishwashing with the revolutionary new Youngstown Kitchens Jet-Tower Dishwasher.
5. Spacious, colorful, durable work surfaces of exclusive, clatter-proof Youngstown Kitchens Cusheen.
6. One-piece, acid-resisting porcelain-enameled steel sink top with no-splash bowl.
7. Attractive Quarter-Round Base What-Not adds open storage for small appliances.
8. Youngstown Kitchens Food Waste Disposer ends garbage problems forever.

How does *your* kitchen measure up to this ideal?

WHAT A THRILL—to own a kitchen with *all* these work-saving, timesaving features!

Check the actual, minute-and-hour savings—one by one, against your present kitchen, or against any kitchen you can name. You'll find that only a Youngstown Kitchen has them all!

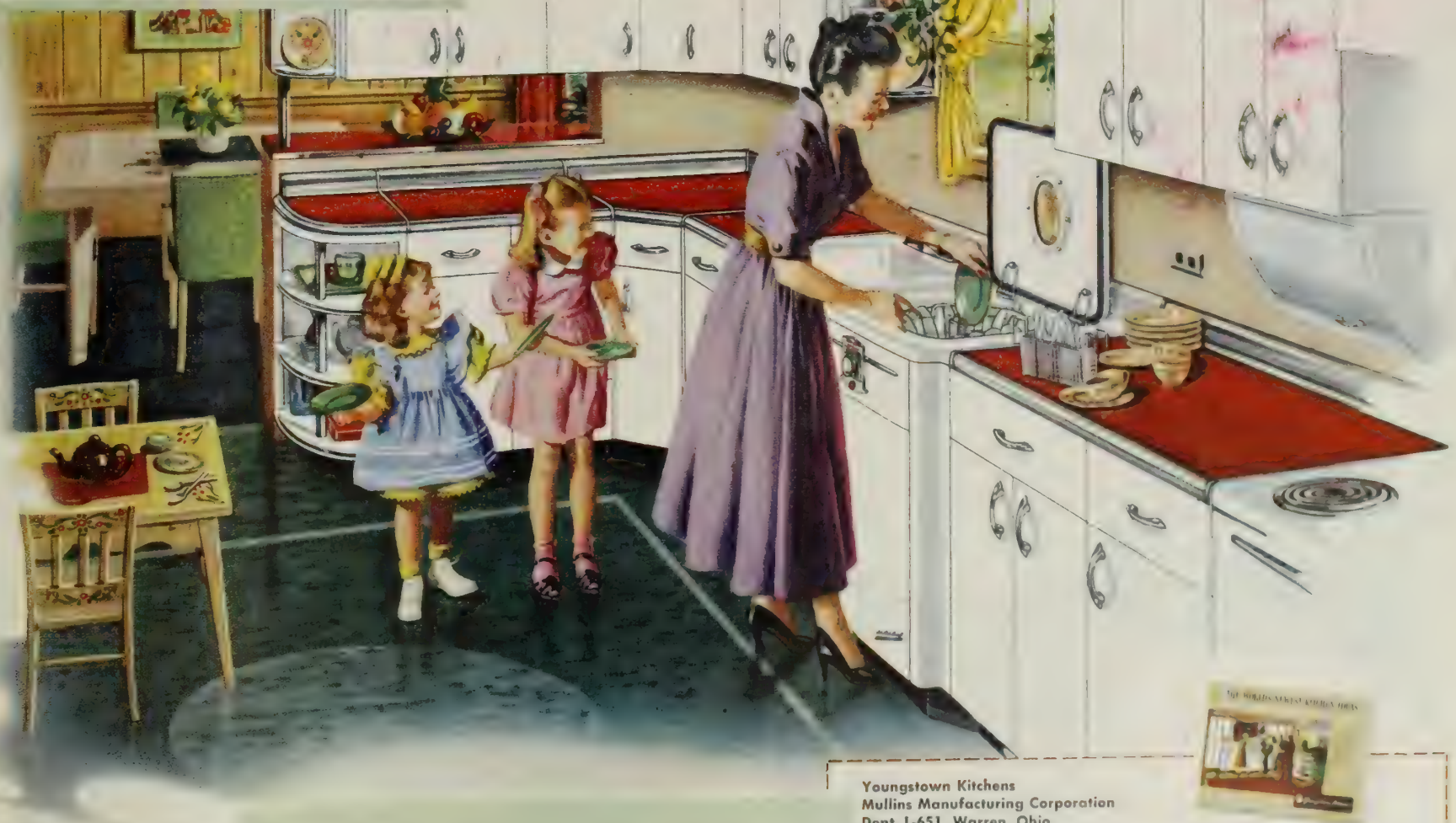
And you'll see that a white-enameled steel Youngstown Kitchen is easy to clean, won't warp or buckle, does not require painting.

Let your dealer show you how the revolutionary Youngstown Kitchens Jet-Tower Dishwasher completely modernizes dishwashing; how the Youngstown Kitchens Food Waste Disposer shreds waste down the drain continuously. See the wide range of Youngstown Kitchens Cabinet Sinks, cabinets, and features you can choose from!

And let your factory-trained Youngstown Kitchen dealer show you your dream kitchen in perfect miniature. Let him show you how to save on installation, and how easy it is to finance. If building, specify a Youngstown Kitchen—you'll *save!*

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
WARREN, OHIO

Youngstown Kitchens are sold throughout the World



See gleaming STEEL Youngstown Kitchens with the new Jet-Tower Dishwasher at your dealer's. Send coupon and 10c for planning ideas.

Youngstown Kitchens®

Call Western Union, Operator 25, and without charge get the name of a nearby dealer.

Youngstown Kitchens
Mullins Manufacturing Corporation
Dept. L-651, Warren, Ohio

Please send newest kitchen planning ideas.
I enclose 10c in cash to cover cost of mailing. (No stamps, please.)

I plan to build ☐ I plan to remodel ☐

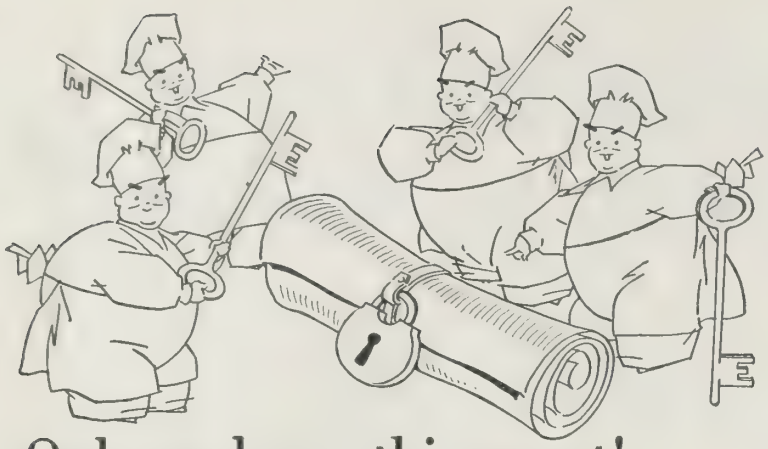
NAME _____ (Please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

COUNTY _____ STATE _____

© 1951 Mullins Manufacturing Corporation



Only *we* know this secret!

—the secret of keeping two chocolate cookies *crisp* with a velvety cream filling in between! It's the *delicious* secret of Sunshine HYDROX . . . the *original* cream-filled chocolate cookie . . . the Finest Ever Made!



Sunshine
HYDROX
COOKIES
THE ORIGINAL CREAM-FILLED CHOCOLATE COOKIE



STOP Throwing Away PRECIOUS FOODS Worth Their Weight in Dollar Bills!

Amazing new kind of PLASTIC CONTAINER Keeps Foods Fresh and Moist... Days Longer!



Now, at last, comes a new refrigerator container that is really *airtight* to save precious, expensive foods. Freez-Tainer's flexible press-on top seals perfectly. No more throwing away wilted vegetables, softened fruits, or dried-up leftovers!

Perfect, too, for storing frozen foods in your home freezer and locker, or for dry food storage. Get some Freez-Tainers today. You'll use them for everything.

Handy 16 oz. and 25 oz. sizes.

CROWN
Freez·Tainer

CROWN CORK SPECIALTY CORP. • Division of Crown Cork & Seal Co. • St. Louis 15, Missouri

(Continued from Page 184)



For dessert nothing's prettier or tastier than melon balls—two kinds for greater appeal—topped with minted lime sherbet.

that cucumbers instead of potatoes are used as a vegetable, and the result is a soup superbly delicate in taste and lower in calories.

The main dish will be stuffed peppers *Mexicaine*. Stuffing is made of shredded beef, mushrooms and croutons, and one of the seasonings is chili powder. Stuffed green peppers can be awfully dull fare if they are overcooked and the stuffing settles into a sodden mass, but we won't cook the peppers long enough to ruin their texture and the stuffing will be the reverse of sodden. With a fine tomato sauce to eat with it, this is a dish worthy a party menu.

Wilted spinach will be the salad. If there's anyone who isn't enthusiastic about it, I haven't caught up with him yet: tender little spinach leaves just slightly wilted by the hot sweet-sour dressing poured over them—oh, boy! Crisp relishes and split and toasted baking-powder biscuits complete the main course.

The dessert should be light and refreshing, so what could be better than melon balls topped with minted lime sherbet? We'll use honeydew melons and Persian melons or cantaloupe, so that there will be contrast both in color and in taste. You can buy the sherbet if you want to and it's available, but I'll give you a recipe that's a cinch to make in your refrigerator or freezer.

These recipes will serve six or eight.

CREAM OF CUCUMBER SOUP

Peel several fairly large cucumbers and cut them into chunks. Wash 4 leeks carefully to remove the sand that tries to hide in them, and cut into small pieces. If you can't get leeks, substitute one large onion, chopped. Put vegetables in a kettle with 6 cups chicken broth. Canned jellied chicken broth is available in many if not most grocery stores, and is fine for our purpose. If you make your own, be sure to cook the bones a long time so that the broth will jell. This is important, because the jellied broth provides the thickening for the soup. Cover and boil gently until vegetables are very tender—30 to 35 minutes—and press through a sieve or a vegetable-purée machine. Reheat purée while you scald 1 quart whole milk. Combine the two, add salt to taste, ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper and 1 tablespoon mono-sodium glutamate. When cold, put soup in refrigerator.

This is a day-before job, because the soup must be very cold before it will thicken. At a convenient time the day of the party, beat soup a minute or two with rotary beater, add 1 pint cream and blend well. Now taste for salt. You'll probably need more, because food tastes more highly seasoned when hot than when cold. Serve very cold with a generous sprinkling of chopped chives over the top.

STUFFED PEPPERS MEXICAINE

Allow at least 1 whole pepper for each person to be served. Cut peppers in half the long way and remove veins and seeds. Cover with boiling water and cook over high heat 2 minutes. Drain, cover with cold water, drain again and place, cut side down, on paper towels.

Remove gristle and fat from 2 pounds beef, top round or top sirloin. Cutting across the grain, cut beef into tiny slivers about 1½" long. From 1 pound fresh mushrooms cut enough slices from tops of caps to have one slice for each pepper half. Reserve these and chop all the rest rather coarsely. Cut thinly sliced bread into very tiny squares to make 4 cups, and sauté in butter or margarine until delicately browned. This is a slow job, because all the moisture should be cooked out of the croutons and they will burn if you don't keep the heat low. Empty them from skillet and put into it 3 tablespoons salad oil and 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add 2 cloves garlic, finely minced, and the meat slivers and cook over high heat, turning often, for 10 minutes. Add 1 scant tablespoon crushed red peppers, 1 teaspoon sugar, salt to taste, 1 tablespoon chili powder, the mushrooms, and ¾ cup white raisins which have been soaked overnight in ¾ cup bouillon. The raisins will have absorbed most of the moisture, but drain off any that remains. Cover and cook over medium heat 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. The mushrooms will produce a lot of juice when cooked and no more liquid need be added. Add the croutons, stir well, taste for seasoning and correct if needed.

There is a vast difference in strength between the many chili powders on the market. I started this recipe conservatively with 1 tablespoon chili powder. Unless the brand you use is extremely hot, you'll want to add more.

Sprinkle insides of pepper halves with salt and fill high with the stuffing. Cover tops generously with bread crumbs and dot with butter or margarine.

All this can be done the morning of the party or even the day before. Put peppers on a well-greased cooky sheet and store in refrigerator, but let them stand at room temperature an hour before the final baking. Ten or fifteen minutes before serving time, put them on a rack in the center of a preheated moderate, 350° F., oven, and just before serving set under the broiler for a couple of minutes to brown the tops. When you put pep-

pers in the oven, sauté slices of mushroom caps in butter or margarine.

Tomato Sauce: Sauté 1 medium-sized onion, finely chopped, and 1 clove garlic, finely minced, in ⅛ pound butter or margarine until delicately browned. Add 4 cups tomato purée, 1 tablespoon *orégano*, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper, 1½ teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon red pepper and ½ cup water. Cover and simmer ½ hour. The sauce can be made the day before and reheated.

To serve the peppers, place them on a hot platter or in a shallow casserole, put a spoonful of tomato sauce on each and top with a slice of mushroom cap. Serve the rest of the sauce in a bowl so that everyone can take as much as he likes.

WILTED SPINACH

Wash 2 pounds very young tender spinach leaves, remove stems and store in refrigerator. Use only the small leaves—the large ones are fine for cooking, but not for salad. Do this the day before so that the spinach will be crisp.

The dressing can be made in advance, but must be reheated to boiling point just before it is added to spinach. Fry 5 thin slices bacon, drain on paper towels and break into pieces. To bacon grease in skillet add 6 small scallions cut into thin rounds, 1 chopped hard-cooked egg, ½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper, 3 tablespoons sugar, ½ cup vinegar and ½ cup water. Pour boiling hot over spinach, add bacon and toss well. Garnish with 2 hard-cooked eggs cut into thin slices.

> **If every wife tried to please her husband as a secretary does her employer, there would be no divorce courts; all the men would be perfectly contented—the women would wish they were dead, and everything would be just dandy.**
>
> —The William Feather Magazine.

BAKING-POWDER BISCUITS

Sift together 3 cups flour, 5½ teaspoons baking powder and 1¾ teaspoons salt. Add ⅓ cup shortening and blend with pastry blender or 2 knives until mealy consistency is reached. Put in ¾ cup milk and 3 tablespoons cream, all at one time, and stir until blended. Turn onto lightly floured board and flatten gently with your hands. Roll with floured rolling pin into a slab ¾" thick and cut with large biscuit cutter.

Transfer biscuits to greased cooky sheet. They can be made ahead of time and kept in refrigerator until about half an hour before baking. It is important to handle biscuit dough as little as possible, both in mixing and in rolling. Bake in a preheated hot, 425° F., oven until lightly browned—about 15 minutes.

Split in half, toast and spread with butter or margarine before serving. The biscuits needn't be baked at the last minute, because the toasting will make them hot and fluffy.

RELISHES

If you use carrot strips, radish roses and celery hearts for your relishes, as I have done here, be sure to prepare them the day before and let them stand in ice water overnight in the refrigerator so that they will be crisp.

MINTED LIME SHERBET

Boil 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 cup water and 1¾ cups sugar for 5 minutes. Add 1 well-packed cup mint leaves, mash a little with potato masher, cover and let stand 1 hour. Strain through fine sieve lined with wet cheesecloth. Heat 1 cup of this sirup to boiling point, add 1 envelope unflavored gelatin which has been softened in ¼ cup cold water and stir until gelatin dissolves. Mix this with remainder of mint sirup, add 1 cup lime juice, grated rind of 1 orange and a few drops green vegetable coloring. Chill, fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites, pour into large freezing tray and put in home freezer or freezing compartment of refrigerator. When mushy stage is reached, scrape sides and bottom of pan and stir to even consistency. Freeze for an hour longer and repeat the scraping-and-stirring routine. Return to freezer until shortly before serving time, then transfer to refrigerator so that the sherbet won't be too stiff to handle.

With a ball cutter cut honeydews and some orange-colored melons into balls. The only problem here is to be sure that your melons are ripe. Get them several days in advance, and consult your grocer about how long they should stand at room temperature before they are chilled. To serve, put melon balls in a large bowl or individual compotes and top with the minted lime sherbet.

Service. If the weather is fine, why not serve the soup on the terrace, lawn or porch? This solves the service problem successfully and pleasantly—fun for your guests and easy for you. The rest of the meal can be served buffet or at the dining table, and your table or buffet will be arranged in advance. While someone clears away the empty soup dishes you'll have a little time in the kitchen for last-minute assembly. The dessert, too, could be served alfresco, which would eliminate clearing the table after the main course. With this routine you can run off a fairly elaborate meal smoothly and graciously, with a minimum of confusion and visible effort. The pleasant—but so well-planned—informality puts your guests and you equally at ease, and makes for the maximum enjoyment of everyone concerned; your own pleasure being, in my opinion of first importance, because if you have a good time so will everyone else.

COOKING FOR A CROWD

(Continued from Page 165)

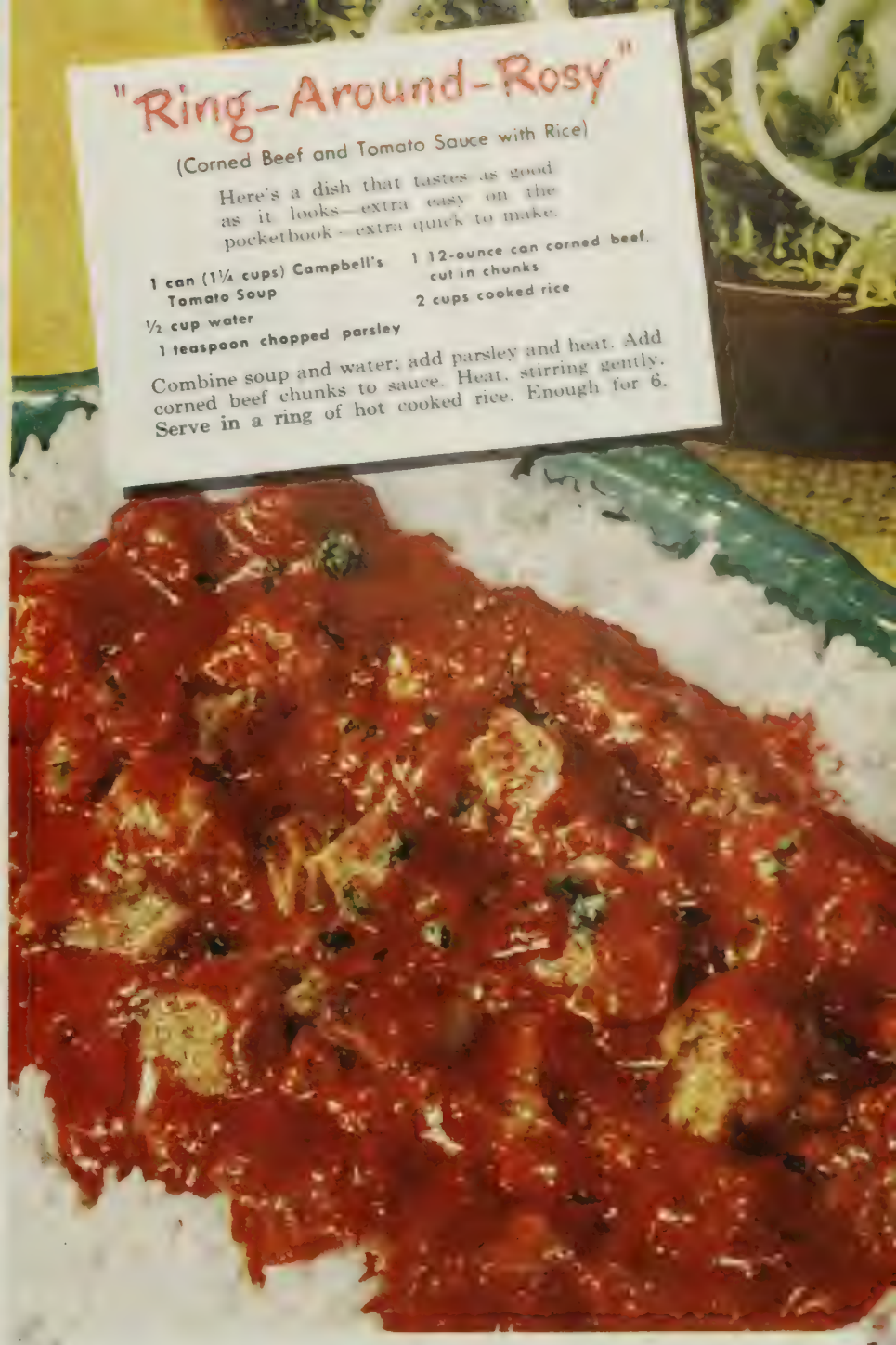
and blend in 2 cans condensed mushroom soup and 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce. Pour over the patties. This can all be done ahead of time. Bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. Baste patties occasionally with the sauce. Makes 32 patties. Enough for 16.

BEET-AND-CABBAGE RELISH

Cut a large head of cabbage into quarters. Take out all the core. Chop or shred cabbage (there should be about 10 cups) and add 2 green peppers, chopped. Mix 2 trays ice cubes into cabbage. Cover tightly and store in refrigerator about half an hour. Mix together 1 tablespoon celery seed, ½ teaspoon mustard seed, 1 tablespoon salt, ½ cup brown sugar, ¼ cup prepared horseradish and ¾ cup vinegar. Just before serving, remove ice cubes and drain cabbage. Stir in 2 No. 2 cans beets, well drained and chopped (1 quart), and the above seasonings. Retaste for seasoning—you might want to add more salt and/or sugar. Serves 16.

PEACH CRUMB PUDDING

Drain 2 No. 2½ cans peach halves. Save the sirup. Arrange the peach halves cup side up in 1 large shallow baking dish or 2 smaller ones, 6" x 10". Beat 4 eggs until light and spongy. Add 1 cup sugar, a little at a time, beating well as you add. Fold in 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 4 tablespoons melted butter or margarine, ⅛ teaspoon salt and 3 cups soft bread crumbs. Mix thoroughly. Pour over peach halves. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 30–35 minutes, or until done to the touch on top. Cut into squares. Serve warm with the following sauce: Combine ¼ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cornstarch. Add 2⅜ cups sirup drained from the canned peaches. Stir and cook over low heat until thickened. Add 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, the juice of ½ lemon and ¾ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Makes 2½ cups sauce. THE END



Make it with America's favorite tomato cooking sauce!

Smoother...Richer...Better-Tasting!

There's no tomato cooking sauce anywhere to compare with Campbell's Tomato Soup, just as it comes from the can . . . for flavor . . . for smoothness . . . for value! For Campbell's is made from luscious, red-ripe tomatoes . . . fine table butter . . . carefully selected seasonings . . . skillfully balanced and blended in a delicious purée. *That's* the secret of Campbell's incomparable flavor . . . its velvety texture . . . its full-bodied richness. Use it to put life and color into your "everyday" dishes. Your family will love it!

DELICIOUS AS A SOUP... AS A POUR-ON SAUCE ... AND IN COOKING

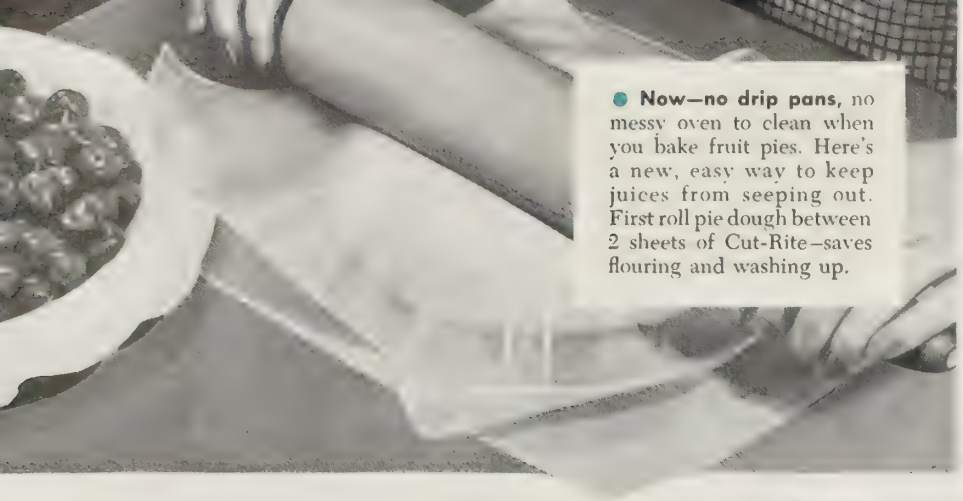


Yes... CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP MAKES THE BEST TOMATO COOKING SAUCE YOU EVER TASTED!

FREE COOK BOOK
50 PAGES
99 DISHES
FULL COLOR

Mail coupon to Anne Marshall, Campbell Soup Company, Dept. L 18, Camden 1, N. J.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE
ZONE



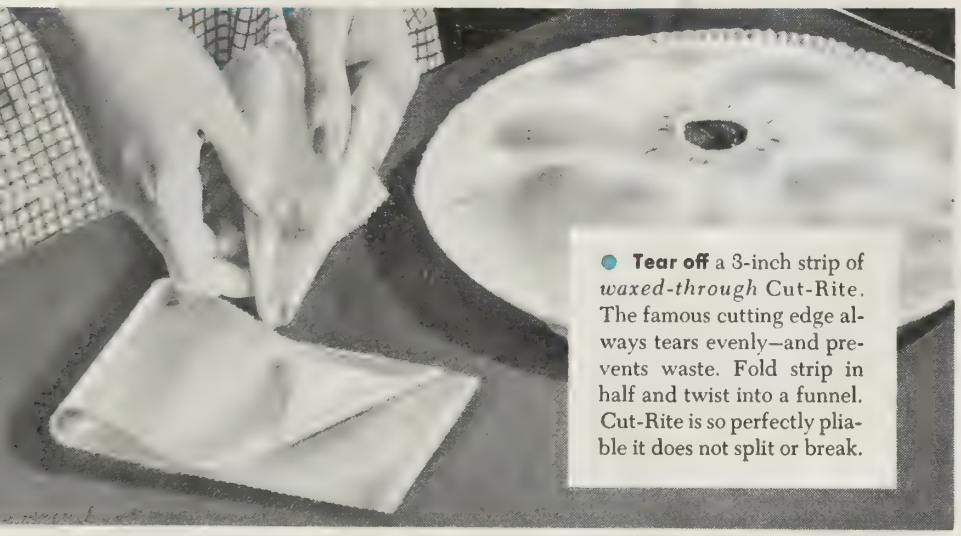
● **Now—no drip pans,** no messy oven to clean when you bake fruit pies. Here's a new, easy way to keep juices from seeping out. First roll pie dough between 2 sheets of Cut-Rite—saves flouring and washing up.

DIONE LUCAS TELLS YOU

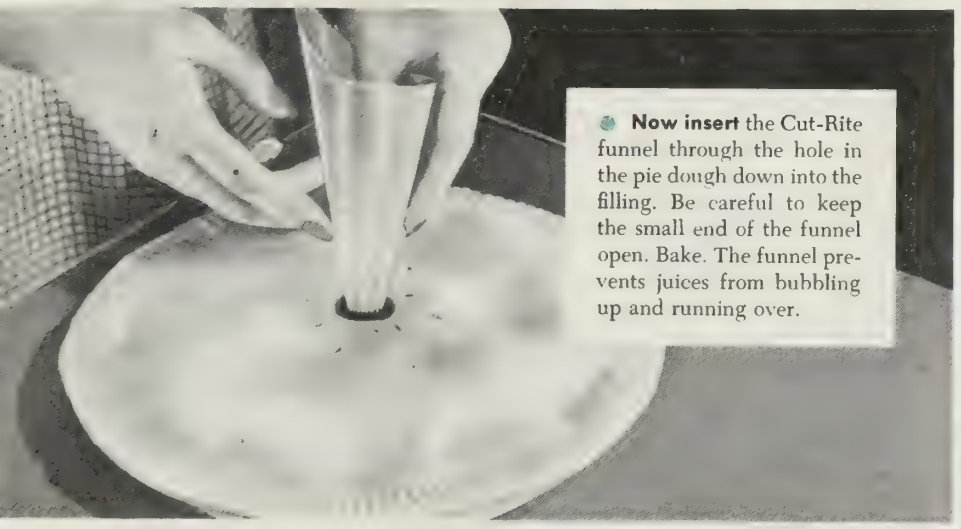
How to keep juices from running out of pie



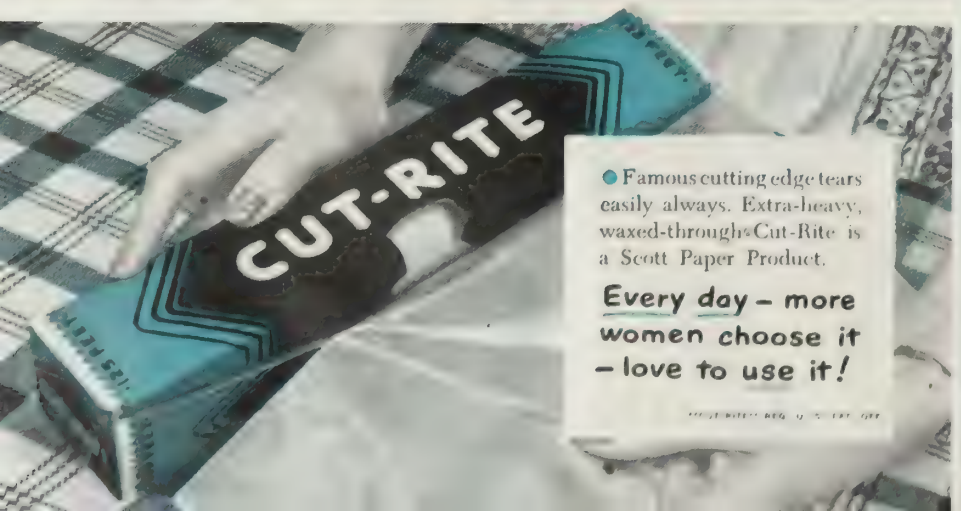
. . . WORLD-RENOWNED COOKING AUTHORITY



● **Tear off** a 3-inch strip of *waxed-through* Cut-Rite. The famous cutting edge always tears evenly—and prevents waste. Fold strip in half and twist into a funnel. Cut-Rite is so perfectly pliable it does not split or break.



● **Now insert** the Cut-Rite funnel through the hole in the pie dough down into the filling. Be careful to keep the small end of the funnel open. Bake. The funnel prevents juices from bubbling up and running over.



● Famous cutting edge tears easily always. Extra-heavy, waxed-through Cut-Rite is a Scott Paper Product.

Every day – more women choose it – love to use it!

YOUNG GERMANY SPEAKS

(Continued from Page 47)

American friend. (Some Germans, especially since the issue of rearmament has arisen, claim to notice Americans "trying to be friendlier" in what they have labeled disparagingly "your new 'Love That Kraut' campaign.") Another factor that makes friendship difficult is that the customs and traditions of the two differ somewhat, and the young Germans, even while admitting wholeheartedly that they admire the informality and easygoing nature of Americans, find it difficult to meet that informality halfway, even when they want to.

An American Occupation official, a specialist in youth activities, who has been in Germany three years, offered this explanation for the fact that more Germans and Americans don't mix together socially. "By American standards," he said, "Germans are socially immature. They have not learned our custom of meeting people easily, and of inviting them to their homes as a matter of course. They, on the other hand, often invite only one or two close friends to their homes in a lifetime, and the rest of the guests are relatives. I've had at least fifty separate German men, some with wives, in my home for dinner and the evening, but I've been in only two German homes as a guest."

Nevertheless, judging from their concern about unfriendliness, the young Germans are eager for approval and are extremely sensitive to the reactions of America to the Germans as a nation. "At the beginning of our Exchange Student Program, some of the young people were actually *afraid* to go to the States because they feared they might be badly treated," an educator with the High Commissioner explained. Three specific instances of "American unfriendliness" seem to have made a deep impression on young Germans, and a large number were quick to mention them: "Why did you throw eggs at our Hamburg football team?" (On May 5, 1950, sixteen German athletes, about to start a tour of six soccer games, were pelted with eggs and tomatoes on the steps of New York City Hall by supporters of a Palestine extremist group.) "We didn't think it was fair, what Orson Welles said about us ——" (According to a French newspaper interview last fall, Orson Welles suggested that "real anti-Nazis in Germany are as scarce as hen's teeth.") and "You wouldn't even give Ten Hoff a fight in your country. Why not?" (Though German heavyweight fighter Ten Hoff did not manage to get a fight at Madison Square Garden, he was defeated in Germany last year by Jersey Joe Walcott, who traveled there for the match.)

Of what they have heard and read about schools in the United States, Germans wholeheartedly approve. The majority are convinced that German schools are too rigid, too tradition-bound, and while maintaining that their universities and preuniversity schools are superior to comparable American institutions, they admit that in the elementary schools, whose eight-year term provides the only academic education for 85 per cent of German youth, there is a great need for more democratic teaching procedures and a wider, more realistic curriculum.

"Your young people grow up with a feeling of responsibility about their government," a Frankfurt University student said. "That's right because democracy cannot be taught overnight. Our trouble is that we always feel the government is none of our business." (At this university last February, 700 students met and voted against rearmament. A motion to send a notice of their decision to Chancellor Konrad Adenauer was defeated because, as one student told the group, "It's not our place to tell the government what to do.")

Young Germans also admire the freedom and informality of American soldiers, which they consider a result of "your more liberal education system." Especially among the younger group, there has been a reaction against the traditional German military class, the rigid, excessively disciplined "Prussian soldier" types whom they associate with their defeat and humiliation.

"You'd never see a German officer and a German private walking down the street together the way you Americans do," one boy pointed out. "They were too rank-conscious for that."

Curiously, however, the young Germans invariably distinguish in their comments between the combat troops who entered Germany in 1945 and the present regular Army Occupation forces.

"We liked the GI's who came in at the end of the war, because most of us were glad the war was over. You were friends to us by then not enemies," a Frankfurt student explained.

Many young Germans, who have had little contact with Americans since, have similar friendly and pleasant memories of the first victorious American troops.

"I was taken prisoner in Bavaria in 1945. I was sixteen, so when the American lieuten-

WORK

We must find a way, even in the midst of our perplexed and perplexing generation, to keep and recover the sense of the sacredness of the work of our hands and brain. What we need is the persuasive declaration that the glory of work is something bigger than our little time and that our task as individuals is to keep the basic idea in circulation. We must teach this generation that the right way of life involves a deliberate choice of lifework, *whatever events may do to our plans*. We are not responsible for all world events and we cannot foresee them, but we can live by abiding principles in a confused world in so far as our part of the undertaking may go.

There are some who suppose that the notion of vocation, when expressly avowed by a young person, is not only unrealistic, in the light of the confused world situation, but a bit pious or even self-important. A man must be taking himself very seriously, it is said, if he considers so carefully the way in which he can do the most good before death or old age overtakes him. But the answer is clear! If this sounds pious, let it. The alternative is a wretched world, of which we are getting a clear foretaste now. A boy who tries to decide his future in a sense of holy obedience *is* taking himself seriously, but that is exactly what he *ought* to do. "A man who won't bet on himself," said Will Rogers, "ain't worth a damn." But the young person who seeks a vocation, and not merely a profession, is doing more than bet on himself: he is gambling on the fundamental nature of the world.

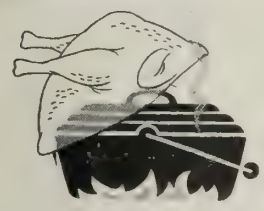
The ultimate tragedy is the tragedy of waste. It is terrible to waste food when people are hungry, and it is terrible to waste cloth when people are cold, but it is more terrible to waste a life when so much needs doing.

Our happiest moments are not those in which we ask how to be happy, but rather those in which we so lose ourselves in some creative task, which seems to us important, that we forget to take our own emotional pulse.

ELTON TRUEBLOOD:
The Common Ventures of Life
(Harper & Brothers, used by permission).

ECONOMY SECRET—

Chicken in June!



COOKING SECRET—

Season with Ac'cent!



TONIGHT, FEAST the family with a heaping platter of luscious, tender chicken—best buy by far in June! Prepare it your own special way—but *add a touch of Ac'cent.* And listen to them rave, "Never tasted such delicious chicken!"

WHAT'S THE SECRET? Ac'cent *brings out more flavor*—intensifies the good, *natural* flavor *already* in foods. Without adding flavor of its own, this pure vegetable substance makes meats taste meatier . . . peps up gravies, salads, makes vegetables taste "just-picked."

TO GOOD COOKS everywhere, Ac'cent already has become the "Third Shaker" *alongside* salt and pepper. Isn't it time you taste-tested Ac'cent? If your grocer doesn't yet have it, write to: AMINO PRODUCTS, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Ill. *Also in Canada.*

Ac'cent®

PURE MONOSODIUM GLUTAMATE

...makes good cooking taste better!



T. M. property of International Minerals & Chemical Corp.

a Sunday look for everyday!



Even left-over foods look festive, taste better when you brighten them with whole Sunshine Pimientos. The vivid red color and interesting, mild, spicy flavor are zest for your summer salads, meats, casseroles, and picnic sandwiches. Keep several jars or cans on the pantry shelf to make any dish a gala dish.



POMONA PRODUCTS COMPANY
Griffin, Georgia

ant found out I lived nearby, he said, 'Go on home to your mother.' That was the end of the war for me."

"Many of us, especially in Berlin, I heard, liked the Negro troops. They were kind and courteous—maybe because they know what it's like to get hard treatment."

The harshest comments most German youth can make about American Occupation soldiers are that "they drink too much," "they make too much noise," and "they take all our girls." But most Germans are familiar enough with occupation patterns to realize that these typical exuberances are much preferable to the curfews, restrictions and disciplinary retaliations imposed on civilian areas during the Nazi regime.

However, many young Germans still think of the American soldier as inferior to the German soldier as a fighting man. "Courage is not part of the equipment of the American," a Bremen girl announced with conviction. "You won the war by air. The German soldier has the courage to fight hand to hand."

Some of the young people, however, especially those who were drafted as teen-agers near the end of the war, are cynical about the traditional courage of the German. In Berlin, an ex-infantryman, now twenty-three years old and a chemistry student, turned to his fellow students and said, "All right, let's be honest about the great German soldier. To whom did you run to try to surrender?"

THE vast majority of young Germans, whether or not they see it as a practical government form for themselves, have concluded that America *is* a truly democratic society. However, they do know of the flaws in our system and some tend to regard them as evidence that "things in America aren't as good as you would have us believe."

German exchange students, while on the whole tremendously and favorably impressed with America, have also brought back accounts of Jim Crow regulations in the South, and the slum areas that exist in some of our great cities. Unfortunately, too, some Americans stationed or traveling in Germany have brought their prejudices with them and aired them to the German people. "You have much to improve in America before you can make us believe in your system," a laborer accused, and a girl, a higher-school student, said, "You shouldn't have sent Negro troops to occupy us. That was an insult. We know that you consider them inferior people."

There is widespread misinformation among a large number of Germans concerning the role of the worker in America. "I would be afraid to go there," a young mechanic said, "because you have no social-benefit program for your workers. They are paid high wages, all right, but they're thrown out without any compensation when they can no longer work." . . . "What happens to a man in America when he is old, or gets sick and can't work?" a Bremen street worker asked, in all honesty.

The Third Reich, and now Russia, has promoted the idea that workers in America are shamelessly exploited by the capitalist ruling classes, and young Germans are still victims of that indoctrination. Also, the words "decadent" and "weak" were invariably linked to the Americans by Goebbels, and that association of concepts has stuck, unconsciously perhaps, in the minds of German youth. "It was a good place a long time ago," a worker said, "but the immigrants have ruined it, I think." And, despite their firsthand knowledge of American air power, of American production, and America's swift mobilization in the last war, many young Germans still class America as a "weak democracy" and frequently say, "But you can't move fast enough, or get things done." And one student said, "We wonder if America is morally strong enough to fight for her ideals."

However, most young Germans have only an academic interest in the affairs of America, which, to them, is a far-off, inaccessible, never-never land—full of good things that they will never know or own. But, on the

(Continued on Page 191)



Two generations praise New Dry Yeast.

Mother and Daughter Prize-Winning Cooks at 1950 New Mexico State Fair

For the past eight years Mrs. Weldon Owens of Albuquerque has been a winner at the New Mexico State Fair. Altogether she has won 365 ribbons for her food exhibits! And in 1950 her little daughter, Shyrle Owens, followed in mother's footsteps by winning first prize in one of the State Fair cooking contests.

Both mother and daughter have plenty of praise for Fleischmann's New Improved Active Dry Yeast. "I like its fast action," says Mrs. Owens. "I find this new dry yeast is easier to use . . . and gives me *grand* results!"

You can't beat it — the rich, delectable flavor of yeast-raised goodies. So wholesome and nourishing, too!

When you bake at home, use yeast. And use the best — Fleischmann's New Improved Active Dry Yeast. It's *faster* . . . faster working, faster dissolving. So much easier to use! Get several packages today . . . you'll be glad you did.



Serve Mushrooms Today—with creamed ham or chicken; in tomato aspic or rice croquettes! . . . Treat the family to

KEYSTONE MUSHROOMS

"—it's the Quality Pack"

Enjoy these finest of Cultivated Mushrooms, picked at flavor peak and packed *vitamin fresh* by a process that retains all tenderness and delicate fresh-mushroom flavor. Ask your Grocer for KEYSTONE Mushrooms. For FREE Recipe Book write Keystone Mushroom Co., Coatesville, Pa.

CAN-WELL CANNER



WITH RACK AND INSTRUCTIONS

COLD PACKING AND PRESERVING

FLETCHER ENAMEL CO. DUNBAR, W. VA.

Ripe Olives *Elegant in Appetizers*



Elegant in so *many* ways. And so easy to serve and to use for that subtle touch to your cooking. Don't be without ripe olives. Write for free booklet of Elegant Ripe Olive Recipes: Olive Advisory Board, Dept. D-6, 16 Beale Street, San Francisco 5, California.

Serve "OLIVE TORTITOS" Elegant!



Olive Tortitos: Trim crusts from soft bread, spread with soft pimiento cheese. Center with a pitted ripe olive. Sprinkle with chili powder. Fold corners of bread over olive, lapping slightly. Fasten with pick. Brush with melted butter and bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) 10 to 15 minutes, until lightly browned. Serve hot with beverages. (Cherry pitter can be used to pit olives.)

RIPE OLIVES from CALIFORNIA

CUT OUT AND PASTE ON CARD FOR YOUR RECIPE FILE

Perfection IN FINE CHINA BY LENOX



FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE OF CUBA, REGAL BEAUTY—translucent Lenox framed in 24-k. gold. This official state service is a "Command Performance" in fine china by Lenox. The handsome service plate is typical of the craftsmanship and exceptional loveliness that have made Lenox the world-famous fine china.

FOR YOU, THE SAME SUPERB QUALITY IN LOVELY *Pine* BY LENOX



Slender pine needles and colorful pine cones lend the fresh beauty and vivid grandeur of the deep woods to this *new* china pattern by Lenox. It's china of the same glowing translucency and loveliness as the exquisite Cuban Palace service, for Lenox makes only *one* china . . . the *finest*. As in all Lenox china, the rare charm of Pine is matched only by its outstanding durability. It will be used with pride for generations to come.

Pine, 5-piece place setting (dinner, salad, and butter plates, teacup and saucer) . . . $19.25

For Help in Choosing Your Fine China
send for the name of your nearest authorized Lenox Dealer. Write Lenox, Inc., Dept. K5, Trenton, New Jersey. Enclose 25¢ if you wish "The Reference Book of Fine China" with full-color pattern and price leaflets.



RUTLEDGE
5-piece place setting, $23.25



HARVEST
5-piece place setting, $20.25

LENOX CHINA

AMERICA'S WORLD-FAMOUS FINE CHINA

(Continued from Page 189)

other hand, they *are* vitally interested in America's foreign policy and in America's decisions on Germany, for these matters are quite literally of life-and-death significance to them. They feel that only the presence of the American Army has so far prevented the Russians from marching in and occupying West Germany. They fear the Russians, and are terrified at the thought of Russian invasion. Accepting this, it is difficult at first to understand their reluctance to rearm and fight for their country. However, their attitude *can* be understood to a certain extent in the light of what they think of America—and Russia.

RUSSIAN propaganda in Europe stresses both the power of the "free Eastern world" and the "warmongering and weakness of America," and warns Germans daily of the danger, and punishment, that can come from siding with the Atlantic Pact countries. Early this year, Radio Leipzig in the Russian Zone inaugurated the slogan: "One year work for the Americans, five years' work in Siberia."

Young Germans, while fearing and distrusting the Russians, and having no interest in Communism as a form of government for themselves, are nonetheless powerfully affected by this propaganda. (Most West Germans, hearing firsthand accounts from relatives or from the 4000 refugees who cross "black"—without papers—each month, have been convinced that Russian Communism brings not only political slavery but, as in East Germany, economic disaster as well.)

The new "Peace Law" passed in the East Zone of Germany early in 1951 makes it a crime punishable by death for both East *and* West Germans to "rearm against the peace." Daily threats from Communist radio stations warn West Germans that they will be considered "traitors and enemies" if they are caught with American arms; and, even in Frankfurt, seat of the U. S. High Commission for West Germany, occasional walls bear the painted Communist slogans: "A United Germany," and "Ami, go home!"

This fear of Russia and this fear of America's inability to help them, at least in time, intensify when the world news is grave and abate slightly when things improve. But it is in this paralyzing atmosphere and tension that these young people are making their personal decisions about rearmament.

In most discussions of remilitarization, it is obvious that many young Germans are sardonically amused by the development which has made them a military asset for their former enemies, and since the U. S. has indicated that it now favors German rearmament, youth here regards it as a right and duty to point out American mistakes which, many of them feel, precipitated the present situation. Also, there is a tendency among an increasing number of young Germans to look on the rearmament issue as a vindication of their part in the war, and as conclusive evidence that America, unlike Germany, underestimated the true menace of Russia.

"You killed the wrong pig, as Churchill himself said in one of his speeches," a Düsseldorf student pointed out, echoing a sentiment that can be heard in all areas, and among all classes in Germany. "We were fighting Russia ten years ago and got no help from the West then. We thought you would join us in 1945 and crush Communism once and for all, but instead you let Russia take over a part of our country and 18,000,000 of our people."

This tendency to picture their part in the war as something in the nature of a Holy Crusade against Communism is widespread among many young Germans. Also, many believe that Russia attacked them in the first place, or else, as one boy put it, "they forced us into it by massing their troops on our borders." Similarly, many are unaware that Germany declared war on the United States; they think the opposite was true. (This particular misinformation, spread by Goebbels, remains for many of the youth here as "history.") There is also little overall criticism of the Third Reich by a large group of young Germans. They point out specific issues, and say, variously, "Hitler's big mistake was persecuting the Jews," "Hitler should have let the generals plan the war," "The trouble was that America got into it," or "We shouldn't have got mixed up in Africa"—and the inference is that had these specific mistakes been avoided, the over-all program might have gone on smoothly and successfully. (Interestingly, though they claim that the term is British, young Germans always refer to the end of the war as "our breakdown," never as "our defeat.")

Of this tendency, a professor of social philosophy at a famous German university said, "Germans aren't facing the reality of their history. Everywhere today it's the same story. They pretend to know nothing of concentration camps, of minority persecution, of slave labor, and the Nazi aggressions in Europe. They are replacing reality with an image constructed of omissions. This is partly an honest lack of information, since Germany was sealed off from the world for thirteen years, but it is partly, and dangerously, an attempt to assuage their very deep guilt feelings. It would be far healthier if they examined their past honestly, instead of hiding behind these paranoid pretenses of ignorance, and accusations against the rest of the world. These reconstructions of reality, however, are being used by Germans in bargaining with the West, and, I'm afraid, with considerable success. For some reason, Germany's paranoia is contagious to the rest of the world." This professor asked that his name not be used because "young Germans are hypersensitive today, and any criticism of them from me, however honest, would complicate my work with them very seriously."

Another manifestation of this reaction may be found in some attitudes toward the Marshall Plan. Most young Germans are honestly and vocally grateful for this assistance, but there is a strong feeling that the plan is in the nature of restitution for our destruction of their country. As an apprentice metalworker living in a youth camp outside Nuremberg expressed it:

"You Americans aren't easy in your minds about what you did here. You destroyed our country with bombs, and now you're trying to make up for it."

The specific criticisms most frequently directed toward American postwar policy in Germany concerns our concept of denazification, the dismantling of factories, the trials of the major war criminals, and now the suggestion that Germany join in rearmament after the Allies have neutralized its war potential.

"We expected America to prosecute the Nazis, of course," a worker in Bonn pointed out. "Lots of us despised them as much as you did. Instead you treated *all* of us as Nazis, and while the innocent people were suffering, many of the guilty ones got away."

MANY young Germans obviously relish the fact that after a five-year policy of demilitarization, America has now switched around in favor of German rearmament. "How can we be sure what you want?" one young man asked innocently. "First you demilitarize us and tell us we're war criminals for fighting the Russians, and now you're going to fight them and want us to help you. We got no credit for fighting them the first time, so once is enough."

In their criticism of the Nuremberg trials, many fail to distinguish between those prisoners indicted for concentration-camp atrocities and mass murders in occupied countries, and those who, though found guilty of war crimes, were also soldiers. As one farm boy said, "How can you expect us to fight after the way you've treated our soldiers? If Eisenhower had been on the losing side, he'd be as much a war criminal as our generals."

"We won't fight while our soldiers are locked up in Landsberg as criminals," a youth in Stuttgart stated with conviction, echoing an idea mentioned by many through-

Ask any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

NEUROSIS, in the modern light, is looked upon the way measles used to be—everyone has to have an attack once.

The smaller the child, the louder the doorbell.

Marriage: a state in which a man and woman think they will be able to talk without interruption—and never do.

Propriety is what men decree for women to live by.

Happiness is like trouble; the more you nurse it, the bigger it grows.

Adolescents seem always to be struggling either to impress or depress their elders.

Sign of the times: Writer dedicates his book to the psychiatrist who unblocked him.

A mother of four says, "After feeling the brows of my children for years, I now have a thermometer in the tips of my fingers and can tell immediately whether it's one degree of fever or enough to call the doctor."

Incongruity: A woman will keep the repair man from entering the house until she changes from a long-sleeved, high-necked nightgown and robe to shorts and halter.

Family log: You start out with eight place settings, lose two, climb slowly up to twelve in time for the first wedding, then with the arrival of grandchildren, eventually drop back to eight.

If women were like men: "Locate the knock in my washing machine when you change the oil!" . . . "Take a look at the toaster—it's throwing the slices too far!" . . . "Don't forget to listen for the whine in the sweeper!" . . . "Check the thermostatic control on my stove, it gets food too brown!"

The hasty divorce is a cake taken out of the oven before you are sure of its rising power.

Many a new husband will agree with the insurance company's statement that most of the accidents that occur in the home happen in the kitchen.

BATTLE OF THE SEXES

"Remember, Bertha cleaned today,"
His mother said, in a hopeful way;
The five-year-old and his lusty pup
Stood still—"Did she mess my room up?"

A mother in the midst of her family is like an earnest bridge player who struggles to get the correct play through to her partner and at the same time keep in touch with what is going on around her.

New! Exclusive!

Gorham
STERLING
One-Piece Knife Handle

Won't Dent or Rattle!

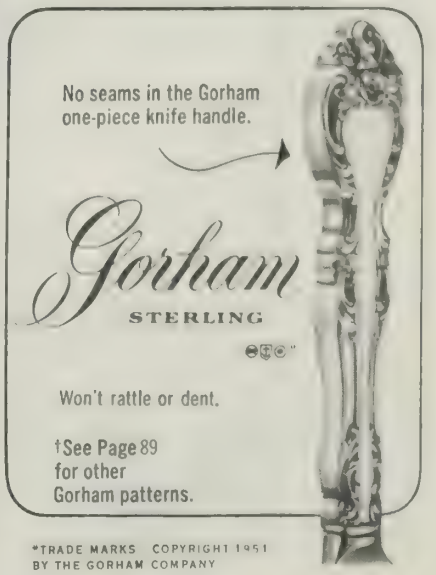


1. All sterling knife handles used to be made in two pieces before Gorham developed the exclusive *new* manufacturing process. The usual sterling knife handle, shown above, is made in two pieces, soldered together. Side seams may develop tiny openings which let in water and loosen the handle. That's why so many knife handles, made the old way, work loose or rattle.



2. Now *Gorham* gives you a *one-piece* sterling knife handle. Wash it in boiling water. Accidentally drop it! This knife handle, made from a seamless tube of sterling silver, won't come loose, rattle or dent. Finer pattern detail, too! See 16† designs at your local Gorham dealer's.

Write Dept. LH-6, Gorham Company, Providence, R. I., for free booklet, "How to Choose, Use, Care for Sterling."



*TRADE MARKS COPYRIGHT 1951 BY THE GORHAM COMPANY



...of course, it's electric!

PARTY FOOD FOR 5 OR 50

is no trick at all with a Westinghouse

America's Leading Roaster

Bring on the gang . . . dish up the food! *This* roaster takes quantity cooking right in stride. Turns out taste-treat dishes for fifty as easily as a full course dinner for four. No wonder more than a million happy owners call it "2 sq. ft. of cooking magic".

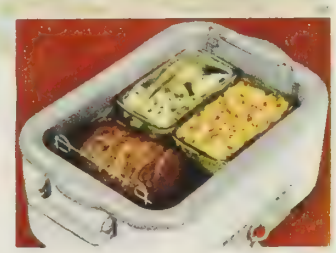
It's portable and compact too . . . cooks everything, plugs in anywhere. Comes equipped with exclusive Look-In lid, handy Lift-Out rack, Time-Temp Shelf and complete set of glass ovenware dishes . . . *all at no extra cost.*

See this famous Westinghouse Roaster-Oven at your retailer's and get set for years of trouble-free, work-free, carefree cooking. Westinghouse Electric Corp., Electric Appliance Division, Mansfield, Ohio.

ROASTER-OVEN ONLY $39.95 Fair Trade Price

Accessories: Broiler-Grid, $7.95; Cabinet, $18.95; Timer, $10.95 plus tax

Give Electric Housewares..First Choice for every Gift Occasion



Cooks Complete Meal for eight or ten . . . all at one time.



Fries, Grills, Broils, Toasts, with convenient Broiler-Grid.



Convenient Cabinet, also Timer, Broiler-Grid . . . optional.

See TV's Top Dramatic Show . . . WESTINGHOUSE "STUDIO ONE" . . . Every Week

YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S Westinghouse



out Germany. (On January 31, 1951, High Commissioner John J. McCloy and General Thomas T. Handy announced the results of a review of the sentences of 101 war criminals held in Landsberg prison. They commuted 21 death sentences, ordered the release of 33 prisoners, and ordered shortened terms for 35 more. Among those prisoners were those who had been sentenced by Military Government courts, and at the Nuremberg trials, for such crimes as concentration-camp offenses, the Malmedy massacre of American prisoners of war in Belgium in 1944, and for membership in the *Einstatzgruppe*, those teams which moved in behind the Nazi armies with traveling gas vans and liquidated an estimated 2,000,000 "Communists, partisans and undesirables.")

However, there is an encouragingly large group of youth, particularly those who have been in contact with American Occupation youth and education programs, and hence have a broader concept of democracy, with more objective attitudes.

(Out of the 5,400,000 youth in the U. S. Zone, 1,500,000 young people belong to organized groups partially or totally sponsored and financed by the United States Occupation. The Communist Free German Youth group, allowed to function freely, has attracted only 0.6 per cent.)

Many feel their only complaint against denazification is "you didn't get all the big ones and you didn't mete out punishments fast enough." "These complaints about American Occupation annoy me," a girl in Stuttgart said heatedly. "If we occupied America, do you think Germans would care what America thought about them? And we've occupied our share of countries, and our record was horrible. That's why we're hated today!"

The "political inconsistency" of the United States is pointed out by many youths as one reason for their unwillingness to rearm, as well as the "unreliability" of American and British soldiers.

"America's policies are dictated by expediency rather than idealism," a university political-science student said. "You joined with Russia, a dictatorship, to fight us, and now you're allying yourself with Chiang Kai-shek, a fascist, and possibly Franco, another fascist, to fight Russian Communism. We wonder whether you'd still be our allies next year—or next month—if we joined you now."

The national pride in German arms remains undiminished in many young Germans, even those who are adamantly against remilitarization.

"Only the Germans in a European army would fight," one girl said. "The British and the Americans would back out and leave us alone."

Most criticisms of America's military strength, while repeated with a seeming earnestness and conviction by young people in all areas of Germany, are not the whole reason why so many are against rearmament. The real reasons are probably two: first an apathy and disillusionment that grew out of their defeat in the war, plus the knowledge of their own spiritual and economic bankruptcy; and second, the belief by many that it is already too late to try to stop the Russians by force, without first destroying Germany.

"We are drained dry," explained an ex-artilleryman, once a French prisoner of war. "We fought for a long time and we lost. Our cities are shattered, we have no jobs, there isn't any future here. I'm studying to be a teacher—without knowing whom I'll teach or who'll pay for it. I just want to stay alive. I would rather be alive under the Russians than dead in a free Europe."

"I just can't make myself think about it," a girl from Düsseldorf told us. "Germany knows what war is, better than any country on earth. I was only about four when the last one started. It cost us everything, our homes, our cities and our future. It was our fault, maybe, but knowing that doesn't help."

More important still, however, is the near-conviction that America, despite her wealth, power and will, is too far away—and is starting too late—to resist the Russians effectively. To most West Germans, the *Volkspolizei*, or "people's police" of the East Zone, Communist-controlled German units, stands as the nearest—and most likely—armed threat which might be called on to "free" Western Germany. These police units have been rumored to number from 200,000 to 800,000; more reliable sources from the East Zone have put the strength at between 40,000 to 80,000 officers and noncommissioned officers, with the projected strength of 55 combat teams of 4000 each.

"They've been getting ready for five years now," a young building worker said. "You wouldn't have a chance. Maybe in the end you'd win, but Germany would be through by that time."

Communist propaganda has repeatedly stressed the threat that anyone in Germany who co-operates in rearmament or is found with arms will be severely punished if "America forces Russia to enter the West Zone." A Heidelberg University student said strongly, "So we rearm. The Russians, being no fools, move before we're strong. The British and you Americans would be driven out, and Germany occupied by the Russians. Then you would come back, two or three years later, first with atom bombs and other little toys, and then with your troops. The land battle against the Russians would be fought in Germany. They would burn everything that was left here as they retreated to the east. So you win the war, five or six years from now. You occupy Germany again, say in 1958. What's left for us? Nothing."

> **The real art of conversation is not only to say the right thing in the right place, but . . . to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.**
>
> —DOROTHY NEVILL: Under Five Reigns. (Methuen & Co., Ltd.)

These total destructions, in case of war, are accepted as inevitable by young Germans who dread the thought of their country's becoming the first and bloodiest battlefield in a struggle between East and West. Rearmament is a momentous step for them to face, since they are convinced that the Atlantic Defense powers couldn't possibly save them if Russia should decide to attack them within the next year. Also, without a peace treaty and a national sovereignty, they feel they are anonymous political pawns in the game of power politics.

"The German army won't be able to retreat. Where can we go? And what will happen to our families when the Russians come? That's something you Americans don't have to worry about," one youth said. "The peace treaty must come first," insisted another. "It's too soon to be talking of any army in Germany. We can't afford an army. It would finish us economically if we had to support a nonproductive class in Germany now."

On the other hand, almost all young Germans are adamant about the need for the United States and other Atlantic Pact nations to rearm. "The only thing Russia understands and respects is force" is the general consensus. But when asked to face the decision of remilitarization for their own nation, these young people who have had so few years of peace seem to hope that refusal to rearm will somehow appease the Russians and divert the Communist drive from their soil.

"Five years ago," said one boy, a refugee from Czechoslovakia, "I would have fought anyone. Not now. I'm just beginning to find out what life is like in peace."

However, there are others—especially Berliners or ex-East Zoners who have been closer to Communist totalitarianism—who are strongly in favor of prompt, extensive rearmament. Realizing that the intention to fight can be almost as important a factor as an army itself, they say emphatically, "Germans are fools not to take this chance to get strong. We can't stay alive and free by doing

nothing." (A student refugee from the Potsdam area said, "Ninety per cent of the West Germans are against rearmament, but ninety per cent of the East Germans would rearm tomorrow if they could to get rid of the Russians." Another commented soberly, "Germany should ask itself this question: 'Can we expect the free world to sacrifice lives for us, while we stand by refusing to help?'")

A factor that further complicates not only the issue of rearmament but the Germans' entire evaluation of Americans is the wide belief here that our aims in Germany are prompted chiefly by selfish considerations, and only to a small degree by idealism. The frequently stated Nazi propaganda line that "America wants to cripple Germany for commercial reasons" is still brought up again and again.

The conviction that American dismantling of factories, seizure of patents and control of some industry since the war were meant only to slow down German competition is also strong. With only minor variations, the statement that "you are afraid of the German trade-mark and quality; you claim you dismantle our factories to prevent us from going to war, but your real purpose was to eliminate peacetime competition" is heard from young people throughout Western Germany.

(Since May of 1945, the United States, through the Marshall Plan, CARE packages, voluntary relief agencies, the International Refugee Organization—which is 50 per cent supported by the United States—and the sale of Army surplus goods in Germany at a profit to the German government, has contributed 16.6 billion Deutsche marks to German recovery, while the total cost of our Occupation in that time was only 10.3 billion Deutsche marks.)

The fear that America and the other Atlantic Pact countries are trying to make this country a buffer state between themselves and Russia is widespread among Germans who are afraid of being used as pawns in a struggle which is not in their own interests. Despite their repeated fear of Russian aggression, they do not see, or pretend not to see, that the defense of Germany might also be to German interest.

THERE is also a strong feeling that in any new European army Germans would be given the worst assignments in the event of war, because of a suspicion that the English and French soldiers are not ready to accept the Germans as equal comrades.

"We must have an equal footing in any new army," a student told us heatedly. "We must prevent our soldiers from being used simply as shock troops." (This fear of being treated unequally is expressed in a bitter joke now current in Germany: Representatives of France, Great Britain, America and Germany meet to discuss their contributions to a new army. It is decided that France will provide cannon, Britain a fleet and America the air force. "But what about Germany?" the German representative asks. "Ah, yes," he is told. "You are going to supply the war criminals.")

While most young Germans insist they oppose rearmament, it is an interesting fact to note that most also advance, in practically the same breath, those conditions and concessions from other countries they feel are a prerequisite to rearmament. It might be inferred that their opposition is based, in part, on the feeling that they are now in a position to bargain with the West. Or perhaps they are simply understandably slow to face this grave new disturbance to their lives, already disturbed almost beyond repair.

IN discussing the problems of German youth, Dr. George N. Shuster, President of Hunter College and now Land Commissioner for Bavaria, stated, "They have two main problems. The first is economic. These young people need jobs and the prospect of a secure future. The second problem is ideological. The traditional feeling of nationalism has declined here. Now the youth of Germany need to be given another ideal, a philosophy that will lead them out of their broken past and toward a broader nationalism, a broader loyalty, such as might be found in the concept of a free United Europe. As yet, the youth of Germany are not committed ideologically."

U. S. High Commissioner John J. McCloy is convinced that if Germany follows the democratic path that has been opened for it by other nations, that it can emerge from this period as a truly great nation. However, he added:

"Young Germans are eager to be understood, but they feel there is something wrong with people who don't understand them, or make the effort to. It would be healthier if they tried to understand why many people feel antagonistic toward Germans. After their aggressions in two wars they should realize that present attitudes of the world toward them are understandable—and even amazingly tolerant.

"Germans have been convinced by propaganda of their own superiority, which is a dangerous situation. They are too much given to contemplations of their superiority and fail to analyze other nations from any but the most egocentric and superficial viewpoint.

"We aren't trying to woo the Germans—but we are trying to build a democracy here, and Germans must get over this feeling that it is our responsibility to understand *them*.

"On rearmament, some of them seem to think that we are using them to solve our problems—but I don't think that's a sincere conviction. We are not trying to buy or force Germany into our camp. If they want to defend their way of life, fine. If not, that's another fact to consider. But Germany is too dynamic and too important, lying athwart Europe as it does, to remain weak. If we show them the West has the strength to defend its way of life, and if they feel they aren't contributing, then they will want to take part.

"I haven't found the apathy among so many German youth that people here believe exists. Everywhere I go, I have found terrific response from the youth group. They are vigorous, enthusiastic and many are desperately trying to find the *right* thing to do. We are helping them all we can. Twenty-five years from now we may know if we have succeeded. All we can do now is set the top spinning and hope that German youth keep it going."

YOUR OLD MEN SHALL DREAM DREAMS. YOUR YOUNG MEN SHALL SEE VISIONS

(Continued from Page 11)

pride in your past is a pledge for decent conduct in your future, and brave men have a way of making promises come true.

Nations without vision perish, and history is dusty with their ashes. Habakkuk said: "Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it." And Lincoln said: "It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion. . . ."

There is the dream, and there is the vision. It may be the custom nowadays to talk less of these things; to go about our unwanted tasks grimly and with plainer words. But let no man cheapen the dream or try to rob us of the vision, for they are our birthright and inheritance, and without them, unspoken but in our hearts, the way will be empty and the journey vain.

THE END







Haunted by crusty pans?



New "Shine meter" tests prove

BRILLO

gives

TWICE the SHINE in HALF the TIME!

Whisk pans *shining-clean* with a sturdy square Brillo *pad-with-soap!*

No scrubbing. No scraping.

Brillo's firm metal-fiber pad has spunk! *Slicks* off crusty scorch!

And Brillo has jeweler's polish. Shines aluminums *twice as fast* as other cleansers tested! Grand for cleaning ovens, burners, too.

Brillo now lasts longer!

More Shines in Every Pad!



RED box—soap-filled pads
GREEN box—pads plus cake soap

PLANNING PAYS OFF

(Continued from Page 25)

Mrs. Alfred Dorman, one of the Senior Woman's Club's most active members, had a special project of her own which now was reaping the rewards of twelve years of continual plugging and begging for money. This was Statesboro's first public library.

"I missed a library so much when I moved here thirty years ago that I finally decided to do something about it myself," Mrs. Dorman said. "Miss Lester, Mrs. Hodges and I tramped the streets asking for contributions for twelve years—not continually, of course—but every time we thought people had any extra money we got out and asked."

They made $3000 selling chances on an automobile, added $1500 by creating library memberships for the future library at $15 apiece, and collected enough books to open a makeshift library in a room donated rent-free by one of the local banks. The women removed the rubbish, painted the walls and built bookshelves themselves—and after a year canceled all memberships so that it could be in truth a *public* library.

The drive for a real library building continued. More money came in through donations of War Bonds, there were a few large contributions of as much as $2000 apiece—and at the end of twelve years, the women's work showed a total of $30,000, enough to build a red-brick public library, which today holds 21,000 books.

Then Mrs. Dorman's daughter, Mrs. Sauve, had another idea—why couldn't the Junior Woman's Club form a theater group and give plays for the children in town? There never had been anything of the sort in Statesboro, and the idea met with immediate enthusiasm. Freda Gernant, local art instructor, offered to draw sketches of how the sets and the costumes should look, and for the first production of Jack and the Beanstalk four women worked every afternoon scaling Miss Gernant's sketches to huge flats for the scenery. Twelve other women put in just as much time buying material and sewing costumes—and the entire production, with every member of the Junior Woman's Club working, took two months. They even had a beanstalk growing on the stage.

The Children's Theater, which so far has given three plays, has been a huge success, and the audience has been filled for each performance with up to 300 children. So far only adults have been members of the cast—"Most of these children had never seen a play before, and we had to show them what a play was *like* before we could put them into one," said one woman, "but next year in Hänsel and Gretel we hope to use children for the gingerbread fence, and probably by the following year we will be able to give the children speaking parts." What the club hopes to do eventually is form a real Little Theater group which will give one adult production and one children's production a year—the smallest town in the U. S. to have its own amateur dramatic group.

But the biggest project—and the one Statesboro citizens are most proud of—is their recreation program. And to this program nearly every citizen in town has been able to make a contribution of some sort. "When you think of recreation, you think of Honey Bowen first," one man said. For years Mrs. Bowen, who had done recreation work herself, had been urging Statesboro to "give the children someplace to play." Ever since a privately operated swimming pool had been closed down during the war, there were no facilities for swimming at all—not even swimming holes—and while about $17,000 had already been collected toward a public swimming pool, it was not until 1948, when a wave of petty thieveries and burglaries by teen-agers spread around town, that people fully realized how great the need for a pool and other organized facilities really was.

Mayor Cone started the ball rolling by calling together 100 representatives of ten civic organizations to discuss the possibilities of having a recreation program. Of the 100 people invited, 87 showed up—and one man came forty miles to assure the mayor of his help. "I'll do anything for my kids," he said. Bess Givens, of the Georgia Citizens' Council, who had wide experience with other recreation programs, told exactly how to go about setting up a similar program in Statesboro, and for three nights in a row the problems were batted back and forth. Mrs. Bowen and some of her friends sent out questionnaires to every home in town asking what people would be most interested in having, and the answers came back almost unanimously—a swimming pool and a place for square dancing.

With this in mind, and to bring the need for a recreation program closer to everyone, Mrs. Bowen and a committee organized community parties in each section of town. More than 100 came to each of the four parties. Soft drinks and cookies were served, neighbors met neighbors they had never met before—and mothers and fathers agreed to support with money and work any program to provide a swimming pool and other recreational facilities for their children. In the east side of town the party was held in an abandoned dry cleaners' plant, which eight little boys had spent an entire day cleaning beforehand. After this one party, Mr. Webb offered to conduct a Wednesday-evening woodcraft workshop for neighborhood boys, and Mrs. McLendon started a sewing club for the ladies of the community. Recreation in Statesboro had its beginnings.

With the community solidly behind the program, Mrs. Bowen took on the job of finding a capable recreation director. She spent weeks writing to colleges and talking to possible candidates—and then found the recreation director right in her own back yard at the local branch of the Georgia State Teachers' College. He is Max Lockwood, an eager, energetic young man who is making such a career of his first job that Statesboro citizens fear he may leave them soon for more money and more prestige.

When Mr. Lockwood took over in April, 1948, there were no recreational facilities in Statesboro. Furthermore, there was no money. The city had agreed to pay his salary, but the mayor told him quite frankly, "The city has no money for anything else. Go ahead and let's see what you can do." This was a challenge which Mr. Lockwood met beyond all the hopes of his employers. He spent his first three weeks making contacts in town and trying to raise money. Civic organizations gave him $50, but the outlook for his recreation program took on real importance when the Senior Woman's Club decided to donate its $10,000 white frame clubhouse, located in Memorial Park where there was ample outdoor space for basketball, baseball and a swimming pool, as a recreation building.

Money for the recreation center has come from many places. The $60,000 swimming pool was paid for mainly by contributions from Statesboro's 6000 citizens over a period of ten years. In 1949, when the Junior Chamber of Commerce took over leadership of the drive by giving bridge parties, home-talent shows, car raffles and fashion shows, the fund rose to $50,000, and the city added a $17,000 modern filter system.

And the swimming pool and recreation center are run largely by the continued support and contributions of people in Statesboro. Twelve students from the local branch of Georgia State Teachers' College work four hours apiece at the center, supervising sports and working with clubs. Five Red Cross trained instructors volunteer their time at the pool during the summer, and Girl Scouts and teen-aged girls supervise the small wading pool where children eight years and under may swim. When the USO closed down

(Continued on Page 196)



Fresh Tomato Supreme
(a cold soup)

Peel 7 large red tomatoes and run them through the medium grinder. Season with 1 small onion grated, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt (sometimes more is necessary, so use according to your own taste) and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper. Stir with wooden spoon. Chill thoroughly, but do not freeze. When you remove from the refrigerator, stir again. Taste again; if chilling has reduced the flavor, add more salt and pepper.

Serve in chilled bowls with a tablespoon of the following on top: 5 tablespoons mayonnaise mixed with from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons curry powder and 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley and enough vinegar to sharpen. Add the vinegar with care, because it may thin out the mayonnaise too much. The larger amount of curry is just right for us, but less may be used if you are not a curry enthusiast.

Serve with freshly made Melba toast or hot, toasted garlic bread. Serves 6. —Gertrude B. Crum.

Wesson's Smart idea

Easy "1-Minute" Dressing with 6 Tempting Variations

Now—it's 1-minute-easy to serve your own delicious Wesson dressing, a different one every day in the week.

First, there's the simple Wesson French Dressing—perfect accompaniment for most every salad. Then, there are 6 easy-do variations that make every salad a joyful surprise!

Each dressing different—and each one delicious, because the oil is pure mild Wesson Oil. Some other oils have a heavy oily taste! Wesson Oil is just the opposite—light and delicate—a wonderful flavor-saver!

Be sure your sparkling dressings *bring out* the *true* variety of flavors of crisp tempting salads...you can be sure when you use America's favorite, Wesson Oil!



Party Potato Salad

—fine with "cold cuts." Boil 6 potatoes in salted water. Slice...marinate with ½ cup of Wesson French Dressing. Add: Chopped onion and broken Brazil nuts (optional)

Mix well with Fluffy Cream Dressing

Fruit Salad Plate

—appetizer or dessert

Avocado wedges Grapefruit sections
Pineapple chunks, canned or frozen
Banana slices Berries Watercress

Use Honey Dressing

Shrimp Salad Bowl

—main-dish good!

Crumbled crisp bacon
Blue Plate or Gulf Kist Brand
Canned or fresh cooked shrimp
Boiled white onions, sliced celery
Carrot curls, tomato wedges, salad greens

Use Wesson French Dressing or Patio Dressing

WESSON'S "1-MINUTE" FRENCH DRESSING

	To make ½ cup	*To make 2 cups*
Salt	½ teaspoon	2 teaspoons
Sugar	¼ teaspoon	1 teaspoon
Pepper	⅛ teaspoon	½ teaspoon
Paprika	⅛ teaspoon	½ teaspoon
Wesson Oil	⅓ cup	1½ cups
Vinegar	2 tablespoons	½ cup

Combine and shake well in covered jar. Shake well before using.

EASY-DO VARIATIONS:

CHILI DRESSING: To ½ cup of Wesson French Dressing, add ½ *teaspoon sugar*, 2 *tablespoons chili sauce*. For greens, meat, or seafood salads.

FLUFFY CREAM DRESSING: Add 2 *tablespoons lemon juice*, 2 *teaspoons sugar* to ½ *cup of heavy cream* (sweet or sour); beat until stiff. Blend in 2 tablespoons of Wesson French Dressing. For fruit, fish or potato salads.

HONEY DRESSING: To ½ cup of Wesson French Dressing, add ¾ *teaspoon sugar*, 2 *teaspoons honey*, 2 *teaspoons lemon juice* and ¼ *teaspoon grated lemon rind*. For fruit salads.

PATIO DRESSING: To ½ cup of Wesson French Dressing, add ¾ *teaspoon chili powder*, ½ *teaspoon salt*, 1 *teaspoon prepared mustard*, 2 *teaspoons grated onion*, 2 *tablespoons catsup*, *few drops Tabasco*. For seafood or meat salads.

CELERY SEED DRESSING: To ½ cup of Wesson French Dressing, add 2 *teaspoons sugar*, ¼ *teaspoon celery seed* and 1 *tablespoon catsup*. Rub 4 *butter-type crackers with* 1 *clove garlic* and crumble into dressing. For fruit or green salads.

CAESAR SALAD DRESSING: To ½ cup of Wesson Dressing, add ¼ *teaspoon dry mustard* and 1 *coddled egg*, or 1 *raw egg*, beaten. Serve on tossed greens with crunchy bits of crusty bread.

America's No.1 Salad and Cooking Oil



REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

"Great" with salads... Betty Crocker's STIR-N-ROLL BISCUITS



PREHEAT oven to 475°. Sift together:

2 cups sifted GOLD MEDAL Flour
***3 tsp. double-action baking powder**
***1 tsp. salt**

Pour into a measuring cup (but don't stir together):

⅓ cup WESSON OIL **⅔ cup milk**

Then pour all at once into the flour. Stir with a fork until mixture cleans sides of bowl and rounds up into a ball. *For drop biscuits:* drop dough onto ungreased cooky sheet. *For rolled or patted biscuits:* smooth up by kneading dough about 10 times without additional flour. With the dough on waxed paper, press out ¼-in. thick with hands, or roll out between waxed papers. For a *higher* biscuit, roll dough ½-in. thick. Cut with unfloured biscuit cutter. Bake 10 to 12 minutes on ungreased cooky sheet in very hot oven (475°). Makes about 16 medium biscuits.

**If you use GOLD MEDAL Self-Rising Flour (sold in parts of the South), omit baking powder, salt.*

Wesson Oil is a registered trademark of the Wesson Oil and Snowdrift Co., Inc. Gold Medal and Betty Crocker are registered trademarks of General Mills.



"DID YOU SAY—1 MILLION PEOPLE OWN THE BELL TELEPHONE BUSINESS?"

"Yes, honey, and that's a big number. You'd have to count those pretty fingers a hundred thousand times before you got to a million. That's how many people now own the American Telephone and Telegraph Company."

"WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE?"

"They are all kinds of people, in all walks of life, on farms, in big cities and little towns all over the country. Most of them are small stockholders. More than half are women. Over 200,000 are telephone employees."

"AND THEY'RE ALL OWNERS?"

"That's right—just about one family in every forty-five has a stake in the Bell Telephone business. No other company has half as many owners. It's the savings of all those people that have helped to give America the finest telephone service in the world—important in peacetime, and vital in time of national emergency."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 191)

its operations in Statesboro after the war, the remaining $700 in its treasury went for play equipment for the recreation center, and individual clubs sponsor special activities.

Because there is no provision for the recreation center in the city's annual budget (a project which Mr. Lockwood hopes to achieve this year), an annual drive is still necessary to provide running funds.

Ask Statesboro citizens what they are most proud of in the recreation program, and they all say unhesitatingly: the swimming pool. It is one of the most modern in the state, and the water is reputedly clearer than the drinking water. For four months last summer 350 children and 100 adult women took free swimming lessons every morning, and in the afternoon the pool was filled with as many as 300 children at the same time. Children come from all over the county, as far as twenty miles away, and those who can't afford the $6 membership for afternoon swimming (15 cents a day) may earn their season ticket by helping to take care of the small zoo, running to the store on errands, or raking leaves for 50 cents an hour. Thirty-five boys and girls earned their memberships last year.

The recreation center, open nine hours a day six days a week, is a busy place. Boys of all ages play basketball, football, baseball, volleyball and other sports in season. Girls have special softball teams, and 100 girls come once a week for Girl Scout meetings. Inside the center are a snack bar, free juke box, tennis tables, piano and a lending library. And it is here that clubs like the teen-agers' Drag-On-In Club hold their meetings. Max Lockwood says emphatically, "No one is born knowing how to do anything. You have to learn. We're not interested in developing great talent, but we are interested in giving each child a chance to participate to his capacity. Therefore, we divide teams into as even groups as possible, and we haven't had any failures yet." During the baseball season, seventeen boys' teams play an average of ten games each week, and the girls' softball league, for girls from eleven to sixteen, play two games a week. For big all-star games with other towns at the end of the season, members of the team are selected on the basis of sportsmanship and performance—and the starting line-up is changed every time so that all the boys get a chance to play. Saturday morning county women can leave children under six at the recreation center for three hours in a special nursery school, where the children draw, paint and work at several crafts.

As positive proof that the Recreation Department has done its job, citizens point to their juvenile-delinquency record—only three teen-age boys arrested within the past two years. One of these boys was apprehended for taking $200 from swimming-pool funds, but the matter was handled *quietly* and most people in Statesboro never heard about it at all. He continued to work for the pool, repaying the theft from his earnings. "There is no such thing as a problem child," Max Lockwood says. "There are, however, many children with problems who have had little or no help and have been unable to find the solution for themselves. With a little help at the right time, these youths can become outstanding individuals."

Max Lockwood looks at the present recreation program as only a *start*. He has many plans for the future, among them 50,000 square feet of concrete space, lined and divided into basketball, volleyball, tennis and shuffleboard courts, with extra room for outdoor dancing. But first and foremost he would like to see smaller recreation programs extended to all sections of town—and he points to the East Side with pride. Here, in a congested area, real progress has been made.

BECAUSE the only place neighborhood children could play was the center of a dirt road, and because the need for recreation and the way to achieve it had been pointed out through Mrs. Bowen's community parties, twelve mothers formed a club. They held square dances, a big Halloween carnival and a special barbecue supper which 125 people ate in their overcoats in the bitter cold, in an unfinished building—and when they had collected $300, the city gave them 3.7 acres for their Community Center. Club members and their husbands cleared away the brush, and when the city and county gave them old Army barracks from the Statesboro air base, they hauled the barracks (divided into two pieces ten feet high) themselves on a truck.

"We picked one of the coldest nights in the year," one woman said, "and when one piece fell off in the middle of the road, it took twenty men struggling all night to get it back on the truck."

Now that the barracks are in place, men in the neighborhood have put in new floors and ceilings, and a local contractor has offered to finish the inside work, which will include a kitchen, bathroom and large living room, on his own time. There is no equipment for the kitchen, but club members say cheerfully, "We know all about begging for money, and we will work until we have enough!"

And Statesboro was beginning to *look* better. In 1947 James Bland, city engineer, had started beautifying the cemetery as his own special hobby. He put in azaleas, bronze-leaf magnolias and American holly—and when Route 301 was completed, he set out 500 small azalea plants along the highway. Visitors talked about what a nice impression this created, Mayor Gilbert Cone became interested in the project, and today Mr. Bland, backed by the city, has more than 8000 azaleas growing at the edge of the cemetery, ready to be transplanted. Inspired by this start, the Garden Committee of the Senior Woman's Club sold more than 6000 azalea plants to the public exactly at cost—to make more azaleas available for beautifying private homes.

Under the direction of Mrs. Marcus Toole, who had studied horticulture, members of the Junior Women's Club made a complete plan for landscaping Memorial Park, where a new city recreation program was taking shape, and the Statesboro Garden Club put two lines of azalea bushes down the Boulevard Drive of Route 80.

This is only the beginning of the Statesboro story. There is more to come—a larger, better-equipped recreation building, school improvements patterned after the report of a special committee now at work, low-cost housing, and a recreation program for the town's 1500 Negroes. These projects will take time, but no one doubts that they *will* come. As one newcomer to town said, "Statesboro is a swell place to settle. I was amazed when I got down here. There's no unwillingness here to tear loose on anything."

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Deserted Lane

By Margaret K. Burgoyne

Lilacs hunched by the crooked fence,
Trailing green fluttery fingers low
To hide the bleached gray rails; the lane
Smells sweetly of their purpling row.

Over the bushes and crumbling bank
Grapevines pour a dark waterfall,
Washing with coolness the question marks
Of spreading ferns grown rank and tall.

Ancient dreams must walk softly here—
Even the bark of the rowan tree,
Reaching high above arrowed hearts,
Wears scars to some old memory.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Printed in U. S. A.